



## Race Report #16

**International Cycling Classic (Superweek): Milwaukee, Wisconsin**

**Tour de L'Abitibi: Val d'Or, Canada**

### **Laura's Report:**

Team Swift recently completed a very successful 5 week trip of racing throughout the United States and Canada. Race Report #15 (see the website for past reports at [www.teamswift.org](http://www.teamswift.org)) contains the results and stories from the first trip which included The Longsjo Classic in Fitchburg, MA and the Junior National Championships in College Station, TX. The second half of the summer trip included stages of the International Cycling Classic (Superweek) and the Tour de L'Abitibi in Quebec, Canada. Our major goals for this year were to do well at this series of events and by doing so place riders on the US National Team and the Junior Worlds RR Championship Team. Team Swift is proud to have gotten many great results, helped 11 junior races compete at National Level events, and qualified one rider for the World Championships for both the Individual Time Trial and the Road Race!

This second phase of summer racing began in Wisconsin. We picked up two new riders to join Cozza, Schimmer, Harter and Miller. Aaron Dickman of Echelon Cycling was a previous Team Swift rider until moving to Santa Barbara, CA a couple years ago. He is a year younger (racing age 17) and will now have the advantage of seeing all these courses before his final year as a junior in 2004. The other rider joining Team Swift was Logan Onken from Missoula, MT. Logan and another Montana native, Owen Gue, were to join Team Swift for the racing in Wisconsin and Canada. They are both members of the Hammer Nutrition Team which is also one of our sponsors. Unfortunately at the last minute Owen came down with a bad virus and was therefore unable to attend any of the racing. In his place, the recent four medal winner from the 2003 Track National Championships, Tucker Brown from New Jersey, became the replacement rider for Owen and joined the Team in Canada. Also accompanying the team to Wisconsin was our assistant coach Gavin Chilcott and for Abitibi we had our native to Canada coach Andrew Botterell.

In Milwaukee our host family, Janice and Vince Gorichan, once again took in the whole group of Team Swift. The Gorichan's have hosted riders attending Superweek since the early 1990's and are very generous with their space and very understanding about their home becoming a war zone of teenagers for one week. This is the house of "The Cave." The cave is a basement room with no windows. The room

stays nice and cool and dark in the humid summers for great sleeping and napping. This can be disorienting though to never know if it is 6am or 6pm! I have my own room upstairs that I've been staying in for at least 10 years each July from my past racing days and now with Team Swift. The house is right off of Lakeshore Drive (From Lake Michigan) and near downtown Milwaukee. So we have lots of stores, restaurants, the beach, and lakeshore riding near at hand. The houses in this area are the great big 3-4 story brick homes with basements and big porches. Janice shares her grocery shopping cards and helps us discount shop to save money cooking. Being able to cook at least one meal a day saves so much money and time. I'm not a big fan of 3 times a day sitting in restaurants. I also like being able to do laundry regularly which is such a luxury at the Gorichan's. Vince fired up the BBQ for our party mid-week. Burgers and corn! We had a great time just hanging out and catching up on the past year. I would like to thank them for all their generosity and hospitality.

### **Superweek Results:**

1st	Manitowoc Criterium	Nathan Miller
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Alpine Valley RR	Steve Cozza (world qualifier)
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Point Beer MGA Proving Grounds RR	Nathan Miller (world qualifier)
4 <sup>th</sup>	Manitowoc Criterium	Duke Schimmer
4 <sup>th</sup>	Whitnall Park RR	Duke Schimmer

We packed up all 8 people, 10 regular suitcases along with 8 gigantic bike bags to continue on our journey to Canada. Air Canada was not equipped to have this entire mass of luggage flying in on a little putt-putt plane to Val d'Or. What a mess and many delays to get all the riders and bags present and accounted for. Tucker drove up from New Jersey to meet us and so did our Canadian Asst. Coach Andrew Botterell. Each team (riders and coaches) has to stay in a single classroom of the local high school. We are given a pad to sleep on and a single sheet for warmth. This is tougher on coaches probably than the young riders! In this 35<sup>th</sup> edition of Tour de L'Abitibi the race hosted 29 teams including the best teams from America, Canada, France, Belgium, Japan, Netherlands, South Africa, Mexico, and Germany. It was held July 21st through the 27th with a grueling 9 stages in a 7 day stage race. This is a great race and I am proud that Team Swift has been able to bring the team here for two years now.

Team Swift member, Steven Cozza, was racing for the US National Junior team at Abitibi. Steven won the 12.9 km individual time trial and finished 3rd overall out of 180 cyclists. Steven's 3rd place overall finish, qualified him to compete as a junior national team member at the 2003 Road World Championships taking place in Hamilton, Canada, October 6-12. Steven will be 1 of 6 America junior cyclists selected representing the USA in the road race and 1 of 2 cyclists representing the USA in the individual time trial.

For further information about the Tour De L'Abitibi or the Road World Championships go to:

[www.Tourabiti.qc.ca](http://www.Tourabiti.qc.ca)

[www.Hamilton2003.com](http://www.Hamilton2003.com)

Steven is currently ranked 9th in the world for juniors having only competed in 3 of the 8 races completed to date.

[http://www.uci.ch/english/road/rankings/rank\\_2003/indexJm.htm](http://www.uci.ch/english/road/rankings/rank_2003/indexJm.htm)

\*Lastly, I would like to congratulate all the juniors for completing such a successful trip. And I would like to wish Steven a ton of luck for the World Championships). The whole Team and I would like to thank each and every person who had a hand in helping make this program possible. We couldn't do it without you. Our local bike shop (Norcal Bike Sport of Santa Rosa), the Hamilton's and all our Board of Directors,

our donors, all of our very generous cycling sponsors (see the website-they are great), the assistant coaches, the rider's parents, my friends who help with my house and pets so I can travel, event promoters, host housing, travel planners, local bicycle clubs, and USA Cycling.....the list goes on and I thank you all.

## Rider Reports

### Steven Cozza:

So here it goes. After a hard solid week of racing in Wisconsin at Superweek I was off and ready for some even better results at the International Super Cup race known as the tour of l'Abitibi. We left the lake front city of Milwaukee and arrived by plane in town in Canada known as Val d'Or. I am sure you have never heard of it and I don't blame you if you haven't because this town seems pretty much not existent until the tour rolls in. The competition was fierce consisting of 9 different National teams and over a 180 racers. Wow was I excited to hear about that. The more competition the better :) I had been preparing all year for this race. Not to just race it but to crush the competition and win. I knew in order to do that I would need to not only win the Individual Time trial (which I did) but also win or do very well in the Team Time Trial. The Team Time Trial was the first stage and was only 17km long so I knew it would be a quickie. The US National team, the team I competed with during this tour, started out solid and looked strong until about 5km into the TTT. I then noticed three riders taking weaker pulls and I began to already see the disaster that was about to happen. I took a good solid pull and by the time I got to the back of the pace line there was only three of us including myself. "Great", I said and then yelled "well, we got to give it our best with what we got." So the remaining three of us drove super hard until we crossed the finish. We had lost a lot of time but we definitely limited our losses to only 30 seconds over first place and we were the 10th place team that day. After this disastrous stage I knew my only chance of winning this race was if I had a superhuman time trial. The Individual Time Trial stage arrived on stage five and I was all hyped up to kick some butt. The time trial consisted of climbing out of a dark mine shaft which they bring us down to and then racing another 12.5 k along a rolling course. From the gun I felt strong and just kept on hammering till I crossed the finish line with the best time of 18 minutes and 19 seconds. I was so happy because not only did I win the Time trial stage but I also moved up to 3rd overall. I was ecstatic after losing 30 seconds in the team time trial that I could still manage to move up into 3rd GC. Throughout the last few stages it was super hard to gain time considering they were all such flat stages. One of the ways to gain time was to win the time bonus sprints out on the course which could gain you up to 3 seconds. I won the first one and the rest of the three stages I never managed to get one again. The two racers behind me on the GC were getting the time bonuses so I got bumped back to 5th place overall. The last day's stage came and it was 75 or so kilometer circuit race. I knew that in order for me to win the whole race I would either need to solo break away or get in a break with none of the riders that were in front of me on the GC. I was much too tired to solo break away so I knew I needed to go up the road with other riders. That I did and we stayed away the whole last half of the race and I ended up moving back into 3rd place overall. I was very happy with how I rode and could not have asked for more of myself. Yes, I would have loved to win and have had a stronger team for the team time trial but we all rode our best and did all that we could have done. I would call the week a success and that's that. The good and great news is that since I placed top 3 in a super cup race I automatically qualify for the Worlds RR Championships in October. I am pretty sure I get to go for the Road and the Time Trial. My Goal and Dream is to win the Time Trial at Worlds and to place high in the road race. Wish me lots of luck and until next time peace in the middle east.. Steven Cozza

**Nathan Miller:**

Well, I have been back for over a week and just finally remembered that I'm a bike rider! (What an accomplishment, eh?!) It was a very strange realization... Earlier today I was pulling weeds in the front yard while listening to Iron Maiden's, Brave New World, on my alarm clock/cd player connected to a ~20' extension cord. Time doesn't exactly seem to fly by when you're struggling to pull unattractive spiky green plants from a garden that isn't yours and you don't particularly like the looks of anyway. I thought, "Wow, the last week seems like it went by about this quickly as well. What was I doing? Let's see, I woke up and practiced playing Breathe, by Pink Floyd, on my guitar for a little while, then I went to Home Depot at 9am, came home and cut the wood to make my mom's shelf, watched all but ten minutes of SLC Punk until my mom came home and I had to turn it off, I cleaned my room, vacuumed the carpets, and then went out to pull the weeds where I am now." Then, the revelation came. I had been on my bike for only a little more than three hours in the last eight days. I also wasn't in school. "So why wasn't I working at a job where I was actually being paid instead of cleaning my parent's house and pulling weeds?"

"Maybe because you can't work when you're out of the country."

"Wait, I was out of the country?"

"Yeah, scatterbrain, you were racing your bike in Canada. Remember how you had to pull those carbon fiber and aluminum things with wheels out of those big shipping boxes last week, and then came the voice from the not so distant past. It was Laura called saying that she was waiting for your race report?"

"Oh, right. I remember it all now. Thanks."

"No problem... Now stop talking to yourself."

"Okay."

Holy sidewalk Batman! I'm defending my District Championship title in four days and I'm still so tired that I can't remember what planet I'm on. And many sponsors, coaches, parents, (and possibly millions of other people (if this ends up on USACycling's website) who probably all think I'm crazy now, are waiting for my race report. So, after a long wait, and a lengthy introduction which will probably end up being longer than the actual report, here is what was going on with Team Swift during the last two weeks:

After moving up to Cat 2 and racing with the pros, results haven't come easily this year. I had a fifth, a ninth, and an eleventh in pro races (I was 11th on the Best All Around Pro 1,2 rider points for NCNCA until we left), and quite a few seconds and thirds in junior races, but still no wins. I was determined to get one at Superweek. I did the first junior race just hoping to make some money, since it had a \$600 purse, even though it wasn't a world's qualifier. I knew that there wouldn't be that many people there, so it was almost 99% certain that I would place in the top five and make at least \$50. Of course, the idea of winning the race was still floating in the back of my mind.

Duke decided to do the crit as well, so that almost guaranteed a win or at least second. (Two Team Swift riders in a junior race like this, means everyone else was racing for second) We got to the line and there were a little fewer than twenty riders with six or seven being from ISCorp. My first thought was that we would be chasing attacks constantly from that team. This ended up being true for the first part of the race, but once I started to really get warmed up and they started to tire out, it was not a problem. I had just come off of the plane, but my legs felt great. I knew that if there was a break I would be in it. But then, I was kicking myself. One rider who was unknown to everyone attacked and was gone. Duke and I looked at ISCorp saying it was their job to chase, but they just sat there and looked at us. The gap grew to almost a half a lap on a perfect square one kilometer course. We started chasing with about 13 laps to go. Two ISCorp riders and Duke and I where the only ones who would work. The gap didn't fall very

quickly at first, but we did drop a lot of riders from the field. About five laps later, one ISCorp rider and I both dropped the rest of the field. I don't know how it happened, we just looked back and the field had sat up, letting us ride away. I figured that the one rider and I had a better chance than being with the field since we weren't getting any help there. I wish Duke would have been with us though, because the other rider blew up after about 3 or 4 more laps, leaving me to do almost all of the chasing. At one point, I had to sit up for a few seconds so that he could get back onto my wheel. That was when I realized that I was pulling REALLY hard! The gap drastically fell starting with 5 to go. It was obvious that I had better form than any other time in my life. We caught the lone rider with 1 1/2 laps to go and just sat on his wheel until the finish. We could play cat and mouse for almost as long as we wanted, because we were only a half a straightaway off of lapping the field at that point. With a half a lap to go, the ISCorp rider told me to jump onto his wheel and he gave me a lead out. It was his return for me sitting up to wait for him during the chase. He brought me around the final corner and I took off. I was sprinting against a rider who was having trouble staying on my wheel while I was doing tempo and another who was off the front solo for the last 15 laps. I was pretty sure I wouldn't see any other riders again after I came around my lead out man. Sure enough, I was easily able to take the sprint and my first win this season. The race was only 47 minutes long, but I was fried from the fastest 30 minute interval I had ever done in my life. I was still trying to catch my breath when I got to kiss the podium girl, Mrs. Manitowoc (that's the name of the town). Luckily though, I was able to find the breath to talk to her for about an hour afterwards though. I was absolutely in heaven. I just made \$100, found out that I was in unbelievable shape, won the race, and was now talking to a beautiful girl from the Mrs. America pageant who was really cool! After a while I had to say goodbye though and begin to shift my focus back to racing the next day.

The next day was the first world's qualifier. It was the hilliest race at Superweek, but still not big enough to really suit me. The plan was to try to get points for Steve anyway though, so I didn't really expect to be placing high in the race. After one of seven laps on the road course, I decided to do a small attack just to get the race rolling, since we had crawled up to that point. I attacked on a sharp right hand corner going into the downhill right before the biggest climb. I was instantly covered by Matt Crane from Hot Tubes. We didn't work together really at all. He kind of wanted to stay away, but didn't want to do more work than me and I didn't want to drag any Hot Tubes riders up the road. Just after the hill, the Canadian rider (Brandon Chriton that I spent all day chasing down yesterday) bridged up to us. We rotated easily and in a very organized manner. Brandon was the only rider that really actually wanted to work. Even still, we had about a minute gap after one lap off of the front. We all started to work a little better after that time split and began to pick up a minute on the field each lap we did. For some reason I was suffering though. I was struggling not to get dropped on each hill and for some reason couldn't hang on during the straight descents which we didn't even peddle. I didn't know how big the problem was until a few laps later with about 2 1/2 laps to go. On a bumpy descent, my rear wheel would almost seize up and then start to roll again. It did this several times, but there was no service car behind us (only a ref) so stopping would mean getting dropped from the break that I started that had almost 4 minutes at that point. I decided that I would stop and take the wheel off and re-tighten it at the top of the large roller coming up. Hopefully, it was just a problem with the skewer coming loose... We reached the 400 meter climb at the bottom of the descent and I stood up to try to power my bike which didn't want to move at that point. Upon the first down stroke while standing everything went wrong. The wheel completely locked up and jerked me forward. I went straight over the handlebars as the skewer was bent and the wheel was ripped off my bike. One of the people in the ref's car put the wheel back on and tried to get me moving again, but the wheel would barely roll after that. About two minutes of chasing the two riders made it obvious enough that there was no way I could catch back up. The whole field ended up passing me by the time I made it back to the feed zone where I could get a wheel change. There was

nothing left to do at that point besides withdraw from the race. A disappointment to say the least.

The next race was similar to the one the day before, except more rolling and not quite as hilly. The entire team was incredibly aggressive this race and we attacked back to back for the entire first lap (7 laps total). At the very beginning of the second lap, a break went that wasn't started by Team Swift. It was the only break up until then that we didn't start, let alone weren't in. There were three riders in it. I attacked and tried to bridge across, but only made it half way. The field chased hard when I took off though and we ended up taking one or two hundred meters out of the break that was less than .5k up the road. Duke attacked after me and also made it halfway across. He was kind of sitting there for a while, just hanging in no man's land. We hit a slight downshift in the road and the field slowed up. I had a ton of momentum and decided that the timing of the attack would be too good to pass up. My timing was indeed perfect, and I managed to get off the front without anyone being able to grab my wheel. I reached Duke and sat on for a breather before pulling through. We were only able to rotate for about two pulls each before we hit the toughest hill of the whole race. It was just bad luck that we were on the hard side of the course, because Duke came off of my wheel on the climb. I sat up to wait, but he was shouting for me to just go on alone. I picked it back up to speed again and went into time trial mode. One of the three riders in the break also got dropped on the hill and cheered for me to catch them as I flew past. If he got dropped, then that meant that they were not sitting up and waiting for Team Swift to catch up. What a surprise. I was going full speed though, and it didn't take more than 3 or 4 minutes to catch the two leaders who were just doing tempo. It was now me, Zack Taylor from Hot Tubes, and a rider from the team that Jim Keene (owner of Norcal Bole Sport) used to ride for when he lived in Texas (the Velvet Crown's). I was still hurting from yesterday, but I still put everything into each pull. I was pulling probably a little bit too hard, but I was still in a rage from yesterday, and there was no way we were getting caught today. With one lap to go, our gap was 3-4 minutes and I knew that attacks would come. Zack was obviously the strongest, with me second, and the other rider third. I hoped that if I could just make it through Zack's first attack and drop the other rider; he wouldn't try anything else until the finish. It came on the exact hill that I expected it and at the exact spot that I expected it. It was obviously the best place on the course and I was lifting my pace to get ready for the attack before he even started it. Still, I wasn't able to hold his wheel up the hill and was 4-5 seconds off pace. That was just a big enough gap for him to work with. He time trialed, while I chased him, and was in turn chased. It's almost funny now how tired I was then, after the day's efforts and the last two days long breakaways. The last lap was the worst of the whole race. I had to go as hard as I possibly could with no rests if I wanted to keep my second place. It was pretty obvious that barring accidents I wouldn't catch Zack and there was no way the other rider was catching me. My main fear was that the field would sweep us up. It had been quite a while since we had gotten a time split and we still had almost ten miles to the finish to do solo. I ended up making it with time to spare though. I wish I had gotten another win, and I really wish I would have gotten top 3 the day before, but I was happy with second and my performance on that day. I was also ready for a rest.

I was excited about Canada all year and wanted to have a really high GC finish. I knew that with the shape I was in I could at least make the top 20, hopefully 10. But then, it happened... What happened you ask? CANADA HAPPENED!!! Brady and I got somehow put on a different airplane than everyone else that missed the next flight. We were stuck in Montreal where we were then forced to pay for our bikes AGAIN to get on a plane which we were only on standby for since it was full. That was the last flight of the night too, so if we didn't get on it, we didn't make it to Val d'Or. Also, my bag that contained all of my casual clothes, riding clothes, and cycling shoes was missing. This trip was starting out fun. We got on the plane and finally made it to our destination at about 9pm; we left that morning at 3am and hadn't eaten since then. They still couldn't find my bag. I quickly came to the conclusion that Air Canada

X!@l&'s. I would rather ride my bike home than fly with them again. I would probably get there faster and with all of my stuff too. The race came a few days later, but the bag didn't. I had my bike and helmet, so I borrowed clothes from Brady, and shoes from Steve. The shoes were 47's though, and I wear a size 45. The team time trial was first and I wasn't sure how I would do since I hadn't ridden in four days and was wearing shoes that fit like a clown's. I was still flying though. Perhaps it would have been better if I wasn't going so quickly though, because I was killing everyone else on the team. I knew that if I wanted to have any chance of having a high GC finish though, we really needed to pick up the pace. It didn't happen and we finished 1min 45sec down on the leaders. That basically meant that I was out of the top 50 no matter how hard I raced during the next six days. During the next days race I really began to lose my form and my desire and knew that it would be an uphill struggle to the end. The third day of racing brought the time trial. The ten minute warm up that you are allowed down in the mine is nowhere near enough to even get your legs moving when you're as tired as I was after everything that had gone on in the last week and a half. On top of that, my chain had a problem during the climb out of the mine. It wouldn't shift, and it kept skipping every pedal stroke. With the echo of the disc and the mine, it sounded like someone was taking a jack-hammer to my bike. Everyone I rode by in the mine came running towards me with wheels asking what was wrong. Nothing that could be fixed in the mine... All that I could do was keep slowly grinding up the hill. At one point, the chain wouldn't catch at all, and was unclipping to get off my bike and run when it finally caught back on and I started slowly moving again. The chain had always worked in the small ring before that, but I had never put any real pressure on it. I had the fourth slowest time coming out of the mine. I was a minute down on the first rider and over fifty seconds out of the top ten. Needless to say, my moral was at an all time low when I hit the flat and could finally let up on the chain and get it to shift into the big ring. I still rode the rest of the time trial like it actually meant something though. I was the fastest rider when I crossed the line, but ended up finishing in a very disappointing 63rd. That night, my bag finally showed up. Over half of the race (the important half) was over though. The race was over for me; my form had disappeared along with my motivation just like the crash after a caffeine buzz, and I WAS IN CANADA! There was never a time in my life where I wanted to be home more than at that time. There was no way I was going to drop out of the race though. I finished up the last three stages with even more bad luck. With one circuit to go (2.2 km) I got a flat tire. It took the mechanic at least thirty seconds to get the wheel on. He was having trouble with getting it into the dropouts for some reason. I ended losing another 1:20 on the field in addition to what I had already lost in the team and individual time trials. Did I mention that I wanted to go home? Finally, the race did end though, and we got to leave. The trip home was far from uneventful though. One plane broke, we got a new one two hours later, missed our next flight and got home really late. That time we were stuck in Toronto on standby. I was thinking, why couldn't we have at least been on standby somewhere in America. They could have dropped us off right after the border and I would have been happy. "Just get me out of Canada!!!" I was so happy to be home. I am glad that I had such a good time at Superweek and had some good finishes. Hopefully I can get some good results during the California Cup coming up. Thanks for reading this far. (If you did you should consider yourself hardcore, because this is a full nine pages on Microsoft Word!!!) I want at least one person to write back and say that they made it through the whole thing, because I haven't moved from this computer for over 4 hours!

### **Aaron Dickman:**

For those who don't know me my name is Aaron Dickman and I ride for a small club in southern California. Usually I don't get the opportunity to go the big prestigious races in USA with the small club I ride for, but this summer I had the opportunity to ride with Team Swift. We traveled to the three World Qualifiers in Wisconsin and then went to Canada for the Tour l'Abitibi.

Before we had even arrived in Wisconsin I had heard only of the dreaded cave at Vince and Janice's. It must be a historical landmark because everyone knows about it and has their own opinion about it. This time I got to experience it. It wasn't as bad as people have made it out to be, sure it smelled a little musty and it was a bit damp, but it was like its own world. The coolest thing about it was how dark it got at night. It was so dark you could open your eyes and it felt like they were closed, it was the closest I've been to being blind. Something I hope to never be close to again.

The racing in Wisconsin went fairly well. Nathan was in a breakaway almost every day and we all worked really hard to get Steve those points he needed to get to go to worlds. It was definitely a cool new approach to racing for myself. Being from a small team I always play defense and ride conservatively. That wasn't the case for these races, no sir; Team Swift was constantly riding at the front trying to control the race in our favor. It was a real cool experience to be an influential part of racing. Aside from that it was good quality racing and we did really well and made money.

After Wisconsin it was off to Canada!! The Tour L'Abitibi has always been an event I wanted to attend. I've always thought of it as a race for the best juniors in the world, which it is, but I couldn't believe I was actually going. The first couple of races proved to be very tough for me. I struggled through recovery and barely seemed to gather enough energy for each day. Laura told me this year was one of the hardest it had been in years, which comforted me because I was hurting bad. What I really liked about most out of the 9 stages we had were the road races. Longer miles suit me well and I tend to be more aggressive in them and the more aggressive I was the better I would place. What I think made the racing even harder besides the riders was the weather. It managed to rain every day we raced. Along with rain comes crashes. So we always had to ride at the front to avoid crashes and stay away from jumping through to small holes. So with super strong European riders, rain and long miles came a whole lot of experience; experience I will use for a very long time. Using this year as a measure and an overall experience of world class racing I can't wait for the opportunity to go again next year. This winter I will target my training to become a better competitive cyclist at a world class level. Hopefully next year I can contest the GC. Laura, Thanks so much for inviting me to race with you guys this summer. I learned a lot about racing and being a competitor, something that will definitely carry over into next year. In closing I would like to thank Team Swift, Laura, all the sponsors of Team Swift, my parents and Rory O'Reiley for giving me this opportunity. I can't wait for next year!!

Aaron

### **Logan Onken:**

Tour of Abitibi was the largest junior race I have ever done. So it was a pretty new experience for me in a many ways. The racing was weird because we would ride at about 28 mph the whole day and unless you were at the front it did not seem like much was happening until some one would crash and tons of people would go down. We all did a good job of staying up and none of us crashed, except Aaron who had a minor fall on the crit course on day 1. The first day was the "mini crit". That was interesting because it was a 6-lap criterium on a longish crit course and the only point was to establish people in the



leader's jerseys which was pointless because the next day was the Team TT and that switched it all up anyway. The next day was the TTT and that was fun but we had a few problems, we dropped someone early and had a bit of disorganization and our GC man Nathan flatted with two km to go. This was one of the two double days of racing and we had a 25-lap criterium in the evening. On this 2.2km circuit all the riders slow down so much in the corners and sprint out of them it made it really hard for me and I got dropped near the end. I was definitely getting adjusted to the new racing style. Day 3 was only a road race and I can't remember exactly which stage it was but during call-up lightning struck a cell tower about 100 meters from us and scared the heck out of every one. That night we had to have our bikes ready for the TT by 10:00pm so the race organizers could take them down into a mineshaft where the iTT started the next morning. I had to wake up at 4:00am and so did Aaron, Brady, and Tucker so we could catch the first wave of riders being driven down into the mine. They took us in a tractor and trailer and instead of miners hats this year we used our cycling helmets as safety hats. Going down into the mine was a cool experience but a little weird. It was freezing down there and we only got 10 minutes to warm up. So when my time came, I went and the cave climb was so steep I could hardly believe it. I was told that I would not be able to stand up because the ground was too wet and slick but I did not sit down once. They timed the riders as they passed the exit of the mine shaft and I was the 47<sup>th</sup> fastest out of the mine, which was cool. After the mine we still had about 12k to go and I was stuck in my little chain ring but still did ok. The best part of the TT was that Steve won, he went so fast. At this point the real excitement was over because we only had three road stages left and a crit, although they had their exciting moments the race was made in the first 3 days. Our accommodations were good, the whole team stayed in a school classroom and we ate in the cafeteria and the food was nothing special. It was tons of fun hanging out with everybody. Thanks Swift for letting me come along.

### **Brady Harter:**

Super Week!!!

I was really excited finally being back in Milwaukee for Super Week. Racing here is by far the most fun I have on a bike all year. The atmosphere around this race is amazing. There are always huge crowds and it's just a fun place to be. But the thing that I was looking forward to most was our return to "the cave". To those of you that don't know this is the basement (where we all stay) at Janice and Vince's beautiful home. "The Cave" has no windows and a little damp but it is the place to be. You can sleep for days in that place which is even knowing. It's awesome. This year at Superweek there were three races which were part of the junior points series which meant that there was going to be a lot stiffer competition here. Personally I couldn't really find my legs till about the third day of racing which was a little disappointing but oh well. But the team had another strong performance. Everyone rode really strong. Congrats to Nathan who was flying this week and who was in two long breakaways. It was awesome to see him ride so well. Steve gained some more points for qualifying for worlds which he accomplished which is awesome for him. Duke yet again won some more field sprints which is nothing new for him. It was also very nice to have Gavin at the races helping us and giving us some good pointers. Now I would like to thank Janice and Vince for opening their house up to us for a week. I really appreciate getting to stay in host housing with them.

### **Le Tour de L'Abitibi**

Back in Val d'Or again!! This year my week in Canada started off very stressful. Somehow Nathan and my flight from superweek got changed and all messed up. After 17 hours of travel Nathan and I arrived after have been

split up from the rest of the team. They (Air Canada who really \*\*\*\*) lost our bikes and bags but we were at least happy to get out of the airports and onto our comfy concrete floors at the school. Then race day comes and I still have to bike and Nathan has no clothes. So this is turning out to be quite a dilemma. But luckily for me my bag finally showed up a few hours before the race so I was set and ready to go. But that still left Nathan who had no clothes or cycling shoes. (Anyway .....that's his problem) the prologue was really fast and wet. From the start I could tell that the week was going to be a tough one. The competition was some of the best that Europe had to offer. The whole week the conditions were anything but good. It was cold and rainy and lots of thunder and lightning. But that stuff wouldn't stop us. There really aren't too many highlights from the week but we all rode solid races. Steve, who was racing with the national team, had a fabulous ride and finished third overall and crushed everyone in the time trial. It was really great to see and we helped our teammate as much as possible. The week ended with a huge party after the last race. (Coach Laura just deleted the rest of his "report").

### **Duke Schimmer:**

Superweek:

First National Bank Maritime Bay Bike Classic:	4th
Baymont Inns & Suits Whitnall Park Road Race:	4th

Tour de l'Abitibi:

Stage 3	15th
Stage 6	15th

The second stint of our summer racing saw the elite 17/18 riders travel to Superweek and the Tour de l'Abitibi. For me I was looking forward to both of these trips as the style of racing really suits me. I have made the trip to Superweek for the past three years but this is the first year that there has actually been a Junior series. One of the best parts about Super week, other than the racing, has to be the place where we stay. Instead of staying in a hotel we are able to stay in host housing. The people that we stay with, Janice and Vince, are the nicest people for opening their home to us. Host housing really cuts down on the cost as well as making the stay easier because you aren't cooped up in a hotel room for a week. We also get to stay in the cave, aka the basement, where when you turn off the lights and close the door there is the most total blackness I have ever experienced (great for napping). The person who impressed me the most on this trip was Nathan. He rode like an animal. He won a criterium the first day then in two of the three races of the points series he was off the front for most of the race and on the second day he was able to come up with a second place. It took a few days for me to get my legs opened up but on the final day I was able to win the field sprint for fourth fingers in my nose. The next leg of our trip was to the longest junior stage race in the world, the Tour de l'Abitibi, where the racing is fast and the women are....well never mind. To say that the racing is fast may be an understatement. We averaged around 45kph, or 27mph, for many of the stages. The sprint here is a hard nut to crack. The finish is the same everyday and it is downhill. It is the kind of sprint where you would usually use a 55x11 if you could but we were stuck with our 52x14. To say that you are spun out during the sprint would be a gross understatement. Your legs are spinning at what seems like a million rpm's and you are trying to stand to get every ounce of power out of them so your rear wheel is skipping all over the place. In a word it is insane. After watching some video of some of the sprints I am convinced that some people must have been cheating and running bigger gears because they are not spinning nearly as fast as every body else. The race went OK for the team with me finishing as the top man on GC (I don't know how) and also a few top 20 placings in stages. One of the big highlights was Steve's top 3 placing in the GC. He rode

dominantly in the ITT and if it wasn't for the National Teams mediocre TTT he would have for sure won the overall. This was really a great ride by Steve. For me I am taking a little time off the bike after this trip to rest. Then I'll start my build up towards the CAL Cup so I can hopefully get some results and get on some kind of team for next year (it is really weird to think that I will no longer be riding for team swift and with the same team mates). Until next time, later.

**Mike Margraf:**

7<sup>th</sup> Pescadero RR Junior 17-18

1<sup>st</sup> Albany Crit Junior 17-18

After attending the Santa Cruz camp I went to Pescadero the next day. I thought it would be a good race for me because it had a good climb up to the finish but my legs were shot after a hard week of training at the camp. I ended up finishing 7<sup>th</sup>.

The next weekend I did a triple header all within an hour range of where I live. First it was Davis Crit. I had a little something different than I usually have for breakfast and it did not agree with me during the race. The next day, it was the Folsom Crit. I thought that this would be a good day for me because it had two good climbs in it, and the tougher the better for me. But, for some reason, I still did not feel up to par. However, I felt that the next day was going to be a better day for me.

El Dorado Hills was a 4 mile circuit and had 4 power climbs in it. The 4/5 field was pretty large (75). Today my legs felt much better and I tried to breakaway, but there was no way a solo break could stay away and nobody else wanted to work together to get away. So it came down to a mass sprint and since I'm lacking some experience and would not call myself much of a sprinter, I got boxed in and finished 25<sup>th</sup>. Leesville was the next weekend.

I had a really bad case of the stomach flu the day before the race. It really beat me up. I was really disappointed because it seemed like a really great course for me. However, I was with the lead group until the 40 mile mark and then I hit the wall bad, but I still managed to finish.

Yesterday was Albany. It was the last Nor-Cal point series race so all five Tieni Duro guys were there and then a couple of smaller teams. I was there by myself (Anton was racing 16 and under). The Tieni Duro guys kept trying to send breakaways and I was always the one chasing them down since of course the rest of their team was blocking. For some reason the other riders in the field were scared to get some wind in their faces. So I spent about 3/4 of the race chasing down breakaways. However, with one lap to go we were all together and my legs were still feeling fresh. There was a slight uphill on the back side of the course and I knew that was where I wanted to attack because I did not want to get into a field sprint. I felt a slight hesitation in the pack so I put the hammer down going up the slight incline. Into the last corner I looked behind and realized I had a huge gap. I was able to soft pedal down to the finish to take the win. I did not realize everyone was hurting that much. It felt really good to have my first road win in only my ninth road race.

I learned a lot yesterday and I think I am finding my way in road racing. I think I have a pretty good build for it (I'm 6'1 142 pounds). However, I have a big week next week in Durango. So for now it is back to mountain biking for a week. (I have also been racing my MTB during the week so I can keep up on my skills for the National camp in Durango. I've been racing Junior expert and getting top finishes.)

I look forward to riding with you and the team when I get back from camp. I have been reading the riders reports and hope you have continued success.

Thanks, Mike Margraf

**Lia Winfield:**

Livermore Hills Road Race        July 19, 2003 Livermore CA

This was a fun race to be in because it was the championship race for the women's series. The one other race I did in the series was also in Livermore and I really enjoy racing when there is a big women's field. Again I raced with the cat 4 women, because I believe I was the only girl there in the 17-18 category. I was fortunate to be able to ride down to the race with Brenda Lyons and Lindsay. I really enjoyed this because both are excellent racers and Brenda, having raced on the course before, was able to tell us what to expect and give a few helpful pointers. The course was a really great, 6 mile loop (6 laps total), with rolling hills. None of the hills were very steep or long. My start time was 8:30, so it hadn't become too hot yet and it wasn't too windy. There were about 40 women in my field and for the first two laps the group stayed together. As we came down the descent and made a right to begin the final hill to where the finish line was, the pack split in half, I ended up in the group behind. The last 3.5 laps I stayed with that group. Half way through the last lap a few other women plus myself were dropped on one of the last hills, therefore finishing behind both groups. Although the course was good, I was simply glad I finished the race. Whether it was fatigue, lack of enough food during the race or a mental barrier because I had barely had a week of training since taking two weeks off the bike for my Costa Rica trip, I was not feeling as good and as strong as I wanted to. I am inclined to think that I didn't give myself enough fuel during the race, all I had was water and maybe I should have had a few Clif Shots during the race or a bar prior to it. When I woke up at 5am I had a bagel with peanut butter and yogurt, but I think I needed to eat more later. This is all good though, because now I am learning what I should eat prior to, and during a road race. When I finished the race I even felt a little sick, but luckily that feeling went away. Even if my overall finish wasn't great, I learned a lot. Still my main struggle is to be closer to the front. For the first two laps that we were all together I was too far back in the middle of the group, and therefore couldn't react to the break in the group at the start of the third lap. I was thinking during the race that I needed to move up, but I was having trouble doing so. I think on one of climbs I should have dug a little deeper to move up closer to the front. I look forward to defiantly doing this race next year and applying the improvements I know I can do.

-Lia Winfield

**Nicholas Weighall:**

6th Place      Junior National RR Championships      Junior 15-16

I have been looking forward to Nationals for a long time. It was really cool that it was in Texas since I live here now. I was ready for the heat and the humidity. This was my 2nd Nationals ever, and I was looking forward to racing with my age group 15/16. When we got to the line and there were so many in the group (60+) I was ready to race. I tried to stay near the front of the pack for the whole race. One of the things I was pretty amazed about was how aggressive everyone was. I like when people are aggressive- it makes racing fun. At one point in the race, I avoided a wreck, but got hit from behind and it knocked off my chain. I had to chase the pack down for a mile or two. When I caught back up, the pack was very compact. A few of the guys tried to break away with 2 laps to go. They were down the road for a little while, until we caught back up. On the last lap, 5 miles from the finish 1 guy tried to break by himself. No one chased him. 3 miles from the finish though we caught him. When we caught him I started to move closer to the front of the pack. When I saw the sign 1-mile to go, I was so close to the front I was excited because I had a chance of winning the race. At the 1000 meters I was on the right hand side of the pack. After we went around a corner I could see the 500-meter sign and moved left. As we came around the final turn I started to sprint and was bumping elbows with the 5th place rider. I am very happy about my 6th place finish with such a large competitive field.

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