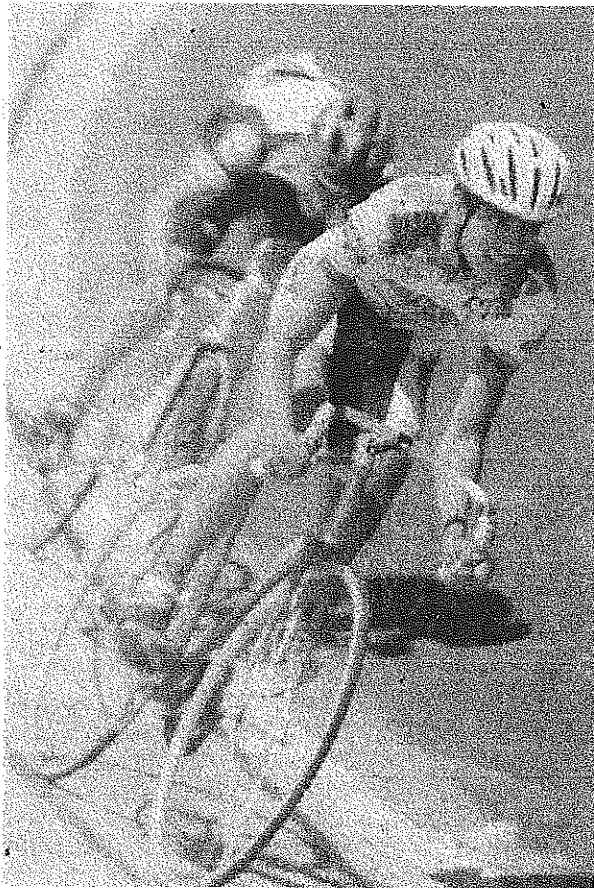


# THE RACING NEWS

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER 1997  
Issue # 6



Francisco Lechuga at San Diego Velodrome for Juniors Championships is a winner. He also wins a Gold and a National jersey in road race. He has a couple already.

Publishing  
Deadline for  
Next Issue  
is OCTOBER 11

**CYLING TIMES** Page 32

**Masters' Nationals**  
welcomed by Hurricane Danny

**Max Kash Agro's Journal**

**San Diego Velodrome** Page 4  
Refurbished and ready for  
racing action. August  
schedule for Masters

**The Hoffy Vortex** Criterium  
specialist wins a Road Race

**Nevada Ride Beckons**  
MS 150 Bike Tour  
September 20 & 21  
Las Vegas to Mesquite  
Mecca for Family  
Entertainment offers  
Cycling Adventure

**Hewlett Packard**  
**Women's Challenge, Idaho**

**BIKE 'N TRADE**  
Bike Swap Meet  
September 14 Irvine  
October 12 Pasadena  
November 30 Anaheim

# CYCLING Times

## Collusion at DASH

**DaffeyQuackers -**

Don't miscon-screw me. Brevity herein is no measure of my own vanity. But brief I shall be.

CRIT IN ANAHEIM, CA Home of Walt Disney Three Labors stand, Neath the shadows of the soot-stained, plaster-ah-paris Matahorn and the decaying image of Jimminey Cricket. This ain't no Tallahassle Nats. But it aint no Mickey Mouse operation neither.

Evander Testicles still crusty from a respectable 6th place in the P,1,2's needs coaxing to enter the Master's Field. I go full Metal Michael Eisner on the former Nat'l Champ. For 2 reasons: 1) I don't like hollow fields 2) Evander is a Friend of Labor. So I go large in my offer. For the appearance fee, I toss him 4 Gu's, large (Plain Vanilla). Plus, a pack of stale Cytomax for the signing boner and the VIG. Once, again, I have gone soft. And Evander has taken advantage. He takes the grease and pops a wheelie over to the registration table. Clean and Goofy, like the dogg. Animated, yes.

Rambo bolts in the early laps. Full Tazmanian Devil. Every other lap is a cash prime. He's hitting it like a slot machine. Softens the pel like a veal. I counter. Joined by Rickey La Vee, R. Jordan, aka the Mutant and Evander. We truck about. Mutant attacks without relent. Looks like Bugs Bunny on over caffinated Carrot Juice. The Vee covers everything. Flacking with the "beep-beeps". Full Metal Road Runner. 4-man break is clear.

Last 1.5 laps, Hawk attacks. Mutant chases. Hawk is caught. Not. Hawk double attacks. Evander and Vee stare at Mutant. This is all the padding I need. I cross the line. Arms raised in a Vee.

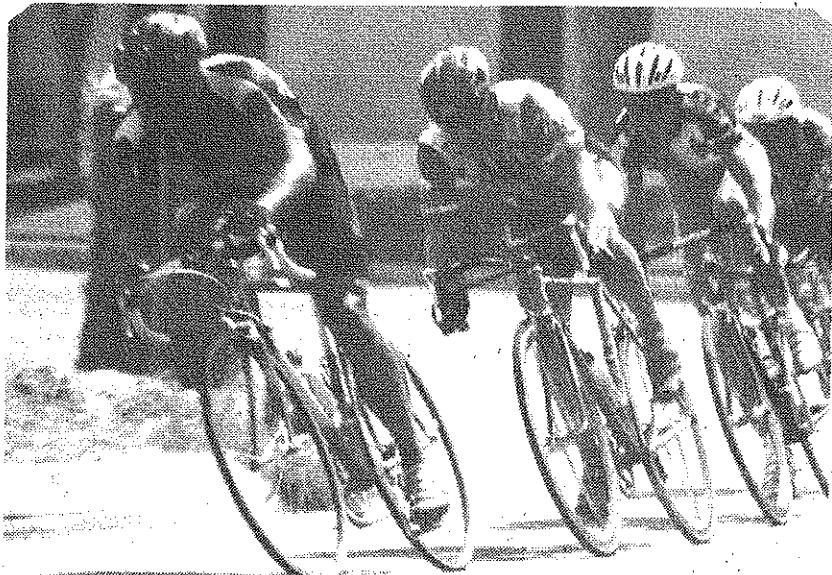
- 1st- Hawk Wiley Coyote (Labor)
- 2nd-Evander (Soylent Green)
- 3rd- Rickey the Vee (Labor)
- 4th- RJ, aka Bugs (Cosmics)
- 5th-Tinker Bell
- 6th-Ferris Buhler (Cosmics)
- 7th-FasTino, aka Yosemite Sam

Dopiest Post Race Analysis Quote goes to Tex-uh-Far-Eye: "Gee, it's a shame Labor didn't try to set up a drag race sprint finish, with Evander in there, to see how that would have finished..."

Huh?

uh-bah-dee, uh-bah-dee ... Thats All Folks, Hawk mixing Looney Toons

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At the Dash for Cash, the top 3 finishers Evan Teske, Simple Green, David Worthington, Labor Power and Ron Jordan. Teske places in Sr. 1, 2 event and helps Worthington to win in Masters 35+.



Ernie Lechuga (Mrs. T's) sets the pace in the opening laps as small breakaway forms to win those cash primes.



Marianne Berglund Bodywise, Suzanne Sonye, LA Wings Laurie Lewis Team 101 lean into corner for finish.

# MASTERS NATIONALS 40+ WINNING THE JERSEY, HOFFY TAKES THE VORTEX TO FL

It is Tuesday night and I'm at 30K.

Feet, that is, above sea level. The guy in front of me has his seat all the way back and my laptop is crammed into my crotch. But I'm comfortable. Why? Cause it's not raining in the airplane. It's not 95 degrees and 95% humidity. No more Hurricane Danny. And no more Paul Curley.

## SINGING THOSE AIRPORT BLUES

But let's go back a week, cause that's when it all starts. Susie and I are supposed to meet the Simple Green 40+ contingent at the gate; 1/2 hour before flight time. No problem. We're on schedule. No Hoffy time here, not for Nats. Looks like we might even be early. Susie arranged for the plane tickets. Worked hard to get us all on just the right flights. Looks like we have enough time to stop for a quick hair cut on the way to John Wayne. After all, it is hot in Talla-hassle, isn't it? Gotta make maximum use of my new custom-superventilated Bell helmet. Flight is at 11:40, says Susie. We arrive at 11:00 AM. Right on time. So why does the skycap have such a concerned look on his face when I hand him my tickets? Did you change your flight? He asks. Of course, I didn't, expecting questions more like, "Did anyone else pack your luggage?" He wrinkles his forehead. Squints his eyes. Your flight just left. No more flights to Talla-hassle 'til tomorrow, we're told. Susie sobs for two hours. Maybe three.

Conveniently, at least, the next day's flight is the one all the 30 and 35 guys are on, since their race is a day after mine.

## THE ACTION

But enough about the Hoffy Vortex. Let's talk about the quest for the Gold. The hardware. The J. We arrive the night before the road race, no time to check out the course. Gonna have to wing it.

THURSDAY. RACE DAY. It's Hot. It's Humid. It's Sticky. I am told that during the 30+ race; it was high 90's; then it started raining; then the temp plummeted 40 degrees, and it hailed, then back to mid 90's. Are we having fun yet? I studied their finish. A field sprint, basically. A dude named Gordan Steele wins it. Chris Hahn, 2nd.

We line up for the 40+ race. Shit, I'm getting old. I look back. Huge field.

150 riders. Assorted Olympians, national

champions, general purpose contenders, pretenders and a sprinkling of hacks and flacks. Paul Curley asks me if we are going

to repeat our battle from a few years ago. I remind him that it was nine years since we shared the podium. I thought to myself that I'm not sharing it with him again. We sit at the start 'til it starts to rain. Major rain.

Finally, they start us. A couple of guys bolt immediately. I go. Figure, if it keeps raining it might be a good move, especially since I don't know the course. We get caught. Attack after attack ensues. I get away again with Tyler Somethingorother. He's strong. Our gap grows to 25 seconds. They catch us at the top of the feed hill. More attacks. Everytime I go, rearview mirror carrying Curlyfries the worm follows. Never pulls. I gotta get rid of this leach. With about 30K to go, Tyler gets away again with another hammer and builds a 40 second gap. One lap to go. The chase is on. The field is strung out forever. Guys are peeling off the back. The lead shrinks to less than 15 seconds. Ed Beamon of Navigators bolts from the field. I slip past Curly on his non-mirror side. Beamon and I along with Jim Gentes (inventor and founder of Giro Helmets) bridge to the break. Five men. One mission. 25 kilometers to go. Lots of 11 and 12 cog action. We're bustin' balls. The field starts to panic as they realize it might stick. Teammates Henry, Danny and Kal are at the front of the pack monitoring everyone's moves. I like my odds. I'm later told that Curly starts inquiring in the field of my whereabouts. 5k to go.

30 second gap. A breakaway is a funny thing. Five enemies working together but never trusting. I'm thinking constantly. How do I suck these guys into the Hoffy Vortex? I start feeling everyone out. Subtle stuff. Checking out who has the legs. I take a hard pull then quickly look back. Looks like Gary has the most zip in his legs. With a bit over 1 k to go, we start the final climb. Ed Beamon from Navigators attacks. I watch to see who responds. I slip into 4th position. Gary is on my wheel. I gotta be patient. Beamon picks up the pace towards the top of the climb. Gary jumps from behind with 250 meters to go. He dives across the road and opens a gap. This is it. I dig deep. I make contact with his draft at 100 meters then come around. He doesn't go down easy. We drag race to the line and

I throw my bike. Got him! None too soon, the field closed to about 7 seconds at the

end. Henry gets 5th in the field sprint for a top ten finish.

The Stars and Bars J feels good. They even gave me my size.

## THE CONSEQUENCES for a Marked Man

### SATURDAY, THE CRITERIUM.

Well, initially this is the race I came for. But now I feel much less pressure. Hurricane Danny is in full force. It's about 75 miles away and threatening. Glad I got my J, cause there might not be a criterium. It's raining so hard there is more water than air. We warm up in the rain, but by start time it stops raining. The fastest lap of the day is the "parade lap" behind the motorcycle. Everyone wants the front. The pace is ballistic from the gun. It's windy with a threat of more rain and there is a hill, so I smell early break. I attack, chase, attack. Everyone is all over me, and Paul Curly is following me everywhere. Danny helps with the chasing. He's looking good. I'm doing too much work. Breaks form every lap, but they all come back ... except the one I missed. 3 guys dangle. Then Aubrey Brown (former Olympian) rockets across. Where was I? I saw him go. Shoulda gone! Two laps later, Danny makes a move from the front. I'm on his wheel. Curlysuck is on my wheel as usual. I slam him onto the curb and slow down. Danny makes it to a little group just behind the leaders. They don't catch, but Danny stays away for 8th. Aubrey smokes them in the sprint for the Vee. Henry and I should have made one last attempt to bridge, but I waited. For what, I don't know. Oh Well. Danny rode awesome. SIMPLE GREEN takes team honors with three top ten finishes.

Interesting Tidbit: In the Road Race and the Criterium, the 35+ were faster than the 30+ ...and the 40+ were faster than the 35+. The 40+ also clocked the single fastest lap in both the RR and Crit.

Gotta say, the So Cal contingent had the best cheering section of anyone.... blew away the locals. Thanks for all the support!

Hoffy