



## **Team Swift Race Report #15**

**Pescadero Road Race**

**Nevada City Criterium**

**Davis 4<sup>th</sup> of July Criterium**

**Zamora Road Race**

for complete results see [www.ncnca.org](http://www.ncnca.org)

**Pescadero Road Race**

**Junior 17 – 18, Field**

3. Aaron Woolsey
5. Reno Garcia

**Junior 13 – 14, Field**

2. Ethan Weiss
8. Gabriel Patterson-King

## Lia Winfield

Pescadero Road Race  
Cat 3 Women

I really didn't know how this race would go. I hadn't done it before and had done a lot of intense training that week. I spent the night in San Jose, which made my wake up time a little later. The drive out to the course was foggy, and the outside temperature pretty cold. I registered, warmed up and was soon racing. The fog still lingered, water was collecting on my sunglasses, and it was difficult to see too far ahead. The road twisted up, descended, and went up again until it descended to a long flat section with a few rollers. I was feeling good, close to the front on the climbs and nicely protected from the wind on the flats. We then turned right to the feed zone, and right again to begin the big climb. At the start, a group of women pulled away, and ended up staying away for the rest of the race. I was working hard, but didn't have enough to bridge the widening gap. After the descent there were a few more rollers and then the next lap started (we did 1.7 laps which was 47 miles). By now, the field had split into three parts. The lead group in front, me in the middle group, and a third group behind us. That's the way the rest of the race played out. We tried to catch the women up front, but never saw them. The big climb to the finish started and everyone just went as hard as they could. I don't know exactly where I finished within the group I was racing with, but definitely front half.

I felt good about how I raced. This was one of my best road races. Love the course. I was disappointed I couldn't hang with that lead group, but next time I will.

## Aaron Woolsey

Pescadero Road Race  
Juniors 17/18

This was a fun and crazy road race for many reasons. For one when I got there it was really foggy and freezing cold. I thought it was the middle of winter. Anyways I warm-up wearing every piece of clothing I could find. There were only about seven crazy juniors in the 17/18 including teammate Reno that mustered up the courage to go and race in this freezing weather. The race went a little like this; Reno sprinted out for a prime early on and got it. It was so cold that my legs were stiffing up after the sprint. Luckily after the sprint the course started up a short climb and at least I was sweating and this made me warmer. Eric Riggs from Lombardi put in a little attack and couple other guys and I managed to keep Eric in view. The decent down was crazy because it was so foggy it was hard to see where to turn. I made it down quickly and a Vaninni Guy and I managed on the flat part on the course to catch Eric and this other guy. We all rode together until the feed zone. Then there was a final climb up to the finish. I put in a little attack early on the climb and had a little lead, but Eric brought the other guys with him and we

regrouped and he attacked and dropped the three of us. We tried hard to bridge back up to him but it was all in vein. He stayed away. This other guy and I dropped the Vaninni guy on the second climb and he attacked me on the descent. So it was Eric for 1st and this guy from San Francisco in 2nd and me in 3rd trying desperately to bridge up to one of them. So this is how it finished. It was a fun but a very cold and windy race.

-more later-Aaron

## Mike Margraf

Pescadero Road Race

Cat 3

12<sup>th</sup> Place

I was really excited for this race as it has a lot of climbing and it ends on a 3k climb. It was 75 miles total which also worked in my favor. I knew I had a really great chance of getting a win or at least a top 3 finish.

On the first lap things were pretty uneventful with just a couple of small attacks. Going up the climb I was spinning away effortlessly with the lead group. On the descent there were some pretty good bumps in the road. I was kinda half sprinting so the back of my bike was skipping around. I hit a bump just right and my large, FULL water bottle fell out of the bottle cage. I knew I had a couple of problems, (1) I had just finished off my other bottle so I now had no water and the feed zone would not be for another 20 miles. (2) That bottle had my Hammer H.E.E.D in it which has over 100 calories in it and to me the world does not go around without my Hammer H.E.E.D. I tried to eat a little because I have to eat a lot during my races or I run out of energy very fast, but that just made me thirstier. Finally, the feed zone came and I was yelling at my Dad to give me 2 bottles but he only gave me one. In one big gulp I was already down to half a bottle and 28 miles to the next feed zone. We climbed up the climb and again and even though I was on water and food conserve mode, I still felt great. I spent minimal effort on the climb while others suffered. After the climb, I tried to eat, but it was difficult without enough water. With about 10 miles to go I started to feel hungry but the pace had now picked up. At that point, it was too hard for me to eat (with my HR at 180). Going up the finishing climb my speed was down 2 miles per hour compared to the first 2 times up and I was suffering like a dog. I had completely lost my energy to the point where I was just riding in a thick cloud of fog. In other words I bonked. BAD. I ended up finishing in 12th out of the 75 that started. I was really disappointed - probably the biggest disappointment this season other than when I broke my arm. I knew I had an easy top 3 finish, but I just had a little bad luck. Everything kinda has to go your way for 3 1/2 hours during these road races and today things did not. One thing I will do differently now is to tell my feeder to prepare to always give me two bottles. That way, if I need two, I can grab them, if not, I will grab just one. Live and learn. Keep reading and peace, Mike Margraf



The start line for the Junior Race at the Nevada City Classic

## Nevada City Classic

### Junior 17 – 18, Field

6. Mike Margraf
8. Anton Nicola
11. Aaron Woolsey

### Junior 16 & Under, Field

6. Gabriel Patterson-King

## Aaron Woolsey

Nevada City Crit  
Juniors 17/18

I'm not really sure yet what place I got at Nevada City, but I know it wasn't very good. This is one really tough course. A fast down hill and then straight up the rest of the race. I should have had better position from the start, but I didn't. The first few laps were crazy fast. I just rode at a tempo that I could handle and my legs started feeling better and better. I started catching riders and dropping riders. I did however really enjoy this brutal race because there were people everywhere you looked. They were so encouraging it made the race a little more tolerable. I think this race is really going to be helpful in our future races where there is a lot of repeated climbing. So no less it was a great race for training. -Aaron

## Anton Nicola

Nevada City Classic  
Juniors 17-18  
8<sup>th</sup> Place



Anton Nicola chases the lead rider around the bend at Nevada City

I get down into my aero tuck to scream down Broadway Street through the center of Nevada City, CA. I look up ahead to navigate the 90 degree left hand corner. Nervous, I slow down from my fast pace of 40 mph to a safe 30 mph to round the turn. The old road of this small town makes it challenging to round the corner at a high speed. Risking my bike sliding out from underneath me on, I lean into it only hoping for the best. I hear the tires digging into the hot pavement to counteract the inertia wanting to shove me into the hay bales on the edge of the course. I didn't know what was on the other side of this corner, or what may happen to me while going through it. I might end up getting hurt or even being ambulated out. Last year, I was fortunate to walk away from a very hard crash at 30+ mph. Flipping 4 feet up and over the bike that was lying in the middle of the road from a racer who had just crashed; I come to a crashing halt in this famous bicycle race. I only hoped that I stayed upright to finish this race that meant so much to

me.

This course is said to be one of the hardest one day, closed course in the United States. The town is built on the side of a hill. So the 1.2 mile course runs half uphill, and half down hill. Two very dangerous corners at the bottom of the fast decent are usually packed with people watching to see who will crash. Every single lap you gain 300+ feet of climbing.

I wanted to do well in this race because this is not only a classic in bicycle racing, but also a classic for my family. My parents have watched this race for 12 years. And now, they get to watch their son race in this very prestigious race. Unfortunately, I had just finished racing in Redlands, and still wasn't all that recovered from it.

The race starts off with a bang and the 26 of us Juniors dash off to 40 minutes of hardcore racing ahead of us. I keep up with the front, and the Lombardi team puts down the hammer, which quickly diminishes the field. Dropping all but 7 of us, we hit that climb so hard that at the top I had to back down so that I could finish the race. I scream down the fast decent only to break, and slow down to round the corners and start the brutal climb ahead of us. Mike and I, and another guy from Vanini chase the lead break. We kept about 15 seconds behind them, until finally, I was too tired to keep up with Mike's hard pace, and dropped back. Now with half the race over, I end up doing this race on my own. That is until 2 other guys caught up. I hang with them for about 4 laps, and couldn't hold on either. Frustrated, but still motivated, I dropped from that group and now for the rest of the race I did it by myself. Finally, getting into a rhythm, I keep turning the pedals till one laps to go. To my relief I roll across the finish line to finish what I had begun. A brutal, grueling, painful race. I ended up 10th overall and 8th in my age group. I actually went faster this year than the lead group of last years race went. I felt really proud of my performance.



Team Swift riders Mike Margraf leading Anton Nicola and Chase Renick

## Gabriel Patterson-King

Junior 13-14

The Nevada City Classic race: It was all the juniors so I didn't stand a chance at staying at the front. Along with many of the other riders I got dropped on the first lap. I did well on the hills compared with the other riders in my age group (16 and under), but on the descents I decided to take it safe since I didn't really know the course that well and at the beginning it was so crowded that it wasn't possible to practice it like in the race so I lost lots of time to the other people in my age group. I think I ended up somewhere in the middle, placewise, and I was pretty happy with that since it included people 2 or 3 years older than me. I didn't see the final results, though.

## Davis Fourth of July Criterium

### Junior Men 17 – 18, Field

3. Anton Nicola

### Junior Men 15-16, Field

3. Nathan Birnbaum

## Anton Nicola

Davis Crit  
Junior 17-18  
3<sup>rd</sup> Place

As we arrive to the race site on a beautiful, sunny 4th of July, we get registered for our races. I told myself that I would only race the Juniors race today, but looking at the course, and knowing my Criterium skills, I decided to go ahead and register for the Senior 3 race. Afterwards, I do a couple of jumps on the trainer, and I am off to the start line for my 3rd year in a row doing this race.

The plan was to keep the speed high from the whistle. I wanted to push it hard for at least 2 laps to drop all of the riders that either had a bad warm up, or just weren't good enough to hang with the pack. I wanted the group to be small and maneuverable so that we could play our game right. So 2 laps, I crank it close to 30 mph along with Reno's help. Our intention was to sit up right after we did our hard pull, and then have a Swifty attack. So I sat up at the end of my 2 laps, and looked back. To my disbelief, and frustration, I saw that I had only dropped 4 riders. The rest of the nearly 30 racers were still latched on. Knowing that if they hadn't dropped off yet, they were strong enough to hang on at this type of racing. So I decided not to waste my energy in fear that I would be attacked, and then couldn't cover it, I decided to switch to now what was attack after attack mode. I attacked a couple of laps later, and I picked a perfect time, because when I glanced over to see if anyone was reacting, everyone just looked at me in a blank stare. Almost busting up laughing, I sit down to hammer. It wasn't my intention to get off of the front, and stay off. I knew that I didn't want to stay off. I knew that I couldn't stay away, and that I couldn't hold it. So I soft pedaled until a Swifter jumped across the field, and caught me, and then I let him pass me so that now he was off the front. Attack after attack all throughout the race. 2 laps left, and Eric Riggs attacks. A harsh, all out, brutal attack. No one went with him. So everyone started chasing him down. Within 1 lap left of the race, Joe goes to the front of the field and puts down his head to finish the chase off. Half of a lap left in the race, we have dropped the rest of the field, and now the sprinter's are in place. Clint, Shawn, Reno, Eric, and I don't know what I was doing in there, but I was in there also. Final sprint comes, and I blow by to sprint for 1st place. I throw my bike in front of the line, but it wasn't far

enough to get a win. There were 4 of us across the line throwing our bike's for 1st. Clint beat me by less than a half of a wheel along with Shawn. I was really surprised on how I sprinted.

Swift was the dominant team in this race mentally. I like to think that by our harsh get go from the start, everyone saw that we were strong, and were ready to play our cards early on. Therefore, they did not want to let us go off the front in fear that we would stay away, but yet they didn't want to take any big chances of going off the front themselves in fear that we would chase them down, and counter attack them, and drop them. So I guess it works both ways, they can be scared of you, but which can backfire on you by not letting you go anywhere. It was a good team race. We used our tactics pretty good. By racing more, we will have these crisp, and clean so that our plans will fall into place, and not only will it be fun to race, but it'll also be exciting for the spectators as well. Great job guys.

## Anton Nicola

Davis Crit  
Senior 3  
28<sup>th</sup> Place

I made a big mistake in this race. I forgot to eat between the races. Usually there's only 30-90 minute's between my two races so I usually only eat a couple of Cliff bars. Well, this race happened to be 3 1/2 hours later than my first one. I only ate 2 Cliff bars thinking that it would be enough. Oops. The start of the race I'm feeling okay. A little nervous because of 91 racers all around me, but yet excited. We get started, and I instantly get to the front 15 riders before the race even rounds the first corner. It cruises at 30 mph for about 3 laps, and keeps going at a high speed. Life is good. I'm moving up, getting whipped out of the corners on the inside to move back up to where I've lost position. Staying on the edge of the pack. Sipping water. Feeling powerful, and strong, but then all of a sudden at 12 minutes into the race, I start to feel weak. I'm having a lot of trouble keeping my position. I'm winded after I move up. I'm starting to feel nauseated. I'm feeling a little dizzy from taking so many corners. Its 100 degrees. I take a sip out of my lukewarm water bottle, and begin to move up. About 10 seconds after, I start to get a gaggy feeling, and begin to feel like I want to throw up. I still had about a half an hour left of this race. I knew that I couldn't drop out, because Aaron and his dad had been waiting in the hot sun for almost 4 hours for me to do this race. I wasn't about to drop out. Holding down the gaggy feeling, and enduring the heat, I kept turning the pedals. My legs were still feeling weak. I barely kept myself in the front third of the pack. I knew that if I was riding at the back of the pack that I would drop out, because it was just too dangerous back there. There were 4 crashes in our race. Only 9 more laps to go. I just wanted to finish this race, that's all. Finally 3 laps left of the race. I knew that I had to move up to bypass all of the pandemonium of the last lap in the field. I struggle to get up to the front. Luckily there were other guys that wanted to

move up, and I hooked on with them to catch a free ride to the front third. I get to the last corner on the last lap, and I give it my all to stand and sprint to the line. 28th place. That was exceptional considering my condition and my stupid mistake of a simple procedure after a race. I paid for it, and I learned from it. After the race, I downed 2 one foot long Subway sandwiches. (Oh yea, and 4 red bulls)

Overall, today was a really good race day. I learned a new tactic for the Juniors race, and I learned a valuable lesson in the 3's race. Always check to see how long between your start times and eat, and hydrate accordingly.

Thanks for reading

Anton

## Bob Harris

4<sup>th</sup> of July Criterium

Cat 4 and Junior 15-16 / 17-18

The main emphasis for this race was on the junior categories. Aaron, Nathan and I entered the earlier Cat. 4 race to get a little warm up and possibly take a prime or a few upgrade points. Before the race Aaron told me that he wanted to attack early and form a breakaway. Sure enough after two or three laps of racing Aaron and a Solano rider had a pretty substantial lead. I moved up in the hope of blocking but in typical Cat. 4-style the minute the prime bell came out no amount of blocking was going to keep the field away. I came very close to taking the first prime, but another Solano rider had just a large enough gap around the last turn that despite coming around the rest of the field I missed it by about a bike length. For the rest of the race I just sat in near the front, I felt really strong but the tight course made it tough to break into the first 10 riders. Through out the race people were trying to squeeze up the inside of the pack and re-enter at the next turn. This was extremely dangerous due to hay bails and drainage grates at the apexes of a few of the turns. On the last lap I was in about 25th position so I was pretty much out of the sprint.

For the junior race I resumed my nominal dual role as a 15-16 contender and domestique for the 17-18s. Anton really wanted to drive the pace for the first 2 or 3 laps, and that he certainly did. The average speed of the junior race ended up WAY faster than the Cat. 4 race. Unfortunately even with the incredible pace we did not drop very many riders so we went into phase 2 of Anton's plan. I think Anton attacked first and when he was caught Aaron went, and Team Swift from a spectator's perspective was just dominating the race, every time one of us was caught, another went. This bombardment by Team Swift continued for a few laps until there was a serious move by Eric Riggs. He and other rider built up a decent gap and we were pretty worried that they might stay away. When the gap did not go down after a few laps, I attacked with the hope of bridging. Collin Samaan was on my wheel and I got



us about 3/4 of the way to the break and expected him to take a pull, but I looked back and saw Collin's teammate chasing and bringing the whole field up to us.... very odd. My attack fulfilled its purpose though because Rigg's lead was down by a lot and he was soon swept up. The field pretty much stayed together for the rest of the race except for some very strong attacks by Joe and Reno. This attacking strategy was definitely the way to go for this race because there was a certain Clint Rogers in the race and I don't know of any juniors that can consistently beat him in a sprint. In the end although we didn't win the race, I think this is the best we've ever worked together and throughout the race we were the most dominant force.

## **Erich Gebo**

4<sup>th</sup> of July Criterium  
10<sup>th</sup> Place

The course was nice the pavement was good the turns were cool and there was no wind. My dad and I got there early so I got a good warm up but during my warm up I told my dad that my left pedal was feeling funny but I figured that it could wait until after when we got home. At the start of the race I had a hard time clipping in so I got stuck on the back of the peloton and got dropped off of the back when I got caught in the wind on a turn. I had a good time but when Nathan and I were sprinting for a prime I shifted down instead of up so that wasn't cool but things happen. I had a good race I did not come totally last but still sort of disappointed at my performance.

## **Lia Winfield**

4<sup>th</sup> of July Criterium  
Cat 3 (1,2,3 Field)

All week I had been debating whether to do the 3/4 race or the 1, 2, 3 race. I didn't feel up to both, so I had to pick one. I pre-registered for the 3/4 race, but ended up switching when I got there. The 1, 2, 3 race was ten laps longer, and would be much faster and therefore better practice for Superweek. I was all set to warm up, I had my trainer right by the course so I could watch the men's 3 race, but after about 15 minutes my trainer started making this awful screeching noise. It had done this before, but I thought I had fixed it. After that I had a hard time finding a good place to warm up. So when I go to the start line, I wasn't feeling quite as warmed up as I wanted to be. The course was a .7 mile, 6 corner, flat loop in downtown Davis. For the first half of the race I was moving up well, and holding a pretty good position. It was a hard course to move up on, which made some of the corners sketchy, with riders trying to gain position through corners. About half way through, the heat started to get to me, I began to slip back in the pack and was losing energy quickly. With ten laps to go (35 total), it was all I could do to not get dropped. I knew I needed to move up, but I just couldn't do it. I was probably working harder than I should have been, because being at the back of the pack; I had to catch up

after each surge. I hung in and finished the race with the pack. All I wanted at the end of the race was water and shade. I felt a little sick and dizzy. This race definitely taught me how very very important it is to drink lots and lots of water. I thought I had done a good job of hydrating before and during the race, but I don't think it was enough. It was a little frustrating, I wanted to have a good finish, I had a good race the weekend before at Burlingame, but I haven't had a top ten finish in awhile.

## Erich Gebo

Zamora Road Race

The Race today was by far my worst one so far. When we started it was easy but when we reached the first climb the peloton broke up and I got stuck all by myself in the wind and could not catch back up. The second lap I joined up with another dropped rider and we helped each other out. We did the same thing all through the 3rd and 4th laps then 2 miles before the end of the 4th lap I ran out of water and could not get any more. Then at the beginning of the last lap I got a flat tire. Luckily the other rider that I was with slowed and waited for me when I got it fixed I caught back up with him 3 miles later and I was totally out of energy so I just sat on his wheel and did not even have the energy to challenge him at the finish. I am so thankful that the other rider was there and waited and let me draft if he had not I would have been in bad shape. I think next time I will bring 3 water bottles or more.

## Alumni Reports

### Steven Cozza

Brussel-Ingooigem  
June 23, 2004

This was by far the windiest craziest race I have ever done in my life. Brussels-Inooigem was a 1.5 road race in the heart of Belgium. Since the Belgium National Championships is this Sunday a lot of the top pros came out to this race to give there legs a test. I have never done a race against such top competitions so I was really pleased with just finishing around 28th place. The race started out with a 30 minute roll out, out of Brussels behind the officials cars. As you can imagine even the roll outs are nuts even though it is supposed to be neutral but in Belgium there isn't really such a thing as Neutral. Finally the race got underway and the rain started coming down so hard it stung and burnt the skin and eyes. You wont believe me when I say this but the days winds were clocked at as high as 120 kilometers an hour and even free ways were shut down because of the dangerous conditions but no way hose they of course let us skinny 150 pound objects keep racing through the Hurricane force storm. The race went on and we got blown around and around and soaked to the bone. A few times my front wheel got blown off the ground and I almost crashed. I began to feel quite

sorry for the little Japanese guy who took refuge next to me during the last hour of the race. I was like a big rig truck to him. I think I probably saved him from getting blown across Belgium and into the North Sea. The race became a race of survival and my goal was just to keep going and not to give up. I would do everything in my will to cross that finish line and I did after 4 hours of racing. Well there you have it. This was a true classical Belgium race. Dodging leaves, cement pulls, branches, trees, cars, cobbles, and racers themselves. There was one incident that I would like to recognize as well during this race. A lady was walking by the course and was struck by a falling tree and died. My heart goes out to her and her family and all those that new her.

Thanks for reading,

Next up -- Omloop Het Volk.

--Cozza