

The 1990 Pan-Mass Challenge

Brian M. Richards
PAN-MASSACHUSETTS CHALLENGE
STURBRIDGE TO PROVINCETOWN
AUGUST 18 TO 19, 1990



Besides raising money for the Jimmy Fund, the Pan-Massachusetts Challenge (PMC) provided me with my greatest challenge, completing the ride. I had very little training this year due to the massive amount of overtime at Salem. The overtime meals were a killer. I did gain 15 pounds over last year. I made a decision to take my mountain bike to make it easier to go up the hills. My mountain bike is geared lower than my racing bikes. Although it is harder on the flats, it is much easier on the hills.

Saturday morning, for the first time, breakfast was provided free. We always had to pay for it in the past. I wouldn't mind paying for the pasta dinner (its free for the riders) as it's a

social gathering, but even a condemned man gets a free meal before he is executed.

There were over 1000 riders, all wearing a beautiful PMC T-shirt. The riders were broken into three groups, the fast riders, the steady riders, and what Billy Starr (founder of the PMC) said was the older more mature riders. That was a good way of saying slow pokes. I was back with the mature riders. The first 30 miles were real brutal on me. There were many hills that I had to climb. I was being video taped on one hill when the camera man said "think of this as Mt. Washington". I said "I'm from South Jersey. This is Mt. Washington". Sweat was literally pouring down my body. Saturday turned out to be a scorcher, over 92 degrees.

The water/rest stops were located approximately 20 miles. It gave me enough time to fill my water bottles up and drink some juice. The ladies got short changed at the first waterstop on both days. There were no portable toilets. It was out in the woods. No one complained. Lunch was provided at the 60 mile point on day 1.

There were not many spectators to cheer you on. There was less this year than last year, and that was in the rain. Bank of New England dropped out as the title sponsor, and Drexel Burnham Lambert went out of business. We did not get the publicity that we hoped for. It was our own volunteers that provided the much needed morale boost.

I asked myself why I was putting myself through so much



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TORTURE AT THE 50 mile point when I saw the most beautiful poster. It had the name of 6 people on it with the message "Thank you for cycling for us". It was from the children of the DANA FARBER. Somehow my discomfort seem to go away. I had to keep thinking of that poster as the weekend progressed. At the 90 mile point there was a lady in a truck who had a dinosaur on it with a sign that said "Keep biking until cancer is extinct". I stopped to get a drink of ice water from her. She showed up at the 100 mile rest stop and offered me a beer. I thanked her but declined. I still had nine miles to go. One guy at the 100 mile stop asked me if I was stopping at the stops. I said why. He told me that he must have passed me 5 times so far. I said



THAT EVERYONE WAS PASSING ME. I JUST HAD ENOUGH TIME TO FILL MY WATER BOTTLES UP AND BE ON MY WAY. I MADE THE JOKE THAT I HAD A BIKE FOR SALE, REAL CHEAP.



THE OVERNIGHT STOP WAS MASS MARITIME ACADEMY AT THE 109 mile point AT BUZZARDS BAY. SATURDAY EVENING'S CONCERT FEATURED PATTY LARKIN, A FAMOUS FOLK SINGER. TRUE, IT WASN'T FRANKIE VALLI & THE 4 SEASONS, BUT IT WAS ENJOYABLE. I STILL DIDN'T GET ANY SLEEP SATURDAY NIGHT. THE ADRENALIN WAS STILL PUMPING THROUGH MY VEINS.

I left Sunday at 5 AM in the dark. The police blocked off one lane over the BOURNE Bridge, so it wasn't that dangerous. SUNSET CAME AT 5:30 AM. IT WAS DREADED THIS PART OF THE DAY. THE LAST 20 MILES ARE THE ROUGHEST OF THE RIDE, AND I WAS PRETTY BEAT UP FROM SATURDAY. I HAD SADDLE SORES IN PLACES I CANNOT DESCRIBE. AT THE 45 mile point my left knee shot up in EXCRUCIATING PAIN. I WAS CONCERNED THAT I WOULD NOT FINISH THE RIDE. THE SAG WAGON CAME BY. THE SUPPORT PEOPLE WANTED ME TO DROP OUT. I SAID I COULD MAKE IT TO THE 60 mile point AS IT WAS SOMEWHAT FLAT (STILL HILLY BY SOUTH JERSEY STANDARDS). AT THAT POINT I WOULD LET MEDICAL DECIDE IF I SHOULD CONTINUE. I KNEW I COULD NOT CONTINUE IF I WAS STILL IN PAIN. IT TOOK ME TWO HOURS TO COMPLETE THE 15 MILES. EVERYONE IN THE WORLD PASSED ME. PEOPLE WERE



Seventh Water Stop 139 Mile Point Day 2 1990 Ride

THE ADVANCES MADE BOTH IN DFCI'S LABORATORIES AND CLINICS HAVE ENSURED GREAT STRIDES IN THE FIGHT AGAINST PEDIATRIC AND ADULT CANCER. CHILDHOOD LEUKEMIA HAS RISEN FROM A CURE RATE OF LESS THAN 5 PERCENT IN 1960 TO 50 PERCENT OVERALL AND UP TO 80 PERCENT IN SOME DISEASE FORMS. OSTEOGENIC SARCOMA, A BONE CANCER OF CHILDHOOD FOR WHICH THE CURE RATE WAS LESS THAN 15 PERCENT, IS NOW OVER 60 PERCENT CURABLE. WILM'S TUMOR, THE SECOND MOST COMMON FORM OF CHILDHOOD TUMOR, HAS RISEN FROM ROUGHLY 40 PERCENT TO OVER 85 PERCENT CURABLE. HODGKIN'S DISEASE, A LYMPHOMA WHICH STRIKES CHILDREN AND ADULTS, WAS ABOUT 40 PERCENT CURABLE IN 1960 AND IS NOW APPROACHING AN 80 PERCENT CURE RATE. DIFFUSE HISTOCYTIC LYMPHOMA, A MAJOR FORM OF ADULT LYMPHOMA, HAS GONE FROM 30 PERCENT TO 60 PERCENT

CONCERNED. I GOT IN AND ASKED FOR SOME ASPRIN. THEY GAVE ME MODRIN, AND I WAS BACK ON MY WAY. WITHIN 15 MINUTES THE PAIN WENT AWAY. AT THAT POINT I WAS APPROACHING THE HIGHEST HILL OF THE RIDE. TWO OF OUR VOLUNTEERS, THE TWO MOST BEAUTIFUL LADIES IN THE WORLD WERE THERE, CHEERING ME ON. IF IT WEREN'T FOR THEM I WOULD HAVE WALKED UP THAT HILL. I COULDN'T LET THEM DOWN. I WAS DOWN TO 4 MPH BUT I MADE IT.

I STARTED TO PICK UP SPEED AND PASS PEOPLE. EVEN THE SUPPORT PEOPLE IN THE SAQ WAGON WERE CHEERING ME ON. I WAS FEELING GREAT. HERE I AM AT THE 5 MILE POINT THINKING THAT I'M HOME EASY, WHEN I REALIZE THAT THERE WAS A CHANGE IN THE ROUTE. INSTEAD OF SOMEWHAT FLAT TERRAIN, IT WAS ALL HILLS. JUST WHAT I NEEDED. I GOT IN JUST BEFORE IT RAINED. OUR TRANSPORTATION TO BOSTON VIA FERRY WAS CANCELLED DUE TO THE HIGH WIND CONDITIONS AND ROUGH SEAS. THE PMC WAS NOT PREPARED FOR THIS. THEY HAD TO GET 21 BUSES TO GET THE PEOPLE BACK TO STURBRIDGE & BOSTON. I WILL NEVER AGAIN COMPLAIN ABOUT THE FERRY AFTER THAT BUS RIDE.



MANY WHO RIDE THE PMC HAVE PERSONALLY FELT THE IMPACT OF

Pain is temporary. Pride is forever


THERE WERE OVER 1000 REASONS WHY PEOPLE WERE DOING THIS RIDE. WE AS A GROUP WERE MAKING A STATEMENT AGAINST CANCER. LAST YEAR 92 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR WENT TO THE TREATMENT AND RESEARCH OF CHILDREN'S CANCER. ALL OF US COVER OUR OWN FUND RAISING EXPENSES. MOST OF THE FOOD AND SUPPORT ARE DONATED BY CORPORATE SPONSORS. OUR ONLY MATERIAL REWARD IS A T-SHIRT. IF WE ARE FORTUNATE TO RAISE TWICE THE MINIMUM, WE GET A HEAVY HITTER T-SHIRT. I RAISED \$3535.04, MAKING ME A HEAVY HITTER 3 YEARS IN A ROW.

THE PMC DOES FAR MORE THAN RAISE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS FOR THE DANA-FARBER CANCER INSTITUTE'S (DFCI) JIMMY FUND. IT MIRRORS, CHALLENGE FOR CHALLENGE, THE VERY PROCESS THE DANA-FARBER'S RESEARCHERS CONFRONT ALL YEAR LONG. FOR THE RIDERS IT'S A TURN OF THE PEDAL. FOR THE DFCI IT'S THE SEARCH FOR A NEW IDEA. IT'S ANOTHER MILE ACHIEVED. ANOTHER THEORY TESTED. EVERY HILL THAT'S CONQUERED MATCHES EVERY NOTCH THE CURE RATE IS INCHED UP.

CANCER IN SOME WAY. SOME RIDE BECAUSE THEY CARE. HOPE IS THE ONE THING WE ALL HAVE IN COMMON. NOT EVERYONE WHO'S INVOLVED IS A RIDER, BUT TO THE DANA-FARBER'S JIMMY FUND AND TO THE CANCER PATIENTS WHOSE LIVES YOU IMPACT, WHETHER YOUR FEET TOUCHED A PEDAL OR NOT, WE ALL FINISHED FIRST.

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Sponsored By

Joe Anicuri, Gary Assinns, Pete Barcroft, Jeff & Beth Beecher, Amy Bizeur,
Michael & Elizabeth McKinnon, Mike & Cheryl Breault, Peter Caruso,
Don & Carol Christianson, Nicholas Cianbella, Pete Crown, Sean & Debbie Curran, Matt D'Agostino,
Larry Davis, Henry Davenport, Rick Dawson, Mike DePetrillo, 
Jim Devone, David DiPietro, Brian Falla, Everett Gallagher, Mike Gary,
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Rob Howell, Linford House, Tom & Kathleen Hoye, Doris Hurley,
Diane Izbicki, James Jom, Neseine Johnson, David Kimball,
George & Joann Lavigne, Bev & Terry Linscott, Russ & Linda Littlefield, Michael LoPram, Keith Mahler, Ron Masse,
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Dan, Carol & Ali Richards, David Richards, Don  & Marion Richards, 
Gloria Richards, Kevin Richards, Steve Richards, Bill Schell, Tom Shawley,
Jim Shepperd, Scott & Karen Snyder, Warren  Straubmuller, Tom Szydlowski, Charles Vincent, Ed
Wallack, John Watson, Brian Whitehouse, Kevin Whitney

For the PMC Riders, the Challenge is 192 miles.
One mile at a time.
For those who we ride for, the Challenge is Life.
One day at a time.

In Memory Of

Roland Bragg, Richard Breault, Sam D'Agostino, Santa D'Agostino,
Michael A. DePetrillo Sr, Evelyn Gamble, Clifton Linscott, Josephine Linscott,
Maurice Martino, Lillian Marie McKinnon, Thomas O'Neill, Kathleen Marie Richards,
Joseph Albert Richards, Domenic Stagno, Michelle St. Louis, Joe Watson



Mom & Dad would be proud Until next year.
Thank you & may God Bless

Brian M. Richards