

# THE HUB



## CENTRAL JERSEY BICYCLE CLUB, INC.

40 Years and Still Rolling Along

VOLUME XLI

40<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY EDITION

NUMBER 13

### INSIDE

#### Early

#### Reminiscences

Page 4

#### Meet Some

#### Ride Leaders

Page 12

#### Remember

#### When...

Page 14

#### 40 years of

#### CJBC Trivia

Page 18

Saturday  
September 1, 2001

#### Canal Cruise

C+, 4, 20 +/-, 9:00, Kay Buinis

Monday  
May 4, 1998

#### Count the Ducks,

C, 4, 25, 8:30 am, Ed Miller

Sunday  
March 5, 1998

#### No Wimps IV

C+, 3/4, 30, 11:00 am, John Smolenyak

Sunday  
July 2, 1995

#### Up the Rock, Down the Steel

2nd Anniversary of Heart Attack, C+, 2/3/4, 42.6, 7:30 am, Howie Kovelman

Sunday  
February 3, 1991

#### Groundhog's Revenge

C+, 28, 10:00, Phil Apruzzese

Sunday  
November 5, 1989

#### Hot Cider By the Fire

C+, 25/30, 12:00, Patricia Moran

Sunday  
November 8, 1987

#### Afternoon Delight

D, 22, 1:00 - 4:00, Mary Jo Kerns

Sunday  
July 6, 1986

#### Non-Stop Hills

A, 26, 8:30 - ?, Bill Pape

Saturday  
February 9, 1985

#### Trivial Pursuit

A, 60, 9:00 - 2:00, Shelley Abuchowski

Every Tuesday  
June, 1984

#### Animal Crackers

(join PFW), 6:00 pm, Norman Muller

Wednesday  
February 29, 1984

#### Leap Year Swim Ride

(bring ice ax) - C, 40, 10:00 - 3:00, Dan Rappaport

Tuesday  
November 8, 1983

#### Be Outspoken On Election Day

9:30 - ?, Elaine Koplow

Sunday  
February 20, 1983

#### Jerry's Jaunt

B, 35, 9:30 - 12:30, Jerry Glick

Sunday  
July 18, 1982

#### Lipstick Loop

(Women Only), C, 40, 9:00 - ?, Sue Miller

Sunday  
October 5, 1980

#### Fort Dix (Un) forced March

C, 45, 9:30 - 3:00, Paul Scipione

# A Word From The President



The year was 1968 and the average price of a stamp was 6 cents, communist forces invade Czechoslovakia, and both Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. will be assassinated.

A somber time in our nations history to say the least. At this time of uncertainty a small group of like minded people come together and start The Metuchen Bicycle Touring Society. Perhaps a conscious effort to separate for a brief time from the trials and tribulation of everyday life and escape to the past. To a carefree time, to childhood.

The founders of this club started with little more than a weekly ride listing and the desire to explore and map routes in New Jersey. Many great friendships were born and many challenges undertaken. Lead by members of the club, cyclists vacationed and rode in distant lands and neighboring states. This was another way to discover and explore and satisfy the wanderlust in all people. As the club membership grew, new ideas and goals came to the fore. The Raritan Valley Round Up fundraiser was started and the club began to be a leader in local cycling. The clubs name was changed to **The Central Jersey Bicycle Club** to reflect its growing influence in our state. Many prominent members advocated for safety and technological advances to make our sport safer and more accessible to all citizens. At it's height the club boasted over 1200 members, sponsored two large fundraising events, supported and advocated for charity events related to cycling and nurtured other events ie.(The Longest Day & Hillier Than Thou) that appeal to specific disciplines of cycling. All this while providing the membership with many social events and gatherings.

The dedication and loyalty of our clubs members cannot be understated. Comradery and concern for each other is a trademark of the CJBC. The clubs leader lead ride format which leaves no rider behind I believe is the best way to introduce new riders to the joy of cycling with friends.

After 40 years and too many memories and adventures to list, it seems we have come full circle. Once again our world is in turmoil. The burdens of life and living weigh heavily upon us. Now is the time to put down this newsletter, get on your bicycle and escape to a carefree time, when you were young and adventures were new. Just glide down the road with the cool wind and the sound of the rear hub clicking and you'll remember why we ride. To have some fun.

Jeffrey Pollitzer

President CJBC

# BLAST FROM THE PAST

CJBC RIDE REPORT: TOUR OF NEW JERSEY (TONJ) LABOR DAY WEEKEND  
by Jerry Glick

This was a memorable three-day Labor Day weekend trip! On Saturday (8-30) I pedalled over to the Cottage in Metuchen and met Frank Lotito, Abe & Shelley Abuchowski, and we took off at 7:10 AM. We picked up our leader Sue Miller and her son Pete at their house in the Watchungs. The big surprise was that Hal Volz was also there! He wanted to go with us only for a swim ride at Spruce Run and then return home. We pedalled 12 miles to Pluckemin for our first rest stop and then on to Spruce Run for lunch and a refreshing swim. We then pedalled on to our campground across the Delaware River at Upper Black Eddy, Pa. After setting up camp, we then pedalled back across the river for dinner at a nice place we had remembered from the year before. It's "off the main road" -- like a lot of fine restaurants. After dinner we went to a liquor store for two sick (sic) packs, which were ingeniously carried back to camp on Frank's luggage rack with bungy cords! Boy was that beer ever delicious!!

We awoke at 5:30 AM on Sunday, broke camp by 6:30, and pedalled like mad to meet up with the other CJBC trou group that started from High Point, at the Flemington Diner. On the way, which started in rain, Shelley got a flat on her rear tire, a definite pain to fix, since you have to remove all the camping gear! We arrived at the diner at 8:15 to find the other CJBCers already being served breakfast. We ate like there was no tomorrow! The other CJBC group consisted of leaders Ed Kranz and Elaine Koplow, Ned Mancini, Mike Blake, Tom Hodge and Marty Siegel. After chow we took off as one big group under the great leadership of Sue Miller. Unfortunately we were plagued with mechanical troubles and did not arrive at our New Egypt lunch stop until 2:30. We then decided to make for our overnight stay at Lebanon State Park instead of pushing on further to Bel Haven. We arrived at Lebanon at 5 PM and inquired about facilities there. Well, we found them to be SUPER and everyone decided to stay there. Among other things, the park had new roads and hot showers! We set up camp while we still had daylight and then pedalled 3 miles outside the park to a local bistro where we "tanked up" on several pitchers of cold, delicious beer. We just about made it back, literally and figuratively. Unfortunately a waitress had given Ned and Tom a "bum steer" -- they ended up walking about 2 miles through sand. There was much comraderie at camp and everyone had stories to tell.

On Monday morning we left at 6:30 and both groups split, Ed's for Cape May and our group heading back northward home. We pedalled into Brown's Mills for a beautiful breakfast at the diner there. Then on to New Egypt where we made an impromptu stop for drinks/rest in the increasing heat.

Our next stop was the best of all, in Cranbury. While lunching we met a young bicyclist who had seen our gear and asked about our trip. He had just completed a 4,200 mile trip across the U.S. He then invited us to use the backyard swimming pool at his house, just 2 blocks away! Of course we couldn't pass up an invitation like that! When we got there his sister said "oh, you must have met my brother." The family was truly a warm and friendly breed. I was so anxious to jump in the pool that I did so with my biking shorts still on (did I have a choice??) Mike Blake proved to be the best CJBC swimmer. After this, the 25 mile ride home was easy, even in all the heat. All in all, anyone that missed this trip should try to go with us NEXT YEAR!

# Early Reminiscences of the Metuchen Touring Society

(Now Known as the CJBC)

By Bob Geddis

It was early fall 1968. My 10-year-old son and I were cycling in central Jersey when we ran into a group of cyclists riding what were referred to that time as ten-speed bikes. I had been riding in New Jersey for years and it was the first time I had met a group of cyclists on the road that I did not know. We stopped to talk.

The geared road bike (ten-speed) had recently been introduced to the general public in this country and it was just beginning to becoming popular with adults. Prior to this most adult cyclists were either racers or former racers. This was the beginning of the first bicycle boom since cycling went out of fashion earlier in the century.

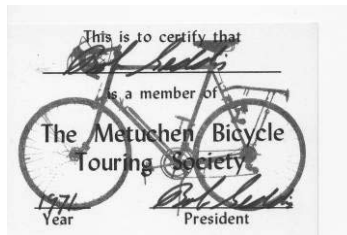
The group told us that they were trying to form a club and invited us to join them. We did. The group met in Gene Hirshboeck's Metuchen Bicycle Shop on Main Street Metuchen, and the Metuchen Touring Society was born with John Anderson as its first president.

All of the members were new to cycling except the long time-racer and bicycle photographer Al Hatos and myself. But what the club may have lacked in experience we made up for in enthusiasm. Most of the original members were from Metuchen and surrounding area. John Anderson and I probably were the most distant, living in Old Bridge at the time.

I will try to share with you my experiences in the first three or four years of the club and a little of what is like riding in the 60s and early 70s. I will do my best to remember names. Please forgive me if I forget or misspell a few.

Rides were scheduled at the monthly meetings as members volunteered from the floor to take a date for the following month. With a small membership we only scheduled one or two rides each weekend. Some of the local Metuchen members often ran their own weekday evening rides out of Bill Rook's Auto Repair Shop. They were quite wild, often ending up with a race home in the dark on city streets. I only braved one or two of those rides. I don't recall any of these night time excursions resulting in a serious accident. Beginners luck?

My son and I went on most of the weekend rides including the club's.....oops!!!!...I mean society's first century which incidently was sanctioned by the League of American Wheelmen (L.A.W.), now known as the League of American Bicyclists (L.A.B.). Which raises the issue of name changes. I remember the heated debates over adding "Bicycle" to "Metuchen Touring Society" and afterwards changing the word "Society" to "Club" in the organization's name. Some thought "Club" didn't reflect the proper sense of refinement that we wanted to convey.



You should have seen this "refined" crowd or attended some of our "gentile" meetings. I don't recall all the later name changes that were made to better reflect the club's expanding membership base as members from all over the northern half of state joined up. To my knowledge we were the first bicycle touring club in North Jersey in the modern era. We were proceeded in New York by the New York Bicycle Club and we are indebted to them for many ideas and traditions that were passed on to us through members who had been members of that club.

## The Bicycling Environment

In order to understand and appreciate the cycling environment at that time in which the club and its riders existed I recommend a piece I have written including pictures, "Cycling in the 50s" which I have made available to the club. A few incidents that I recall will give you some idea.

**Law Enforcement:** One of the biggest problems we had was with law enforcement officers. Most adults at the time had grown up knowing bicycles only as children's toys. It had been so unusual to see an adult riding a bike that when my father and I first started to ride in the 1950s children would run after us and shout "Mommy look! A man on a bicycle". As a result most police were ignorant of the laws pertaining to bicycles.

The club got stopped so many times to be told that we should be riding on the left facing traffic that we had to resort to carrying a copy of the NJ Motor Vehicle Code. Most officers were surprised and acknowledged their mistake with good grace. As you can imagine a few didn't take too kindly to being instructed by a bunch of strange people who rode bicycles.

I once got stopped for not riding on the shoulder. When I pointed out that legally I was not permitted to ride on the shoulder. (The law at the time stated that "a bicycle should obey all the rules and regulations applying to a motor vehicle except as otherwise stated" in the code. It said nothing about bicycles riding on the shoulder. Since motor vehicles were forbidden to ride on the shoulder, bicycles also must not ride on the shoulder.) He called into headquarters and confirmed that I was correct. He kept me standing by the road in the cold for almost half an hour while he checked with headquarters to find a violation that I could be ticketed for. When he thought he had one he would check me and my bike out and I would then point out how I was within compliance. Then he called back to try another one. This went on for over 20 minutes. Then he struck gold. A bicycle had to have a warning device audible up to 100 feet. Shouting doesn't count. Yes! I am the proud possessor of a traffic ticket for riding a bicycle without a bell. Yes! I had to pay a fine. And for

years I rode with a little bell that went "ding ding".

I think the most ridiculous order a policeman ever gave me was when after stopping for a red light and waiting for it to turn green, the policeman told me that my son and I would have to walk across the street with the green light.. That was one I simply ignored. We rode across with the green light without incident. Fortunately the cop was on foot and my son was pretty fast on a bike for a little kid.

Another time four of us went for a century ride. We were riding single file within a foot of the side of the road and about 20 feet apart. Bob Appleby was first in line. I was second. Doug Kahn, a young man too young to drive, was third and Joe Wigodner brought up the rear. It was a fairly busy two-lane road with an unrideable shoulder so we were very much aware that we had to ride straight, steady and keep as close as possible to the side. Suddenly I heard a loud crunching sound coming up fast from the rear. I didn't know which side it was approaching from. Fortunately as an experienced rider I instinctively knew that the best thing was not to swerve to either side but hold steady course. Suddenly a car sped past me on the right, inches from my handle bar. I shouted to warn Bob Appleby that a car was coming up on his right. As the car raced down the shoulder it just missed Bob Appleby and skidded to a stop. Suspecting some deranged person I called to Bob, "Don't stop this guy must be a nut." At that moment the driver flung the door open and Bob just managed to avoid it. As the driver jumped out of the car I immediately recognized the yellow stripe and blue pants of a state trooper. It was an unmarked car. Needless to say a few words were exchanged. A second state trooper arrived. They also were surprised to learn that we did not have to ride on the shoulder. One trooper gave two of us a ticket for "riding in the middle of the road", the second gave two of us a ticket for "not keeping to the right".

That's not the end of the story. At the next club meeting the Club voted to hire a lawyer and fight the tickets. I was the only dissenting vote. The judge not only found us not guilty of the charges but he publicly reprimanded the state trooper for endangering our lives and suggested that he might follow our example since we appeared to be fit and healthy individuals that had apparently benefitted from cycling. We represented a wide range of ages. Doug Kahn had just gotten his first traffic ticket before he was even old enough to get his drivers license, and Joe was well into his 60's, which in that era was considered to be quite old to be cycling. Times have changed.

In another incident I believe we were at fault. While riding through Hightstown, NJ a car suddenly backed out of a driveway almost knocking down a couple of riders. We had a few members who tended to be quite "excitable". Crowding around the driver and letting him know what we thought of his driving we managed to delay him for at least a few minutes before he was able to get away and drive on ahead of us. A few blocks on we passed a firehouse. There was our friend trying to answer a call as a volunteer

fireman. Next time I rode through Hightstown there was a sign as you entered town forbidding bicycles to ride through town on the main street. I know it remained there for at least a few years. Draw your own conclusions.

**Health and Fitness:** One of the reasons for the increasing popularity of cycling in the 60's was the then recent public awareness that exercise was good for you. It is even hard for me now to believe today that when I started riding in the early 50's the common wisdom was that exercise was not good after one reached adulthood. One theory was that exercise caused an enlarged heart. We now all know that exercise results in a good strong heart muscle. Back then an enlarged heart was associated with heart failure which also results in a larger heart. There were a few voices in the wind extolling the health benefits of exercise but they did not have a wide audience. One that I recall was Dr. C. R. Woodard who wrote a column for the English magazine, *Cycling*.

One of the first reports on benefits to the heart from exercise that I heard of was a study done on London bus drivers and conductors. Drivers sat behind the wheel all day while conductors walked through the bus and up and down the stairs of the double decked buses. It was discovered the drivers were dying from heart attacks at a much faster rate than conductors.

The big breakthrough in the U.S. came when after his heart attack President Eisenhower was back on the golf course after only a few weeks. His cardiologist, Dr. Paul Dudley White, a Boston cyclist, advocated physical activity not only to aid in his recovery, but as a means of maintaining a healthy heart. Before that time a heart attack patient could expect to be confined to bed for weeks and the house for months before even mild activity.

That did it. From then on the public gradually started to become aware and as more evidence was published in the media people began to take up exercise for its health benefits. I was particularly pleased to realize that all that cycling that I had been doing for years for enjoyment had actually been good for me.

By the 60s the American public was ready and the exercise explosion took place. First in running to be followed shortly by cycling and other activities. The public was ready to take up the bicycle and the revival of the bicycle's popularity was on its way. Your club was there and ready to give it a big boost in New Jersey..

**Women Cyclists:** Another contributing factor to the club's early growth was the increasing participation of women in cycling as well as other endeavors. While there have always been some women cyclists, particularly in the bicycle boom of the late 1800s. I met very few women cyclists in the 1950s. As a member of the New York Cycle Club I later rode with a few. Pictures of our club show an increase in women cyclist after the first year. Despite their exposure to cycling, my own daughter's were not at all interested in the sport. They grew up in the last of the age when athletics were considered unfeminine by many. It was not until my oldest daughter saw young men and women riding 10-speeds on a visit to Greenwich Village that she considered

riding and came on some club rides. She ended up with a top-of-the line Campi-equipped road racer. Incidentally she met her husband on a club ride. A first for our club.

**Cycling Publications:** Prior to the resurgence of the popularity of cycling which started just about the time when the club was formed, to my knowledge there were no bicycling publications in this country except for two trade magazines for bicycle dealers. It took a while for magazine publishers to recognize this new potential market and get up to speed. I am a little vague on the exact chronology but the first publication I recall was *Runners World* which soon had a sister publication *Bicycle World*. I believe this morphed into the current *Bicycling* magazine. The point is that at first there was not much information from magazine publications. However, this void was more quickly being filled by books on bicycles and bicycling. Some good but many poor or even misleading. This dearth of reading material quickly improved and better quality information soon became available. In the meantime, however, new members came to the club with all manner of information and ideas gleaned from whatever literature they could get their hands on..

As a result most new members were well read on the subject of bicycles and cycling but not necessarily well informed. The more experienced members soon learned that friendly advice would usually be ignored by these well read newcomers. A little knowledge can be a dangerous thing. We learned from experience not to try to give advice until well into the newcomer's first ride. By that time they were beginning to feel the affects of poor position, wrong seat height, poor riding technique or even inappropriate clothing. They were then ready and anxious for any advice that would relieve them of whatever discomfort they were experiencing. It may sound cruel but we never lost a member because of it and we gained better if more humble riders.

### Equipment

In the first few years of the club the situation regarding equipment can be summed up in one word, scarcity. After the long drought in the popularity of cycling its sudden revival caught the entire industry by surprise; manufacturers, suppliers and dealers.

**Bicycles:** Everyone wanted a "10-speed" and they were in great demand. The most popular with newcomers were the Schwinn Varsity and the Peugeot PX-10. There were others of course but these were good modestly priced entry level bikes, but they were scarce. Our sponsor/member, Gene Hirschboeck, owned the Schwinn dealership in Metuchen and had a virtual local monopoly on Schwinn 10-speeds in the area including the popular Varsity. He could sell every 10 speed he could get his hands on. The Peugeot was imported and at first there were few local dealerships. Gene ordered every 10-speed he could get. I remember helping him unload an 18-wheeler full of bicycles into an off site storage facility. It was not many years later that he sold out and retired to Florida, a relatively young man.

A few of us who had been riding before the club was organized already had quality bikes that we had been riding for years. We bought them from the few bicycle shops that had been in existence before the boom which catered to adult recreational and racing cyclists. I was riding an 8 speed Bartalli Italian road racer purchased in 1951, eighteen years old at the time as well as a 1953 custom built Claude Butler tandem. In 1972 I ordered a new Cinelli and retired the 21 year old Bartalli. The boom continued and the price of the Cinelli doubled within the next year. Hal Volz bought his Cinelli shortly after me. My old racing bikes are now considered "classics" and are being restored by my son.

**Equipment:** Like bicycles equipment remained scarce as manufacturers and suppliers geared up to meet the demand. As a result we improvised. Transporting bikes on a car was a problem if you could not fit them inside. We made our own roof racks by purchasing standard roof racks with wooden cross bars. We then used various means to secure the bikes upside down with the handle bars resting on one bar and the saddle on the other. I managed to attach three bikes to the back of a Volkswagen Beetle without any rack.



Another innovation was home-made booties attached to pedal clips which are discussed below under "Clothing"

To my knowledge there was only one mail order source in the US for quality equipment. I believe their catalog was called *Cyclopedia*. They had been catering for years to the few cycling enthusiasts across the country. I also often ordered equipment directly from English mail order firms..

**Clothing:** A few members used the standard black racing shorts. It was not so much a matter of availability, although that was a problem. They were made of wool as also were all bicycle jerseys. Not very comfortable in the summer. But that was not the main reason we did not wear racing shorts. We were a bit diffident about wearing tights in public at that time. Some wore bicycle jerseys but they too were made of wool. If you looked hard you could find some jerseys made of cotton but they were generally of poor quality but more comfortable in the summer. In the past racing cyclists had dictated the style of cycling apparel, and wool was the fashion and it was often enforced by racing authorities. In 1956 race officials in the women's Tour de France

refused to let Nancy Neiman Barnet, several times U.S. women's national champion, wear a silk jersey in the 20 mile time trial stage. They claimed that it would give an unfair advantage because of the reduced wind resistance. As you can see from the pictures we used a wide variety of clothing. It was dictated by our personal tastes and pocketbooks.



Cold weather was always a problem. The concept of layering was known and I remember writing a club bulletin on it in which I referred to it as the onion skin principle. There was cotton and wool, plus nylon and plastic for outerwear as well as the old standby, newspaper stuffed under your jersey. That was it. A recent innovation at the time was cotton winter underwear made from a waffle weave that trapped air in pockets to help keep you warm. Of course it also soaked up and retained sweat very nicely.

Footwear varied greatly depending on the riders' taste, experience and sometimes the weather. Most of the riders used toe clips and straps as they gained experience. A few also used racing shoes with slotted cleats which locked into the pedals when the toe straps were pulled tight. If you failed to reach down and loosen the strap before you stopped the same thing happened as when you don't get your foot out of the modern clipless pedal. Cold feet were always a problem. Of course the metal shoe cleats were attached to the shoe with metal screws which conducted heat from your foot to the metal pedal very nicely. One successful innovation was home-made booties of wool lined plastic which went over the pedal clip and gave some protection from the wind and cold.

Headgear if used at all consisted of a cotton cycling cap in the summer and whatever would keep your head warm and stay on in the winter. The one glaring exception to this was Mal Wolfman. He wore the same fedora and long pants winter and summer. The hard hat crash helmet had to await its introduction by Bell in later years. The only thing available were the leather "fishnet" helmets which were required in this country for racing.

### Early Significant Club Rides

In the very early years of the club there were a few rides that were precursors of things to come.

The first to come to mind is our first official club century which was followed by other rides that laid the groundwork for later club events.

**First Club Century:** In the fall of 1969, less than a year after the Club was founded we rode our first 100-miler. It was sanctioned by the League of American Wheelmen (L.A.W.) who provided category times for A, B and C. Incidentally the club later used these category times as a basis for our ride categories. But that story will come later

A picture was taken in front of Costa Cottage, on Main Street, Metuchen, our traditional starting point for most rides. They show nine riders who finished the century: John Anderson, Hal Volz, Harry O'Connell, Bill Rooks, Mel Wolfman, two teenagers whose names I can't recall, and my son Jimmy and myself.



I believe that all of the riders who started completed the ride and finished within the B-category time limit. My son and I still have our L.A.W. "B" patches.

The following year, 1970, the start of the club century shows 19 riders including four women.



**Cape May to Metuchen:** Our club's love affair with Cape May rides started on the weekend of May 9th 1970 with our first overnight ride. We started in Cape May and ended in Metuchen. Most of us car-pooled to Cape May on Friday night and Harry and Pat O'Connell carried most of the bikes on a homemade rack on top of their Volkswagen bus. Those of you not familiar with the early VW buses should understand they were powered by the same engine used in the VW beetle which was never considered overpowered itself. The engines in these early models ranged from 1200cc to 1500cc, smaller than many motorcycles today. With seven bikes stacked across the old bus, broadside to the headwind, Harry could manage no more than more than 40 mph. The rest of us were unaware of the problem and there were a few anxious hours Friday night while we waited for Harry and Pat to show up with our bikes and what was to be our sag wagon for the trip. A cheer went up when the overburdened vehicle was first sighted at 11:00 PM, hours after it was expected.

We gathered Saturday morning after either camping or moteling overnight.

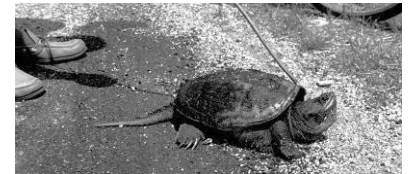


The trip got off to a bad start on the first day when after suffering the ordeal with his bus the day before Harry O'Connell fell and banged up his face and injured his shoulder. He was unable to ride for the rest of the trip but resolutely shared one armed sag duty with his wife Pat.



I will digress at this point to describe one of the early ride traditions of the club. Every time someone would spot a turtle on the road he or she would shout "turtle stop!" and the entire group would stop while my son, Jimmy, got off his bike and carried the turtle to the side of the road out of danger of passing cars.

On the first day out of Cape May we heard the call "Turtle stop!". This turned out to be the mother of all turtle stops as we all puzzled over how to move this large and vicious looking snapping turtle to the side of the road.



After trying to push him and leverage him from a safe distance from the rear with sticks and bicycle pumps without success, I believe we finally succeeded by getting him to snap onto a branch and then dragged him to the side as he held it tightly in his jaws.

That night we slept in a rustic cabin in the woods which had been arranged for in advance.



The second day to Metuchen was uneventful. It is worth noting that Bob Appleby rode the entire ride with a fully loaded bike in preparation for his upcoming camping trip from Maine to New Jersey.

The participants included the hard luck Harry O'Connell who I believe organized the trip, Mal Wolfman, George Newell, Bob Appleby, Hal Volz, Jimmy Geddis and myself. I don't recall any other riders and I have no pictures with any one else in them.

**The First Attempt at High Point to Cape May:** In May of the next year, 1971, we planned a three day trip from High Point to Metuchen, then to a Batsto State Park and then on to Cape May. Nine of us got off to a good start from High Point, stopping for lunch in Dover. We ended the day at Gene Rook's famous mechanics garage where we stored our bikes for the night before returning home for a good night's sleep.





The next morning we picked up our bikes and a few more riders for the rest of the trip.



The sag wagon accompanied us and the day was uneventful except that my daughter, Madge and John Pugh did not show up at Batsto with the rest of the group. After an anxious wait I was much relieved when they showed up together. A picture taken of them arriving at the park show my daughter with a sheepish look on her face and John hiding his face behind his hand. Such modesty! They later married and are the first married couple to have met in the club. I believe we got rained out on the third day and never made it to Cape May that year.

**The Second Attempt at High Point to Cape May:** The following Year, 1972, we tried again and this time we were successful in reaching our goal, High Point to Cape May in three days. Quite modest by today's standards. The weather was good and the ride uneventful. No accidents that I recall.



At the end of the first day we again left our bikes in Gene Rook's garage and went home for the night.



The second night most of us camped in the Pine Barrens. A new experience for my son and I, and many of the others. Pictures show mostly pup tents and a sleepy group scrounging up breakfast.



We arrived in Cape May without incident on the third day. Most of us either had someone pick us up or used the sag vehicle. I believe at least one member rode back on his bike. I think it was Bob Appleby.



These early rides were great fun and adventurous for us but quite modest by today's club standards. But they did break ground and help establish a tradition for our longest day rides which started nine years later in 1981

**Twenty Four Hour Marathon:** In May of the next year, 1973, the club entered a "24 Hour Marathon" ride around Central Park in New York sponsored by the Pepsi Cola Co. Businesses were beginning to take advantage of publicity from the quickly evolving bicycle boom.



The rules were simple. Anyone could enter, and they did. Everyone from children on tricycles to active racers participated. The course was a five mile loop around the park and you had your number card stamped every time you passed the start/finish line. You could keep riding for 24 hours or you could go home and take a nap or have a night's sleep and come back. The object was to get as many stamps on your card as possible, i.e. highest mileage possible.

We had a support crew of friends, family and club members. They had or could get food and refreshment as well as encourage the riders. We even brought a couple of those pup tents we had used in the Pine Barrens on our High Point/Cape May trip the previous year.

The first few hours were hectic with experienced riders who were trying to make time, mixing with children on tricycles as well as inexperienced adult riders. We avoided any mishaps and the course eventually thinned out after the first few hours as children and others became tired and stopped.

Sometimes we rode together and sometimes alone. Later in the early evening while riding together my father informed me that he was going to stop after the next lap. "Why?" I asked. "I will have ridden one hundred miles by then" he said. I informed him for the first time that he couldn't do that because he was registered as a

member of a team and our combined mileage would be counted as a team score. True, but still a bit sneaky on my part. I knew that he had only ridden 35 miles in the past week and had fallen and skinned his elbow, and he had not ridden on more than one club ride a week all spring. I could see, however he was not at all stressed after 100 miles. He just said, "OK", and kept riding.

In early evening it started to rain so I stopped at the club's support station to take shelter in one of the tents. Impossible! All the tents were filled to overflowing with our support crew and those riders who got there first. My only option was to keep riding just fast enough to keep warm. I strapped a large highly visible sheath knife to my waste and continued to ride slowly around Central Park all night in the rain with a few other riders in a similar predicament. In the morning we welcomed the warm sun coming up over the apartment buildings lining Central Park East.

As the finishing time of 12:00 noon approached I figured that I probably had time for two more laps. As I passed our pit crew I asked where my father was. "He's ahead of you. You may catch up with him before the finish." As I got the last stamp before my final lap I hoped to catch him and finish together.

As I started out to try to chase him down I noticed a crowd at the side of the track with TV and press cameras. Standing in the center was a little 5-foot-seven man with a familiar bicycle jersey. My father.

Word had gotten out that there was a 72-year-old who was not only the oldest rider to finish, but had accumulated 215 miles, the most of any senior rider. They never gave him the opportunity to get in the last 5 miles with me. They stopped him before he could finish. He was awarded the trophy for the longest distance by a senior rider. By today's standards that is a modest accomplishment for a 72-year-old. In those days it was newsworthy and his photo and accomplishment appeared in several papers.

As it turned out this was another first for the club. The first bicycle trophy won by a rider representing the club. .

### Origins and Precursors

**Ride Categories:** The need for some way to inform the members about the difficulty of upcoming rides became evident early in the club's existence. There were too few riders to have rides for every level of rider on the same day and since there were no such things as queue sheets the group had to stay together. The leader led from the front and set the pace without the aid of any device to tell how fast he was going. Hopefully someone would assist as sweep, preferably a strong rider who could overtake the leader and slow or stop the group if someone had trouble.

This resulted in the slowest rider setting the pace for the pack. Unfortunately very often the slower riders did not realize or refused to accept that they were spoiling the ride for rest of the group. Sound familiar? What to do?

We took a queue from the LAW. We remembered from our very first century that they had designated speeds for 100 miles for A, B and C categories. We extrapolated those speeds for

shorter distances to get our ride categories. OK! But so what? We had categories but still no way to measure the speed without a bicycle computer. They were undreamed of and far in the future. We did have mechanical bicycle cyclometers to measure how far we had gone. We also had watches to tell how long we had been riding. That still didn't keep some riders from over-estimating their ability and holding up the group. I should mention that a fit experienced cyclist in that era could quite accurately estimate his pace on a steady ride. What to do?

**Qualification Rides:** We decided to have qualification rides. This was the idea. We would lay out a ride and measure the distance between turns and then write down these directions, reproduce them and distribute them to the participants. Each turn showed the mileage, landmark or street sign and sometimes a small diagram of the intersection. Remember: not so many street signs back then. Does some of this not sound familiar? We had our first queue sheet and didn't know it.

We set a time for each category for the course and let each rider ride at his or her own pace. Based on the time it took them to get back they were designated as an A, B or C rider. A designated C rider could go on an A or B ride but the group did not have to wait for him or her. Likewise a B rider could go on an A ride but had to maintain the pace. However, the group always had to wait for any rider with a certification equal to or better than the ride designation.

Surprisingly the certification rides proved to be very popular with the members and we conducted at least two of them each year for several years. The club now had its first queue sheets, first ride categories, and along with our certification rides we had the precursors to rallies such as the Raritan Valley Round Up and others.

I am sure that some bicycle club in the past must have used the equivalent of queue sheets and ride categories but to my knowledge we were the first in this era and in this area.

**Our Most Famous Member:** We had many infamous and notorious members but to my knowledge there was only one who was a famous world class cyclist and holder of several world records. I first met him on a ride I led from near my house in Old Bridge in 1970. Al Hatos, old time racer and cycling photographer, showed up with a new rider and introduced us to Freddie Spencer, former professional world record holder, sprinter and six day racer. I had heard of him from my father who had seen him race in the old Newark velodrome located on South Orange Avenue just west of where the Garden State Parkway now crosses it.



Naturally I was very pleased and excited to have a famous celebrity on my ride. It was like having a former winner of the Tour de France show up unexpectedly on a ride. Freddie had not been riding in decades and was on the same bicycle on which he had broken the world records. He had modified it slightly by fitting gears and brake and for some reason an upturned handlebar. The frame was all chrome and the seat stays were made from the first steel golf clubs used by Bobby Jones, the Tiger Woods of the era when Freddie was racing. Freddie literally picked them up at Baltustrol golf course when Jones, after having tried them, became disenchanted with them and threw them down on the course. Freddie had Pop Brennan replace his back stays with stays made from the steel shafts of Jones's clubs. He told us that he had agreed to leave this world record bicycle to the Smithsonian. I don't know if it ever got there or what they did with it.

It was a very hot day and Freddie began to feel the combined effects of the heat and the years off the bike. For the last five miles or so I turned the leadership of the ride over to another and rode back with Freddie and Al. Most of the other riders were still in the parking lot when we got back.. Freddie was still feeling the heat. I invited him to come over to my house which was only one mile away. He was very reluctant until I told him of the air conditioning and ice cold lemonade that was waiting for him.

All of the riders who did not have to get home came with us. We sat Freddie down in my easy chair and plied him with cold lemonade. For several hours he regaled us with stories of the heydays of bicycle racing in this country in the 20s and early 30s. He told us stories about sporting celebrities from many sports and also entertainment and social celebrities he had known. He described the evenings during the six day-races in the old Madison Square Garden after the Broadway shows and night clubs let out and the social and entertainment elite such as Al Jolson, Douglas Fairbanks, John Barrymore, Mary Pickford and Enrico Caruso came to the Garden to root for their favorites and offer primes to get the racers to pick up the pace and sprint for the for the prize. After a number of \$25 and \$50 primes which Freddie didn't bother to sprint for, one celebrity passed the word down to the track, "What do I have to do to get Spencer to sprint? The answer went back. One hundred dollars." This was at a time when the average working man's wages were \$25 to \$30 a week. The hundred dollar prim was offered. Freddie sprinted and won. Primes sometimes went as high as \$1,000. A fortune in those days.

He was a New Jersey boy, originally from Plainfield and he rode many of his races in the Newark velodrome located on South Orange Avenue just west of where the Garden State Parkway crosses it. It was built in 1911 and hosted the best riders in the world until it was torn down in the 1930s. He was national pro champion when he was invited to the White House by President Calvin Coolidge.



In 1934 he even appeared in a Warner Brothers movie Six-Day Bike Rider.

My father and I occasionally rode my tandem on club rides. Freddie was on a ride with us when I noticed that he seemed to be a tiring. We offered Freddie the stokers seat on the tandem and he gratefully accepted. My father then had the privilege of riding the bicycle used to break the world record, and I had the honor of riding my tandem with the holder of several world records and winner of many six day races.

Later my father and I and our wives were invited to several parties at Freddie's house after the Rahway races which I believe he promoted. The walls were covered with mementoes and framed newspaper clippings. I remember one which to me highlighted the popularity of bicycle racing in his time. It had a picture showing the top athletes in the major sports of the era. There was Freddie standing beside Babe Ruth, baseball: Red Grange, football: Bobby Jones, golf.

Years later on November 20, 1990 Freddie came to a club meeting with Alf Goulet, one of the greatest bicycle racers of all time. They told stories of cycling's golden age and answered questions for over an hour. Sharing the platform with them was cross country cyclist and club member Bob Schneckenberger.



At the time Freddie was 87 and Alf was five months short of 100. Alf live to 103. Fortunately I happened to have made a mini-tape recording of their talk. I'm hoping to find a way to copy the mini-tape to a CD so that it can be played by anyone interested.

#### **Early Club Traditions and Practices:**

**Picnics:** According to a photo taken at our first picnic it was held in July 1969.





At first these were informal affairs where a ride was simply scheduled as a picnic ride and family and friends met the riders at the designated spot. No food was supplied by the club. Everyone brought their own and it was a family affair where families got to know each other and had fun. They also helped provide a source for recruiting sag drivers when they were needed.

**Meetings:** Meetings were held monthly in the Metuchen Bicycle Shop. Sometimes in the mechanic's shop in the back of the shop and when that got too congested we pushed the bikes aside to clear room in the front of the shop. After the first, year meetings required a quorum of the total membership because all club business was conducted at these general meetings. This was seldom a problem. There was no executive committee. John Anderson was the first president in 1969 and he conducted a business like-meeting.

Mal Wolfman took over as our second president in 1970 and he ran wild free-for-all meetings which were fun but sometime frustrating if one was trying to get business conducted expeditiously in order to get home and get some sleep before going to work in the morning. But it worked and the club prospered.

I perhaps over reacted to Mal's style when I took over as third president in 1971. I conducted meetings strictly by Robert's Rules of Order as specified in our constitution. After all committee reports and reading of the previous minutes came old business. No one could speak on a subject unless there was a motion on the floor which first had to be proposed and seconded. Discussion and amendments had to be germane to the motion and were voted on in reverse order to their introduction. Once they got used to it the members seemed to like it. They boned up on Robert's Rules on their own and started to call for points of order from the floor which kept me on my toes. As chairman I could not make or second a motion or even speak on a motion. On the rare occasion when I wanted to support or oppose a motion I had to surrender the gavel to the vice president and address the meeting from the floor. After old business came new business and the same rules applied. We could not adjourn the meeting without someone making a motion to adjourn, someone seconding it, and the majority of the attending members voting on it. I believe I recall incidences when a motion to adjourn was voted down. In retrospect I certainly over compensated but it accomplished the objective of bringing order and effectiveness to the meetings and demonstrating to the membership that we could accomplish a lot in a reasonable time and in a fair and democratic manner.

Bob Appleby was elected our fourth president in 1972 and he achieved an effective compromise

between Mal's freewheeling style and my strict enforcement of Robert's Rules and the club continued to thrive under his leadership.

**Annual Dinners:** The first annual dinner was held at Wally's on Bonnie Burn Road in Scotch Plains on March 8, 1970 with 29 in attendance as documented in a photo by Al Hatos.



Al was life time member and long time unofficial photographer for the cycling community, both racing and recreational.

Our second dinner was on April 4, 1971 and if my count is correct the official photo shows that attendance had increased by one for a total of 30.



The first of the club's annual mileage awards were presented at this meeting. The previous year Al Hatos started the tradition when he funded the trophies in memory of his deceased son. The picture he took of the award recipients show Bob Appleby with what appears to be the biggest trophy, Gene Hirschboeck with a slightly smaller one and Bill Rooks, Mal Wolfman, Len Swearer, and Harry O'Connell each with smaller ones.



**Junior Memberships:** According to the club's 1971 membership list we had 59 members including 10 family memberships. Of note is that a number of minors are listed separately, not as part of a family membership. Some young riders rode and conducted themselves so well that the club voted a special membership category for select minors, some as young as eleven. This was before liability insurance considerations prevented this from becoming another club tradition.

**The Kickstanders:** I have heard and read several versions of how club members came to be called "kickstanders". This is the true story. All

but high quality 10-speed bicycles came with kick stands. Many members did not take them off. On a ride to Princeton we visited Kopp's Cycles, one of the old time shops that survived the hard times before the then recent bicycle boom. This shop catered to elite cyclists and was the center of one of the oldest and strongest racing clubs in the country. Dick Swann, head mechanic, racing coach and official, from England, questioned the need for kick stands on club rides. Some of our members who were relative newcomers to cycling considered themselves to be authorities and debated the subject. Dick gave us the derogatory name of "kickstanders". As a matter of pride, or maybe stubbornness, some members refused to remove their kick stands even after it became obvious that there was no real need for them. It should be noted that contrary to stories about how the members prided themselves in the nickname, at the time most of us were somewhat embarrassed by the appellation.

**"Carback":** I originally was introduced to calling "car back" and other hazard calls in the late 1950's by Pete Benton, a rider who had picked them up while club riding in England when he was in the service. The original calls differ from what we now use. "Car up" meant that a car was coming up from the rear. "Car on" meant that a car was coming on from the front. This is what we used in the club's early years. In 1974 I started riding with the racing community and when I returned to club riding after a few years, the terminology had changed to the "car back" and "car up" that we now use. Note that "car up" changed from meaning that a vehicle was coming up from behind, to meaning that a vehicle was approaching from the front. To this day when a car is approaching from the rear I sometimes call "car up" before I catch myself and holler "car back". I pass on this bit of trivia in order to correct any impression that when I sometime give the wrong call or otherwise behave strangely on a ride it is not senility but ghosts of my cycling past coming back to haunt me.

---

I have been a member of the club for forty years. My involvement and participation in club activities has varied as life's circumstances have changed but many of my fondest memories are of times spent with the club. My children started cycling with the club. My daughter met her husband in the club. I met my second wife on a club ride. She and I continue to ride with and enjoy the companionship of many current and former members.

I hope I have given you some feel for what it was like in the club's first years. Hopefully someone will pickup where I have left off and document the following years when the club grew and established new traditions and created new memories. Someone with a younger and fresher memory can tell of the club's golden years when we had the largest membership in the state.

In the meantime, if I can pass anything on to you younger riders it would be remember to keep it fun and you will keep riding.

# BLAST FROM THE PAST

## FEAR AND LOATHING IN BELVIDERE

An Account of CJBC's First Annual "Hillier Than Thou Hundred"

Owen McCall

In hindsight, the only hard thing about heading up the HTHH committee was getting out of bed at 5 a.m. on that November 3 morning, to drive out to Belvidere to start registration of riders at 6:30. Though I protested vehemently, the committee insisted that I should be there early in case of any unforeseen glitches. The only really tough job was finished two weeks before, when Shelly and Happy painted arrows and took point-to-point mileage for the entire 62 and 100 mile routes in one marathon, all day and into the night operation. Other than Shelly spraying herself in the face with paint, the intrepid storthographers (arrow-painters) encountered only one problem: after passing through Bloomsbury they found that the bridge was out over the railroad tracks at the edge of town. Far-sighted Shelly had brought black paint for just such an eventuality. To prevent a pile of bikers from accumulating on the tracks below, they blacked out arrows back into town and rerouted the course over the only other available bridge. This still allowed the route to include the dreaded "Bloomsbury Hill", but forced on us about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile of bad gravel road.

This in turn forced us to provide a "shuttle" to ferry the silk-tubular and cleated-shoe set across that stretch of road that they would'nt want to ride, and could'nt walk. During his tenure as shuttle driver, David Beyer was prevailed upon by one HTHH patron to ferry him not across the gravel stretch to the next hill, but back to Belvidere to his car! This was only one of the many riders who, as it turned out, had "biked off more than they could chew".

By 8:30 a.m. the first casualties had already started to limp back into the parking lot. So that it could be attacked while one was totally fresh, the route was set up so that Fiddler's Elbow hill was the first climb of the day. However, some riders were so demoralized by what we might euphemistically call "The Fiddler's Elbow Experience" that they then and there bagged the whole thing, perhaps imagining 90 more miles of Fiddler's Elbows awaiting them ahead. This despite the fact that from 6:30 a.m. on, Matt and Lily were there at the top of Fiddler's, taking pictures (the sadistic voyeurs)! Both Matt and Lily, being veterans of Fiddler's Elbow and of the HTHH, were there to say, "au contraire!, there are stretches of flat pavement on this ride; don't give up!"

One rider, upon reaching the summit, stopped and lit a cigarette. Upon finishing it he tossed away the butt, remounted and rolled back down the hill, back to the parking lot. Another rider who aborted told us that he had carefully prepared for the ride, in part by eating large amounts of only carrots the night before. He informed us that carrots can be utilized by the body faster than any other food, it taking only 14 hours to assimilate them (?!). As the day wore on, the comments of the returning riders varied as much as their riding abilities. One happy finisher of

the metric century told me, "It was the prettiest ride I've ever been on." While another rider told me that the route was very well marked, a third swore he never even saw one arrow. Two twin brothers who did the 62 arrived back at the lot cold and soaking wet. They had wisely dressed in layers but not so wisely, all of the layers were cotton, rather than wool or polypropylene. Their clothes damp from uphill exertions, they became chilled on each downhill run. By the end of 62 miles, they were in no mood for the kidding they were getting from their riding companion, a West Jersey Wheelman decked out in 100% wool and still looking fresh as a daisy.

The only real injury of the day was suffered by one of our own members, Rene' Ruel. He was bitten on the arm by a dog near Mountain Lake. Though our sag wagon drivers waited vigilantly by the phone the whole day, they were never called. As the sun began to go down, all riders were accounted for except one. At twilight, both I and Lily took off in our cars to search the two routes. We hadn't gone more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile when the last valiant velonaut appeared over the final hill. He had been one of the first riders to leave that morning, had done the 100 mile route, and soon rolled into the lot, tired but happy. His bike was even fully equipped with lights, which he had only needed for the last few miles. Like other riders had done that day, he promised he would return next year to ride it all again.

As he drove away, we retired across the parking lot to the local pizzeria, where we ended the day pigging out - paid for by the Hillier Than Thou Hundred receipts!

THE WORKERS: Shelly Abuchowski, David Beyer, Lily Felshin, Carol Keefe, Matt Kordys, Happy Smith, and yours truly.



An unidentified cyclist  
pushes his bike up Fiddler's



A CJBC "pit stop"

# Meet Some Ride Leaders

Each Ride leaders was asked a series of questions.

The questions were as follows:

1. What is your favorite ride?
2. What is your favorite food to eat on a ride?
3. What is the best thing about being a ride leader?
4. What is the worst thing about being a ride leader?
5. What is your favorite brand of bike shorts?
6. Hills or head wind?



## Mitch Solomowitz

1. Hacklebarney Blast.
2. Tuna fish sandwich.
3. Friendship and camaraderie.
4. People who show up at the last moment..
5. Performance shorts.
6. Hills

## Ira Feller

1. Duke Estate ride.
2. Bagel
3. Being able to get people to ride with me and go where I want.
4. Nothing
5. Any brand.
6. Hills



## Ben Blum

1. Borden/Cranbury/Allentown ride.
2. Turkey sandwich.
3. Always know there is a ride.
4. Not wanting to get up to lead.
5. Voler Shorts.
6. Hills.



## Rob Zeller

1. Duke Estate ride.
2. Cinnamon raisin bagel with butter.
3. Being in front.
4. Little extra pressure.
5. Any pair that fits.
6. Hills.



## John Hartigan

1. Any ride from Bike n Gear.
2. Bacon and eggs.
3. Riding and eating.
4. People trying to push the pace, and people going on a C ride when it is above their abilities.
5. What ever is comfortable.
6. Hills.



## Tom Flatley

1. Tour of northern Monmouth County
2. Bacon, egg and cheese sandwich with coffee.
3. Providing the opportunity for others to get out and share the joys of cycling!
4. Can't really think of anything... it's a very positive experience.
5. Started with basic Performance, been upgrading to the next level every couple of years: they're not great, but a good value for the price
6. Headwinds don't seem to bother me that much, I think because the extra effort is partly offset by the extra cooling effect... but the only time I like them is when they're from the back! Hills, on the other hand, have an upside and a downside, but in this case the upside *is* the downside, and the downside is the... fun-side?



## Gloria Friedman

1. My favorite ride goes from Bedminster to Hacklebarney in Chester.
2. My favorite ride food is a Cliff bar (chocolate brownie)
3. The best thing about being a ride leader is getting to meet the new riders and introducing them to club riding.
4. The worst thing about being a ride leader is when people get lost on the ride and you have to find out where they are.
5. Since I ride a recumbent, I don't use regular biking shorts. Yay! No pad.
6. Prefer hills to headwinds.

## Louis Mead

1. My favorite ride starts at Duke Island Park and circles around to Neshanic Station, Peacock's, continuing on roads with names like Clover Hill, Cider Mill, Woodfern and back, beautiful, rural scenery along the way. I call it "Rivers, Railroads, and Red Barns".
2. My favorite ride food is a Balance Gold energy bar, chocolate mint cookie crunch.
3. The best thing about being a ride leader is being able to ride in favorite places with biking friends.
4. The worst thing about being a ride leader is having to deal with accidents. I'm lucky. Have had only one accident to deal with.
5. My favorite bike shorts are "Black Bottoms", old timers, like me.
6. Do I prefer hills or head wind? Neither!.

## Max Fine

1. Over the hill to Peacock's. I especially enjoy making it over that hill one more time. The downhill to Peacock's is a rush.
2. A liverwurst and onion sandwich helps me to drink enough water to avoid dehydrating (always a problem for me).
3. Sharing my joy of bicycling with others.
4. Finding that a road on the route I have chosen is under repair or, even worse, closed.
5. Pearl Izumi.
6. I prefer down hills to headwinds. Up hills eventually end; a headwind may never stop.

# BLAST FROM THE PAST

## MY FAVORITE ROAD

The following three essays are the winning entries from the recently held "My Favorite Road" contest. Slides of the roads mentioned were shown as the program for the October meeting, and each of the winners received a \$25 gift certificate. Although the number of official entries may have been a little disappointing, what they lack in quantity is more than made up in quality. But as they say on the lottery commercials, to win it, you've got to be in it.

### Jim Golls

Riegelsville Road, a mere five-mile stretch between the small towns of Riegelsville and Milford, follows the Delaware River and cuts through the valley the river once left behind. Along most of the road, you get a panoramic view of outcroppings and cliffs on the Pennsylvania side, and glimpses of villages with names such as Rintnersville and Upper Black Eddy. The road best rewards the rider in early spring, when he can feel the sun's warmth radiating from the dark rocky faces which line the road. At the next bend, runoff from the cold springs above sprays the narrow road and quickly chills the rider, reminding him of the cold days on the first few pages of the calendar. The views of the river are spectacular, as are the sounds of its icy turbulence.

Touring this seldom-traveled two-lane (and sometimes one-lane) road, one can only wonder about earlier traffic patterns. A railroad track, which appears not to have been used in my lifetime, criss-crosses the road, staying out of the river's reach. Of the farmhouses of the colonial era, only the stone walls remain. Those pioneers' wheels may have rusted away, but their legacy lives on.

### Bill Pape

So close in distance to my home in New Brunswick, yet so far in mood, quiet Fresh Ponds Road is where I found spiritual quiet for weekday mornings and evenings; this is my favorite road.

It is only about ten miles from my start in downtown New Brunswick to its end, and its end opens the door to every rural area I might want to explore. My Fresh Ponds corridor to peace opens with a small wooded horse corral, about fifteen minutes from downtown noise. Already I know I'm in a different world.

It goes up and down and around gentle hills and curves, so I can't get bored, and past houses that are each different; some seem not to have changed in

forty years. There are tall oaks in one area, pine barrens growth in another, abandoned chicken farms and even small swamps.

Usually cars pass in only one direction, so I don't have to squeeze to the side, and often there's no noise except my bike and nature. Recently, going back to my old training grounds here, an older man in a clean, new Oldsmobile passed me slowly, signalled and turned into a driveway, to park next to a 1950's Oldsmobile; exactly the mood and scenery I like. Next, I passed people picking their own pumpkins, from a farm that I read won a national farmers' award.

My most adrenaline-producing experience on Fresh Ponds, from a source other than my own call to speed up, was when a girl on a horse spied me as I was passing her yard. We exchanged glances and out she came, whipping her horse to catch me. I dropped my water bottle after a quarter mile to avoid losing.

Fresh Ponds is another world for me, yet close in distance to my regular world. I've moved from New Brunswick, but Fresh Ponds hasn't moved from its world—yet. On a recent trip, I saw new houses rising next to old, probably getting ready for white-knuckled drivers of BMW's.

NOTE: Fresh Ponds Road begins at the bottom of Kuhlthau Avenue, off Milltown's Main Street, and it ends at Route 130 in South Brunswick.

### Dan Rappaport

The search for the ultimate road; some of us talk about it, but before I tell you what the ultimate road was for me, let me discuss the criteria that were used for making my decision.

To be considered the "ultimate", a road should meet the following conditions: it should be shady for middle-of-the-summer cooling off (blocking the sun) and middle-of-the-winter warming-up (blocking the wind); it should be scenic; it should have low traffic volume, and it should be a gradual climb so that you do not feel drained at the crest of the hill or mountain. The degree to which it goes downhill is not of concern, just as long as you do not have to hit the brakes too suddenly to stop for a stop sign or traffic light. Just pedaling in the downhill direction is enough to motivate me.

There are a number of roads that meet these criteria in nearby Pennsylvania and New Jersey. I have two that I would like to mention, but they are not nearby. It seems that all roads that go uphill gradually follow creeks. Route 77 west of Thurmont, Maryland is such a road. And a short distance off Route 77 is Cunningham Falls. You

never have to shift low to climb Route 77. When you are near the top of the Catocin Mountains on Route 77, you make 2 turns and you are on Hell's Delight Road. You reach at least 35 m.p.h. on the downhill. Hell's Delight Road sure as hell was a delight, without too much working out.

But the road that takes it all is Route 113, which goes across Evans Notch and switches back and forth between New Hampshire and Maine. Heading south from Gilead, the road starts climbing gradually. Like Route 77, it is alongside a creek. I would say this continues for about six miles. Then the grade becomes steeper for about two miles, until you reach the crest of the notch. Then the road does switchbacks for about three miles and they are so sharp that your brakes seldom get a chance to cool. I was downright frightened on the descent. Unfortunately, this disqualifies Route 113 from being the "ultimate" road.

(At the end of the switchbacks, a general store had a sign that read: "Small ice cream: 65 cents, Large ice cream: 85 cents." After 40 miles without eating, and our lunch stop not scheduled for another 20 miles ahead, this self-confessed ice cream-aholic could not resist. I ordered a large strawberry cheesecake ice cream. When I saw a paper cup the size of a large soda being filled up, I questioned the counter person. "Do people actually finish these?" He replied that someone consumed two of them the day before and a woman finished one also. Well, I wasn't about to be outdone by a woman, but I could barely hold onto the cup because nearly a scoop of ice cream was hanging over the edge. When I got outside, our group laughed so hard! I was able to finish the ice cream, but when lunchtime arrived, I couldn't finish mine and I nearly got sick.)

Therefore, I have found a fifth criterion in the search for the ultimate road: availability of good food nearby. A sixth criterion that is taken for granted is that the road should have a good surface. That would eliminate many roads that go through suburban residential areas. One last comment before I give your eyes a break: the awards for the best road names in northern and southern New Jersey should be Shades of Death Road (near Great Meadows) and Skunk Island Road (near Columbus).

Thank you, Jim, Bill, and Dan, for sharing your memories with us. And thanks are also due to our program chairman, Julie Westphal, for giving them the opportunity (and incentive) to relate their stories to us. Considering the great prizes being offered, you can be sure that there'll be a lot more competition next time.



# REMEMBER WHEN...

By: Barbara J. Goldstein

This year, Central Jersey Bike Club (CJBC) celebrates its 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary. When you think about it, that is quite an accomplishment for a cycling club, or any volunteer/social group for that matter. CJBC began in 1968 with a few friends getting together, on a regular basis, to enjoy a mutual sport they all loved. Today, CJBC has grown to well over 450 active members who still enjoy the social aspect of riding together. What makes our club unique is its members. Members may come and go over the years but CJBC has had the ability to retain a strong membership base while attracting new members. Without each of you, CJBC would not exist. A huge thank you goes out to everyone for contributing your time as volunteers at our events over these past four decades.

Since this is our anniversary, it is a time of reflection. The committee thought it would be interesting to hear from a sampling of our members, from each of the past four decades, about their own personal experiences in CJBC. Enjoy our trip down memory lane as we "Remember When."

## **Jerry Glick** (1973 – Present)

"When I joined CJBC, there were about 20 members. The club, then known as Metuchen Bicycle Touring Society, met at Metuchen Bike Shop until we outgrew that space. The shop owner, Gene Hirschbeck was one of the original eight founding members. We met in the Metuchen Library, First Aid Squad of Colonia and the Stelten Library until finding our current meeting place.

I use to ride around my neighborhood with several neighbors until one day I attended a seminar on camping off your bike, which I thought would be fun. The speaker was a CJBC member. He suggested I join the club to meet and ride with others.

My favorite things about CJBC are the friendships I've made over the years, the rides and the social events. I've been very active throughout my membership including being Ride Captain. My favorite ride is out of Cranbury, which I lead along with Tom Koenig. I started and ran the *Member Appreciation Day Ride* for many years as well as *Raritan Valley Roundup*. I organized *Farmlands* for eight years and ran several 5-day trips all over the country including Memorial Day and Labor Day Weekends. The routes I devised were from 20-100 miles. All the rides began as camping off the bike but evolved into hotels for comfort and accessibility.

Over my 35 years with CJBC, I have ridden more than 100,000 miles including 100 *Century* rides. I have served on the Board as President, Membership Chair and Member-at-Large. Some of my club awards include:

1997- 1st Place "C" Category with 2,164 miles

1977 – 1st Place on the Al Hatos Plaque

1978 – 4<sup>th</sup> Place on the Al Hatos Plaque

At age 73, I ride about 5-10- miles daily to keep physically fit. I am still an active member and look forward to leading rides again in the near future. Cycling will always be a huge part of my life."

**Louis & Nita Blatt** (1976 first joined, membership lapsed, rejoined 1980-2007)

"I first joined in late 1976 when the club was still the Metuchen Bicycle Touring Society. After a few years, I let my membership lapse but rejoined in 1980. In 1984, I met my wife, Nita Koene, on a club ride and we married in 1987.

I rode on several of Jerry Glick's Memorial Day and Labor Day Weekend trips. Back in the day, the club use to have *Century Week* during the month of August. Every day, there were various 100-mile rides during that one week in the month. I rode four *Century* rides out of seven during that week. I participated in *Farmlands* by riding the 50 and 100-mile routes, *Raritan Valley Roundup* and volunteered at both events. I also recall being on that fateful ride where our beloved member and my dear friend, Hal Volz, was killed.

What I like most about CJBC is the social aspect while riding. I have met many lifelong friends in this club. Today, my wife and I do several bike trips a year around the world. We've been to France, Japan, New Zealand and Australia to name a few. My motto was to retire early and enjoy my biking and other activities. If I had not joined CJBC, I would never have met/married Nita nor realized by dream of biking around the world."

## **Sue Miller** (1976 –2006 and First Female Club President)

"I had been riding alone around my neighborhood when my husband suggested I contact the National Organization on Cycling about local bike clubs. I wrote to the Metuchen Bicycle Touring Society and they invited me to join. I began riding with the club and soon averaged 5,000 miles a year. I went on several trips run by Jerry Glick. I also attended the Cape May three-day trip run by the late Hal Voltz. This trip was usually 'men only' but Peggy Quinn and I were the first women to attend. We biked 100 miles the first day, camped in Pennsylvania and rode 100 miles the second day and about 70 miles the third day. A few years later, after I went on this trip, it became a one-day event, which I also attended in 1985 and 1990.

Over the years, I have made many lifelong friends in CJBC including Murial Mota. We have ridden literally all over the world in many countries and on several continents including Mexico, Costa Rica, Asia and Europe.

I was CJBC's first female president in the early 1980s, which was the first year a woman organized *Raritan Valley Roundup*. This was the only big fundraiser CJBC ran for many years until *Farmlands* was organized. I also became a Ride Leader early on in my membership and led many rides out of Watchung.

I can no longer ride because of my eyesight. However, being a member of CJBC has afforded me the opportunity to see different parts of the country. I will always treasure the memories, great experiences and the social aspect CJBC has provided. Thank you for so many wonderful times in my life."

## **Muriel Mota** (member 1977-1998 and second female President)

"I joined the club because I was riding alone on a single speed bike around my neighborhood and in Morris and Essex Counties. Since I rode 50 miles each time I went out, I decided to purchase a 10-speed bike, which would make it easier for me. One day, as I was riding, I met a CJBC member who told me about the club, gave me the contact information and suggested I join as a way of meeting people and riding with others. The rest

they say is history. I did meet many new friends and quickly got involved with club activities. I became a Ride Leader, served as the second female president of the club and won several mileage awards during my membership years including:

1988 – Pocono Century Tour, First Place Ladies Golden Award

1991- 2nd Place Mileage Award

1993 – 1st Place Mileage Award 3K+ (8,109 miles)

1994 - 3rd Place Mileage Award (9,157 miles)

I also rode *The Longest Day* eight times in a row. One time was on a tandem with a friend. We finished in 12 hours 3 minutes, which was a record time back then. I also rode *Hillier Than Thou* as well as *Farmlands Century*.

What I enjoyed most about CJBC was meeting people who have become lifelong friends. Sue Miller, also a member, and I have biked literally around the world together over the last 20 years. We have been to Europe, Asia, Central America, and Africa to name a few. CJBC encouraged me to ride more.

Today, at 80 years old, I ride 30-40 miles on a “D” Ride instead of a “B” Ride but I still love hills! Central Jersey Bike Club came into my life just at the perfect time. . After my marriage broke up and my daughters were in college, this was just the distraction I needed to get me out of the house and meet new friends. If I had not joined CJBC or become an avid biker, I would never have experienced the best times of my life by traveling around the world. Thank you CJBC!”

#### **Bob Helriegel (1984-2008)**

“*Raritan Valley Roundup* was the first club ride I went on, which I found out about through a local bike shop. People told me that this event was organized by CJBC. I liked it because of the choice of routes offered and all the friendly people. Soon after the ride, I decided to join CJBC.

I volunteered at *Wheels for Ann*, *Hillier Than Thou*, *Farmlands*, and was Chair for the *Longest Day* two years in a row. I also rode *Farmlands Century* twice, *Membership Appreciation Day Ride* and led an *Anniversary Ride*.

The best part about CJBC is the friendships I have made as well as the policy ‘no rider left behind’. Other clubs and rides don’t care if you cannot keep up. Everyone has a ride sheet and basically you’re on your own. On CJBC rides, there always is a ‘sweep’ on each ride making sure the pace is as fast as the slowest rider and that the entire group stays together.

It has been a lot of fun over the years and I will miss everyone when I move to Colorado in the near future. I will be starting my own cycle training school for touring. Thank you CJBC for all the great memories.”

#### **Phil Apruzzese (1988 – Present)**

##### Ride Leader Mentoring:

“Over 20 years ago, I signed up for the 1988 *Raritan Valley Roundup* presented in mid summer by CJBC. I rode the Hillbilly 50, enjoyed meeting many club members and decided to become a member. After numerous club rides progressing from “C” to “A” rider, I decided it was time to become a Ride Leader. I contacted the Ride Captain for a listing and was informed that I would need to be ‘observed’ by several senior members in order to assure that I followed the rules of the road as well as those of Ride Leadership. I recall being ‘observed’ by then President, Steve Legenhausen and Gil Bashe. Apparently, I

did well and was allowed to lead rides from then on. New and recent ride leaders should keep this mentoring spirit in mind when preparing to lead in the future as it serves all of us to both enjoy rides and do so safely.

##### 1990s Farmlands Food Stop (Unauthorized):

“*Farmlands* has been a signature CJBC spring event for over 20 years but was not always presented as it is now. In the early 1990s, while I was Vice President, I had an idea that an on-course food stop would add to the event and enjoyment of the riders. Those in charge initially dismissed the idea. I respected their opinion and chose not to formally press the issue. Thinking that the *Farmlands* riders themselves could help us with this cause, the club recording secretary (Eileen Hansen) and I set about to give them the opportunity to do so. We quietly painted a discrete set of food stop arrows, gathered provisions in my van and set up in Monmouth Battlefield State Park. With almost no publicity, signage or fanfare, we had over 180 riders stop in for water, bananas and granola bars over a period of a few hours. This dramatic rider acceptance of the food stop idea has led to the now universal practice across all our club events. Sometimes it is better to ask forgiveness than permission.”

#### **Mike & Anne Kruimer (1989 – Present)**

“We rode the *Five Boro Bike Ride* in 1988 and 1989. Anne saw the *Princeton Flat 50 Mile Ride* in the paper, which we participated in and joined that club the day of the ride. We also picked a flyer for CJBC about other events. At the September 1989 CJBC meeting, we gladly gave Jerry Glick our money to join.

We almost quit after having a bad experience in October 1990 at the club’s picnic/anniversary ride but since we enjoyed other club rides, we kept going to meetings and met many new friends. Anne did most of the riding during the week. I rode some on weekends. Then the accident happened in August 1992. Anne had 1,800 miles and I barely 1,200 miles.

After the accident, we were never alone. People who lived near Kessler Institute stopped by to visit Anne and ask if she needed anything. When Anne came home, people came over for lunch and visited. Anne did her first post accident ride in September 1993. We had 60 riders show up at Colonial Park that morning. I don’t know how we would have gotten through the ordeal of the accident without so many wonderful CJBC friends.

During my years as a member, I have served on the Board from 1994-2008 as Member-at-Large, Vice President, President and LAB/Advocacy Rep. I chaired *Longest Day* in 2007, rode *Longest Day* in 1997-1999, 2004, 2008 and painted all the *Farmlands* and *Raritan Valley Roundup* routes as well as worked the day of the events. I’ve done ride leader training and along with my mother, Nan Kruimer and Anne, helped out with the monthly mailings of ‘The HUB’ and flyers for various other club events.

In 1992, I organized *Farmlands*, moved it to the first Sunday in May and to its permanent location at Brookdale Community College, Lincroft, NJ. In 1993, Anne received the Spirit of Cycling Award and my mother received the Volunteer of the Year Award.

I remember people use to socialize more after rides and at parties. Ernie Tistan, a former member, hosted a great annual Halloween party at his home with lots of imaginative party

games. Anne also hosted a Christmas Open House and other members held birthday parties. Everyone enjoyed themselves.”

**Barbara J. Goldstein (1995 – Present)**

“When I first joined, I went out on many rides led by former member Andi Tyson. I remember her routes around the Rutgers Campus being a lot of fun. I also went on a few rides led by other members. I started to ride regularly for fun and exercise with a girlfriend and former member, Jackie Strat.

The first club ride Jackie led in 1997 was an 18-mile route out of Colonial Park in Jamesburg, NJ. It was in the high 90s early that Saturday morning with a humidity factor of at least 102 degrees. Twelve of us started out that morning and I must say we all successfully completed that memorable ride. It was quite an experience and made me eager to become more active in CJBC. I decided to become a Ride Leader the following year (1998-2001). I have received many awards as a Ride Leader over the years. My favorite route for my “D” ride is through historic Westfield beginning/ending at Minnowaskin Park

In June 2000, I decided to purchase my first real road bike (a Trek 1000 KTS) so I could keep up on the faster “C” rides. Well, those of you who know me, ‘I don’t do hills!’ The first club trip I attended was led by Ed Miller, Sept. 9-12, 2000 Labor Day Weekend in the Catskills. Talk about hills! I not only rode my new bike for the first time, I also rode up/down those hills. What an accomplishment for me. With a lot of help from my fellow club members staying with me and talking me through the gear changes, I made it through that weekend. Yes, I was a little sore but it was worth it. However, ‘I still insist, I don’t do hills!’

Throughout my membership, I have enjoyed making new friends and being an active part of CJBC. I have served on the Board as Member-at-Large, volunteered setting up and working *Farmlands* day of registration/handling the monies for several years and riding *Farmlands* 18 and 25-mile routes.

I have led several “D” *Anniversary Rides*, rode *Tour of Edison*, several times, as well as the *Shortest Day*, and *Member Appreciation Day*. I love attending the annual ice cream social and club picnic, but most recently, I have enjoyed being a part of this special 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Committee.

I look forward to all the good times that lie ahead for CJBC and our members. I am very proud to be a long-standing member of such a wonderful bike club. Happy 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Central Jersey Bike Club!”

**Sue Imbriale (1999 – Present)**

“I wanted to ride with others who had the same desire to ride as often as possible. I was determined to attend as many rides and pedal as many miles as I could each year. I rode with Jeff Politzer on the *Century*. Other rides include the *Member Appreciation Day* and *Farmlands* 100-mile route. Throughout the years, I have made many friends and several of us now have a tradition to do the *Five Boro Ride* through New York. Lil and Bob Munsky, Diane Piotrowski, my riding partner, John Eveloy and Marty ‘born to be wild’ are a few of our group. I have not ridden the *Shortest Day* yet but am looking forward to doing it this year. I have been trying to ride at least twice a week.

Though I recently moved to Hardwick, NJ, just east of the Delaware Water Gap, I still am a paid up member of CJBC and

will continue to try and participate in club events whenever possible.”

**Bill Volz (2001 – Present)**

“Yes, I have the same last name but no, I am not related to fellow member Hal Volz, who passed away.

I joined CJBC to hook up with other bikers and to participate in biking events. Riding for me with CJBC so far as been a very positive experience. I have ridden *Farmlands* 50 and 62-mile routes every year since I joined. I have also ridden around Franklin Township near Canal Road and River Road.

Now that I am retired, I am in training for the *Century* and I am hoping to ride *Pumpkin Patch* this fall. I also find the club newsletter, ‘The HUB’, very informative about rides and other helpful hints regarding cycling.”

**Jackie Rawls (2001 – Present)**

“Since I was new to biking, I needed an experienced group to go riding with. My husband, Matt, is a more serious rider and loves the longer routes, while I prefer more of the social aspect of the club. I tried other clubs but found CJBC to be more relaxed and rider friendly. Though I have not ridden lately, I plan to get back on my bike soon.

I have volunteered at *Farmlands* for day of registration and have attended general club meetings, rode *Member Appreciation Day* and the first *Shortest Day* Rides. What I recall most about CJBC is when I first joined, several members taught me how to rider properly and gave me encouragement. CJBC is a family. Among the first people I met were Jerry Glick and Tom Koenig who have become good friends of mine and Matt. I am now a “C/C+” Rider. I have also ridden with Ben Bloom. I have enjoyed my time as a CJBC member and cannot wait to ride more next year.”

**Michael Kolber (2001 – Present)**

“I was never a member of a bike club in New Jersey before. My friend and fellow CJBC member, Barbara Goldstein, told me about the club. While in a bike shop one day, I saw a copy of ‘The HUB’. I called up and went on a ride that was listed. I really enjoyed the people so the next day I sent in my membership application.

I most enjoy the variety of rides and have met some nice people over the years that I ride with. I have ridden *Farmlands* 50, 62 and *Century* routes. Several years I have ridden as well as volunteered for food set up, sagging and helping at rest stops.

I have attended the annual picnics, ice cream socials, rode the *Shortest Day* (all four), *Longest Day* in 2006, *Anniversary Ride*, *Member Appreciation Day Ride* and have attended the Volunteers Dinner and Awards Dinner. I have received awards for ride attendance of twelve plus rides and 24 plus rides.

My favorite rides were the *Metric Century* led by Bob and Lillian Munsky and those led by Tom Koenig. The best thing about CJBC is getting out on the road to ride with the friends I have made.”

# BLAST FROM THE PAST

Page 8

June 2000

The HUB

## 200,000-Mile Hal Volz Is Interviewed

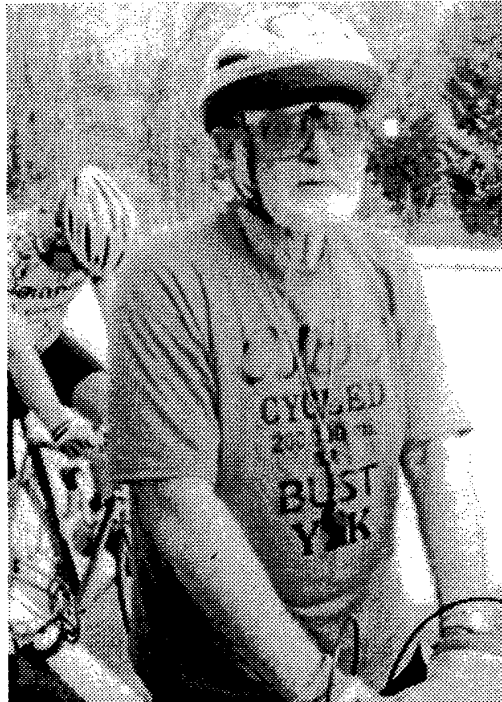
by Dan Rappaport

### 1. Hal, how did you find out about the club?

It was the spring of 1968. My cycling as an adult began when I read an article in the travel section of the New York Times. It featured an ordinary middle-aged man who had climbed the Alps on his ten-speed bicycle. "If this guy can climb the Alps," I thought, "then I can surely climb the Watchungs!" Well, by the time that first Earth Day dawned, in 1970, I had my new ten-speeder set up as an ecological display in Linden High School, where I taught. You see, I had already begun my twenty years of pedaling a twenty-mile round trip from my home in Scotch Plains to Linden. In the meantime, I had learned of the newly formed club in Metuchen when I read an article in the Law Bulletin. I hastened to join the Metuchen boys, "conquered" the Watchungs, completed my first century, and found myself hopelessly hooked on cycling. Early in my bike-commuting experience, the superintendent of schools saw me roll up to the high school. "What are you doing, Volz?" he asked. "I'm just practicing good ecology by cranking in from Scotch Plains." He looked puzzled but never said another word.

### 2. How many cycling accidents did you have during those 200,000 miles?

Of course this is all spelled out in my voluminous bike log, but I estimate that I had some kind of accident once every 25,000 miles, on average. That comes to about eight, but keep in mind that we're talking about thirty years of about 6,600 miles per year. My injuries ranged from road-rash to a broken collar bone. Several times my helmet kept me from a wheel chair or worse. You're right, Dan; they used to call me "Hill" Volz, but they would call me "Hairbreadth Harry" if they knew exactly what I experienced a few years ago, I was picking up speed descending a hill on a side street in Clark when I saw a car coming from behind, race past me, and then pull a sharp right in front of me. Most cyclists know this scene, but I hope they have never experienced what followed. As the driver continued to cut off my path, I tried desperately to stop, but ended up skidding RIGHT UNDER THE



CAR. Fortunately, this new driver knew where the brake was. Had she continued three feet more, both of my legs would have been crushed. You see, when the bike went under the car I WAS STILL ON IT! In fact, it took two men to lift the car enough to extricate me and the bike. My front wheel was shaped like a potato chip, but I emerged with hardly a scratch.

### 3. What was the most miles you rode in any one year?

I know I never reached 10,000 miles, but I did exceed 9,000 once. You see, I am not as much a fanatic as some might think. Keep in mind that, through it all, I did "have a life." Barbara and I had two girls to raise and, in a time of student riots and teacher burn-out, I remained a stupidly conscientious teacher of English. Also, without the commuting, I could never have reached 200,000 miles. In fact, I estimate that, of that total, 70,000 miles were logged during twenty years of commuting. It's obvious that riding a bike through twenty winters did take a kind of stubborn determination. As I always say, "You don't have to be crazy, but mild retardation is perfectly appropriate."

Hal with his grandchildren as he receives the special 200,000 Mile Award.

*Hal, we don't know how you did it, but we're really proud of you! Hal went on his 200,000th mile ride as a CJBC ride.*

### 4. Share some humorous stories about CJBC with us.

Beware, Dan. You are opening the flood gates with that question. Recent April snow reminded me of the time, back in the Kevin Newman era, when Jerry Glick and I showed up for a ride out of Keansburg on a snowy, bitterly cold day. We waited and waited for our ride leader, until we saw a distant figure approaching on skis. It was that eccentric of eccentrics, Kevin Newman. This has to be the first time in the club's history that a ride leader showed up on skis.

### 5. Why has the club lost that sense of adventure that characterized

it in the early 80's?

I'd like to believe that people discovering cycling today are able to feel as much adventure as some of us did in the early days of CJBC. Even today I can find adventure in exploring a new area. This is why I have always enjoyed Jerry's trips so much. And who's to say you can't get a Rocky Mountain high while riding the Watchungs! I can still feel adventure in simply eating up the miles on a self-propelled vehicle-watching that distant ridge come closer and closer. It IS sad, though, to witness the paving over of NJ, already the most densely populated state. An important function of the club is to help novices find those dwindling areas that are still suitable for scenic and relatively safe cycling.



# CJBC TRIVIA CONTEST

Compiled by Ira Feller from the HUB library

Ok, all you "old timers" and CJBC trivia buffs, we have a challenge for you. Get your answers in to Ira, our membership chair and unofficial keeper of CJBC history, by February 28, 2009, and the first 3 responders to get all the trivia questions correct will win a 1 year extension of their current CJBC membership!

You can email your correct answers to Ira at [cjbc@comcast.net](mailto:cjbc@comcast.net), or snail mail them to 18 Manitou Way, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076.

Answers to the CJBC Trivia Contest will be published in the April 2009 HUB along with the names of our 3 top winners!

CJBC Board Members and Members of the 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary committee are not eligible. Sorry kids!

What Year was there no "Hillier" ride?

What Year did dues reach double digits?

Why didn't a lot of members receive the September 1992 HUB?

How did SAG wagons communicate with the event coordinators in the 1980?

This is a list of the 5 most popular brands of bicycles owned by CJBC members in 1984 can you put them in order of popularity?

- a) Fuji
- b) Motobecane
- c) Raleigh
- d) Schwinn
- e) Trek

When did the current HUB editor join CJBC?

Which current board member ran the New York Marathon in under 6 hours?

When did the club start requiring helmets on club rides?

Where did Farmlands start in 1992?

Which long standing member completed the New York Marathon in 6:03:29?

How long have the Tuesday nights rides been a part of CJBC tradition?

What was the original name of the Wheels 4 Anne ride?

How much did it cost to preregister for farmlands in 1993?

When did the club start publishing meeting minutes in the HUB?

When was the club name officially changed to CJBC?

When did the club start using a megaphone?

When did Howie Glick complete his first Century ride?

When was the A+ category added?

Why weren't the by-laws changes to reduce the size of a quorum at the August 1985 meeting?

When was the quorum requirement changed to the greater of 25 members or 5%?

Why did Farmlands move from Sunday to Saturday?

Why were expiration dates added to the HUB mailing labels in 1988?

When did the RVR-UP start requiring members to wear helmets?

Who started the new member ride, and when was it started?

In the "good ol' days" what do the riders do after the Tuesday night ride?

When was our current Bi\_laws Approved?

Who was the first member who wanted to computerize the club ride library?

Why did the club suggest members carry change on rides in the 1990's?

In what year did our current president join CJBC?

When was the Sunshine Committee created?

When was the first time Howie Glick took over the club library?

Why were the ride leader's and awards dinner combined?

When did long time recording secretary Cathy C. complete her first century (Oct 3 1998)?

Which member set a club record by riding 17,030 miles in 1997? Who finished second with 16,116?



# **BLAST FROM THE PAST**

**THIS RIDE IS THE CLUB'S FIRST CENTURY RIDE**

**LOIS MEAD AND ELEANOR KOSINKI**  
WERE 2 OF THE 3 WOMEN

**JIM MEAD (15 YEARS) AND CHUCK MEAD (11 YEARS)**  
WERE 2 OF THE 3 BOYS

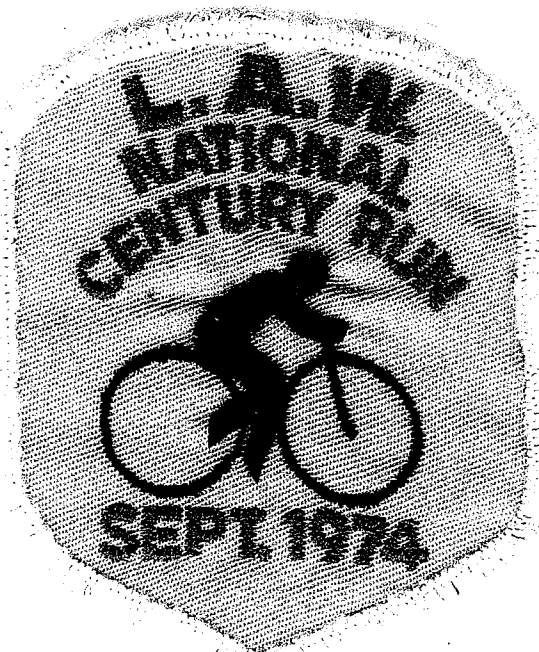
**LOIS IS SURE THAT JERRY GLICK LED THE RIDE.**

## **Cyclists hold 'Century ride'**

**METUCHEN** — The Metuchen Bicycle Touring Association sponsored a "Century ride" yesterday over a 103-mile course from Metuchen to New Hope, Pa. and back.

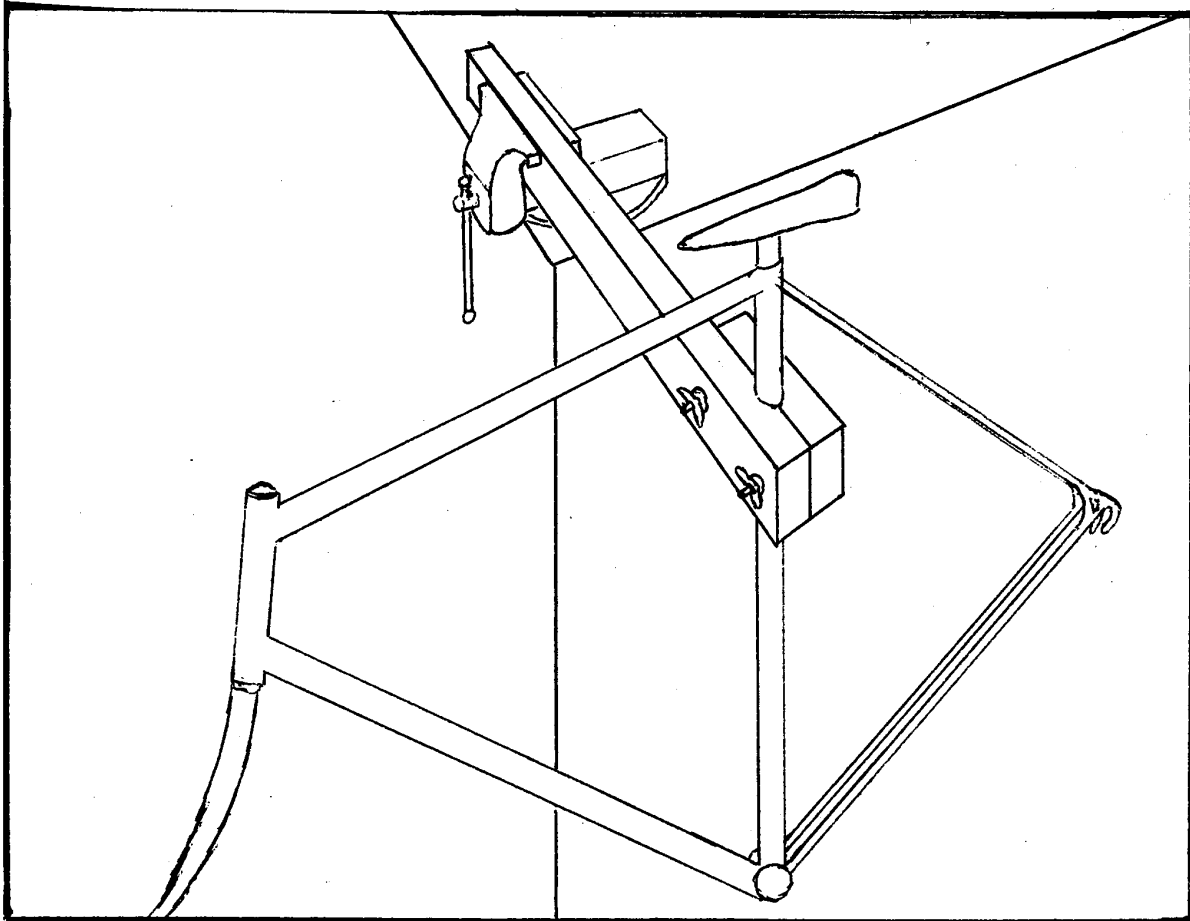
All 25 riders who started the race finished it.

Frank Lotito of South Plainfield and Bob Geddis, Jr. of Old Bridge made the trip in less than 5½ hours. The rest of the field, which included three women and three boys under the age of 15, made it back in less than 9½ hours.



# BLAST FROM THE PAST

HOW TO BUILD A \$2.00 BICYCLE VICE --by Joel Brown



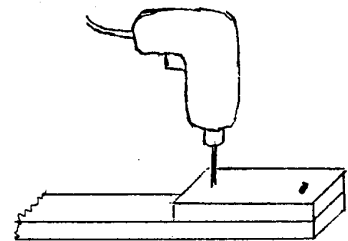
## Materials

- 1 2 by 3 7 in. long
- 1 2 by 3 29 in. long
- 2 5/16" bolts 5" long
- 2 5/16" wing nuts
- 2 5/16 metal washers
- 1 used tire tube
- 1 doz. tacks or staples

Drill 2 5/16 in. holes thru both boards 1½" and 5½" from the end.

Screw both bolts all the way into the 7" board.

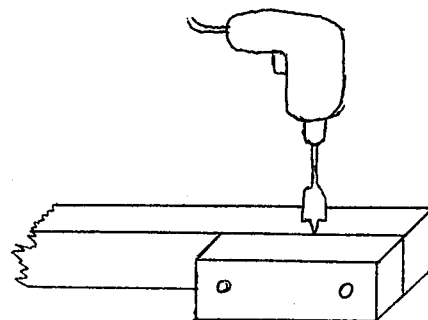
Using a 3/8 in. drill bit, enlarge the two holes in the larger 2 by 3 to allow the bolts to easily slide thru.



(Continued...)

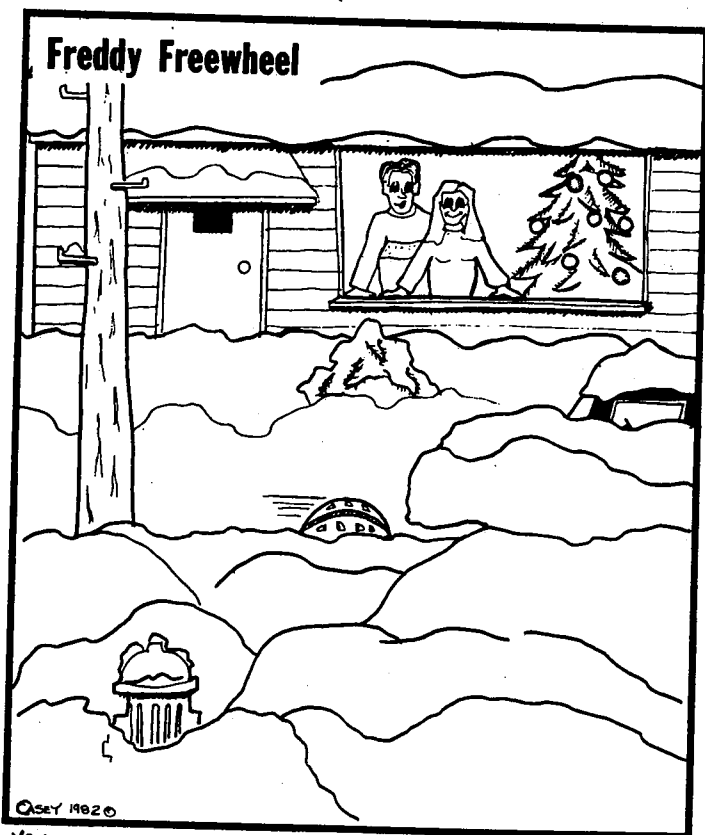
Bolt the two boards tightly together. Drill a 1" hole, with a woodboring bit, in the seam centered between the two bolts. If the hole is drilled straight you should have two equal half circles when the boards are unbolted. I use an elongated 1" hole for bicycles with seat tube diameters of both 1" and 1 1/8". If all your bicycles have 1 1/8" seat tubes drill a 1 1/8" hole.

Use a rasp to enlarge (elongate) the half circles where necessary to fit around your tubing. There should be an approximate 1/8 of an in. space between the two boards when they are mounted on the seat tube with the inner tube in between.



Staple or tack a single layer of inner tube over each of the half circles. Place the tacks outside the half circle so they would not scratch the tubing.

First mount the bicycle vice securely to the upper seat tube. Then lift the bike and the clamp into a swivel base bench vice. The bicycle clamp can also be mounted to a work bench or exposed studs with bolts and wing nuts or C clamps.



YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON FREDDY FOR THE NEW YEAR'S DAY RIDE

Ken Kaemmerle, Bombay Bicycle Club, Madison, Wis.

# LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

(Please print or type)

☐ New ☐ Renewal

Name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State, \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

## Check type of membership desired:

- ☐ Individual: \$18
- ☐ Family: \$24 (two adults and unmarried children to age 21 living at same address)
- ☐ Sustaining: \$40
- ☐ Life membership: \$300 (Installment: \$30 every three months)
- ☐ Family Life: \$450 (Installment: \$45 every three months)
- ☐ Public or school library subscription \$15
- ☐ Bicycle Dealer: \$40 (Details furnished on request)

Members receive 12 issues of *American Wheelmen*, annual *Directory*, membership card, patch, bike and window decals, plus discounts on books, League rallies and classified ads.

- ☐ Please list me as a Hospitality Home
- ☐ Please do not include my name when the League rents its mailing list.

Please find in addition my contribution to help the League's legislative efforts:

☐ \$50 ☐ \$25 ☐ \$\_\_\_\_\_ ☐ \$15 ☐ \$10

Club supplying this application form

Enclose check or money order payable to:  
**LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN**  
P.O. Box 988, Baltimore, MD 21203

# Why I joined CJBC

By Kathy Rena

It was about 7 years ago, and a beautiful summer day, when I decided to go out for a ride on my Cannondale road bike. I had my 25 Bike Trips Through NJ book to map out a roundtrip course from my home in South Brunswick and worked out a fabulous 20 mile ride. Everything was going fine until I got a flat on my way back along the Millstone River Road. Of course as a newbie cyclist I did not have a patch kit, nor a bike pump, nor anything else to fix a flat. And this was a time when cell service was still spotty in that area and I couldn't get a decent signal to phone home. I walked along the side of the road, trying not to look at the roadkill, becoming more and more miserable by the moment.

About 30 minutes into this death march a car pulled up with a young family. They were looking for a temple not far from my home. If I had thought quicker I would have told them I would take them there if they gave me a lift, but the newly formed blisters on my heels must have clouded my thoughts and I told them how to get there instead. And so the hike towards home continued. I held out hope that my aunt and uncle who live in the area would pass by me (unlikely) and recognize me (even more unlikely given the cycling apparel and helmet) and give me a lift. No such luck.

Desperation got the better of me, and I decided I needed to use a land line. I walked up a long sloping driveway hoping the owners would be in. There was a friendly dog hanging out in the driveway, so I had a good feeling. Luckily they were home, unluckily no one picked up the phone at home. The despair deepened as I continued with my slow trek home.

Which gave me lots of time to think and resolve to join a bike club so the next time I go out and get a flat I'll have other people with me. That's when I decided it was time to re-join the CJBC.

And since that very unlucky day I have been luckier than I could have ever imagined. I have met fascinating and fun people and become friends with a group of people who are passionate about cycling, and food, and having a good time. The CJBC has given me miles of conversation, hours of scenic back roads, and the opportunity to give back to the community through CJBC events.

I hope you have enjoyed this anniversary edition of the HUB. It has been a great pleasure to work with the 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary HUB Team to put it together and give back just a little bit more to the CJBC community.

## 40th Anniversary HUB Team

- Ira Feller
- Barbara Goldstein
- Michael Kolber
- Jeff Pollitzer
- Kathy Rana
- Dan Rappaport
- Ken Smith
- Mindy Weinberger

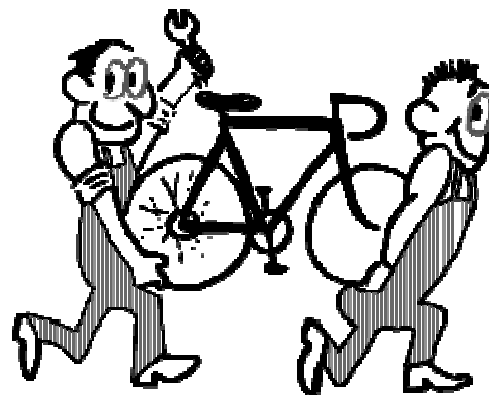
# CJBC SPONSORS

Our sponsors support your club, and offer skilled sales and/or service.

**Most** sponsors also offer a 10% discount to club members on many items.

Discounts are at the sponsoring shop's discretion.

Your CJBC Membership Card is your identification



## Somerset

### Bike N Gear

1695 Amwell Rd. Somerset, NJ 08873

(732) 873-0212

Prop: Gary Schnitzer

MGR: Anthony DiPaolo

**Cannondale Specialized Ellsworth**

**Turner Ventana & Haro**

Sales, Service, Trade-Ins, Rental

e-mail: [BikeNGear@aol.com](mailto:BikeNGear@aol.com)

## Westfield

### Jay's Cycle Center

227 North Ave. East Westfield, NJ 07090

(908) 232-3250 Call for hours

Prop: Jay Tintle

**Trek Schwinn Haro**

**GT Specialized Redline**

Huge selection of clothing, shoes & accessories

**Expert Repairs, Thule Racks and Boxes**

Fax(908)323-6057

web: [www.Jayscyclecenter.com](http://www.Jayscyclecenter.com)

Serving the area for over 48 years

## Monmouth Junction

### Halter's Cycles

4095 Route 1, Monmouth Junction, NJ 08852

(732) 329-9022

Congratulations for 40 years of cycling bliss!

Welcome all members

Check out our wide selection of 2009 Bicycles

For Month of December with this flier

15% of assortment of accessories

(some may not apply)

M-F 11-7, Sat 10-5, Sun Closed, (Gone Biking)

[www.halterscycles.com](http://www.halterscycles.com)

## Millburn

### High Gear Cyclery

20 Main St. Millburn, NJ 07041

(973) 376-0001

Prop: Rone Lewis

**Serotta Seven Cycles**

**Trek Cannondale Felt & others**

**Huge Selection of Clothing & accessories**

e-mail: [highgear@verizon.net](mailto:highgear@verizon.net)

[www.highgearcyclery.com](http://www.highgearcyclery.com)

## Perth Amboy

*Congratulations to CJBC on your 40th anniversary*

*from a long time sponsor*

**Jerry & Stan's Bicycle Shop "Est. 1978"**

**442 Amboy Ave., Perth Amboy, NJ 08861**

**732-442-4370 "Ask for Howie"**

**e-mail: [howie@jerryandstans.com](mailto:howie@jerryandstans.com)**

**web: [www.jerryandstans.com](http://www.jerryandstans.com)**

## Bound Brook

### Efinger Sporting Goods

513 West Union Ave. Bound Brook, NJ 08805

(732) 356-0604

Dept. Manager: Marc Cianfrone

Mechanics: Dustin Farnum & Chris Scappino

**Specialized Scott Cannondale Raleigh & more!**

**Expert Repairs, Wheel building**

**& Body Scanning Fitting services on site**

M-F 9-9, Sat 9-5:30, Sun 10-5

e-mail: [marcc@efingersports.com](mailto:marcc@efingersports.com)

## Stirling

### High Gear Cyclery

393 Main Ave. Stirling, NJ 07980

(908) 647-2010

Prop: Rone Lewis

**Over 300 Road, Mountain & Hybrids displayed**

**Serotta Seven Cycles**

**Trek Cannondale Felt & others**

**Huge Selection of Clothing & accessories**

e-mail: [sales@highgearcyclery.com](mailto:sales@highgearcyclery.com)

[www.highgearcyclery.com](http://www.highgearcyclery.com)

## Belle Mead

### Wheel Life Cycles

2145 Route 206 S. Belle Mead, NJ 08502

(across from the Harlingen Church)

(908) 281-6200

The best selection of clothing, accessories, parts and bicycles by

**Specialized, Gary Fisher, Haro,**

**Argon 18, Lemond & others**

[www.wheel-life.com](http://www.wheel-life.com)

Mon - Fri 10-7 Sat 10-7 Sun 12-4



## CJBC Board Members

President  
**Jeff Pollitzer** (732) 225-2944  
[J9pol@aol.com](mailto:J9pol@aol.com)

Vice President  
**Mindy Weinberger** (732) 742-3428  
[Mindy.Weinberger@vw.com](mailto:Mindy.Weinberger@vw.com)

Treasurer

Recording Secretary  
**Barbara J Goldstein** (973) 376-5646  
[Barbara153@aol.com](mailto:Barbara153@aol.com)

Ride Captain  
**Max Fine** (732) 297-5492  
[MaxFine@att.net](mailto:MaxFine@att.net)

Membership Chairperson  
**Ira Feller** (732)-225-HUBS  
[cjbc@comcast.net](mailto:cjbc@comcast.net)

Awards Chairperson  
**Jon Eiseman** (973) 376-4579  
[jeiseman@computer.org](mailto:jeiseman@computer.org)

Editor, CJBC The HUB  
**Ken Smith** (908) 526-7451  
[k-smith@juno.com](mailto:k-smith@juno.com)

Advocacy/LAB Chairperson  
**Mike Kruimer** (732) 287-9447  
[kliner54@optonline.net](mailto:kliner54@optonline.net)

Program Chairperson

Member-at-Large  
**John Kurzel** (732) 246-3138  
[jkurzel@juno.com](mailto:jkurzel@juno.com)

Member-at-Large  
**Earl Lapides** (732) 537-0022  
[dukeofearl@verizon.net](mailto:dukeofearl@verizon.net)

Public Relation  
**Kathy Rana** (908) 421-6434  
[kathleenrana@hotmail.com](mailto:kathleenrana@hotmail.com)

## Newsletter Staff

Editor, CJBC The HUB  
**Ken Smith** (908) 526-7451  
108 Kyle St.  
Manville, NJ 08835

Coming Events Editor  
**Mike Kruimer** (732) 287-9447  
33 Parkerson Road  
Edison, NJ 08817

Letters to the Editor must be signed to be considered for publication. If possible all copy should be e-mailed.

**Deadline for all articles is the 10<sup>th</sup> of the month prior to the issue date.**

The views expressed in this publication are not necessarily the views of the CJBC Inc, nor do we endorse products or services advertised.

**Please Note:** We try to follow copy right laws.

**[www.cjbc.org](http://www.cjbc.org)**

**If you don't receive your copy of The HUB contact the Membership Chairperson: Ira Feller 732-225-HUBS or [cjbc@comcast.net](mailto:cjbc@comcast.net)**

**Annual Dues:  
\$25/ Single  
\$30/ Family  
\$10 discount for the e-mailed HUB**

**Club Affiliate of:  
The League of  
American Bicyclists**

**Riders Must Wear  
Approved Helmets  
On All Club Rides!**



**HOTWIRE  
GRAPHICS.COM**  
34 Green St., Building C • Woodbridge, NJ  
732.634.2718

---

**CJBC, Inc.**  
PO Box 10686  
New Brunswick, NJ 08906

PRESORTED  
FIRST CLASS MAIL  
US POSTAGE  
PAID  
Woodbridge, NJ  
Permit No. 582