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# The Shore Thing

THE JERSEY SHORE TOURING SOCIETY  
KEEPING BIKE RIDING FUN SINCE 1981

*John McLeod and Alex Baldi are teammates for Cycles 54*

## Spotlight on JSTS Racers

For those among us who enjoy riding fast, there are two JSTS members who have taken their love of cycling to the next level – racing! John McLeod and Alex Baldi, A+ pace riders, are teammates for Cycles 54, a Wall bicycle shop catering to racing and tri-athletes that sponsors the team.

John and Alex participate in criteriums and stage races. Crits are bike races on a short course with laps held on closed off streets lasting under an hour. The Tour de Fair Haven, for example, is a local crit held in September that draws about 400 cyclists. Fair Haven closes River Road and surrounding streets to traffic in the morning for a 4.5 mile course. The various categories of racers have specific start times with the fastest categories going last.

Stage races are multi-day events consisting of several races ridden consecutively. The rider with the lowest cumulative time in all stages is the general classification (GC) winner. These events often include time trials. Of course, the most well known stage race is the Tour de France.

John, who is from Switzerland, raced there for a local team on and off since 2002. Upon moving to the U.S. in 2008, John didn't race until last year, when he met Alex on a Club ride at Tighe Park and

caught the racing bug again. John, a Cat 4 racer, enjoys racing crits with Alex and his other teammates in the Twilight Series on Tuesday nights at First Energy Park in Lakewood (see [www.cycles54.com](http://www.cycles54.com))



John McLeod (left) & Alex Baldi before race in Lakewood, 4/27/10

for schedule). One of his favorite races is the Tour of the Catskills, a 3 day stage race held in late July. John's advice for beginner racers is: "In a race, be alert to make quick decisions, move fast, never hesitate, go for it, and if you hurt... the others must be hurting too."

Alex, a JSTS member since 2006, is also a Cat 4 racer entering his third season of racing. This season Alex hired Christian Young of Cycles 54 as a coach, for targeted training that peaks your level of fitness for key races. His next event is the Killington Stage Race in southern Vermont over Memorial Day weekend, a New England race that is back after a ten year hiatus.

Alex loves torturing himself during the Green Mountain Stage Race held over Labor Day weekend in the northern mountains of Vermont. This race, memorable because it includes racing up the Appalachian Gap, the highest paved mountain gap in Vermont is, according to Alex, "a torture-fest." "When you race,"

Alex explained, "it's you against yourself – sometimes you win, sometimes you lose, but every time you have fun." In fact, the only thing Alex enjoys more is torturing his fellow riders on Club rides.

You don't need to belong to a team to race. If you'd like to try racing, you can buy a one-day license at a permitted event. If you survive that race and want more, register with the US Cycling

**"You don't need to belong to a team to race"**

Federation and apply for a license with USA Cycling. You begin as a Category 5 racer and after 10 races you can apply to upgrade

to Category 4. Then you must earn 20 points in a racing year by winning or placing to upgrade to Category 3. In big races, first place earns 10 points, and tenth place is 1 point. Information and registration for race events are listed on [www.BikeReg.com](http://www.BikeReg.com).

~ By Donna Matulewicz, Roving Reporter

## Lance in France!

Britain's Mark Cavendish broke down in tears after winning the fifth stage of the Tour de France Thursday, July 8 for his first victory in this year's race.

Defending champion Alberto Contador of Spain was 19th in the stage, and seven-time tour winner Lance Armstrong finished 30th. Armstrong crashed in stage 2 and hopes to move up when the tour enters the mountain stages.

## SMARTER RIDING The Jersey Shore Touring Society



The Jersey Shore Touring Society Inc. is a 501(c)(7) tax exempt organization. We are a club whose primary focus is on social, rather than competitive bicycling. We have "leader led" as well as "route sheet" rides. On a leader-led ride, the group stays together, going only as fast as its slowest member unless there is an advertised minimum pace. On a route-sheet ride, riders can proceed at their own pace, or ride along with others of the same ability. The route sheet prevents getting lost in case of riders separating.

JSTS welcomes newcomers to our club rides and requires that each rider wear a helmet and complete a waiver available at the pre-ride sign-in. We have monthly meetings planned for the second Monday of each month, and we publish a monthly newsletter viewable at our web site ([www.jsts.us](http://www.jsts.us)). If you like the club, please join by paying the annual dues.



The Jersey Shore Touring Society  
[www.jsts.us](http://www.jsts.us)

# The President's Message July 2010

What a great position to be in, to write to my friends and members of JSTS. I've been pondering this subject for awhile, searching for the right message. Finally, it came to me, my message that I want to share with you.

Let my message begin with safety. Yes, these words have been written in the past, however, it is always good to revisit them. Safety is a major concern of all that enjoy bicycling. Remain alert and stay focused at all times. As group riders we are encouraged to look out for each other, to call out hazards in the road and vehicles that are behind and coming at us. In addition to this good practice also remember to protect yourself at all times. Make sure you can see down the road; slow down if you are traveling through a section of bad pavement, back off the wheel in front of you if the circumstances dictate.

Staying on the theme of safety, my message continues. Resist the temptation when the opportunity arises to be drawn into road rage. I have been on several rides this year when I witnessed members losing control in one way or another. I know it is so

easy to be drawn in when a motorist acts in a dangerous and aggressive manner towards a cyclist. Just resist, talk about it with your buddy and stay focused on the road.

I guess I am on a roll with safety so, there is no reason to stop now. Inflate your tires prior to every ride. Maintain your bike; bring it into a member shop for a once over every 500 to 1000 miles. Stay fueled and hydrated. If you become fatigued for lack of proper fueling or lack of fluids you are putting yourself in an unsafe position. Your ability to think and act properly on two wheels will definitely be affected.

Protect your body from the sun, don't ride without sunscreen. Do I really need to say "carry a cell phone"? Personal ID and insurance info are other must haves.

Our common interest in cycling has brought us together and if we are fortunate we will remain bicycling buddies for some time by riding safely.

Harold Brenner, JSTS President

**"Safety is a major concern of all that enjoy bicycling."**



# Bike Virginia 2010

From Bike Virginia came real-time JSTS daily updates. The following words attempt to smooth the daily ride logs into a newsletter article. To read the original raw email content use the links here:

[HTTP://www.jsts.us/PDF/Bike VA 2010 - Day 1.pdf](http://www.jsts.us/PDF/Bike%20VA%202010%20-%20Day%201.pdf)

[HTTP://www.jsts.us/PDF/Bike VA 2010 - Day 2.pdf](http://www.jsts.us/PDF/Bike%20VA%202010%20-%20Day%202.pdf)

[HTTP://www.jsts.us/PDF/Bike VA 2010 - Day 3.pdf](http://www.jsts.us/PDF/Bike%20VA%202010%20-%20Day%203.pdf)

[HTTP://www.jsts.us/PDF/Bike VA 2010 - Day 4.pdf](http://www.jsts.us/PDF/Bike%20VA%202010%20-%20Day%204.pdf)

[HTTP://www.jsts.us/PDF/Bike VA 2010 - Day 5.pdf](http://www.jsts.us/PDF/Bike%20VA%202010%20-%20Day%205.pdf)

For Bike Virginia 2010 there was a JSTS contingent of 14 folks. We were loosely amalgamated – 10 or 11 of us rode together, though not at all times, owing to distance preferences. But if you enjoy riding with the club, in the hanging-together sense it was like we never left New Jersey, except for the terrain (a big exception).

The BV folks plan the tour for a different part of the state each year, and this year was set in the Shenandoah Valley. The first 2 days of rides were in the Staunton (pronounced Stan-ton) vicinity. Then there was a ride up to Harrisonburg (all rides could be termed ‘up’ but here we actually went north overall) on day 3. Day 4 was spent in the Harrisonburg area and Day 5 brought us back to Staunton. Here are some details.

From the start we rolled in the 90+ degree heat. Day 1 found us leaving at a leisurely (late) time, assuring we stayed hot. Because a number of us biked back and forth to the motel, our mileage was increased by 10 each ride (later, in Harrisonburg, it was 8 miles per day). So Day 1 saw the 70 mile ride that many of us did increase to 80 miles. The aggregate numbers in the ride report made it easy to state things once for each category in most cases. The stated temperatures were what we faced on the tarmac, probably +10 degrees over what the weather channel reported, due to the black top radiating up at us.

Our first rest stop saw local delicacies offered on toothpicks such as Twinkie and Ho-Ho slices along with more substantial fare. Rest stops varied widely in their offerings, and the number of port-a-johns available at many stops were apparently decided scientifically by picking numbers (between 5 and 7) out of a hat. We had time to contemplate this phenomenon while waiting in the long lines.

While ice should have been a staple, its availability was spotty at the rest stops. The refreshment of ice is profound in the heat, and its availability ought to be commonplace; yet we sometimes got tepid water and Gatorade, or excuses like, “we aren’t allowed to give out ice.” The wineries that Rob, Don, Jeff and Tom visited knew how to make wine and ice.

Okay, I think that is all of the complaining. Heat and hill



**Gathering at the top of Mount Vesuvius on Day 2**

**(a 3½ mile climb with an average grade of over 11% that took nearly an hour to ascend in 100 degree temps)**

climbs and late night motel fire alarms no one can help; they came (some literally) with the territory.

Don Levy was serenaded by hundreds of folks (237 at one point) for his birthday on Saturday, 6/26, and it looked to the rest of us like it thrust a realization (or irritation) upon him so that following the musical moment he rode like there was no tomorrow for the rest of the tour.

Since we started naming names, the JSTS members in attendance along with Don (in no particular order) were Tom Kelly, Ed Marx, Fred Sweet, Paul Pierro, Jeff Mines, Jim Tice, Barb Bennett, Joel Brown, Steve Ellis, Bob Spony, Betsie & Chris Cornell, and "Maximum Miles Rob" Leitner.

Day 1 Stats: Team JSTS rode 885 miles and climbed nearly 47,842 feet and 7 inches. We burned 46,905 calories (and 14.657 pounds of fat). We drank 28 gallons of Gatorade (some of it made with sulfurous well water).

Day 2 (Sunday) had had been advertised as the Extended Century (120 miles), but at the midway/ point of decision (whether to add the 20 miles) many of the potential participants found their legs cramped, energy flagging, or other heat-related barriers to continuing on after battling their way up Mt. Vesuvius. Vesuvius is like East Mount Rd. in Atlantic Highlands stretched out for 3.5 miles. Many folks walked in places on this hill, and some learned to hike in cleats. Rob and Don rode it in its entirety.

At the top of Vesuvius, many of us were running out of water and we were a couple hours away from lunch (and worried about missing lunch for arriving late). We were sweating the timing (sweating in general), but made it to the firehouse with the box lunches after all. Meanwhile, after we got across the beautiful Blue Ridge Parkway, some quick-thinking SAG personnel had set up an impromptu water station to save the day where many of us were concerned.

The SAG folks (Rob stayed in touch with BV's Wayne Goodman throughout the tour) called what they saw on Vesuvius and beyond on Day 2 "carnage" because so much walking and SAG ferrying was needed. There were also attempts at early ride termination that separated the cyclists from the tourists in that the tourists said, 'enough, I am leaving over the adverse conditions,' while cyclists had an actual reason for quitting. No one from Team JSTS fit the tourist description. Of course, Ed, Barb and Tom cut their century ride short at 150 Km (sounds slightly better than 93 miles), and Paul did 100 miles before cramping. Jeff, Jim and Steve completed 98 miles (the complete century route from tent city). Chris did a metric and Betsie did 56 miles, while Fred, Bob and Joel did 51 miles.

Afterwards, Steve Ellis returned to his suite at the school (a.k.a. the teacher's lounge) at tent city. He valued that short commute. Back at the motel, Don and Rob had a couple of cold beers, and Ed was greeted by Fred with an ice pack. Fred is up for a humanitarian award and has the roommate

assignment for life.

Day 2 Stats: We completed 1,105 miles, burned nearly 60,000 calories, and 18.75 pounds of fat. The top speed was 45.5 MPH, slowest speed of 3.3 MPH (on the bike), and 2.8 MPH walking (both going up Mount Vesuvius). The steepest part of the climb was 14%. Don and Rob completed 108 miles and did approx 7,000' of climbing (each). As a group, we climbed approx 70,000 feet.

As reported at the time, Day 2 also saw wear and tear on Paul's brakes, Tom's butt (unconfirmed), and Fred's seat, which broke/ fractured/ went kaput. Fortunately for Fred, he was close to done riding and bought a new seat right at tent city.

Most of those staying at the Best Western were beginning to get used to the ritual of the random freight trains thundering by in the middle of the night [the tracks passed within 75 feet of the back of the hotel.] As intrusive as the freight trains were, they were nothing in comparison with the adventure of Sunday night (day 2 into day 3). For us Day 3 began @ 2:25 am with the sounding of the fire alarm. Unfortunately it was not a drill. Rob grabbed his ever-present camera and went outside to find the hotel parking lot full of cyclists.

Fred was one of the first ones down from Team JSTS and promptly secured a front row seat in a chair parking lot-side, like he was holding court. A woman from another room curled up on a sidewalk, apparently able to continue sleeping anywhere she wished. Minutes later the fire trucks began to arrive... 6 were counted in all. Don took special note of the pinwheel lights on the front of the fire trucks that many had never seen. He was mesmerized by this, and we picked him up in the morning as we left (not so, just kidding). After 20 minutes, we were allowed to return to our rooms. Periodic alarms rang for the next 45 minutes. Some of us received a visit from local firemen as they went door-to-door checking the smoke detectors.

By around 3:45am, we were all allowed to go back to sleep... and then another train came by, just to cap off the festivities. Moments later (or so it seemed) our alarm clocks began to ring and it was time to get ready for "Day 3," the travel day to Harrisonburg. We packed our luggage, went down for breakfast, and returned to our rooms only to find that everyone's room keys had been deactivated. Next came the rush for all 80 room keys to get reactivated.

After packing the cars and leaving the motel, we made our way to the designated long term parking, and had our wheels down by around 7:15. We planned to be @ tent city for our JSTS team photo at 7:45am and finally got on the road just after 8:00am, looking forward to a slightly cooler day with less climbing.

By the time we were done, we rode about 750 miles, burned 39,750 calories (12.43 pounds of fat), and climbed 36,000 feet. But Day 3 was far from uneventful...

We arrived at the lunch stop at 10:35am (it was only 30 miles into the ride), and found a line that stretched a very long way (longer than for the port-a-johns). A bunch of us decided to take an excursion to see the Grand Caverns (conveniently located.... AT THE LUNCH STOP). The answer to the daily trivia question – what are considered the best caverns in the USA- was Carlsbad Caverns, answered correctly by Debbie Asbjorn.

At Grand Caverns we spent over an hour in 54 degree temps, exploring rooms like “Lovers Lane”, “Rainbow Room”, and the “Chapel”. We collectively walked 9 miles and climbed 1,200 feet, and saw the ghost of George Washington. By the time we emerged, everyone else was gone, except Paul was there watching our bikes. Freed from lunch lines, we chowed down on what remained of the garlic chicken and rice with black beans.

In the afternoon the Day 3 temps peaked at around 105 degrees on the tarmac (so much for cooler temps). And then there was the steady 30 MPH headwind as we did a steep climb, trying to escape the hail storm we were told was chasing us. Luckily the hail threat did not materialize.

While the rides were incident-free on Days 1 and 2, it was not to be on Day 3. Chris had a spill, got a few bumps and bruises and ended up with a concussion. After a short visit to the ER, he rejoined us in Harrisonburg for dinner. Chris is a trouper. As we arrived at Harrisonburg, a group of us decided to make directly for the hotel. We got within sight of our goal when Paul got into a fight with some railroad tracks. The tracks won, but Paul was fortunate (and we were all relieved) that he came away with nothing that a few Advil and a replacement jersey couldn't help out. At the end of the day we were all sleep deprived and most everyone went

to bed early.

Day 4 saw wheels down at 7:05am (about 10 minutes late). The apparent delay had nothing do with Tom's repeated trips to the room to put on suntan lotion, then to go back and get his gloves, then to go back and get his sunglasses (although not necessarily in that order). Thanks for buying the rest of us time, Tom.

When we arrived at tent city, we were looking for Steve Ellis and could not spot him along the main stretch, try as we might. So the rest of us gathered near the hospitality table, across from the lone port-a-john and Fred yelled out “Where's Steve?” Then from the adjacent port-a-john, on cue emerged a voice.... “I'M IN HERE!!!!” I suppose you had to be there, but this was a pretty amusing coincidence; can't make this stuff up.

The 10 folks assembled into our group took to the road at 7:32am, ready for the combined 847 miles we were going to ride. Five of us rode 93 miles, 4 rode 60 miles, 2 rode 52 miles, 1 rode 38, and 2 slept in (there were 2 people that didn't start out with us).

The day started out with numerous unrelenting hills, rolling up to a 3/4 mile climb (which peaked at a 14% grade)... where no foot (or other body parts) in our group touched the ground (i.e., no one walked or tipped over). Once the end of the climb was in sight, Fred showed that he still had it, by sprinting up past everyone else (that wasn't already there).

We assembled an illegal pace line, and began the long, fast descent to the lunch stop. Fred started out with an amazing pull, which lasted until he was dropped. We rolled into lunch at 10:40am, and were treated to dry chicken and frozen lemonade... and more well water that tasted like sulfur.



In the “Rainbow Room” at Grand Caverns on Day 3

Barb and Don put on a buff fashion show for us (more detail can be found on YouTube by searching for “original buff”).

A few miles after lunch, the group divided evenly, with 5 continuing their journey on the 60 mile route, and the other 5 fools embarking on the 93 mile route. Nothing much happened to those doing the 60 miles (except the “unrelenting hills”).

Those on the 93 mile journey came upon the most beautiful rest stop of the entire trip: a winery nestled in the rolling hills of Virginia (complete with hammock chairs). We got back on the road, and we went up, we went down, up, down, up, down... you get the idea.

Arriving back at the hotel by 5:30pm, we compared stories for the day. Later, at dinner, we all recounted our first-ever rides with JSTS (Rob’s won for the longest tale), and Fred made friends with 16 people from Kentucky. We were all invited to join them on their “Horsey Hundred”. Tom had 4 different versions of Happy Birthday sung to him (including several times by the cycling group from Kentucky)... and his birthday wasn’t until next day.

On Day 5 (Wednesday, 6/30) we packed up our bags one last time, and headed out at 7:00am on a 58 mile ride back to Staunton. Other than Don having to be SAG’d in for the last 7 miles due to chain suck (which needed the crank to be removed in order to get the chain free), it was an uneventful day (in a good way).

There was a welcome chill in the air this morning, with temps in the low to mid 60’s (we were all jealous of Barb, who got to show off her arm warmers). We found ourselves looking for sunny places to stop... the early chill overstayed - a big change from the prior 4 days. The organizers of Bike VA treated us to another day of long

steep climbs, with long undulating rollers. Unfortunately, the momentum from the downhills rarely carried us up the next roller.

In the true spirit of JSTS (whose unofficial motto is “We ride to eat”), we consumed a healthy portion of the 1,300 homemade donuts that the Beaver Creek Church volunteers started making at 3:30am. Tom found out that the secret ingredient in the donuts was mashed potatoes. Everyone at the rest stop sang him Happy Birthday (it was his actual b’day). As with most Bike VA rest stops, when we finally got back on the road, we immediately faced a long, steep, strenuous climb.

Jeff and Ed had some great pulls, keeping the group together while overtaking the many people that got ahead of us while we spent about 40 minutes at that first rest stop (big line for the john). The last 3 miles to the final lunch stop was all downhill (except the last few blocks where Barb sprinted up the hill). We dined on chili cheese potatoes, had a slice of “You did it!” cake, collected our official 2010 Bike VA patches, and waited on one last line for the port-a-john.

After lunch, we made the last climb back to long-term parking to collect our luggage and head back home. In the end, we rode together, ate together, hung around together and looked out for each other in the JSTS crew. We all agreed that the trip was a success, and we’re looking forward to our next tour.

In total, we went through 1 saddle, 2 helmets, lots of sun-tan lotion and chamois cream (a.k.a. butt’r), but not one flat tire! Hope you can join us for the next tour... maybe the Finger Lakes in 2011?.

~ Edited by Ed Marx, based on Rob Leitner’s daily ride logs



**Group on Day 5 getting ready to leave hotel in Harrisonburg and ride back to Staunton**



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[www.jsts.us](http://www.jsts.us)