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Road Races, Crits, & TT's & CX

<u>July</u>		
10	University Oaks Criterium	San Antonio, TX
16-17	TRP Weekend	Stay Tuned
30	Krueger Canyon TT	New Braunfels,TX
31	Amman Rd TT Series	Bulverde, TX

August

26-28	Hotter'n Hell Hundred	Wichita Falls, TX	
27	Krueger Canyon TT	New Braunfels,TX	
28	Amman Rd TT Series	Bulverde, TX	

September

	Fort Hood Challenge	
24-25	State Championship RR	Copperas Cove,TX
18	Bat City CX	Austin, TX
11	Chappell Hill Classic	Chappell Hill, TX
10	San Antonio CX	San Antonio, TX

Mid-Week Racina

<u>July</u>	
5,12,26 Texas Criterium Series	San Antonio, TX
6,13,20,27 Bicycles, Inc. Wed Night C	rits Fort Worth, TX
6,13,20,27 Memorial Park Crit	Houston, TX
6,13 TX Criterium Series	Seguin, TX\
7,14,21,28 PURE Driveway Series	Austin, TX
7,14,21,28 KingRacingGroup Thursday	Night Crits Dallas,TX
12,19,26 Tuesday Night Crit	Richardson, TX

August

2,9,16,23,30 Tuesday Night Crit	Richardson, TX
2,16,30 Texas Criterium Series	San Antonio, TX
3,10,17,24,31 Bicycles, Inc. Wed Night C	rits Fort Worth, TX
3,10,17,24,31 Memorial Park Crit	Houston, TX
3,10,17 TX Criterium Series	Seguin, TX\
4,11,18,25 PURE Driveway Series	Austin, TX
4,11,18,25 KingRacingGroup Thursday Ni	ght Crits Dallas,TX

September

1,8,15	i,22,29 PURE Driveway Series	Austin, TX
1,8	KingRacingGroup Thursday Night Cri	ts Dallas,TX
6,13	Tuesday Night Crit	Richardson, TX

Track Races

_	lui	v
- 1	8,	,2

1,8,22 Alkek Championship Series	Katy, TX
2 Keirin Cup	Katy, TX
9-10 Junior Regionals and Elite Omnium	Frisco, TX
16-17 Elite Regionals	Katy, TX
17 Atomic Time Trials	katy, TX

<u>August</u> 26 Alkek Championship Series Katy, TX

<u>September</u>

International Omnium Katy, TX

<u> Multi-Sport & Adv. Races</u>

3	Tri for Old Glory Triathlon	San Marcos, TX
9	Xterra Magnolia Hill Off Road Tri & I	Du Navasota, TX
9	Big Spring Kids Triathlon	Big Spring, TX
10	Mayor's Tri	Fort Worth, TX
10	Texas Star Triathlon	Montgomery, TX
16	Cooper Sprint Triathlon	McKinney, TX
16	Hill Country Kids & Family Tri	Kyle, TX
17	Tri Aggieland	College Station,
17	Marble Falls, Triathlon	Marble Falls, TX
23	Waco Kids Triathlon	Waco, TX
24	Take on the Heat Triathlon	The Colony, TX
24	TriWaco Sprint & Olympic Triathlon	Waco, TX
30	Sun City Splash & Dash	El Paso, TX
31	Pioneer Power Sprint Triathlon	Denton, TX
31	Off the Rock Triathlon	Justiceberg, TX
31	Little Antelope Kids Triathlon	Justiceberg, TX

Auaust

6	Cooper Kids Triathlon	McKinney, TX
7	Rockwall Kiwanis Tri-Rock Tri	Rockwall, TX
7	Jack's Generic Triathlon	Pflugerville, TX
7	Inspire Kids Tri	Cedar Park, TX
13	Xterra Cameron Park Off Road Tri	Waco, TX
14	Seguin Sprint & Olympic Tri	Seguin, TX
20	Dam 09 Triathlon	San Antonio, TX
27	Many Man Triathlon	San Antonio, TX

31 Odessa Family Y Tumbleweed

<u>September</u>

4	Eagle III the Sun mathon	□ F a S 0, 1 ∧
5	Blackland Triathlon	Plano, TX
10	Cooper Srpint Triathlon	McKinney, TX
10	Spa Girl Triathlon	Lost Pines, TX
10	Comanche Warrior Triathlon	Big Spring, TX
11	Captain Kid's Triathlon	Galveston, TX
11	Trinity Mother Frances Rose City Tri	Tyler, TX
11	Prairie Man Tri/Du	Grand Prairie, T.
17	Rugged Maniac Austin	Austin, TX
17	Spring Lake Triathlon	San Marcos, TX
20	Austin Splash 'n Dash	Austin, TX
24-25	Stonebridge Ranch Tri	McKinney, TX
24-25	Kerrville Triathlon Sprint & Quarter T	ri Kerrville, TX
24	Cross Timbers Sprint Triathlon	Stephenville, TX

<u>Mountain</u> <u>Bike</u> <u>Races</u>

<u>July</u>
9

Short'n Sweet MTB-ST Series Houston TX

August
20-21 Tyler Speedwaves
26 Wee-Chi-Tah Trail Races Tyler, TX Wichita Falls, TX

<u>September</u>

Camp Eagle Classic Rocksprings, TX Coldspring, TX Big Ring Challenge

Tours & Road Rides

Tour de Fort Worth - Bicycles, Inc. Fort Worth, TX

Bicycles Inc Century of the Month Arlington, TX Tour de Fort Worth Midway Walk & Ride

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Finish the Ride

The Dehydrator

TX

Odessa, TX

El Paco TV

13	Tour de Fort Worth - Museum of Science & Histo Tour de Fort Worth - Panther Island Pavillion	
16		
16	Tour de Paris	Paris, TX
16-17	Cactus 'n Crude MS150 Bike Ride	Midland, TX
17	Tour de Fort Worth - Central Mark	et
17	Tour de Bike Barn	Houston, TX
23	Tour de Gap	Buffalo Gap, T.
30	H.O.T. Cyclists 100K	Bangs, TX

<u>August</u>					
6	Stonewall Century Bicycle Ride	LaVeta, CO			
6	Hot Rocks Bike Ride	Rockwall, TX			
7	Tour de Jalapeno	San Marcos, TX			
13	Beauty and the Beast	Bullard, TX			
13	Eighter from Decatur	Decatur, TX			
13	Red River Rally	Pottsboro, TX			
20	Texas Gravel Championship	Rosebud, TX			
25-26	Hotter'n Hell Hundred	Wichita Falls, TX			

Duncan, OK

September

10	CF Cycle for Life	Dallas, TX
11	Enchanted Circle Century Tour	Red River, NM
17	Emmitt Smith Gran Fondo	Frisco, TX
17-18	2016 Central Texas Tour de Cure	Dripping Springs, TX
22-24	Texas Time Trials	Glen Rose, TX
23-24	Bikes, BIBLES, and BBQ	Eureka Springs, AR
24	Cycle for Christ	San Benito, TX
24	Camino205 Bike Ride	Palestine, TX
24	The Big Dam Bridge 100	Little Rock, AR
24	Reading & Riding 100	San Antonio, TX
24	Texas Tumbleweed 100 Endurance	Ride Dumas, TX

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On The Cover: Bret Crosby's bike resting against Annie Preece's Flag Mural in Dallas, TX (Story on page 10) Photo by Bret Crosby



From the Fit Bench The Foot By Craig Fulk

The foot is one of the critical points of comfort on the bike. This time of year seems to bring out more foot problems than any other time of the year. "As you cycle, your feet tend to swell slightly – the longer you cycle the more they swell." Blood vessels dilate in the heat resulting in more swelling as well. Whether it is the heat or the increase of miles, summer time tends to bring on more foot related problems.

Common Problems

Excess Pressure — Pressure manifests in forefoot region. Occasionally, rear foot pressure can occur. Excess pressure can come from a myriad of sources including but not limited to shoe, shape, insoles, shoe material, saddle height & fore/aft, cleat position and pedal system

"Hot Foot" - Medically it is called metatarsalagia. This occurs when the bones of the foot through force or structure put pressure on the nerves and vessels in the foot which causes inflammation in the ball of the foot. This results in a burning sensation in the foot.

Limited Range of Motion – Some riders have really stiff ankles that limit the range of motion of the foot.

Bunions – Additional bone build up typically around the knuckle of the big toe. This is particularly challenging since the pedal stroke connects with the big toe. Narrow shoes tend to squeeze the forefoot more and further exacerbate the problem. A shoe stretcher or bunion stretcher can help.

Thin fat pads – We have cushioning fat pads on the bottom of our feet. For some, these pads have become thinner especially as we age. The loss of natural foot padding can cause significant discomfort.

Methods of Measuring

Physical Exam – Looking at and reviewing foot structure and range of motion

Forefoot measuring tool – used to measure the angle of the forefoot.

Foot Scanners – Digital scan of the foot for semi-custom and custom insoles.

Pressure Mats – Pressure sensitive mats that help determine foot structure. Frequently, these are used to help with off the shelf insoles.

Brannock Device - Helps determine shoe size and width.

Foot Force Pressure Analysis – Detailed pressure analysis done while actively pedaling. Force pressure analysis is used to help determine the effects of cleat position on foot pressures and power output. In addition, the pressure analysis data can be used to develop custom insoles.

Methods of Intervention

I have seen all sorts of stuff crammed into shoes to try and alleviate issues. From double insoles to hand crafted pieces of plastic and gel, I have seen it. Whenever I encounter such creativity, I always ask why is this in there and did it help. Nine times out of ten, the rider is trying to solve a problem and was not successful. Many times the area where the symptoms manifest is not where the actual problem lies.

Insoles – Insoles can come in the form off the shelf, semi-custom and

custom. The cost and quality of insoles vary widely. Off the shelf help most people but custom can provide the subtle difference that may be needed to help solve that nagging issue or increased performance.

Pedal Systems – Some pedal systems work better for some riders than others. I have had many road riders using mountain bike shoes and pedals that faired significantly better when they went to a road pedal system

Cleat Position – This is one of the more significant points of adjustment that can help. I find a more aft – rearward – cleat position yields fewer foot problems.

 ${f Wedges}$ - Wedges are angled pieces of plastic that accommodate excessive forefoot cant and can be used in the shoe as well as between the cleat and shoe.

Shims – Shims are placed between the cleat and the shoe to accommodate leg length discrepancies.

Metatarsal Pads – Pads that are designed to help prevent the collapse of the metatarsal that apply pressure on the vessels and nerves. The pads come in various sizes and thicknesses. Sometimes, a little can make a big difference. Metatarsal bumps are also present in some insoles.

Shoes - Width, length, shape and construction material can all have an effect on foot comfort.

Tips for keeping the foot happy

Scrunch the toes up before tightening the front strap. Once you have tightened the front of the shoe, let the toes relax. This allows for more room in the toe box.

Do not overtighten your shoes

When trying on cycling shoes, if you have a pressure point or they are not comfortable in the store – it tends not to get better more miles. Keep trying. If needed, try on the shoes with an appropriate aftermarket insole that supports your foot structure. Typically, the insole that comes with the shoe is not adequate.

Have your fit reviewed annually – Our bodies change over time and your hardware should be changing with it.

Aft cleat position tends to create less foot problems. Keep in mind changes to the cleat position may require saddle height adjustment.

Seek medical attention if fit adjustments do not help alleviate a problem. You may have an underlying issue. You will want to see a podiatrist that is familiar with sports related problems. They will be more understanding and accommodating of your training and event schedule.

As with everything in fit, the position and intervention should be tailored to you.

1. Burt, Phil. Bike Fit. London: Bloomsbury Publishing Plc, 2014. Print.

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Master the Art of Suffering; Go the Extra Mile; Make Yourself

By Tyrel Fuchs

Santa Rosa, New Mexico, does not have a huge cycling community. The number of serious cyclists in our community currently numbers two: Jon Kulas, and myself.

Fifty-four, eighty-four, ninety-one, sixty-six, and one fifty-six are the highways that radiate out from Santa Rosa like the spokes on a wheel radiate out from the hub. These are our training grounds, our fields of suffering.

On the last day of May, Jon and I were on an evening training ride when it began to drizzle. He put on rain gear; I shivered. When it began to hail we got out of our saddles and turned up the power, sprinting from the stinging pellets of ice before we were covered with welts. I may have saved my skin, but I ruined my perfect endurance pacing in the process. We did tie for a Strava K.O.M. on the climb back into town. While we were climbing back into town on highway one fifty-six, locally known as Ima Road, I snapped this picture of Jon with my phone.

Jon is an USA Cycling category 4 cyclist. He self-coaches, training old-style without a power meter or heart rate monitor. He measures his workouts by the speed and sweat he generates. I love technology, and take full advantage of any benefit I might gain by applying technology to my training plan. Zach Allison is my coach. He has perfected the exaction of every watt of power from my legs and lungs. He tailors my rides to maximize suffering. Jon and I ride together whenever our schedules happen to synchronize.

I love to ride. My first coach was the one who put the training wheels on my first bike and taught me to ride. My big brother, Caleb Fuchs was my coach and hero. I started cycling seriously on his hand-me-down bike in 2013. A year later, Caleb moved into the professional ranks of cycling when he signed on with Bissell's development team. My riding advanced too. Soon cycling was consuming my time and my money. Caleb crossed the final finish line last September. He was promoted to the ranks of Heaven. I'm still perfecting the art of suffering.

I enjoy photography, and often shoot pictures while on a ride. When the sun is setting, or the clouds are just right, it is tempting to turn my training ride into a photo shoot. My favorite scene is the road stretching straight to the horizon, where the terrestrial meets the heavenly. It looks as if you could just ride into paradise, and beyond suffering. "I have fought a good fight,

I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Make yourself; go the extra mile; master the art of suffering. Ride on.



Tyrel Fuchs, 16 years-old, is the fifth of five sons born to Ethan and Dianne Fuchs. He lives with his parents on a ranch on the outskirts of Santa Rosa, NM. He is an Eagle Scout and enjoys the outdoors on and off of his bike.



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Beginner Shop Ride

by Lisa Tilley

As with so many things with cycling and with life, one single event can mean so many different things to the individuals who are taking part. This was the case when I pedaled with the Bicycles Inc. Hurst Beginner's Shop Ride. There were riders of all levels who were there for a number of reasons. Yes, there were beginners, as well as people who wished to pedal in a group rather than alone, there were cyclists looking for a nice recovery ride, a father and son just happy to be out on bikes together, Rick Johnson- a Bicycles Inc. employee pulling his grandson in a trailer, and others who weren't the least bit concerned with going fast, but were genuinely interested in the ride itself.

Bicycles Inc Hurst hosts shop rides on Mondays and Wednesdays. The groups will break off according to ability and desire for mileage. (These and a variety of rides are posted at www.bicyclesinc.com.) On this Monday night, the sky was overcast, the temperature in the 70's and a bit of wind kept things invigorating. Over 20 cyclists showed up for the routes, with a little larger than normal showing for the beginners (about eight). Participants were on road and mountain bikes, and all sported their own jerseys from area events or the latest Canari fashions from the Bicycles Inc. hangers.

Most riders knew at least one other person and if they didn't, they were soon chatting amongst new friends. Lots of stories of rides, new bikes, poorly chosen old bikes, etc. are the topics of conversation at the ride start in front of the store. Soon the fast group is off and the casual group follows right behind. We pedal through the neighborhoods of Hurst and Bedford. The evening is comfortable, traffic is light for the time of day, there are some occasional rolling hills tucked into the tree-lined streets. Louis Pomaro is the ride leader, wearing a bright yellow Bicycles Inc Ride Leader jersey. He yells out the basic calls for riding in traffic and does his best to keep tabs on each rider.

We wind our way through the neighborhoods until our first meet-up spot, a gas station off Highway 121. Here is where the groups split off even more. Sometimes participants in the fast group decide to fall back to the casual group and vice versa, depending on what they thought they could do and what is reality for the day.

Our casual group continues east to Main St. in Euless and then heads south. There are a couple of times we stop to wait for others. Traffic lights also play a hand in that. There is a lot more stopping and start-

ing than perhaps a training ride on country roads. But the stopping and starting keeps the varying levels together for the most part. Obviously, beginners are still learning clipping in and out with confidence and still wiggle on the bike. These habits fade with experience and suggestions are kindly made when they are helpful. They are received with gratefulness. We all started at the same point.

We turn back towards the shop and it isn't long before our 12 miles are complete. Most stop to chat at the end of the ride. People want to connect. They want to share their rides with likeminded people. They just want to be a part of something and that is satisfied on the shop rides. It begins with a hobby, then a move from a bike that got you on the road in the first place to a bike that you hand-picked, is fitted to you, and answers your longing to ride. Then the incurable fever sets in.

I talk with Louis and he shares that he's been helping with shop rides for three years, but this third year he's been the actual ride leader a bit more often. He has genuine interest in promoting the sport to beginners and he beams as he talks about the group sizes and how long he has been riding.

I also chat with Karyn Peak, who has been riding for about three years and is riding today for recovery. "I participated in the Bicycles Inc - Hurst ride for the first time tonight. It was a wonderful and welcoming experience. Everyone was friendly, helpful and encouraging. I am looking forward to their next ride!"

Perhaps you've picked up The Racing Post while shopping for a new bike, or you are an avid cyclist hoping to get a new rider out on the road. This is a great place to start—among friends you haven't met yet. It's just a matter of a single bike ride. Come on out!



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THE RACING POST



TRP

Rally Report

Bosque Tour de Norway 2016 Ride 1 of 3, European Tour of Texas Challenge

The Tour de Norway Event Coordinator, Brent Grelle's brilliant idea to present the "European Tour of Texas Challenge" looks to be a hit already! One hundred and seventy cyclists who took the challenge earlier this year will earn a special jersey by completing all three rides: Bosque Tour de Norway (Clifton, TX), Tour d'Italia (Italy, TX) and Tour de Paris (Paris, TX). That is an excellent response for the first year! Cyclists participating in the challenge checked in at a separate table at Tour de Norway, as part of the requirement for the challenge. I found this to be a convenient way to meet a few new friends I was guaranteed to see at the next two rides. We shared the excitement of bragging rights and that eventual prize—the European Challenge jersey.

With "staycations" all the rage, and opportunities such as these to pedal AND enjoy a town, the Challenge is a great way to not spend a lot of money seeing something different. Tour de Norway is the perfect start to the challenge. Several neighbors had their Norwegian flags presented on their front porches much in line with the description of the area on the Tour de Norway site: "The Norwegian settlement began here in 1854, the same year the county was founded, and was led by Ole Canuteson and included Cleng Peerson, 'The Father of Norwegian Immigration to America.' Thousands of Norwegian immigrants, some coming directly from Norway and

others from northern states, would eventually settle between Clifton and Cranfills Gap by century's end. The Norwegian influence in the area is still very evident today, including Our Savior's Lutheran Church, site of our first rest stop, and St. Olaf Kirke, or as it is better known, The Old Rock Church." Inside scoop: The Tour de Muenster might join the Challenge for 2017. You heard it here, folks!

It was a lovely day for Tour de Norway this year and overcast skies kept 356 riders cool for most of the ride. If you have been reading the Rally Report for any number of years, you may remember this is my ride—I'm Norwegian, it's my birthday and anniversary week, my extended family lives nearby in Meridian and their driveway sits on the 60 mile route on Highway 22. Obviously, I am partial to that route for that reason. Most of the routes do take riders in and out of Bosque Valley, providing gorgeous backdrops as you pedal up and down through the area.

The climb begins as you leave out from Clifton High School on FM 219. No time is wasted in getting your heart pumping. You have plenty of company for the first few miles as all routes ride together through the winding and rolling farm to market road. It seems it is always lined with lush green as this ride always occurs right after some hefty spring rains. As the 20 mile pedalers turn back, we pass the sign which reads, "Entering Norse Historical District." Soon all routes turn right on FM 182. We are in the countryside. Every wildflower you can think of is still blooming in patches, and a rare occurrence of a stubborn bluebonnet hangs on. The roads are quieter and the inclines more drawn out. This is where riders start to spread out. All the work is worth it when you arrive at the famously beautiful Old Rock Church. Some cyclists admire as they pass, while others stop and take photos at the gate or pedal down the driveway to peer in the doors and take in the cemetery adjacent to the church.



Pedaling on, 60 milers make it to Cranfills Gap and a well-stocked rest stop. Our next right turn sets us on Highway 22 which provides half the 60 mile route. It is here that we pass many of the bigger ranches, make the strenuous climb to Meridian State Park, and careen down the other side into the city of Meridian. We pedal through the town and pass the courthouse. We make another right to stay on 22 and we pass my inlaws drive. There is my sweet son and his grandparents cheering on the riders! My in-laws are new riders themselves and we expect to see them on the routes with us next year. The smile on my sons face in recognizing me out of the dozens of people pedaling past makes my heart melt. That was a sweet moment.

I pedal on. Highway 22 seems to last forever but the views cause me not to mind. Wind seems to be in my favor and I finally reach the turn to FM 219. We are within 10 miles of Clifton. A gentleman who used to ride back in the day manned the last rest stop. He assured us, "It was all downhill from here after the bar... if you stop at the bar!" He was mostly telling the truth. There are just a couple of rollers and plenty of descents heading back into Clifton. I arrive back at the high school and I hear that Jaime Larmer from North Tarrant Cycling Club is the first female finisher on the 60 mile route. I smile as I remember that flash of purple whiz past me early in the ride.

I load up quickly as I have told friends I will meet them in town at the only place that serves beer—The Silver Bucket. My friend Pak is already there and we discuss the day's events. Later I meet 80 mile cyclists Cindy, Eugene and Alicia in Meridian for more food and chatter.

Friends old and new, towns with charm and history, and scenery to delight the senses all await you in what is now called The European Texas Challenge. I feel like Rick Steves. Come and join me for the 2017 edition!

Meet MSU: Kyle Anderson

by Story and Photo by Richard Carter

It was only a matter of time before Kyle Anderson, one of the area's more talented Cat 1 racers, joined forces with the Midwestern State University cycling team. Anderson formally enrolls at MSU in fall and starts racing with the team at Hotter'N Hell the last week in August. Track Nationals quickly follows and it won't be long, he said, before Road Nats in 2017.

Anderson is no stranger to the team having worked part-time at the Bike Stop for several years and regularly doing training rides with MSU team members, hanging out with them outside of riding bikes and also racing with them in USAC events.

A military brat, Anderson was born in Illinois and ended up in Wichita Falls seven years ago, his sophomore year in high school. He got into cycling because of his father, a now retired Marine. "He did triathalons in the 1980s and got out of cycling because of deployments. After he returned to America, he became a drill sergeant, got back into cycling and started doing group rides and got me into it when I was about 12."

Anderson did his first race at Tour de

Meers, and in junior high, joined former MSU cyclist Francis Hamre's Team Shadow. By the time, he began high school, there was a lot less area school cycling and he road for teams out of Dallas. Anderson was a Cat 3 by age 15 and stopped doing junior races. "I road for Metro Volkswagon and Park Place and then the Wichita Falls Bicycling Club team when (former MSU team coach) Julie Carter had it.

"Josh Carter taught me basically everything I know and use in racing. I still talk to him and consult him and Julie what I should do here and there. Julie with the coaching and him mentoring me through races, showing me how I can use my abilities to win races." Anderson also learned a lot from another former MSU racer, Les Akins. "Riding with Les taught me to be patient and calm, something I had not been before." Anderson has been a Cat 1 for three years and is currently racing for Super Squadra.

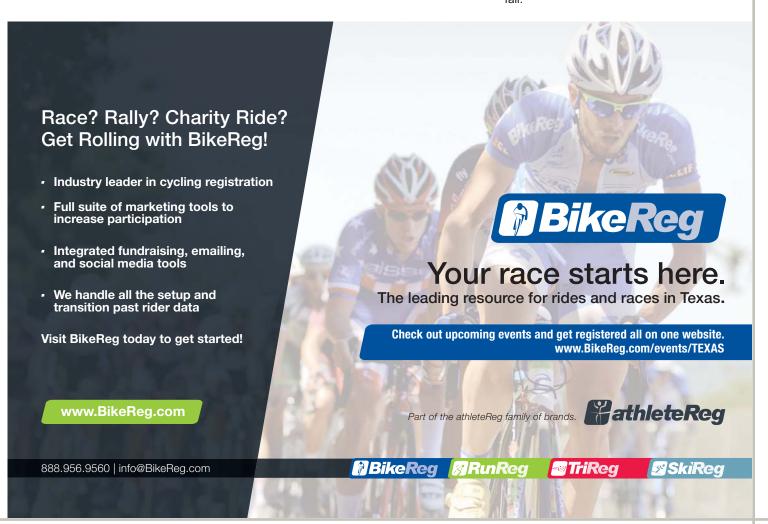


Anderson earned his associates degree after high school and had been

interested in attending MSU. "Finally, the right opportunity presented itself," he said.

He's not sure yet what his major will be but plans on being here for two years minimum.

"I am excited about joining the MSU team," he said. While in the past he focused primarily on road and crits, he is open to mountain bike and cyclocross. "I have done track cycling before, but I haven't done it in a while and look forward to track nationals in fall."



Hangin' On ~ Fourth of July

By Andy Hollinger

This month's cover is very simple. It is Bret Crosby's bike against a mural of the American Flag found in Dallas, Texas. The fact that Bret is a great racer is not the point. I'm going to go out on a limb here and spend a few moments of commemoration, happiness and optimism in a period during our history when we seem to really need those things.

July in Texas is deep summer – not quite as deep as August but deep enough to make long or strenuous rides on one's bike a significant activity. You have to stay hydrated and protect one's skin from the blazing sun if you want to stay alive in either the short term (hydrated) or long term (skin cancer) time frames. But, it is also the 4th of July.

The 4th is, as everyone knows, the official birthday of the longest running experiment in self-rule in human history: The United States of America. Now, believe me, I could go on and on about how the real birthday of America probably came on the day John Rolf invented Virginia Tobacco in 1619 or any one of a number of other dates that really established the FACT that we-Americans-are different. But, the 4th of July will do. On this day, we—or our representatives—wrote down (made legal forever) the idea that ALL men are equal and that the purpose of our "country" was "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." Now don't go all gender or race on me because Red Tom was talking that NO MAN is a King ... nobody has the right to rule simply by winning the sperm race. The use of Pursuit of Happiness is important because it means what we do and how we live is up to us. Now, over the years we've expanded Tom's vision—and done pretty good -but it still comes down to 'I make my own life and do what I want to do' (as long as your nose doesn't get in the way). Hooray for us. I mean it-hooray for us. We've done pretty well both in the expansion and fulfilment of those idealistic dreams. Having travelled and studied about other places, there is still no place like America.

What is important here—and in this forum -is that we can ride our



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bikes in all sorts of different ways more or less as much and wherever we want. That's pretty cool. IF we find ourselves limited we know the way we can undo any of the restrictions. Again, it's up to us. THAT alone is pretty amazing.

As to Happiness. I've got to tell you that as I get older, the more I appreciate my bike and the roads I ride on. Yeah the drivers are obnoxious and there are times where it gets pretty scary, but this boy rides and loves to ride his bike. I can race it in many different ways over a bunch of different surfaces—whatever strikes my fancy. It is not that expensive. For the price of a couple of good meals I can get a bike and helmet and have a great time. For the upper end, there is more and more stuff that does more and more. While it starts out expensive, the price performance curve is pretty good and as long as I don't want to be bleeding edge and riding keeps on getting better.

Since I do want to be bleeding edge, when we think about what we rode and how we rode even ten years ago, the difference is pretty amazing. Both we—the human engine and the technology—makes bicycling increasingly productive.

As for the optimism, I see no end in sight. Really. Who'd a thought 20 years ago that we'd have almost enough for a 70+ separate event at the State Road Race? More and more companies and individuals are getting into the bike advocacy act and we have increasingly more powerful allies in our fight for access. That is not to say we don't have challenges or adversaries, but have we ever been this powerful in our own communities? Yes, to express this power will take more organization and communication, but the talent and money is within our community. What could be better?

Somebody once asked me why I ride. Now this was a decade ago, but I wrote, "I got my first bike, post-paper route, when I turned 30-a lifetime ago. Now I ride for the for the freedom -the passion of achievement and competition; the wonder of the Texas prairie around Palo Pinto as seen through sweat; the sense of one-ness with the road; the open spaces, nature and distance. It is the part of life consisting of exertion. striving, working, struggling; of sweat so thick that the white flakes stiffen my jersey and shorts; of riding so hard that the color drains from my eyesight and the beautiful Texas countryside becomes shades of gray; of seeing the peloton drift off and me being powerless to stay with them—or by staying along-side them, inches apart, at 27 mph while others fall off the back; for making it up Roanoke Hill with the boys and through the hills of Trophy Club-with the BOYS! Yes! Also, for sailing home, wind at our backs, along White Chapel Road, accelerating past suburban sprawl and the normalcy of Soccer Heaven in Colleyville every Tuesday and Thursday of summer.

I ride because I can stay with the big-boys in Rallies, the pay-rides, and finish with few in front and many behind. I ride because it is an honor to be atop my beloved and beautiful white Cinelli Supercorsa (the most beautiful bike ever made) with its pearl paint and Buick level chrome—my first Texas bike over30 years ago and still owned—or to be pushing, surging as fast as I can, only to have my American-made titanium Moots laugh at my effort and demand more of me—and find it. I ride because my Campagnolo Carbon Super-Record EPS 11 combines world-class engineering with elegance, grace and beauty beyond any other possession. I ride to see Elvis dance on Mike Reade's hubs as he flies past me up (or down) the big hill (Cherry Pie Hill) on Route 4 outside Palo Pinto. I ride to see the Texas dawn through the mist in the draws along our route around Eagle Mountain Lake and the prairie come alive.

To make the 62 miles in Mesquite, through hills and corners, in 2:42; for the smiles, stories and lies at the end of the race/ride among comrades! I ride because the woman I love loves me on a bike—whether leading or part of the peloton or struggling off the back, she knows I will finish, only to go again and always to ride again. It is life's adventure, its raging spirit, its exertion with rewards unknown. On the bicycle—maybe throughout my life—I keep writing the checks which take all of me—my body, mind and spirit—to cash.

Go ride and radiate the good that the bicycle brings you, me, us and our country.

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"Trust Your Gut"

by Mario Arroyave

mario@utmostperformance.org

After the race I stood chatting with another athlete that had just done the same race as me. I was telling him how strong he rode and that I felt he was

capable of winning the race that day. The race was the Texas State Criterium Championships. The race ended in an 11-man break away that went clear of the field and held off the pack to contest the win. I was one of the 11 riders and thus had a front row seat to the actions of the athlete I speak of above.

As the race went past the 60 minute mark, of a scheduled 90 minutes, I could begin to see who the stronger riders in the break away were. There were those of us, myself included, that sat on the back of the break and pulled through sparingly. Then there were those riders who were constantly near the front and moving the break along with their strong pulls. Somewhere in the middle you had the riders that were playing poker and trying to hide their cards as much as possible.

The laps continued to count down and this meant the riders in the break began to strategize how they would win the race. Some of us had a concrete plan while others did not. Being at the will of your opponent and their plans usually does not bode well. I find it amazing how often a rider will simply crumble and give in to the wishes of another rider simply because their competitor has the facade of confidence in what they are trying to do.

Going back to my conversation with one of the riders in the break after the race, he expressed some disappointment in his result. I didn't make this any better by reminding hm of how good his legs were and how I thought he was one of the stronger riders in the break. As we continued to chat he then told me of the mental mistake he made that cost him a better result. I am calling it a mental mistake because the rider himself even admitted that he had the legs to do what he was thinking of doing in the moment.

The race course had a short brick section that turned left onto the finishing straight. From the exit of the brick section to the finish was only about 150 meters. Your position coming out of the brick section was essentially where you would finish place-wise.

Knowing this, we all knew that going into the brick section in prime position was of utmost importance. There really wasn't a place to come around anyone in the brick section either, so that was a neutral spot to make up any ground. Let's get back to the mental mistake. Said rider admitted to me that he thought about hitting the gas and moving up to better his position going into the bricks.

He thought about this but didn't act on his instinct. In chatting further with him about it, he said he failed to move up because he wanted to conserve his energy for the final 150 stretch coming out of the bricks. I quickly interceded with "well your position out of the bricks was your finishing position, so it would've been better to have burned the match to move up and at least give yourself a chance to contest for the win." The rider agreed with me. He knew what he needed to do, but was afraid of doing it because he was looking to the finishing sprint. The problem with this thinking is that in not taking action he threw his chances of winning out the window. I do not know what would have transpired had said rider contested the sprint for the win, but I cannot deny he had the legs to do so.

In order to win we have got to be willing to risk it all. There are times when it will work out and times when it will not. It is always better to find out than wondering what could have been. A simple change in mindset is what can take a rider like the one mentioned above from a contender to a state champion. I am confident that this young man will find himself on the top step of some races here soon.

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The View From Back Here

By Russell Livingston

"I am not stressed," He exclaimed through clenched teeth and with body language even a beginner would recognize. We are surrounded by stressful situations and in fact, our entire life is now encircled with stress of one kind or another. If the reader cannot come up with an origin for stress, your faithful View From Back Here is here to help, and possibly offer a solution or two.

From Amarillo to Beaumont, from El Paso to Texarkana, Texas cyclists have come face to face with every type of inclement weather possible. This old fat guy has witnessed the devastation of tornados, huge hail and flooding in my own little corner of the state. Now, it is Wednesday, time for a group ride and it is over 100 degrees outside. Stress is trying to plan and then execute a ride with things the way they are this year.

So the car gets destroyed, the roof is beat to a pulp or the house is blown off its foundation, no worries, we are insured, right. Having made a career out of trying to make people whole after this type of disaster, I have come to the conclusion that everyone has something to stress over after a weather event hits. There are very strong probabilities that there will be a financial hurdle to pass along the way. That can be stressful even before calamity strikes.

While we talk about financial stress, The View From Back Here is very aware of a changing job market. Having never been without a job, it is difficult to totally understand the stress that job loss brings to an individual. We as cyclists are action types anyway. Having ones livelihood yanked out from under us can be devastating and the possibilities are stressful to consider.

Our families can be the source of stress. Anyone that has ever lived in the same house with a teenager can fully understand. A walking talking bag of hormones ready to explode on a moment's notice can be the stress that can drive a sensible parent over the brink. The family is the central portion of our society and we cannot ignore our responsibilities toward our spouse and the next generation entrusted to our influence.

In our affluent society, we can even stress over trivial matters such as our cycling equipment. The stress over which \$120.00 seat to buy, Campy or Ultegra (or even more expensive), which colorful and stylish Racing Post kit to wear, to race or tour, road bike or mountain bike (won't even mention hybrid street cruising, to name a few are always present. Depending on personalities abilities and financial standing each one of these choices can be stressful. Trivial yet relevant, we can worry and stress over just about every aspect of our fair hobby/habit/obsession.

What about relevant things though. What about our safety while riding. I grieve every time I hear of or am affected by a tragedy involving bicycles. With only a rudimentary knowledge of physics, The View From Back Here understands the forces involved in the collision of a cyclist and a motor vehicle. The senseless tragedy in Michigan this past month is relevant to each and every one of us. How many times do we ride in groups and how many close calls have we experienced. The stress over not my riding ability, but the joker in the truck worries the dickens out of me. The horrible event in Michigan was uncalled for. A group of responsible safe cyclists are attacked by a jerk who willingly got into a vehicle while intoxicated.

The stress of prevention is paled by the stress of trying to get anything done legally or legislatively. For every reason we can propose, there are legions of individuals and organizations ready to mobilize against us and our hopes of a safe riding environment. By the same token, it is already against the law to drive while intoxicated. It is against the law to run over cyclists and cause great bodily harm. It is against the law to disregard the safety of innocent riders for fun or just plain old meanness.

Our nation has been in the middle of a polarizing political struggle for over a year. Political leanings, predispositions and our own goals are at stake. All these are worthy of a little stress. Watching to process can be entertaining for a certain mindset. For those of us prone to worry and with the mindset of "My cup is half empty," this can be the most stressful of times.

Our nation has been shaken to the core by recent events in Orlando, Florida. Humanly speaking, we wonder how such a horrible thing could occur. How can an individual hold that much hate and hostility? How many others just like him are walking around right now? That is something to stress over.

So much stress, only so many hours in a day, how do we cope? Medical science tells us that an active lifestyle is one of the most effective means of fighting stress. What are the lasting benefits of living a stressful life? What about the wear and tear on our bodies? Those less active are susceptible to heart attacks. We can nip this stress thing right in the bud by simply being active and devoting a portion of each day to exercise.

Now how can a cyclist exercise? Well, there is a bit of a mind game involved, but we have to get out and ride. We have to be diligent; we have to be preventative and simply careful. Once we get out on the bike, that stress will melt away. Now, the only thing we have to worry about is sunburn and sore muscles.

The season has changed, the bike is ready, it is time to get out and enjoy our passion. Everyone, have fun, stress less and ride safe.

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Ride Preview: Cove House Classic

By TRP Staff

The Cove House Classic Bike Tour 2016

Cove House Emergency Homeless Shelter, Inc. (Cove House) is a non-profit service ministry which was founded in 1996 as a cooperative effort between the City of Copperas Cove and the Copperas Cove Ministerial Alliance. A need was seen for shelter and support for the homeless who came into the city, so several members from the community stepped up to take leadership roles in getting the ministry off the ground and providing a service to others. Since then, the ministry has grown to a homeless shelter with food pantry, transitional housing unit, and a free medical clinic where the community is able to be served and encouraged through the love of Christ.

The shelter is governed by a 12 member Board of Directors and a staff which includes the Executive Director, Office Manager and Receptionist. Cove House also maintains a priceless crew of volunteers who assist the office with food supplies for residents, filing and data-entry, and assisting with the resident's daily needs.

<u>Cove House Classic Bike Tour:</u> The Cove House Classic Bike Tour originated in 2002 and remains one of the largest annual fundraisers for the shelter. The inaugural ride consisted of only 27 riders and has grown in attendance each year, with the 2015 event bringing over 150 registered

cyclists to our community. The shelter is not federally or state funded so all registration fees and donations are greatly appreciated. All proceeds benefit the Cove House Emergency Homeless Shelter, Inc.

Race Date/Time: Saturday, August 13th, 2016 at 7:30am (Registration begins at 6:30am)

<u>Starting Location:</u> First Baptist Church of Copperas Cove, 300 W Avenue B, Copperas Cove, TX 76522

<u>Fees:</u> Single Riders - \$30.00, Tandem Riders - \$40.00 (After August 8th, cost increases to Single Riders - \$35.00, Tandem Riders - \$50.00)

Race Distances: Various routes to include 26 Miles, 42 Miles, 50 Miles, and 63 Miles.

Registration: Pre-register at http://www.covehouse.org/events/covehouse-classic-bike-tour/ or on-site at the day of the event starting at 6:30am. There will be an early packet pick up on Friday, August 12, 2016



from 4:30pm to 6:30pm at the First Baptist Church for those who wish to attend.

Come be a part of this exciting family friendly event that just keeps getting bigger and better each year. Join hundreds of other cycling enthusiasts and take on the beautiful rolling hills of Central Texas. Past events have seen experienced riders join us, as well as parents with their children, so coming out for casual fun, exercise and fellowship. Whoever you are, we have a ride for you and would be honored to have you as a part of the annual Cove House Classic Bike Tour!

This event is sponsored by Cove House Emergency Homeless Shelter and Bike Central Texas (Copperas Cove Chamber of Commerce). This ride supports the Texas Bicycle Coalition and we are proud to be working together each year for this exciting ride! Questions or concerns regarding this event should be directed to the Cove House at 254.547.4673 or Event Organizer Stephanie Malley at motxhome95@hotmail.com.

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Tour of the Gila

By Jesus Chaparro

There I was again heading back to Tour of the Gila, not knowing what to expect. I am no longer a climber, a wanna-be climber is more like it, but I do love the race. Last year, I had to struggle and fight in every stage, battle the climbs, and hold my own to end up 29th in GC and 4th in the 35+ group. I had my goals and objectives for this year, to finish 3rd or better in the 35+ and push for a better GC finish. I knew that this year would be a lot different and harder, and I was proven right. I did my best to prepare myself mentally, physically, and spiritually. My training was intense and there were troubles and frustrations in the days before the race. The only calmness I had prior to Mem Mexico the first stage was going to church with my mom and my sister's family the Sunday before the race.

Stage 1

The first day was finally here. Within about the first 15 miles of the race, a breakaway of two slipped away and built up over a 5-minute lead. Despite their big lead, the field did not chase until about 20 miles to go. I just sat in knowing that I needed every bit of energy to get up the climb to Mogollon. At the base of the climb, we were neutralized so that the UCI women field could pass us. This helped me a great deal since my muscles were beginning to twitch. Once we restarted I was hanging in there on the first short steep part of the climb, but eventually was gapped. I was hurting

and nearly cramping, but I was pushing on in hope I would bridge up to the field. I needed help but the help came a little too late. By the time five riders caught me, the field had started the last ascent of the climb and we were about 200 meters behind. I quickly settled myself into my climbing pace as soon we started to ascend again, but then the leg cramps finally kicked in. I was hurting with each pedal stroke feeling the tightness in my hamstrings and quads, but I pushed on. I was really suffering the last steep 500 meters of the climb, pushing myself mentally and doing all I could to ignore the pain. By the time I crossed the line I was in 33rd place in GC and 10th in the 35+, minutes behind. Not the start I was hoping for.

Stage 2

Head winds, tail winds, wind currents, and cross winds were all



added challenges to the climbs that were to come. Within the first 10 miles was a bonus sprint, so of course the pace was fast and hard from the gun. I was hoping the pace would ease up after the sprint, but a breakaway occurred and the field kept the pace high as we rode up the climb to Pinos Altos. I was fighting to stay in contact with the field, struggling at the back, but when we reached our first descent. I was able to recompose. Once we started the ascent to the next climb, another breakaway developed and somehow I ended up in the front of the field mixing it up with climbers from New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Mexico, I just found a good position to sit in the front of the field and kept a good climbing

The breakaway was still away as we hit the hare raising descent, going downhill over 45 MPH, on a narrow road with a mix of U-turns and switch backs. Last year, I was gapped going down this scary and challenging descent, but this was not last year. I pushed myself and stayed alert to pick the right line going into each turn. We finally caught the breakaway in the valley road, only to let a solo rider take off. By the time we reached the next climb, he had 6 minutes on us. I quickly asserted myself near the front of the field as we went up the

climb feeling good. As we kept riding up the climb, two little junior riders attacked and the pace picked up and threw me over my threshold. I could not follow the pace and I was dropped. I rode as best as I could the last 10k, by myself, pulling every little hard effort out of my legs that I could to avoid losing too much time.

At times, I found myself leaning my head on my handlebars on the descent to rest, and praying to God for help through some of the smaller climbs still ahead. God would answer with some strong tailwinds to help crest up the climbs and gain speed for the next descent. I finished exhausted; my kit covered in salt, nearly dehydrated, legs in pain, shoulders, and arms close to cramping. Then as I got off my bike, my dad noticed my rear wheel completely crooked that it was rubbing on my brake pads. The wheel wouldn't even spin freely. That answered my



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curiosity, but it no longer mattered; the damage was done and I needed to rest and recover quickly for the next day.

At the end of the day, despite the mechanical problem, I moved up to 24th place in GC and in the 35+ group moved up to 7th, nearly 11 minutes behind 3rd place. I was still way behind, but making a slow come back.

Stage 3

The Individual Time Trial was up next. On this day, the mountains were not the only thing we had to contend with. We had a high wind advisory starting at 12 PM and I was to ride off at 1:50 PM. The high winds started to gust 30+ MPH. Last year the time trial was my best stage, so I felt confident that I could do that again despite the high winds. When I went off right away I knew it was not going to be good a good ride. The TT started going straight up the first climb with unforgiving head winds, and I had a bad start. The hard part was not the climb nor the head winds, but the wind currents that ran across the road and tossed us around like we were swinging piñatas. Several times it felt like the wind was going to knock me down but I stayed in my aero position and drove on, trying to keep my fears at bay. I started to catch riders who started ahead of me but riders behind me were catching me too. Once I hit the turnaround, we had a tailwind. We were flying back through the long descents, but had to stay alert and cautious to the crosswinds. I was hitting speeds over 50 MPH in my aero tuck and a high cadence of over 140 RPMs. In the end, my time was 45:45, finishing 21st in the stage. I had moved up to 23rd in GC and 6th in the 35+ GC despite a poor perform-

Stage 4

The downtown criterium is a simple rectangular course with two small hills on the back. Right away, the speed was high—attack after attack. I was feeling good, so I decided to put in a minor attack just to see how good I was truly feeling. I felt I put in a lot of effort and eased up right before the second turn to go up the first hill. As the field swallowed me back in, I noticed I was struggling too much and not recovering from my effort. The field eased up but I was still struggling; something was wrong. I hung on for two more laps then got dropped. I pushed on solo, trying to make the time cut, which I did but not by much.

After I got off the course, I checked my rear wheel and it was crooked again, rubbing on my brake pads. I lost two minutes in the stage, dropping in GC to 27th, a little over 15 minutes behind 20th place, the last pay out spot in GC, and 8th place in 35+ GC, over 20 minutes behind 3rd.

Stage 5

Thankfully, Chris Carlson from the RBM squad helped me out and lent me his extra racing wheels for the final stage. I was not willing to accept where I stood in GC. I had a big fight ahead of me. I focused on sitting in and trying to hide from the wind until the Category 2 climb. I quickly positioned myself in the front again. Two young riders attacked and about 3-5 km into the climb, I was dropped. Still, unlike the previous days of climbing, I was able to get out of the saddle more and give much stronger efforts. I settled into my own pace and controlled my breathing.

I kept pushing on to gain back every little second on any rider that I could catch and pass. When I crossed the line, I had finished 14th in the stage. I did not think I got the time I wanted from the riders ahead of me in both GC and 35+ fields. Then the preliminary results were posted, I was blown away by what I saw. I had gained over 15 minutes in the 35+ to finish 5th in GC, then in the overall GC I had ended up in 20th. I met one of my goals on the final day of the race. I was surprised and blessed, knowing God did not let me give in on the final day.

I will not deny I do have a lot 'if's' and 'could haves' due to my mechanical problems through the race, but I will leave all that for God to answer.

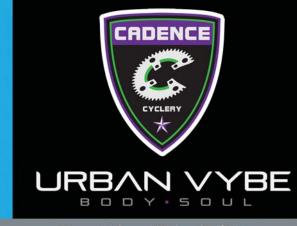
I want to thank everyone who again stuck with me this year in my endeavor to go back and race Tour of the Gila. My brothers, Jerry and Alfred, and sister-in-law Dawn who have supported me a great deal in this sport; my mom and sister always encouraging me to remain strong, not just physically and mentally but also spiritually; and my dad, uncles and his friends for showing me and introducing me to this great sport, my dad's good friend Juan (Mapi) for being a great masseuse. Also big thanks to all my cycle class members at LA Fitness who at times had to endure some of my vigorous workouts. Last but not least all my teammates and sponsors from Dallas Bike Works, Honey Stinger, Pickle Juice, Rudy Project, MIO Global, Virus Intl, REM-Fit, and GoPuck.



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OKC Recap

By Garrison Horton

Photo by Biff Stephens

I'm really sorry but I have to spend the first little bit of this recap talking about how terrible my season ended up being. It all makes thematic sense in the end, so just bear with me.

I got really fast over the winter. As in, I went from being an OK cat three to what could be a solid cat two. I spent the spring trying to figure out how to race with my Fast New Legs, which was going well, until I broke my collarbone in the Corsicana road race. Fast New Legs: gone.

My first race back in early April, I got dropped in three minutes, and DNF'd. I did three races between then and OKC, all of which I DNF'd. In the Collegiate National road race, I got dropped on the second climb and finished 45 minutes off of Stefan Rothe's winning time, having contributed nothing to his effort. All of these races only served to reinforce the fact that I no longer had any clue how to race. Or rather, I was too scared to race the

way I know how. I was tired, scared, not having fun, and I was ready to quit racing bikes.



Now we can talk about OKC! Day one was very hard. I spent the first ten minutes in the first five wheels before blowing up. I hung in and finished at 33rd, in the middle of the pack. I'll let you in on two secrets:

1) I haven't had a pack finish since the Corsicana crit, and 2) when I got in my car after the race, I cried. I cried for a solid ten minutes before some old people pulled up next to me and I had to act like I was just really sweaty. It was embarrassing. Oh well.

Day two I held my position mid-pack, trying to conserve energy for the last few laps. Jokes on me, I got caught behind the crash. I wasted time trying to decide whether to go to the pits or just chase back on, and by the time I started my chase, my race was over. I got back to the car and shouted some expletives very loudly at my confused teammate. He didn't deserve that. Sorry bud.

Ok, let's talk about day three! I've had this longstanding fantasy since I started racing where I just attack the whole field on the last lap of a race, and I solo away, catch the break, pass the break in the 11th hour, and win. I was not thinking about that at the start of this race, the reason being that I was very uncomfortable racing my bike. My goal in this race was getting comfortable again. It was not letting fear get the best of me. It was not being such a gosh danged weenie and just racing the race. However, when I came up on the bell lap in the top five wheels with clear road in front of me, seemingly by accident, I wasn't even thinking about that. I just went. I hit it about as hard as I've ever hit it, and only looked back twice: the first time to evaluate what a stupid idea this was, and the second time, I was coming across the line trying to assess the fact that I had a three second gap and nobody was in front of me. My teen power fantasy becoming reality? No!

But actually, yes. I won a race for the first time since I won stage 3 at Fayetteville in the 4/5's, where I shouted "I AM THE SWAN QUEEN" coming across the finish to absolutely no applause. Somehow my celebration this time felt no more dignified and much more confused. I keep thinking back on why I won this race and the only thing I can think of is that I lucked into making the only move that was guaranteed to stick purely on instinct. But you know what? I made it, and I stuck it, and it hurt, so it must've been good.

I got a S'mores Frappuccino on the way back, because I deserved it.

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MTB Nationals

By Shawn Hodges

The 2015 and 2016 National Championships were held in Columbia County, GA near Augusta. I had plans to go to 2015 Nationals, but fitness and other responsibilities kept me from making the 13 hour trek from Dallas to Augusta to race the first Georgia edition. My main goal for the first half of 2016 was to do several marathon races, culminating with Nationals. I didn't have a placing goal set since I wouldn't get much recon of the course, but wanted to test my legs on the National level and possibly set myself up for future participations.

My travel plans for Nationals were to drive all day on the Wednesday before the race, have Thursday/Friday for pre-riding, and then race on Saturday. Pre-riding did not go as planned. I rode the second half on the first day I was there, thinking that it would take less time. I ended up being out for 3 hours, which is not a good way to stay fresh for a big race. I wasn't out as long on Friday's pre-ride and the flow was good so I didn't have to spend as much energy, but still ended up logging over 2.5 hours of riding the day before a 5 hour race.

Race day I arrived early, dropped my feed bags, prepped my bike, got dressed, spun a bit and then went to the start line. I was surprised the start wasn't the full-on XC pace as I'm used to in Texas. I was fifth wheel into the single track and was flowing well until I botched one of the many little dips through gullies and went down. I snatched up my bottles, checked my bike and body, and jumped back into action, not losing any places in the crash. After settling back in I realized my Garmin mount was half broken and about to fall off, so I put it in my back pocket knowing I would definitely be missing it for the next several hours.

The first half of the race went by fast, with lots of double track and road sections followed by nice fast flow sections through the woods on the way back to the halfway point at the start/finish. I passed a rider in my group and knew I was sitting in 4th place at that point.

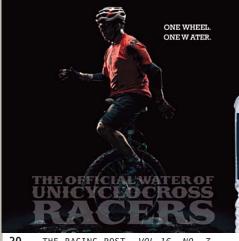
After passing the start/finish, the single track becomes twisty and turny with tons of roots and short visibility. There are very few places to drink and eat. I ended up barely being able to drink for over 45 minutes. Luckily I was able to work with a rider from another group that was a bit stronger than me on the road connector. I hit the third feed zone dehydrated and hot. As I left the feed, I barely caught a glance of a rider from my group as I passed him. I was in third. I was still overheating and waiting for the fluids I drank to get me back to normal when he passed me just into the final single track loop. The most technical riding was on this loop and I was really struggling with rocky off cambers and rooty climbs that seemed impossible to ride. After I struggled through these sections the trail got easier and more open and I started to feel strong again. Then I caught a glance of third place's high-vis helmet and Camelbak. He was at 20 seconds, then 15 seconds, then 5 seconds, then he cramped and pulled off the trail. This was my chance to solidify third place. I turned the intensity up a notch after I passed him, feeling cramps edging their way in myself.

When I left the single track, I had a small gap and was driving hard up the gravel road to the fourth and final feed zone. I could see him behind me and he was getting closer. I kept pushing on hoping he would cramp again, but I was overheating and needed to dial back to keep from cramping. He caught and passed me. I tried to stay on his wheel on the rolling paved roads but I was cooked and limping. There was about a mile to the feed zone so I kept the bike rolling as fast as I could hoping I could keep the gap tight and bounce back after getting cold fluids in my system. I hit the feed and he was still there. I grabbed my bottles and two neutrals which would take me to the finish on this final leg.

When I left the feed he had almost 30 seconds on me. I was still overheating and slamming cold water as fast as I could. I hit a small connector trail which I rode terribly, barely able to ride a clean line. I had drank two bottles and was halfway through my third when I hit the gravel forest road that would take me back to the finish 5 miles away. Third place was well out of sight and had taken several minutes out of me since the final feed. I put my head down and soldiered on to the finish. I never caught third but I finished as strong as one can finish after 5 hours of racing and being dehydrated and beaten by rough trails.

After all was said and done, I was a bit disappointed in missing out on third, but still happy with fourth considering the crash and my prerides being far too long. Next year will be in Arkadelphia, AR which is a great course for me. I'm looking forward to racing there again and going a step higher at Nationals. Of course I have to thank all those supporters out there; my team, my job, my clients, and especially my family!





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West Texas Wind By Richard McLamore

Clutter. You've likely seen a post about de-cluttering in a socialmedia feed. It's presented as a good thing, this de-cluttering. And after wading into the piles upon piles of stuff my mother managed to hold on to and acquire after the first big round of de-cluttering in 2004, it's a good thing, but difficult.

Clutter happens with bike stuff. There's the little that can accumulate if you were raised by people who lived through the depression: you think you need to save the extra links from a chain, for instance. Even if you know that it would be asinine to try to connect them, there they are. Maybe you save old rear derailleur cables to use for fronts (because of course you don't have electronic shifting). You probably also have 3 or 4 saddles; a few pairs of handlebars, and who knows what else. Like: the tread from an old Vittoria CX that your peeled off of the casing and used for handlebar tape or as a chain-stay guard on your mountain-bike. (That's not a joke, yes, I did that).

Old free-wheel bodies. Not free-hub bodies or cassette bodies, but free-wheel bodies I've lost one of the Shimano 600 bodies somewhere along the way, but that leaves me with the other one and a Maillard. They make great stress-relieving paper-weights. There's something therapeutic about the ratcheting action, and they're heavy enough and chunky enough to be a viable threat as a projectile. I was about to type that they were useless as a bike-related object, and then I remembered that I do still have a free-hub threaded rear-wheel, laced, of course, to a 36-hole GP-4 rim.

Those things might not be clutter though, since they're all potentially useful objects and most of them are not inconveniencing me or anyone else. Shoot, some of the stuff is even stored in an organized fashion, just awaiting its moment to be useful in some bizarre project or application, or just possibly attached to a bicycle. So, no, 5 sew-ups stored on

STING OR BEE STUNG!

STING OR STING OR

5 worn-out rims are not clutter: that's inventory, thank you very much.

It's a little more clear-cut with consumables, although I'm not above slicing the inner-tube out of a dead sew-up and re-purposing it into a clincher. (But ya gotta be careful with this, because many of the tubes in sew-ups run slightly small, which seems to make them more prone to flatting in a clincher. It could also be that they're so depressed to have been inserted into a clincher rim that that they repeatedly abrade themselves against any possible sharpish object and end the humiliation. That would be Reade's explanation anyway). Old sew-ups, of course, became spares, destined to hang from a toe-strap (another item preserved from the ranks of clutter) until some magical signal that it was also their time.

Then there are the folks who can't leave for a ride without a small bike-shop attached somewhere to their person or frame. Dirty Kanza? You need a chain-tool, multiple tubes, and who knows what else. A 25-40 mile ride with multiple c-stores, traffic, and mobile-phone coverage? Anything beyond tubes, tire levers, some folding money (more for an emergency tire-boot than actual spending) and multi-tool is probably over-kill. Except for maybe pepper-spray, or a nifty new aluminum barreled Silca frame-pump--which would be coolest attached to one of the old Campy heads. The frame-grabbers will get a dog's attention, or, so I'm told.

The most obnoxious source of of cycling items in that indeterminate 'clutter' zone between useful object and obvious trash? Kit-especially shorts. My magic number for shorts is between 9 and 14. 9 is enough shorts to have a nice solid rotation, while 14 is overkill. I used to designate marginal shorts to the "rollers" pile after they had become too flimsy or otherwise worn-out to take them out on the roads, but in the Zwift era of an occasional 3-4 hour roller ride, there's no such thing as a "rollers only" pile. Well, that's not exactly true-there are always a couple of marginal pairs that I'm either looking to get "one more ride" out of or I'm dreading when they come up in the rotation. And Jerseys, especially in the Zwift age, have become a strange category since I've gone from wearing 5 to maybe 2 a week:

But all of those potential sources of clutter are material objects. The more serious cycling clutter to be wary of is the stuff that takes up residence in your head. Useless ideas and attitudes that take up space, force you to do inane or counter-productive stuff and prevent you from being your best rider at the moment.

Bike-fit and form is as much mental and emotional as it is physical and physiological, after all. At one extreme are all those people who've electro-fenced themselves inside their own carefully hedged limitations and look at you like you're a mutant when you answer their "Do you ride much?" with "Not as much as I should, somewhere around 400 kilometers a week." At the other extreme, though, are those persistent nags in any of us trying to return to fitness after a year or more off that a ride only counts according to the old metrics. Or, that if you're kitted up you need to be trying to hammer yourself. Or, that there's some sort of special routine or workout program you have to follow, food you have to eat (well, that one's touchy: admittedly there are people with digestive systems that require special attention, but man there are a lot of people out there who let their heads get cluttered up with marketing-blather about "hydration" and "nutrition" or "fueling").

It's such a maddeningly complex simple activity, this cycling. And it raises so many possible demons--either of crippling negativity or annoying arrogance--that paying attention to your attitude about riding is as necessary as monitoring your body for the beginning signs of a change requiring adjustment in fit. Sometimes you can listen to your self-talk and your motivation; sometimes you might need outside ears and feedback, and sometimes you just need some rest and a good coffee-shop attitude-adjustment ride.

It's tricky though, because you're a different person and rider than I am, and our clutter will differ. But recognize that a lot of the attitudes and emotions that you're taking for granted might well have become clutter if their holding you back or getting in the way of riding with power, confidence, grace, and fun.

AUGUST 25–28 HH100.0RG info@hh100.org



OKC Masters B

By Scott Braden

I think one of the lady racers said it best: OKC Pro AM is the up and coming kid brother of Tulsa Tough weekend. Chad Hodges, Team DNA Racing and the city put on a really fun weekend of criteriums in the downtown area and show off the charms of OKC really well. It's only a few hours drive from DFW, has deep prize lists, pro-level organization and amenities, a gran fondo, food trucks, great local restaurants and the revitalized OKC downtown districts. It's a great weekend trip for a bike fan.

My FIAT of McKinney / Windsor Door / Bicycles Plus Racing teammate, Joel Hawks, and I had circled this race weekend on our calendars after hearing good feedback from our teammates and friends last year. The calendar spot after Bike the Bricks and before Tulsa Tough works out great, and after the unfortunate cancellation of BtB this year, we were both ready for some big fast downtown criterium action.

It's also great that a full range of categories are offered, including a "Masters B" for us 3's and 4's who find it difficult to score a placing against the elite riders in Masters Open races. Thanks DNA for throwing us fatty masters a bone!

So we loaded up our best crit wheels and got to OKC on Friday, in time to grab a locally brewed beer and dinner from one of the food trucks, and settled in to the Bicycle Plus pit tents to watch the action.

Friday night's National Calendar race in Midtown rolls through one of the nation's largest night markets, "H & 8th" and there were plenty of spectators to watch the category races and finish out the night with women and men Pro races - the men racing under the lights on the rectangular but challenging course.

The first race of the evening delivered, with October Three Racing's Greg Clark soloing to a nice "nobody else in the picture" win in the cat 4-5 race.

Next up in the Bicycles Plus family of racing teams, Tim Palyukh scored a nice 6th in the 3's, then Adam Biwan and Michael Lalla took their turns lighting up the cat 2 and P-1 races. We had a lot of fun cheering them on but opted not to race, saving our old man legs for the Masters racing.

Saturday dawned cloudy and muggy, with Joel and I starting the Masters B race at 8 am. The course is a figure 8 of single city blocks with no straight longer than about 500 feet on streets that are clean, mostly smooth, and wide enough for full speed pedaling on all except the last two turns.

Warming up for our race, my legs were "ok but not great" as Steve Tilford always says, but after a slow and nervous first lap the racing began in earnest and I was able to cover a few dangerous-looking moves and even cooperated in a promising but short-lived break of four riders. I also managed to snag one of the many primes offered: a new Cateye bike computer that matches my Cannondale CAAD10!

As we came into the final laps, I found myself much further back than I prefer. Feeling a bit frustrated as we got the bell, I had to get out in the wind early in the final lap for the sake of moving up, and managed to tuck into about 8th wheel just as the race went single file behind the legendary Tom Bain (Geri Atrix), who had jumped for a long flyer attempt.

Gaps were starting to open ahead of me as we rounded the back side but my next real chance to move up was in the final backstretch where the course widened before pinching into the final two turns. It seemed some of the guys were hesitating but I went full gas, passing several and carrying a lot of speed into the final two turns where I went wide and sprinted hard. To my pleasant surprise I actually passed two guys in the sprint and almost caught the leader at the line for 2nd place and a nice podium pic to send back home. I also picked up a bonus check for 2nd place 50+ rider! Like I said, great prize lists for us old dudes, much appreciated.

Joel and I enjoyed an easy roll back to the hotel, showered had breakfast and rode the few blocks back to the race course and spent the rest of the day spectating from the shade of the Bicycles Plus pit tents located on the final turn of the course. We had front row seats to the racing and enjoyed hanging out with all the racers.

But that 2nd place was on my mind. I kept replaying the last lap in my mind, thinking that if I hadn't screwed up by being so far back at the bell, I could've taken the win. That's a terrible feeling but at the end of it my confidence was good that I could get a shot at the V on Sunday morning. Joel was also a bit frustrated that he'd had dead legs but still managed to get paid for 9th place, so we had a nice pasta dinner and a stroll in the Bricktown district, then early bed for a 5:30 wake up call on Sunday.

The Sunday course in the "Automobile Alley" section of OKC is an "L" shape with a bit of elevation change so you can dive into a fast smooth wide downhill corner then carry speed back up the hill on a broad tree lined boulevard before a bit of tail wind on the long and wide finish stretch then a fast turn into the L section. A slightly larger field lined up in the Masters "B" than Saturday, including Steve Schlegel, whose Schlegel Bike shop was hosting the race and is located right on the finish line.

Joel pointed out Steve to me as we staged up, reminding me he'd been showing some good results and aggressive racing this year and sure enough, when the whistle blew, his neon green skinsuit was off the front immediately. Joel and I didn't need any conversation to know we had to keep Schlegel in check so we tag - teamed covering his attacks (of which there were many!) and tried to get some assistance from the other riders as well.

Then disaster - we came around one lap and I saw Joel in the pit with some kind of mechanical. I was assuming he'd restart with a free lap, but we came around again and he was slow-pedaling to be lapped; as we go by he tells



me "I'm out". Gahhhhhhhh.

So now I'm without teammates, covering two strong Schlegel riders and a few other strong guys who want to have a go off the front. Plus, the prime bell kept ringing (Schlegel taking all of them easily and the rest of us covering him, not quite so easily) as the laps started counting down. Thankfully the other racers had also marked Schlegel and I just hoped that "he has to be getting a bit tired!"

This time I had stayed well positioned, sitting 4th wheel at the bell and defending my spot as the group bunched up into the backside section where, surprise surprise, Schlegel jumped early into the downhill turn. At first I was stuck behind two riders and watching his gap open, but I finally got maneuvering room as we turned back uphill and I gave it everything up the rise, over the top, into the last turn at full gas.

He still had a nice gap on me as we entered the finish straight but I was carrying a lot of speed and Schlegel was fading and I came rapidly up into his draft. He glanced under his arm and saw me as I tapped down one gear and jumped out of the saddle at full sprint, sling-shotting with momentum. He jumped also but as I came alongside him I sensed his shoulders slump and knew I had it, powering past by a full bike length at the line, with enough time to sit up for the glamour shot captured perfectly by Joel Hawks.

Got the win. Feels good, man. Chest feeling like it's going to explode, suddenly realizing that I had just put in a half lap at full sprint, I tried to catch my breath enough to congratulate Schlegel on a great race and to thank him for his sponsorship. I can't say enough about how nice it is to be able to go fast with great people in these top-notch conditions.

Of course, none of this could happen without the tireless efforts of Chad Hodges, the DNA Racing team and the sponsors of OKC. Joel and I also got the luxury faux-pro treatment from our sponsor Bicycles Plus with a full time mechanic and stocked shop van (and beer cooler!) all weekend. That is some quality weekend warrior good living.

Now I know some of you fatty masters are reading this and thinking, "Hey, that Braden guy is not so fast, I can beat him." Well, come on up to OKC next year and let's have a bike race to find out. Win, lose or draw you'll have a great weekend.

Who has the hest legs in Texas?

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What's New At The Shop Staying Safe



By Adam Spears

With so many recent car versus cyclist incidents, both near and far in the news lately, I thought I would take the time to circle back on some products designed to raise awareness as you cruise down the road. Keep in mind, there is no fail-safe to keep anyone from getting hit by a vehicle while on the bike, but with always being aware of what is going on around you combined with some "attention getters" it will greatly help.

Garmin has a full line of products designed to help you be seen as well as help you aware of what is going on around you. This product line is called Varia and will pair with most of the computers from the Edge line up. The first of these two products are Smart Lights, both a head light and a tail light that will adjust for you. Each light features accelerometers to detect speed. Speed up and the front light will get brighter and project further out in front of you. The rear light will also get brighter as you slow

down, similar to the brake lights on a car. The nice thing about these lights is when you turn your Garmin head unit on, the lights power up as well.

The Varia radar is another unit altogether. The Varia radar is designed to detect traffic approaching from behind and alert the rider of the approaching traffic as well as send out a signal to the approaching traffic that a cyclist is ahead. For the approaching traffic they will see



an increase in the intensity of the flashing of the LED lights as well as an increase of the brightness. For the rider a signal will be delivered either to an Edge head unit or the Varia head unit. This can also be signaled in the newly released Varia Vision In-sight Display that is worn on eyewear to help keep the eyes on the road. The signal will also indicate the relative speed of the approaching vehicles. Imagine cruising a rolling farm to market road and all you can hear is the wind as you have zoned out, then suddenly your head unit starts to beep as the car approaches. Much better than being passed and not even knowing a car had been closing on you.

Another item that will help in the instance of an accident or a close call is the Fly 6 and the newly released Fly 12. The Fly 6 is a rear light and camera combo. In the world of rear lights it is not the brightest light on the market, but the camera feature is what sets it apart. Don't confuse this with an action camera such as a GoPro if you are



looking to capture rides or adventures. You could and can use it for a crit or perhaps a cross race because the Fly 6 loops over itself about every hour. You don't have to remember to reset anything or delete videos, as long as the camera is charged, it will be recording. This light features Incident Protection Technology. This technology shuts the camera off and saves the footage if there is an incident. The unit can detect an impact and do this in case you can't.

The just released and not quite in shops yet is the Fly 12 front facing 400 lumen headlight and 1080p camera combo. Once again, featuring a looping recording system as seen in the rear light with simple one button on and off. This light will come with a few more bells as whistles as it is WiFi and Bluetooth compatible. Cycliq has released an app (both App Store and Google Play) that will allow viewing and editing of videos to

share. On the iPhone only, Strava can be integrated as well for instant sharing. I have only seen a demo of this light thus far and should be coming into stock very soon. The nice things about both of these products is the documentation that can be produced if something does happen rather than the he said-she said scenario.



Of course, there is also one of my favorite colors to wear. High Vis Yellow. It is on helmets. It can be seen on jerseys to vest. Shoes and shoe covers. Arm warmers, knee warmers, and gloves for all seasons. High Vis Yellow is everywhere, and so are its cousins High Vis Orange and Pink. Some of the traditionalists may frown on wearing anything but all black and only the "Fred's" wear those colors but I'll go with the "better to be seen that to be hit" theory here.

Just some options to think about while my thoughts go out to all of those who have been involved or who have had friends and loved ones involved in the rash of recent incidents out there. Remember to be alert and aware of your surroundings and make yourself visible. That way I can see you on the road.





The Home of Mountain Biking

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Junior Spotlight: Seth Hart

By TRP Staff



TRP: Give us your full name and your nick-name.

SWH: Seth Whitney Hart, most other cyclists I race with call me a knuckle-

TRP: Where do you live and how long have you lived there?

SWH: I was Born in 1998 in Flint Michigan, moved to Texas in 2012. Euless, TX for a year.

TRP: Do you have brothers and sisters – if so, who are they and what ages are they? Do they ride?

SWH: An older brother Alex, 24, used to be a triathlete, an older sister, Dakota, 22, who doesn't ride, and a twin brother, Sam. who doesn't ride.

TRP: What team do you ride for and for how long?

SWH: Team Bicycles Inc. for about 2 months

TRP: What were your last three events and your placing in those events?

SWH: Texas State Criterium Championship Age-Based 7th / /TRP Bicycles Inc Wednesday Night Criterium B race, 1st and the next week, 3rd.

TRP: When did you start riding? Can you tell the story?

SWH: I started riding when I was 16 years old. My dad used to be a triathlete and after a couple months on an urban bike, he let me use his old tri bike. From then, I got connected with the Mid-Cities Knuckleheads and they showed me how to ride in a group. The rest is history.

TRP: When did you start racing? Why? SWH: My first race was the NYD+1 Crit in Fort Worth this year. In the fall of 2015, I realized I had some talent and that I loved to race or sprint. I was very motivated and decided to try it out. At my first race, I came in 21st after I (naively) pulled for 2 laps. My second race I thought about every move and used all of the tactics I knew, which landed me a 4th place bunch sprint. Once I saw that I could keep up, I knew I'd continue to race.

TRP: What kind of bike do you ride? Any interesting equipment on it?

SWH: I ride a 2014 Cannondale SuperSix



Evo. I still use my dad's pedals from 2002, and a fellow Knucklehead gave me a pair of Mavic wheels. Other than that it's fairly standard, but I love it and it gets the job done.

TRP: Have you tried other two-wheeled sports?

SWH: Racing bikes is the only two-wheeled sport I've done, unless you include triathlons. I always wanted a dirt bike but my parents thought that would be a bad idea.

TRP: Do you participate in other sports? SWH: I ran through middle school and high school, but I was never very good. Once I got on the bike, I knew that I'd be a lot better at it.

TRP: Where do you go to school?

SWH: I just graduated from Colleyville Heritage High School, before that I went to elementary and middle school in Michigan.

TRP: What grade are you in and what's your favorite subject?

SWH: I'm no longer in high school, but my

favorite subject has always been science, specifically biology.

TRP: What do you think of school?

SWH: I enjoyed most of my classes, especially math and science, and I like to learn new things. The main downside was the homework, which was sometimes difficult to balance on top of training.

TRP: What do you see as your future ... what would you like to do after graduating from school?

SWH: I would like to continue racing bikes. I am also going to Oklahoma State University, where I will be studying chemical engineering. After college, I plan on researching type one diabetes, which I've had since I was 12.

TRP: Do you have a job and, if so, where do you work?

SWH: I worked for two and a half years at South Colleyvine

Ranch Retirement Home, where I served breakfast, lunch, and dinner to the elderly residents.

TRP: How many days a week do you ride and how many hours do you put in?

SWH: I ride between 5-6 days a week, usually around 10-15 hours.

TRP: Do you have a formal coach?

SWH: I don't have a formal coach, but several cyclists that I ride with mentor and push me to reach my limits and goals. Without them I would not be where I am, and I certainly wouldn't know how to race bikes.

TRP: As a Junior Racer, what do you think could be done to increase the sport's popularity among young people? SWH: I think most young people see cycling as a non-essential sport, especially because their perspective of the sport is non-violent and boring. I know if they showed up to any given Criterium, they would see that cycling can be outrageously intense and, if you have some background information, very interesting.

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TRP: Tell us about your first Race?

SWH: My first race was the NYD+1 Crit on January of 2016. I didn't know what I was getting into, and I actually pulled for what seemed like most of the race. By the end, my legs were so burnt out that I couldn't sprint or even hang on. I ended up in 21st place.

TRP: Tell us about your worst Race?

SWH: My worst race was probably La Primavera Lago Vista Day 1, when my insulin pump site came out 5 miles in, and I DNF'd. That was very unfortunate, and it was a bummer especially since I had looked forward to that race for a long time. Another terrible race was the Texas State Criterium Championship, where I crashed twice. Another huge disappointment, but I've learned not to let the bad days ruin the good days.

TRP: Tell us about your favorite Race?

SWH: My favorite race was my first win at TRP Bicycles, Inc. Wednesday Night Crit, where I made a solo breakaway with two laps to go and nobody caught me. After the race, my mom told me she thought I had been dropped or something, but when she realized I had won, she was beyond elated (mostly because I was safe).

TRP: Favorite food?

SWH In the off-season or when I feel lazy, a nice Whataburger double cheeseburger with meat, cheese, and mustard hits the spot like nothing else.

TRP: Training food?

SWH: Rice and eggs with a cup of coffee the morning of a hard training ride or race. It usually doesnt upset my stomach and gives me protein, as long as I give some time before I race.

TRP: Other than that?

SWH: Berries and smoothies always make me feel healthy and they're delicious.

TRP: Okay. What are the top five on your phone?

SWH: I listen to a lot of music so a top five list would be tough to sort out, but my all time favorite song is Ghost Riders in the Sky by Johnny Cash.

TRP: What do you use as a ring-tone?

SWH: Hotline Bling by Drake marimba remix.

TRP: Campy, SRAM or Shimano?

SWH: Shimano.

TRP: Favorite pro bike racer?

SWH: Peter Sagan.

TRP: Anybody you'd like to thank or mention?

SWH: I'd like to thank the Knuckleheads for getting me started and teaching me the basics of cycling as well as general knowledge. Several Bikes Inc riders have also taught me how to race and train harder. Lastly, I'd like to thank my parents for funding a lot of my career as well as being incredibly supportive whether I win or lose, my family for being there when I need them (usually to pick up some food after a long ride), and also my girlfriend Sam, who has helped immensely and also listens to my racing stories.







I understand the daily difficulties encountered by cyclists because I'm out there riding every day, just like you. If you've been injured while riding your bike, it can be very difficult to navigate the claims process because there are many aspects and angles to consider and negotiate.

I am an experienced, board-certified personal injury attorney and can help guide you through the process.

If you've been injured while riding your bike and have questions or need assistance with your claim, contact me:

Bill Shirer | 972 392 1225 | wls@shirer.net



I am Board Certified in Personal Injury Trial Law by the Texas Board of Legal Specialization. I have been practicing law since 1986. I have been board certified since 1993. s for cycling, I am a "Cat III" and race regularly in the 50+ category. Prior to bike racing, I did over 120 triathlons. I have been riding since 1987. I sponsor local teams and races

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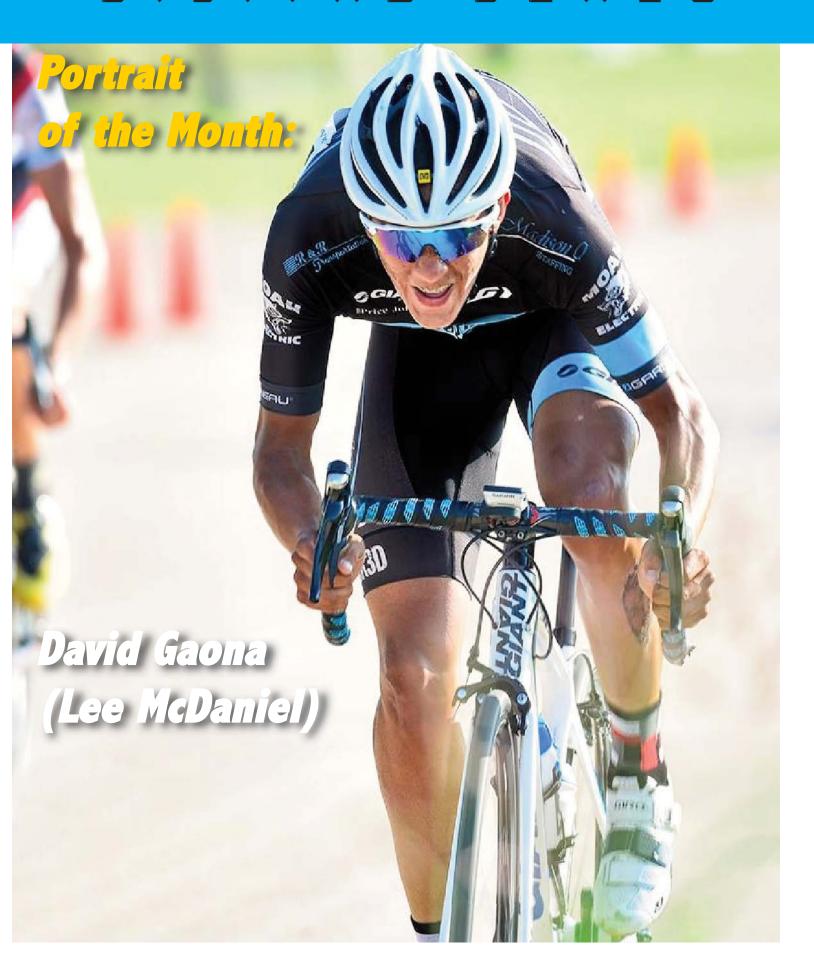


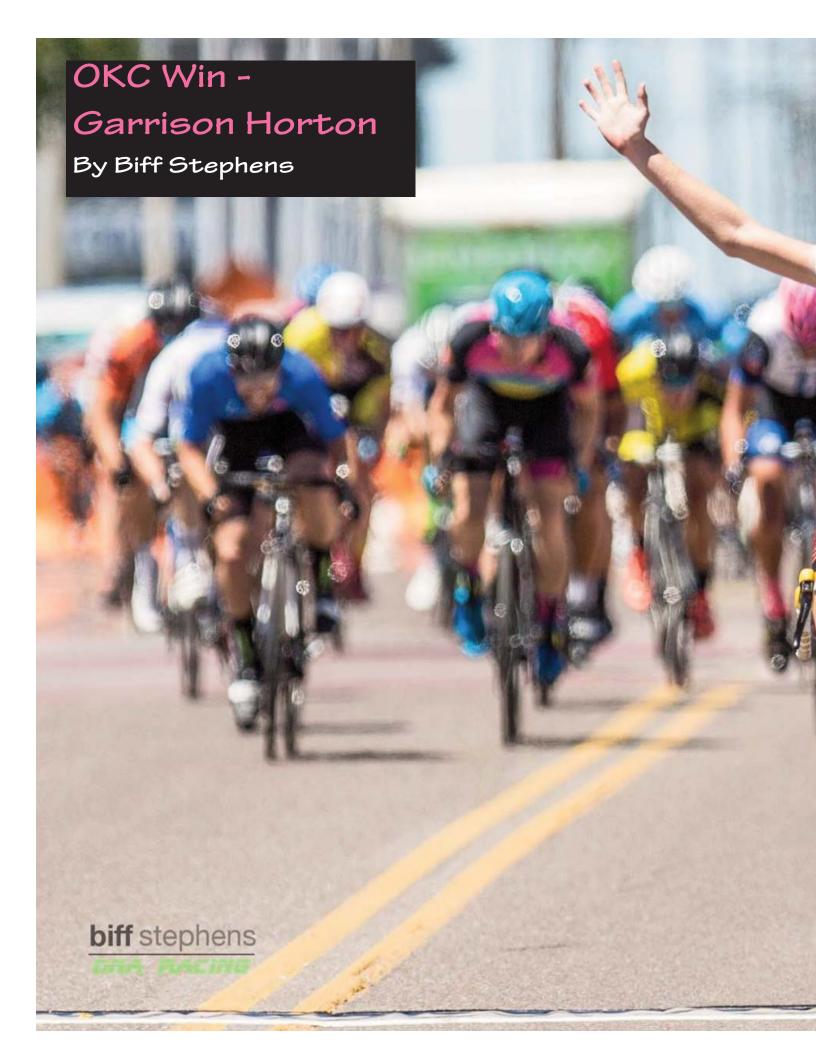
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DIFITAL BENUS







Fort Worth's Ride of Silence ...

by Lisa Tilley

With four years of pedaling behind me, this year was the first year that I made it to Fort Worth's Ride of Silence and I never want to miss it again. There were cyclists attending from every single branch of my pedaling family and many I had not seen before. There were about 250 participants in all, and we pedaled in and around downtown Fort Worth in complete and total silence. If you were in the Fort Worth downtown area between 7pm and 8pm, you could not miss the silent mass clipping and spinning through the city streets.

The Night Riders were our gracious leaders, escorts and corkers. Macy Moore led the ride and greeted us at the start. Michael O'Brien read the touching Ride of Silence poem about those we've lost on the road. Pedalers signed in and wore black arm bands for remembrance, or red if you had been injured on the road. Chris Baab, also spoke to the crowd about how much it meant to him for us all to be there with him.

His daughter, Megan Baab, a member of this cycling community was killed on the road while training with her college team. I made a button to wear of Megan's bright, smiling face as well as one for Iris Stagner, who was lost on the country roads of Mineral Wells just after I began riding. These two women had given so much and their

loss is felt year round.

The threat of rain did not keep cyclists from participating and paying their respects. As you might imagine, the ride began very somberly. Each rider in their own head, remembering a lost friend, loved one or family member, or perhaps meditating on the powerful message it brought to the busy streets of Fort Worth, where people



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were walking the streets, live music was playing, but here in the midst of it all, 250+ people on bikes said nothing. Onlookers asked each other, what is going on? What is this about? They even shouted out to us, hoping to understand. I wasn't near enough to answer, and in the end, nobody did. I wanted to vell it out but I think the silence was truly the right answer. We wanted to be seen—for all of those that weren't seen and were lost. That small, uncomfortable feeling of giving a non-answer does not begin to compare to the gaping hole a loss of life leaves us with.

After a while, the somber feeling switches to pride and strength as we pass all sorts of Fort Worth landmarks that my cycling friends call home—The Flying Saucer, Chimera, Avoca, Stir Crazy, of course the Trinity and so

much more. Our Fort Worth police escort (on a bike) and the Night Riders, busily ride ahead and behind, protecting the mass at intersections and signing the next turns, or the slowing and stopping. I am reminded of why I am so proud to live in a cycle-friendly town, where even the mayor is a cyclist. We are blessed. It is actually at this point that I begin to smile frequently. We've remembered, we've pedaled, we've made our presence known and now I

want to laugh because I know these people and what an effort it must be for them to keep quiet.

I smile because I and many others know what is coming. Megan was full of life and always pranking people. At the end of training rides she would get her water bottle out and squirt other people in the tush. Chris, her father, is now bestowed with that honor and as the ride returns to the Duck Pond-even before that, because these people have been quiet for so long and can contain it no

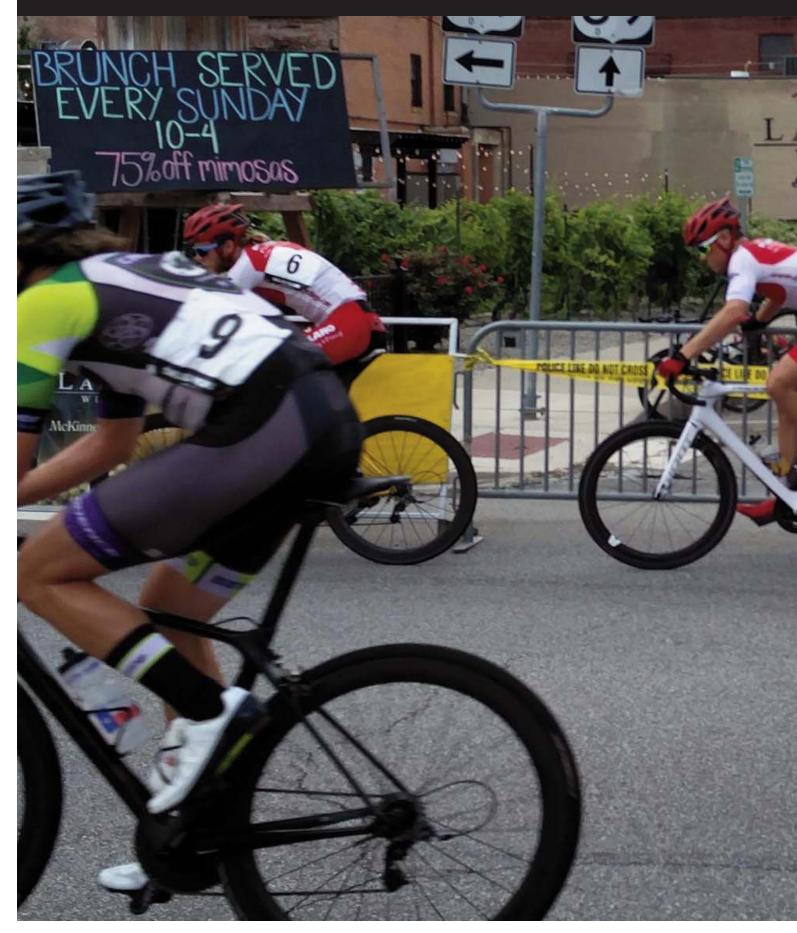
longer—the streams and ribbons of water squirting all in the direction of Chris Baab begins. Sometimes friends even go to the trouble of chilling or freezing the water for added discomfort; all in great fun of course.

The misting turns to rain drops as the ride finishes, and I cannot help but wonder if Megan sent her own waterworks to participate in the fun. Cyclists load their bikes, chat a bit and make plans for dinner, and my extended cycle family head out on their own once again.

I asked Macy Moore to comment on the ride and he sums the whole thing up very nicely. "This is the most important and moving ride we do as a community of cyclists. It brings together riders across a wide arch of experience and types to honor and remember those who shared our passion and were killed or injured. It's by remembering them and telling their story that we raise awareness." With the help of Macy and the Night Riders, we have done so once ag

"The Pit" State Criterium Championships

By Randy Lee





State Criterium ~ Photo Essay

Story and Photos by Randy Lee

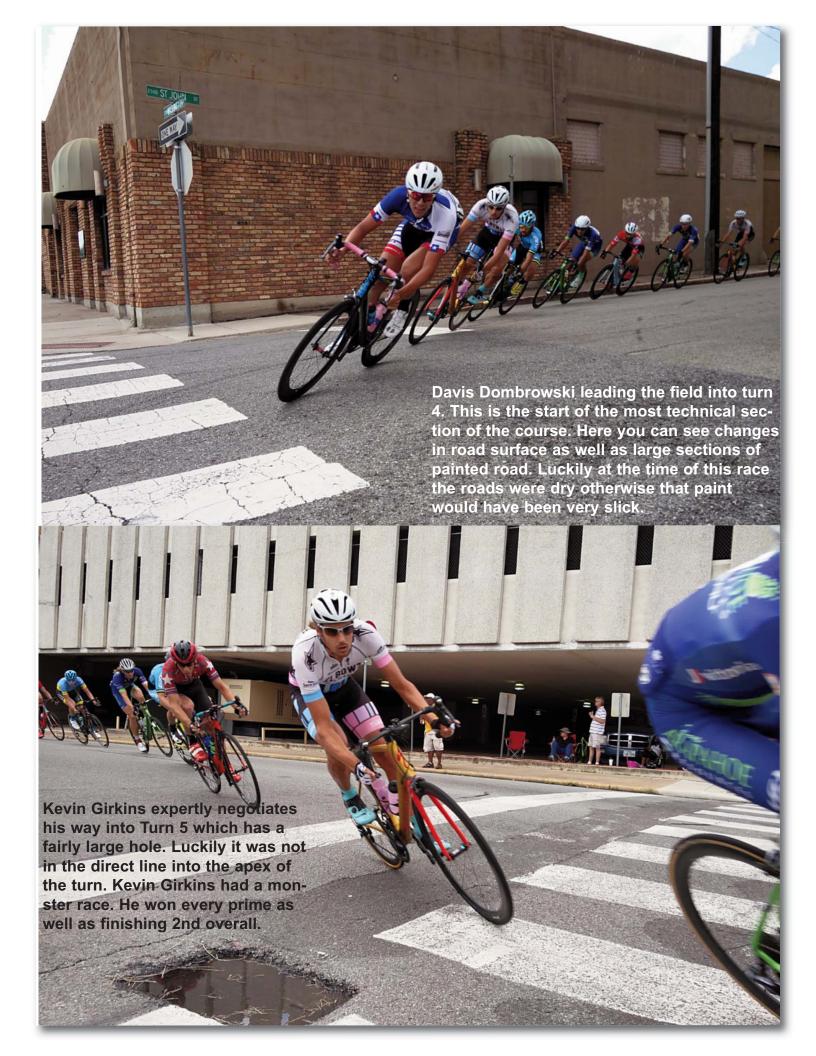
State Crierium Championships - A racer's perspective: It is the second day of State Championships; this is the skill based race where the stakes are higher and the course is much more difficult. This is my second season racing in Texas and my second time racing this course. The same course was used last year for the State championship and the experience is still fresh in my mind since it was probably one of the worst races I had. It remains the most difficult crit course I have ever ridden. A short 10 corner circuit with choppy asphalt, a few pot holes, thick road paint lines, an uneven brick section and an uphill finishing straight. This course is not for the faint at heart and poses a challenge for even the most seasoned veterans of crit racing.

My race in the Cat 2 field was difficult. I struggled in the first 30 minutes as the pace was unrelenting. The field strung out over the super technical course which made it almost impossible for me to move up. The pace did not let up until a breakaway established itself up the road which was finally the point when I could finally start to recover. Managed to just crack the top 10 at the end of the race which is a huge improvement from my race last year as a Cat 3.

I had the opportunity to watch the P1 race after my race which had 2 of my teammates. It was an incredibly interesting race to watch filled with all sorts of drama. Here are some of the photos I was able to capture.



At the crest of the final hill is the Finishing stretch. This is the widest road of the course making it the most ideal section of the course to pass riders. As seen by the flags in the background, riders had a tailwind into the finish.



The Gila Adventure

by Davis Dombrowski



Tour De Gila Race report

Stage 1: Silver City to Mogollon road race

The team made the goal to conserve energy for the 94.1 mile race with 6,230ft of elevation gain. The first 60 miles were fast averaging about 28 mph. At about mile 70 a crash happened in front of me, I hit the brakes, and was rear ended taking a wheel impact to the back of my leg activating a very painful cramp and landing on my elbow. Corey Ray waited for me and helped me get back to the group. The rest of the guys were ahead and through the last feed zone I was dropped. The finishing climb starts around the last 6 miles of the race. It was the hardest and most painful climb of my life. I felt like getting off the bike and walking so many times but told myself I would not. I cross the line and immediately went to the rest of the team to rest up. We then proceeded back to the hotel where we received massages from our soigneur.

Stage 2: Fort Bayard inner loop road race

75 miles and 3 climbs this day. The race was tough after the first turn because of rolling hills and cross winds. I slid to the back of the group on the climbs and made my way to the front going down in an aero tuck and nearly coming off the mountain at one point. Most of the team was still in the main pack and at about mile 40 decided to attack Into the headwind. I stayed away about 8 minutes more or less and made the sprint point solo, after that I was joined by 4 others and worked together until the last feed zone where the race blew up. Everyone on the team finished and prepped for the next day.

Stage 3: individual time trial

The team woke up early and did an easy coffee ride to get the day started. We then drove to the TT course to ride 16 miles of pain. We warmed up on the trainers about 40 minutes, then headed to the ramp start. Right from the start I could feel the 25 mph+ winds pushing against me. I stayed on the small chainring all the way up the climb and stayed as aero as I could the entire time. Once I hit the Downhill I did a quick sprint and hit 40+mph. As I'm going down the fierce wind is constantly pushing and shaking my bike side to side. Coming back I was able to take the strava KOM decent to finish at 51.2 mph out of 817 other strava rides. I finished 9th overall for the stage.

Stage 4: Downtown Silver City Criterium

After 3 days of suffering, which included crashing, going into two break aways, and nearly crashing at 45+mph down a mountain, I told myself the day of the TT that I am going to win the criterium tomorrow. I mentally repeated that to myself, visually imagined it, and hyped myself up before the race with some music and dancing in the hotel room.

After some coffee with the guys during the masters race we did a quick lap around d the course and lined up at the start. I was at the very back of the line and not knowing how racers not from Texas race crits decided to make my first objective to see how easily it is that I can move up to the front. Within the first two laps I was at the front. A lap prime was up for grabs on the third lap. I then heard Carlson say,"Go John!" he went and to the \$100 prime. After we caught John, Tyler soon made his own move grabbing another prime. We then caught him and then it was Hugo later who made it into a break of about 6 riders. I was able to bridge up solo with 2 or 3 laps of chasing and started pulling to grow the gap for us. I had reached the break at about 15 laps till the finish. At 2 laps to a specialized rider threw in an attack which in my mind had me panicking. I tried to see if any of the other riders would hesitate and start chasing. Hugo told me he was going to work for me and so he started pulling to close down the gap. We reached the 2nd turn which had a quick punchy hill. The other riders all broke apart with 1 to 2 bike lengths between everyone. Hugo's Job was done! I then tried to keep myself 2 or 3 bike lengths behind all the other riders after a quick 900 watt kick up the short climb. They caught the specialized rider at turn 3 where I then threw out about 600+ watts from behind and took the downhill to the last turn in an aero torpedo tuck. I turned around still in my aero position for the finishing stretch and started smiling really hard! I put both arms up at the finish in excitement and received congratulations from so many people. It really was the perfect execution of teamwork that day. I owe that win to Hugo for the work on that last lap he did for me. Hugo said he saw I had it and started celebrating before the line and I was also told Corey Ray was doing an awesome job at slowing down the pack for us!

Stage 5: Gila Monster Road Race

We woke up and rolled downtown to the start of what would end up for me a long 104 mile day. My goal for

the day was to simply conserve as much wattage as possible and to finish the race. At mile 20 the skinny mountain climber accelerated with everything they had and shredded the field. After the feed zone Tyler, John, Corey, Hugo and I came together and decided we would finish the race together as a team. Along the way we worked with many other riders in our established rotation, but in the end only finished with one other rider from Colorado.

Big Thanks to Richardson Bike Mart, Jim, Woody, Max, and all the others who helped us get ready for this race. Carlson was right when he said, "Davis is having the stage of his life! He's crashed, he's gone off the front a couple of times, and won a stage!" None of this would have been possible without the support of the team and many others of the cycling community! Looking forward to the next race adventure with my team the day I get back from a race with them.



The Real Race of Truth:

By Jonathan Snow Photo by Jason Bentley

The aero helmet is on, I've chugged my last prerace water, rolled around with my team and I'm waiting at the starting tent, already in the right gear, my computer at 00:00:00.0 in anticipation. My wheel-

enough in line so you can do it again 20 times or so. There are many mistakes you can make, and you can suffer from your buddy's mistake, or worse yet, you can make the mistake that sets



man to my right, he'll be behind me, I'm his frontman. It's 90 degrees out, light SE breeze, somewhere, a dog is barking.

My Team Time Trial is nearly over. This isn't even really the hard part, but it's the most painful.

It's difficult to explain to many people, even to bike racers, how different the TTT is than an individual time trial. An ITT is a grueling exploration of the limits of your functional threshold power, and plays out inside your own head, heart and lungs. Whoever is strongest, wins. Done. Go like hell until you cross the finish line, marshal your resources carefully, go fast, that's it. Well, there's a little more to a TTT than that. Maybe a lot more.

A Team time Trial is a completely different beast. Start with the fact that you're pacelining – instead of a constant FTP effort, your TTT is a super hard interval session with no real recovery. Blazing away way above threshold at the front, then trying desperately to recover

the whole team back. This is a discipline unto itself.

Start with the start. I'm first in our line, looking up at the friendly salt and pepper mustache and army hat of our chief official. The count-down starts, 5-4-3-2-1 GO! Here's a big mistake opportunity. Signaling here is crucial, I spin it up, get aero, but I haven't heard my teammates yell on yet. 80% of target speed and two teammates have tagged up ("ON!"). If I put the hammer down now and gap someone it's a big mistake. Finally #4 is on and I ramp it up, we are now 1 minute in. Power is high but it feels easy. This is deceptive: we're going 30 mph, dial it back, an hour is a long time. The applause and yelling of the starting line are past and things get quiet. I have a pretty loud aero helmet, so I wear earplugs that cut down on turbulence noise but still let me hear. That's super crucial, I must talk and I must hear to ride well. Just breathe and pull to target speed. 2 minutes in.

I pull off. Not a big dramatic move like flying up the wall on the

track, nor is it a big wave of the hand or elbow like on the group ride. It's a subtle little back wheel gesture at 28 mph visible only to my wheelman (#2 in line), who holds his speed while I let up. Here's the big temptation for him, crazed with caffeine gels and espresso, he's been gliding along in my draft and has power to burn. If he surges I will have to burn a match to catch the back, and maybe his wheelman will have to burn a match too. As my front wheel clears his rear wheel I yell, "CLEAR!" We're echeloning and he needs to know it's now safe to pull to the windward side.

The pull-off itself is a danger. It's a temptation to pull for your allotted time no matter what (can't let your buddies down), but in fact you must hold the pace for that long, the pace is holy. But not really, the power is holy, since there are such things as wind and hills. And you dare not lie to yourself. If you slow down and then pull off, you risk your wheelman touching your wheel and then everybody behind you hitting the deck, as happens often enough. TTT accidents are among the most horrific thanks to the speeds involved, the close drafting, the vulnerable position and the fatigue of an hour spent playing games with the limits of your endurance. Your line is critical and you must be smooth.

Here comes the turnaround. We can see the people; see the cones in the road. This is critical. It's best practice on the approach for always the same teammate to lead through, and practice the downshift-brake-turn-standup always in the same order. What is absolutely critical is to hold the same acceleration protocol as at the start: Hammer does not go down until everyone is on. If you're good, you can get in an echelon hip to shoulder, and reverse the echelon through the turn (depending on the wind). Most people aren't that good, so here's another great chance to get crossed up and visit the asphalt unexpectedly. This is bad for your overall time. If your training is less than perfect, then go through one by one. Just like at the start, wait for everyone to to yell on before applying the watts. Confusion costs more time than patience.

In the second half of the race is when it really starts to hurt. Back down into the Brazos river valley, and along the flats. It's hot, there's less felt breeze because of the slight tailwind, and I am starting to fade. The slight steps upward in the last 8K are each small, but they add up to 100 feet, the size of the Fred Hartmann Bridge. Nothing for a cyclist form a hilly country, but if it take you past your threshold power, that's something. Something bad. It's just human nature to want to MAKE IT STOP. Your whole body is screaming in pain at this point. In an ITT you can cheat yourself now, sit up a little bit, take a drink and regroup, but this is a TTT, and the whole team is depending on you to pull through. But the little voice in the back of your head says "but they don't need me, they only need to finish 3!" and MAKE IT STOP. Combine those two things and you get the suicide pull. Your heroism knows no

bounds, you sprint to the front, pull like hell for as long as you can, and ... sit up. Blessed relief as your teammates disappear out of sight and not only did you do your duty, you helped your team with your last ounce of strength.

Wrong. NO SUICIDE PULLS. Because Murphy's law says one of the other guys is way worse off than you were and the team will end up waiting for him. Or worse yet someone will flat, and in a few minutes you'll see them soft pedaling waiting for you.

The other important mantra is DO NOT JUST DROP. If you feel like you're nearing the end (and you have to be aware of this), then refuse a pull. It's not hard: You're on the back, your wheelman comes off the front, and before he is even with your frontman, you pull over, and hand catch his wheel going back. It helps to yell "GO IN" like in a normal paceline setting. But he will be (should be) looking under his arm for your front wheel anyway, and when he sees a gap he's not dumb, he'll take it. If you sit out a couple of pulls you may just get to the finish, or may get over your crisis enough to pull hard again. What you must not do is lie to yourself that you can stay in another round (and blow up in the middle of the group), that will set your team back more than if you just suck wheel. If you get a gap, yell "OFF" right away, if you wait they won't hear you and you are dropped. They will drop the pace briefly, you will yell "ON!" then hammer down again. In the last third if you are gapped consider not yelling off, but only then.

Nearing the finish line, you must finish the third guy as fast as possible; there is no other goal, everything rides on #3. Set the fastest pace through the finish that #3 can handle without popping. That will be slower than #1 and #2 can manage, so they must be looking behind them during the final. Some yelling is in order.

And here's the point from the start of this article: Knowing the order, knowing when to pull off when to suck wheel, how to turn, how to keep your team informed, how to sprint looking backward, this all has to be practiced to discover. A coach in a team car can help this process, but really, it's four guys (or women) practicing their teamwork over and over again.

They say the ITT is the race of truth. It's not. You can always soft pedal or say you soft pedaled. You hurt nobody but yourself if you lie about an ITT. The TTT is the real race of truth, because if you are not completely truthful with yourself and with your teammates, the team will suffer, and you will be the one who let them down, and everybody will know. It is one hard race. And if it all comes together, you collectively will achieve something far beyond anything you could have achieved as individuals. That's an incredible feeling, even in the most regional of races.



The Racing Post's Team Focus

Team Name: Team Bicycles, Inc.

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History: Formed in 1986 as the Mid-

Cities Wheelmen, TBi is one of the oldest riding/racing clubs in Texas. Its size has varied between the beginning 12 to over 140 members and now around 45. Over the 30 years it has formed racing teams and hosted many, varied USAC races. Today its members regularly participate in Rallys, Races, CX events and other cycling events like Bicycles, Inc "Century of the Month" held each month from Bicycles, Inc's Arlington Store.

Today, the team is a wide, open team. There are riders from both Road and CX cycling disciplines at widely ranging levels of skill. TBi sees itself as the perfect beginning club in which members can develop to their desired ability and activity level.

Races promoted: Over the years, TBi has promoted many events – from the Top Gun Criterium in the 1980s, Cowtown Goes Green, Palo Pinto Road Race, Iris Stagner Stage Race, Ivan Mukasa Memorial Road Race, the James Bailey Memorial Crit; Several State TT Championships, State Road Race Championships and the Copperas Cove Classic (Megan Baab Memorial) races.

Goals or Purpose: To have fun on two wheels, ride events with our friends and be good cycling citizens

Proudest achievement of past year: Being one of the key agents in setting up and maintaining the Megan Baab Memorial Scholarship at MSU.

Membership and contact information: Meetings are held at the Hurst, Bicycles Inc store at 7p the first Monday of each month. First year membership dues are \$100 which includes the current jersey. For more information contact Chris Baab at Chris.Baab@att.net

Battle of San Jacinto Weekend. by Corey Ray / Photo by Taylor Rey

Day 1

The P123 race was first out of Cadence's group of guys that came down to The Battle of San Jacinto. It was a warm muggy day with dark clouds hovering around. We couldn't even see the 570 ft. monument as we drove in. We had four guys in the P123 race (Dayne, Brady, Kent, and myself). We figured it would stay together unless the strong guys grouped up and kicked it off the front which eventually happened. I made the move and my heart rate redlined as Fish, Koontz, and Haedo continued to drive the break. Three of four laps in, it was a gap of 30 seconds; then eventually we had a minute roughly halfway through the race. Giant Racing put 2 guys in the move with Pincus and Edwards. Birthday boy Meeks was also there. There was one significant attack by Koontz and Haedo, then we decided to play nice and rotate until the last lap. Going into the final lap, the breakaway was all together and taking it pretty easy. Giant took control of the front to lead it out for Pincus. With two turns to go, Haedo jumped and I was boxed, poorly placed. Results were: 1st - Haedo (Jamis), 2nd - Koontz (Arapahoe), 3rd - Meeks (Shama).

The 3/4 race had my teammate Chris Degenaars in it. He did lots of work and finished with the group.

The 4/5 race had my brother Taylor in it, where he are

The 4/5 race had my brother Taylor in it, where he proceeded to not listen to my advice and go from the gun like a true distance runner. He got caught with two to go and finished with his tail tucked between his legs. Shortly after the thunderstorms set in and we got to witness some of Houston's flooding and traffic.

Day 2

The 4/5 race was the first race of the day with clouds again coming and going with a light rain. Chris and Taylor would team up for this race. The plan was for Chris to control/attack the first few laps, then with about 15 minutes to go, have Taylor unleash the fury. Chris laid it down, sacrificing his own result for his teammate. They executed as Taylor set off for a hard fought beautiful solo win.

We had all our guys back for the P1/2 race and were out for redemption. Again, early moves went with Brady covering as I would counter. Early on, Squadra had four guys in the break with just me representing from my team. They worked so my team would not make the bridge. This worked somewhat. Brady eventually got there with Dayne with Kent in tow. Then fireworks went off again with Koontz as he would punch out efforts to

shake up the bloated breakaway. I decided it was time to play and set off on a little solo adventure for myself. I stayed away for a lap or two of the 1.2 mile loop. I got caught with three guys, which consisted of Koontz, Pincus, and Vasquez.

Super smooth rotations continued as we each took a straightaway section of road to pull or do work on the front. The gap grew and it was again time for a sprint at the end. With a little less than half a lap to go, I was boxed again. I quickly drifted back as to not cross wheels and jumped first knowing there was a sharp turn to get through. I had a small gap going into the turn and proceeded to sprint through the line knowing they could come around since I attacked further out. I stuck it and the celebration began. Results were: 1st - Ray (Team Cadence Cyclery p.b. MINI OF PLANO) 2nd - Koontz (Arapahoe), 3rd - Pincus (Giant Racing).

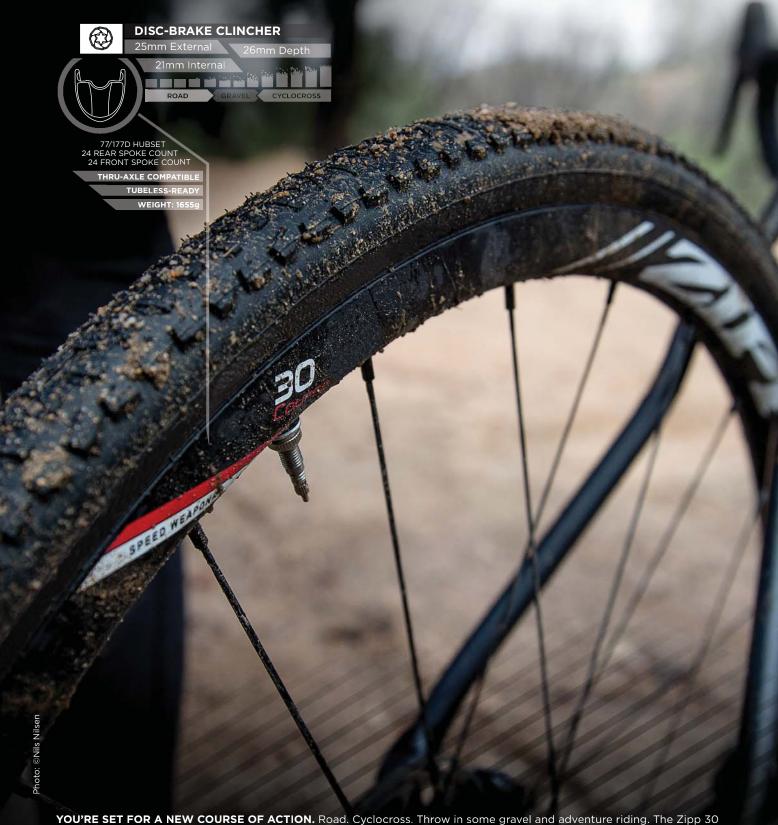


Cycling

Bloodline

There were many former teammates and friends at the Battle of San Jacinto. My cycling bloodline started with Team Tilson Homes out of Houston in 2007. Former teammates Slade, Jason, and Alex all raced the 2016 Battle of San Jacinto and it was awesome! Ronnie (formerly Tilson, Hotel San Jose) was also there cheering me on. My lineage continued as I took Mr. Cantu Cycling Wheels John Wilmeth to his first race (The Last Race at Eagle Canyon Raceway). Taylor was also there. The roots spread as I was also on one of Koontz's first group rides. My cycling history ran deep here and it's nice to reflect on. It's not often you get to race with your cycling bloodline, share podiums with them, and share a day's win with your brother.





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