

# *The Racing News*

and

# *Cycling Times*

MAY - JUNE 1997

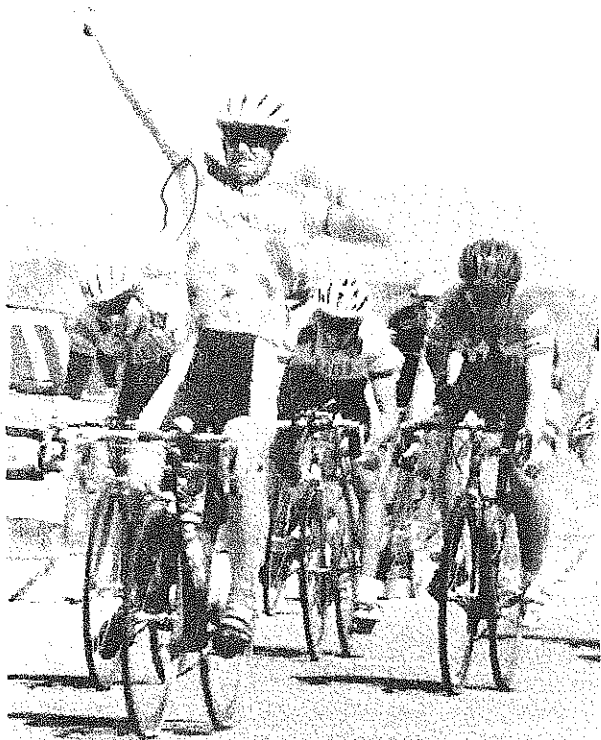
Issue #4

**Cheryl Binney-Potomac Racing  
Wins Championship  
Wins at Death Valley**

**Olin Bakke - L A Wings  
Wins 2 championships  
Wins at Death Valley**

**Cycling Times**

Page 31



Team Nutra Fig's Michael Sayers battled steep mountains, with a 7% grade, several times to win the Gates Pass Road Race during Stage 2 of the 1997 Tucson Bicycle Classic. Page 16

LABOR POWER Team - Featuring Rickey the Vee, The Hawk, Vinnie the Hack and Max Kash Agro (Page 19)

**BIKE 'N TRADE**  
**Bike swap meet**  
**JUNE 15**

Publishing  
Deadline for  
next issue is  
**JUNE 28**



## SOYLENT GREEN KILLERS

### SnapDragons:

Your cub reporter is in pain. I do not like to praise others. It is not in my nature. Emails are a mini investment. What do I get out of applauding others? I have no self-glory to report. This will not prevent me from making a few things up, so take what you need and leave the rest.

LONG BEACH, CRIT, Flat, fast, no wind, grey skies, your usual bundle of curbjuks, sprinters, skinjobs and Post toasties. This is going to be fast. Lines have been drawn. M M Hackenflail announced last-week he was going to sit and sprint. HOFFIE just won the 40 plus crit, so you know his fuel tank has just enough juice for one major blasb. Plus it's Easter Sunday, and this jew would love nothing more than to slaughter a few Christian sheep. There's Evander Testicles, trying his best to act like a 10 year old, popping wheelies and sniffing for \_\_\_\_\_. Shitpot of hairdog beefcake sprintjobs: whitecaps, Kline, Strick-9 (not!), Ferris Buhler, Baby Squeal Kruegger, and your beloved VINNY THE HACK.

Hawk, Agro, Virus and the Hack confab before the throwdown. Basically, we decide the chances of a break away are marginal, but have to give it a try. Gameplan is for Virus and Hawk to light it up. Last few laps, I'm to go to the front, string it so Vinny can wing it. This gameplan works for about 5 minutes, as I get nervous and unleash a one lap glory pull, chased down by PSYCHO, who I flicked with a Bird as he made connection. Hawk keeps the speed up, chasing, pulling, flying. Complete self-denial. Absolutely will not stop, despite the fact that NOBODY WORKS IN A BREAK ANY-MORE. We have become a world of bang up hack-sprinters. Theoretically, this is good, because of our Vinny. BUT Vinny has been skinny lately, on account he's been low on propane and has had to purchase his burnt cowfat at the local Fatburger's.

Nothing terribly eventful. I can sense Hoffie feels pressure. Sprints for an Easter Basket prime. His kids are on the sidelines hopping up and down like a bunch of rabbits. Plus he's got his girl, who's got her two kids, so I'm thinking this could get nasty, if his and hers don't fit together like peas and carrots. Ann and the Bucky are over there. I'm not feeling any pressure, except I can see goose bumps the size of marbles on her arms and I'd like to make her think by winning the misery was worth it. ... unconfirmed reports that with 30 minutes to go Vinny is flakking and jakking all comers for

the coveted 37th spot on the train.  
Pure ... something.

Couple to go, Hawk takes a long pull, too early and too long. I'm sitting pretty ready to uncork the foulness that's been festering ever since Strick 9 stripped me of all pride at Visee. With 1 1/4 to go, I'm doing the AHH YEEAAAAHH dance when Grant Mann of Shaklee, who lives nowhere and races everywhere, suddenly bolts. I figures before the race we chatted it up good so maybe he's giving his old buddy a major lead out. He's ramping it up and gaps me slightly so I pour it on. We go through the S/F line and the bell rings and he swings over leaving me in the wind. TIM IDIOT THOUGHT HE WAS SPRINTING FOR THE VEE! Your basic Early SPee R. Now I'm toasted and have that sick feeling that I'm about to fall out of an airplane.

On the backstretch, there is hope. I'm behind Ronnie Jordan the Trafalgamorian, who unwisely slows it down just before turn 3. Typically, Agro would launch from here. But today Agro is slow, fat and stupid. Gets swallowed up and backed to bits by the fuktruk. Swarms of shitfitters slicing and dicing. I'm humming Jimi Hendrix "Is this Love, Baby? Or is it, just a, confusion?" as I turdball through the final curve in about 30th. Wind up in 8th, as Soylent Green again dominates, feasting and munching on the brittle bones of Labor.

Evander Testicles First. M M Hackenflail Second. AJ Kit HOFFY third. Kruegger second. Christ. Now I got to listen to SETHICS fart the place up about what a great bike scum MANAGER he is, with the boxes of fresh product in the trunk of his car -- "If you suck up, I can trow you a pair of socks..."

POST MORTEM: Vinny is sleeping. This monster will awake, and idiots will die ... I hear there were major disagreements midway in the race, two heros threatening to "see you after the race"... Sounded like a symphony to my ears, but who were the players? If anyone knows, please relate... Strick 9 mumbled and moped about wanting to quit the sport, nobody talked him out of it. I suggested barbituates, alcohol, a glad bag and a pair of NIKES ... Rode back to Costal Misery with MM HACKENFLIAL et al, amazingly quiet and self restrained. Though I tried, I could pry no smack for the E's. They're getting smart out there.... Low Marks to RADAR for not forecasting rain and gloom the morning of the race ... Fabio not present. Finally, apologies to the City

Of Long Beach for the loaded up diaper in the parking lot. Ann realized about halfway to CAPO BEACH that she forgot to collect the dirty dee beneath the big rig...

### NEXT WEEK LABOR KILLS.

#### ..... SNACKCRACKERS:

The much awaited Visee Report follows. Saturday Road Race -- six laps, 59 miles, hot, orange groves, big field, tons of idiots, sickening climbs, mutants everywhere. Lots of leg sniffing. Bronchitis minimal. Very serious. Nervous. Labor looks good. First climb, Ricky Squeaker sheds pretty boy image and attacks the climb. Labor falls in behind -- the Vee, Hawk and Agro. We fuktruk to the summit. Squeaker looks good. Hawk has zip. Vee's got pep. I'm entering your basic pre-flail zone. We got a little gap but get caught on the backside.

Kidhoffy blows by, chased by ENCINO MAN, Wetcaif and assorted dreamers, Kidhoffy et al get grabbed. Kidhoffy attacks again. Repeat this about 4 times until AJ Kithoffy succeeds in dropping Mohmar Khidoffy. Beautiful moves, very strong, very fatal. Last seen gasping in the feedzone, his face matching the color of soylent green jersie. Pls be advised that Hoffy can take the heat, for reasons to follow.

Basically, there's no resting, no comfort, no daydreaming. I'm hot. I'm dry. Keep waiting for a tailwind. I see Hank, who weighs in about 190, sitting comfortably on his saddle spinning. Probably dreaming about flipping rib eyes over propane. I'm grasping and groping. Adding insult to injury, I get passed by this huge rotten orange looking beast, turns out to be Diesel aka Nollie, ripping and snorting like a bleeding bull. He's swearing at his dad baking in the feedzone for handing him up coke on the third lap, not the fourth, keeps repeating this. Looks at like I'm supposed to agree. I've seen this behavior before, Mekong Delta, 1967, with Army CI-Ops. Your basic jungle fever. Completely Insane.

Anyway, the Hawk is up the road with assorted freaks and shy types like Jordfuk, who lives with his mom and drove up to race solo. We passed him going about 85 per. He was pushing a small gear, barely tipping 50. Very skinny hairless head. You want to get friendly, but not too friendly. So its Hawk, Squeaker, and who knows what kind of extraterrestrial infiltrators up the road.

That's about it. On the top of the 5th climb, I blew. I did not "pop". Complete and total

body lock. I could see the summit. It was there. Fuk it. I dismount. Here comes Ricky the Vee. Bloodshot eyes. Very pasty. Your basic cluster bomb survivor in a state of utter shell shock. A few seconds later, he comes Nollie, bloated, glistening. I am forced to look away.

I complete the circuit. Rotten to the core. Maggots cleaning the carcass. Strick 9 offers me a shaved ice. I am grateful. The Peanut gallery is loaded with idiots. But there are enthusiasts. "Dave looks great!" seems to be the consensus. Squeaker popped. Basically, if Hawk can hang onto Jordfuck, he might could lick him in the sprint. Hoff is motivated. Even M M Hackenfuck manages a compliment: "Fuck-en Dave...."

Says it all. So we perch at the finish line.

Jordie solos in. Boring. Crosses the line and is immediately beamed up to the planet Trifalgamore. Another guy crosses -- i think from Ritchey -- looks like a cross dresser. Probably from KnobbJob Hill. The hawk starts his sprint, passing up Encino Man, aka Sausage Wrap (weighing in at about 210). Face contorted. I'm seeing teeth. I'm seeing skin wrapped tightly on a skull. Basically. This dipshit with hot pink shorts is in third, Dave is coming up fast and knips him by a nipple at the line.

Immediately, the rumors begin. "last week at food park Dave got dropped by bic, squares, pscho, turtle, and buddy holly. This week he busts the podium at Visee. EPO. Drugs." A few minutes later and the consensus is confirmed. "Dave's on drugs."

NOTES from THE QUITTER'S CIRCLES:  
Hank got seventh. Very gritty effort. Ricky THE VEE hung on for 15th. He was hurting. Nollie cracks the top 20. Awesome. Simply Fred starts with about 12, none finish. Butch Stinton, a shell of his former self, sprints for 24th, they pay to 25. Oh yes. I take a quick massage and am advised that I will need approximately 3 months of "hard, deep massaging." Question: "Have you ever stretched?"

SUNDAY -- the CRIT. Huge. Perfect weather. Prediction: high speeds. Lots of greed. Great field, all the guns, lots of horsepower. Several scary creatures with cannonball bellies. From the gun it's great guns! We try several breakaways, but nothing sticks. We've got Vinny the Hack waiting. Postal is aggressive in chasgin -- with Glen Twinkle, Wetcalf, Nollie, NumbNitz and kindred nobodies always CHASING, but

never working in the break. Couple times hoffie and I get something going, with squeaker, but squeaker refuses to pound. Looks like orders are to shut down, shuffle and rumble. With about 5 or 6 to go I counter a move and launch. Regrettably, my partner is a no name dipshit who pulls dick better than he pulls through. But I'm committed. We've got a good gap with three to go, here comes squeaker. I know my boys are wreaking havoc on the front (Ricky the Vee had injected six triple mochas before the race, a new record). I see Squeaker coming and am convinced he will get down and gritty but he sits on and we get caught. I am loaded up bad. Postal starts the fuktruck a tad too early. Simply fit is brawling for position. It's ugly. The last lap and 1/2 are a blur, but I'm told Postal blew hard and Hoffie took over at the end, came around the last turn number two and wailed on all corners for a clean and strong Vee. Kevin "baby squeal" kreuger second. Evander Testicles third. Whitecaps fourth. Vinny the Hack sixth. No posts. Fabio IOth, Hackenflail 11th, Strick 9 12th and agro 13th. Fabio reminded me after the race about my vow to quit the sport if he ever beat me. Fortunately, I am decidedly not a man of my word. I will be back, Hawk 17th.

Great race. Kudos to Hoffie. Very hungry. Very cagey. Very gritty. Full credit goes to Labor for stringing it out and forcing Postal to chase.

EGO PADDING: Ralph Elliot announced after the race that the fastest lap of the day was recorded by me for Labor Power at 34. mph avg. At this stage, I am taking the glory where offered. If anyone reading this has any kind words to say about me, please feel free.

Another thing: Soyilent Green was positioned nicely for the final lap but on the last turn Pterodactyl decided to cut some grass, Tino Bino ate some curb and Hank decided he needed a new bike and slammed into a fat lady stuffing her face with a chili cheese. Your basic metal on cheese collision.

Roll Labor  
Max Kash Agro

.....  
HACKJACKERS:

Birmy. Reknown for steel, race riots and revivals. That's old news. Let's talk about something important. Let's talk about Labor.

Ciclismo: THE BIG DADDY. All your usual glory hogs. Break out your scrapbooks, because we're talking legends. Old dogs who refuse to die. In pursuit of the Big

Grease. Cash prizes. Kudos aplenty. Lobby sized idolotries. And so forth. Our goal: get the money. By the right means, only if necessary. The line up: Pretty Boy Meeker, AJ Kit Hoffy, Evander Testicles (looking like a teenage mutant turtle is his Labor skin), Postal Poodles Diesel and Twinkle, and an aging warrior goes by Wayne Stetna, Polish warmonger and bearer of 200 ton chip on shoulder Radisha Eura-Prick (aka Rash Dick), couple other pros like Jeff No Butter Rutter, a fruitbat from NY with rumors of Olympic glory for some banana republic, and Strick 9, viscious trash talker, sabateur and Don King wannabe. Also, fresh from the backalleys of Mickey Dees, which cheese dripping from his chin, your favorite s-bag, Paul Curly Fries, with the rearview mirror-cum-attenuae on his helmet, in case of alien activity over Roswell, New Mexico. Oh, and the weasel, Miracle Max Mother Miley, from Dallas. Warnings administered: max known for making break come high or hell water, sitting, feign deathing, and miraculously resurrecting when the final bell sounds and kash prizes offered. 47 laps. six turns. quick and dirty. blue-grey skies. 100 man field, plus 4 simply fred nims. Labor sends a wake up by sending Agro out early. For no particular reason. Message: If I flail in the sprint, I got a built in excuse. Dream: Maybe a fuktruk will bridge. Reality: let the idiot dangle a bit, advance, snare, masticate and defecate. Pay Off:- solo glory shots by anonymous photographer perched at turn number one, Fat guy opening and shutting umbrella on grassy knoll and flash of light from sixth floor of bible depository. Popping sound followed by spray of lactic acid, as my head blew clean off. Bonus: did rack up a nice fat massage prime. Utility: very high. market Value: none.

Anyway, Labor initiates the break up as AJ Kit hoffie and Ricky The Vee cut and bolt with about 25 to go. Very clean. Shock waves. Panic. The chase begins. Oh yes. Evander Testicles mutates into one of those running lizards that blow up real wide. About a 5 foot span, elbow to elbow, knee to knee. Stetina chases. Winds it up very fast. Nice cornering. How does he do that? Evander and I move to front. But Nollie and Twinkle must bridge. They send out recon scouts. Nothing. But finally it pays off. Nollie bridges across. I slide in the corners and learn later source of lubricant was mucous and foamy type matter gushing from orifi in Nollie's bull mastiff sized head. Somehow Twinkle does the dance and gets up. Rutter, from the gutter. Miracle Max,

That's about it. 9 man break. Each

capable of winning a Tuesday night world championship in Dallas. We're talking epic power. But there is a weakness. Goes by the name of Fabio. Fresh from Belize, with the pony tail, the car rings, the lipstick and the simply fred jersey. He decides denying Labor is more important than self-advancement. Causes rift in group. Gap opens, Rutter and two other East Coast greyhounds bolt. Bottom Line: socialism will never work in this country. Rutter ends up lapping the field solo. Nasty.

So let's talk about the FIELD. There is still gold to be won, even for the hackjobs. We're talking cash primes of the 3 figure variety. Radish Ura-Prick, fresh from being axed by Plymouth, is slicing and dicing. On the big daddy, after Evander has already snatched 2 FU primes from Rashdick, I lead out Evan towards the top. I've got more speed that Radish and try to cut him on the inside, he sees me coming and blatantly slams his left elbow into my right thorax. Count me out, charlie. We fly through 5 and 6. Evan whips around me out of six. remember: 200 smokers on the line. Reddick is dying. Evan winds it up. Radish sees him to his right and, with malice in his heart, not a brain in his head and pustules on his pecker, careens over to send a right forearm flipper into EVAN, who promptly flicks the tick off his dick and takes the CASH. You have to undersand. Euro-Prick has placed top 5 in countless nasty pro crits. he gets shittcanned from Plymouth. He decides to punish ze stupid americans and goes to birmy with vengeance in his heart and GETS SPANKED by a bunch of wankjobs who give not a shit about his resume or police record.

Field Sprint -- basically, I wind it up from down low, as Grant mann and Tom Freight Train Bain hesitate, light it up, dive out of turns 5 and 6 in the lead and hold off the pack of poodles at the line. Eurapruck: 14th! I get 10th. Hawk: 17th. Up ahead, Hoffenofstra gets suckered punch by Miracle Max, get's 6th. Twinkle apparently caught a draft behind Hale Bopp and cruised to 4th. Fabio, who cares. Simpson 9th, Labor took 3 of top 10. That's the stat to remember, folks. Rutter laps field. Nollie crashes, rises from the ashes, gets back in break, and scores 7th, I think. Has presence of mind

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**Cielismo '97**  
A Masters Event of the  
Birmingham Festival of Arts  
**America's Richest  
Masters Race**  
Birmingham, Alabama

- April 12, 1997 MASTERS 35+
- 1 Jeff Rutter Philadelphia PA
  - 2 Joe Deaton Landover MD
  - 3 Aubrey Gordon New York
  - 4 Glen Winkle UPSP
  - 5 Max Miley Dallas TX
  - 6 Mark Hoffenberg Labor POWER
  - 7 Sam Bennett Simply Fit
  - 8 Larry Nolan USPS
  - 9 Richard Simpson Labor Power
  - 10 Roger Worthington Labor Power
  - 11 Paul Curley World Team MA
  - 12 Radesa Cubric Tm Charlotte
  - 13 Barney Baxter Raliegh NC
  - 14 Richard Meeker Simply Fit
  - 15 Gaston Vega Atlanta GA
  - 16 John Weber Tampa FL
  - 17 David Worthington Labor Power
  - 18 Tom Bain San Antonio TX
  - 19 Terry Duran Birmingham AL
  - 20 Mitch Meyer Simply Fit
  - 23 Tom Gates Circle Cycle
  - 24 Barry Vial Santa Cruz
  - 29 Steve Johnson USPS
  - 30 Wayne Stetina USPS
  - 31 Butch Stinton Circle Cycle
  - 36 Jim Zimmer West Coast Wheelman
  - 37 Steve Strickler Simply Fit

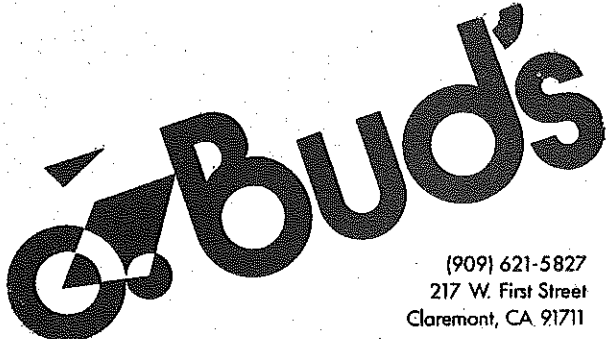
- April 12, 1997 MASTERS 45+
- 1 David LeDuc Tm Charlotte
  - 2 Steve Johnson US Postal Service
  - 3 Butch Stinton Pacific Sunset
  - 4 Kenny Fuller Canyon Velo
  - 5 Tom Bain San Antonio TX
  - 6 Joe Saling Somerset Wheelman
  - 7 Patrick Gellineau Somerset Whlmm

HOMWOOD CRITERIUM  
Birmingham, Alabama

- MASTERS 35+ April 13, 1997
- 1 Roger Worthington Labor Power
  - 2 Radisa Cubric Tm Charlotte
  - 3 Mark Hoffenburg Labor Power
  - 4 Evan Teske Labor Power
  - 5 Mitch Meyer Simply Fit
  - 6 Glen Winkle US Postal Service
  - 7 Aubrey Gordon New York
  - 8 David Worthington Labor Power
  - 9 Paul Curley World Team MA
  - 10 Joe Deaton Baltimore
  - 11 Billy Pearlman Roanoke VA
  - 12 Barry Vial Santa Cruz
  - 13 Bob Jackson Orlando FL
  - 14 Sam Bennett Simply Fit
  - 15 Larry Nolan US Postal Service

- MASTERS 45+
- 1 Dave LeDuc Tm Charlotte
  - 2 Grant Mann Shaklee
  - 3 Steve Tyndal Tampa
  - 4 Chip Berezny PA
  - 5 Patrick Gellineau Somerset Whlmm
  - 6 Butch Stinton Circle Cycle
  - 7 John Howard KHS Encinitas
  - 8 John Weber Tampa
  - 9 Steve Johnson US Postal Service
  - 10 Bill Shook Tampa

CLASS	Prizes	Primes	Places	DISTANCE (MI)	FEES
4/5	\$1000	200	15	15	\$15
Women	\$500	100	10	15	\$15
Masters 45+	\$2500	500	30	26	\$25
3	\$2000	500	20	25	\$20
Masters 35+	\$7000	1000	40	32	\$25



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