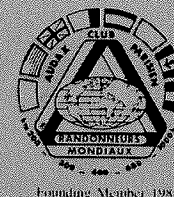


B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling



Founding Member 1983

The Newsletter of the BABC Randonneur Committee
January 1992

1992 EXECUTIVE

EDITORIAL

Like a true Randonneur I am finding it hard to sit still! I have moved once again, so please make note of my new address and phone number. If you want to fax me, please do so by faxing me in care of the BABC (Bicycling Assoc. of B.C.)

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In the December issue of Bicycling, there is an article about the PBP and in the photo along with said article, is a randonneur from B.C. recognized only by the jersey of striking beauty! Who, we want to know, is the mysterious person? If you recognize the person in question, please let me or someone on the Rando committee know. We are very curious.

FROM THE CHAIR

Fellow Randonneurs,

Well, it's time to start turning the Christmas turkey into training kilometres. Here in balmy SW B.C., the 1992 series starts in late March. This year, there are more rides offered than ever before! I know that you will enjoy every turn of the crank, especially the masochists (wait - isn't that another meaning for Randonneur?), and I wish you all fair weather and favourable winds (even for you, Harold). The Randonneurs are the best organized group in B.C. Cycling, thanks to the efforts of many of you. Your organizing committee is available to offer advice or accept suggestions for improvements (new routes, alternate schedules, etc.) and, of course, very willing to accept any help that can be given, particularly for the Populaire. This is a very important event for enticing new Randonneurs into the sport, and support from seasonal riders will be very appreciated. So, dust those cobwebs, pump up the tires, and get out and have fun.

Stephen Hinde

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5855

MY PBP STORY

Hey, so I arrive at the Charles de Gaulle gare de avion in Gay Paree. Oops, it's the wrong airport. I should have flown to Orly which is on the right side of the city. So it takes me nine hours to get to the hotel (if you have not been to Europe before, keep in mind that these foreign countries can be very confusing. There are roads everywhere, like spaghetti. Maps are useless. Getting directions in French will only worsen the situation.) While attempting to find my way I mistakenly end up at a local tourist attraction - the palace at Versailles which is surrounded by - get this - cobble stone streets! So avoid Versailles at all costs.

So then I did the PBP. For the second time. I tried to keep up with Stary and Fraser. HOLY COW did I screw up on a turn - followed by about one hundred over-eager French cyclo-speeders! Ha! Even the locals were confused! It wasn't my fault they got lost. Anyway, luckily it was dark and difficult to assess blame.

Unlike Stary who found the PBP to be an Orgasmatron of complete pleasure, I was quite tired for the rest of my tour through the French countryside which, quite frankly, I am sick of looking at!

Anyway, I got a ride back to Charles de Gaulle airport which, to my surprise, took about twenty-five minutes by voiture (that's a French car). On the plane I did not think wistfully of my lovely trip to France. I barfed my brains out for three solid hours! I have still not got my pre-PBP weight back so I am actually a bit jealous of you PBPers who puffed out to twice your normal size because of your post-PBP piggery.

On the serious side I would like to express my eternal gratitude to all those selfless individuals who, unlike myself, have contributed to the success of B.C. Randonneuring over the past six years. I am sure that one day the experience of living out my worst rando-masochistic cycling nightmares will give me the strength to overcome my neurotic (and hopeless) need to be a faster marathon cyclist.

David Cambon

NOBODY HAS A WASHROOM

Let me tell you about a strange land where nobody has a washroom. Norm Brodie and I were pedalling near Fort Langley on the ride prior to the Randonneurs' Annual General Meeting, when the need for diuresis arose (coffee lovers take note). At the first establishment we tried, the woman there said that the toilet was broken but there was a gas station down the street. Upon arriving at the aforementioned gas station, the attendant directed us down the road to another gas station two miles further. When we reached this gas station we were again pointed to another destination "down the road". We were getting pretty exasperated at this point. I can't recall how many more times this

scenario was repeated before we finally gave up. By the time we returned to Fort Langley there was a mad dash to use the facilities at the market.

Now, for those of you who successfully completed the Randonneur series, congratulations! For those like myself who didn't, I welcome your suggestions to this newsletter for plausible excuses. So far I've come up with:

1. He's/she's younger than I am.
2. My bicycle is a lot heavier than theirs.
3. I don't have low enough gears for the hills.
4. I got lost _____ times.
5. I had _____ flat tires.
6. I haven't been doing this for very long.

Doug Cho

SOCIAL NIGHT

MARCH 7, 1992

7:30 pm

ANZA CLUB
#3 West 8th Avenue,
Vancouver, B.C.

Enjoy an evening of fun and entertainment meeting new friends and reminiscing with the old (both meanings!)

The cost is \$5. per person as there will be food - naturally!

Please phone Anna to let her know how many mouths to feed.

NOTE: Anna Bonga is putting together the entertainment for this event, so if you'd like to help her out, or if you have suggestions, please give her a phone call (420-9509). Also, she is putting together a collection of photograph collages for the night, so she'd love to have your Rando photos.

PARIS-BREST-PARIS: A RETROSPECTIVE

I intended PBP91 to be my swan song. In one form or another I have been trying to do one of those since 1964. Somehow I never feel they are satisfactory enough to finish up with. PBP 95 will see me, God willing, at 68.

Of course, falling into a ditch and hurting ones rib cage doesn't help, but as that happened with around 90kms or so to go I don't see how I can blame it all on that. A time of about 84 hours would have been acceptable. I took something like 91:30 and was only given finisher status because the organisers lowered their standards.

In 1983 I was enthused, it was my first season of randonnees, but I wasn't really fit. Brute force and ignorance got me round in 89:38.

1987, I wasn't with it. I got sick in Paris and started the ride dehydrated. Then, at about 300 kms ominous cracklings from the BB foretold the breakup of my sealed unit bottom bracket and I was out of it at 380 kms.

1991: It was to be the year. My digestive system was in good shape so that I was lighter than I had been for 20 years. I had done a double series up to and including 600kms. I had completed a 1000 for the first time since 1985. I had done another Fleche so that provided I completed PBP, I could claim to have earned my Super 5000 medal in one season with about 12,000 kms to count for the full 4 years. I felt confident and fairly satisfied I had enough training to justify going to France. I even had enough sense to set up my touring bike for PBP rather than, as in the past, taking my short, stiff bike. Of course Murphy's Law had it that the roads seemed in better shape this time than in the past so that the shorter bike might not have been the drawback it had previously.

So, I was ready and the bike was ready. An enjoyable mini-tour getting from Gatwick to Maurepas with Ron Johnson, and Barb Lepsoe put me in fine fettle for "le Grand Deboucle".

The 2100 riders who chose the 90 hour limit were let go in three groups; we were in the last one at about 22:20 with the promise of an extra hour to cover the delay. It was fast and crowded. But with the roads given over to us and with volunteer marshalls at all intersections we sped westward. I seemed to be passing people and considered trying to get to the front. But caution prevailed and I eased off. With the east wind it was still fast and I felt lucky not to be battling the westerly gale that had blown us into Maurepas the week before. With about 12kms gone I suffered the only bike problem of the whole ride. On the first descent my halogen blew and for 20kms or so I relied on my battery powered tungsten.

The "Controle Revitaillement" at Mortagne au Perche (141kms) was a mad house. I quickly gave up trying to fight my way through the crush to the counter, but Dan, June and Lois were there and provided assistance with water

and batteries.

At Medreac (380kms) I stopped for a real restaurant meal, and I took a room in the hotel for a shower and two hours in a real bed. When I got going again I didn't feel I had been on the go for 24 hours, 39 if you count from when I got up Monday. In the still of the night I could make out the voice of Dennis Hearst, on whose support team my daughter was working. I called out, "Bon Chance Dennis and Keith", in the hope the other rider was Keith Fraser. It wasn't of course, it was Scott Dickson. Given the experience of these two Americans, I think Keith has what PBP takes; it is a long-term learning experience.

After leaving Loudeac (445kms) I was in company with the Arscott-Lepsoe crowd for a while until I saw a British clubmate at the side of the road. I stopped to wait for him and we rode together into a secret control where we caught up with the BC riders. But we all got separated and I seem to remember being by myself for much of the ride into Brest. The Roc Trevezel didn't seem all that forbidding and I much preferred the loop through La Forest Landerneau to the main road I remember from 1983.

I lunched on the outskirts of Brest before the never ending and depressing ride through the docklands of Brest to the turnaround control. Despite the tail wind and nice warm weather, I had taken, I think, 39 hours to get to this 613kms. Admittedly, I felt in great shape, but I wasn't there to feel in great shape, I wanted to say at the end, "Never Again", and mean it. Once I had climbed the monster out of Brest, which was very busy in the mid week, I was set to hammer into the headwind and was, I thought, going quite well. The rest of the Roc didn't seem too bad and down the other side I met an inspiring sight. The Audax peleton must have been two or three hundred strong and they were riding enmasse.

During the second night, I think it was, I had dropped into the road-side grass for a sleep. I was in such a deep sleep after about 10 minutes it took me awhile to realise where I was when I got disturbed by the sound of a diesel and French voices. I opened my eyes in the glare of headlamps of a truck and three concerned citizens looking down at me. They must have thought I was a "goner". With an "Excuser" I got up and departed. After that I made sure I got well off to the side of the road.

Shortly after the Fougères (914kms) control, in the village of La Tanniere, I found a private garage converted into a rest stop with food, for PBP riders. I didn't want food but rather the reverse and Monsieur Patron led me down the street to la maison where I was left to make use of the facilities. Upon returning to my bike I was cajoled into sitting awhile for creamed rice and coffee. It was just after I left La Tanniere I got into company with a Spaniard who understood the benefits of "Bit & Bit". I have always found it difficult to match my speed to others in hilly terrain but this rider and I worked very well together for the remaining 50 or 60kms into Villaines la Juhel. At one point we both, without a word, saw some benefit in using a down slope to give momentum up the other side and with him in front we

motored into the dip and maintained it up the other side. Near the top, the hill no longer gave shelter and he faltered into the wind. I went by and towed him over the top. It was great fun, especially as moments like that shed some wheel suckers who didn't seem to have the inclination to participate up the front. Unfortunately, I lost him in the melee at the control.

I was glad that Ron, Barb and I had reconnoitred the route in from this point on. We had found one corner with the sign post lying in the field, having been put there by the storm we had just missed during our ride to Maurepas, but before I got to that, somewhere just after Chateaufort en Thymerais (1137 kms), I had pulled into the side of the road for a quick nap without getting off the bike. With touring shoes, I might have been okay, but my stiff plastic soled, cleated Duegis found the edge of the ditch in the long grass. It slipped into the ditch followed very quickly by the rest of me. I remember crying out in panic, "No, No, No," normal expletives being useless as there was no one in sight. I could see the whole thing coming to an end in that ditch if I injured myself or my bike to the point of not finishing, and I'm not sure I could have handled that. I seemed to be all right, even though I could feel where my elbow had banged into my ribs. I soon got going and shortly after went off course for the one and only time, at the notorious corner where I think several people went adrift. But in about 100 metres or so I remembered the problem we had had the previous week and turned round. It was then I realised how much pain there was in my ribs. Turning a tight turn was difficult and at Nogent le Roi (1161kms) I went to First Aid. They were fairly certain nothing was broken and I continued. With but 60kms to go I was sure of finishing within the time limit. But the bruising started to manifest itself and every hill, start and stop became a slow and painful process. The broom wagon came along and told me to finish and ignore the time limit. I had already decided that was the only course open to me. To make matters worse the last 30 or so kms were through some uninspiring commercial and industrial development that seemed deserted. After the historic and lively towns we had spent the past few days in, it was a depressing culture shock.

According to my computer I was at the real 1200km point at about 89:50, but before I finally found the finish the computer read 1229.7 kms. An anxious daughter was relieved I finally showed up; her charge had finished about 52 hours before. When Vanessa heard what I had done she insisted I go to First Aid and they insisted I go to hospital for X-rays. She had to come as interpreter. A party animal by nature, she was thrilled to bits to spend the evening at the hospital instead of at the celebrations.

Why? Where did I go wrong? Who is coming to Paris in 1995?

Harold Bridge

THE NAKUSP 300

In the previous newsletter, the Nakusp 300km was listed as being on May 16th. The actual date of the ride is Sunday May 17th, as it's the May long weekend. If you'd like details of the ride, please contact Bob Boonstra in Kamloops at 828-2869. Complete details will be in next month's newsletter.

PBP IN DIARY STYLE

Saturday, 24 August: This is the first day that we have all been together - some have just arrived from Vancouver, others have been on vacation across Europe. Last minute brake adjustments, checks for loose headsets, attaching lights and fenders, new tires and tubes.

Sunday, 25 August: The morning is spent at the local market, buying food for the ride. This is a difficult task, as most of our favourite snacks are unavailable. Still, we find enough fig bars, apricots, and chocolate to last through the first night. In the afternoon we ride to the start for the bike check. That evening, 20 of the BC group gather for an "all-you-can-eat" feast of cous-cous.

Monday, 26 August: We should be resting for our night start, but we have to go to the Paris townhall for a rally and to have our control cards stamped. On the train heading downtown, it is difficult to find room as hundreds of cyclists have chosen to "train and bike". The Prologue, as this is officially known, is a politically motivated rally commemorating the centennial. We are encouraged to ride back to the start, but most train back to the hotel, to spend a few last minutes packing, and then try to catch a couple of hours of sleep. 500 riders in the 80 hour group started at 8pm. As 10pm approaches, our group swells to 2000+. At 10:30 we're off, as rows of people cheer and clap. For the first 5km we see people clapping and waving us through intersections. It is a clear, warm night, and the full moon makes the haystacks shine. In front, a long snake of red lights guides us through the backroads of rural France. Suddenly, the red snake bulges - a crash ahead. Two cyclists have clipped wheels and gone down. As we pass them hastily remounting, I notice pieces of debris - they won't get far without lights.

Tuesday, 27 August: I'm feeling quite good - not sleepy, but getting hungry. The last 20km to the official checkpoint seems to take a lot longer than 50 minutes, but finally we arrive in Villaines-la-Juhel. We shuffle off to breakfast - chicken leg, mashed potatoes, soup. The sun is out, and we leave in good spirits. After the next control, we have a stretch of flat, exposed road. Seeking a few moments of shade, we stop under the awning of an old stone building. There is a little old man ministering to an exhausted cyclist. Would we like some wine? Some fresh water? Some mint extract to flavour it? As we leave, a group of about 20 descend on the man. He smiles. It is PBP time. By 9:30pm

we are in Loudeac, three hours ahead of schedule. Hoping for a long rest, we search for a bed. They're full. A gallant official comes to our rescue, taking us home, giving us a bath and a bed, rising at 2am to wake us and feed us breakfast. Come back tomorrow on the return. We agree.

Wednesday, 28 August: Now in Brittany, we climb the one big hill, the last barrier before the coast. Finally we reach the coast, only to go another 20km into Brest, reaching the turnaround in 37 hours. We leave Brest with a group of Americans, including an 18 year old girl, the youngest rider. True to form, the tailwind has now become a headwind, and we battle it away from the coast. By 9pm we are still 50km from Loudeac, and very sleepy. The roads are now very narrow, and there is no lighting, as the moon hasn't risen. I start to lose my sense of orientation going down a 10% hill, a long black tunnel with no markers. When I see the distant lights of Loudeac floating in the clouds, I have to stop. As I wait, some cyclists catch up to me, so I follow their tail lights.

Thursday, 29 August: 5:30am and we're back on the road. The sun is rising with the mist on the fields, as our noses start twitching. Rapidly we all pull into a little store for fresh baguettes, bananas, and chocolate. Just outside of Fougères, some clothing Carol is drying on the back of her panniers flips out and snags my wheel, and down I go, luckily with only minor road rash and a big bruise. Oh well, at 900km I need something to keep my concentration on the road. As we pull into Villaines, a large group of people cheer us on - a real morale booster. After so much mashed potato and chicken, it is nice to find macaroni and tomato sauce.

Friday, 30 August: Something amazing - an open bar. Here we are, 2am on Friday morning, 20km from town, and there is an open bar, full of bikers - pedal and motor types. We sit drinking grand cafes, considering the absurdity of our situation. Back on the road, we start passing people huddled in doorways, beside hedges, in the fields, hundreds of cyclists resting. We join them, and 5 minutes later the cold wakes us and we're on our way. Dawn breaks at our last checkpoint - 10 hours and 140kms to go. Easy? The last 70km has taken 7 hours. We are so close to the closing time of this checkpoint that we start to worry, especially about the hundreds of cyclists behind us. The cyclists we see are beginning to panic, but we're used to the back of the pack and know that only a major disaster will stop us now. Indeed, as we sit eating fresh apple squares and drinking coffee in a little village, we're beginning to enjoy ourselves. After receiving a lesson from an older Frenchman, our little group of six struggles into a secret checkpoint, only 60km to go and 4 hours left. Except for the wind, it is a beautiful day, and the Rambouillet Forest is beautiful - no traffic, lots of shade, and plenty of ruined chateaus. Still we do have to finish, so we chase after the Seattle group. As we enter the stadium at the finish, some of the other BC riders cheer us in, but we rush by to make the 90 hour closing (with 5 minutes to spare), still only 24 hours behind the fast BC riders.

This was a difficult ride, the hardest of my career, yet also very rewarding. The thrill of riding in packs of hundreds of riders, the excitement of the crowds cheering, the unexpected help of nameless citizens, as well as the camaraderie of shared pain and joy, all combined to make this an unforgettable experience. Now, nearly five months later, the satisfied glow is fading, but already we are planning for the next ride in 1995. Long distance cyclists must be addicted to endorphins (why else would they punish themselves this way?) and the PBP is the biggest rush of all.

Stephen Hinde

BOSTON-MONTREAL-BOSTON

BMB is a 1200 km event that resembles PBP not only in its distance and overall time limit (90 hours), but also in the spacing of checkpoints and the type of support provided. The terrain is challenging and scenic, covering parts of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, the islands of upper Lake Champlain, and Quebec. Start and finish are in the town of Wellesley outside Boston, and the turnaround is in the Montreal suburb of St. Lambert. The BMB organizers provide substantial support, including food, bag drops, and technical assistance; personal support crews, while permitted, are not necessary for this event. BMB '92 will take place on August 20-23 of 1992.

Cyclists entering the event must complete the 200km, 300km, 400km, and 600km brevets. The entry fee, which includes bag support, technical support, food at all checkpoints, and some accommodations, will be US\$210 prior to 15 June 1991, and US\$250 thereafter. For more information and an application form, send a self-addressed envelope to Hauke Kite-Powell at 135 Langley Road, Newton, Massachusetts 02159. Urgent questions can be answered by Jeff Vogel (718-275-6978 evenings) or Hauke Kite-Powell (508-457-2000 x 2938 weekdays).

Submitted by Gerry Pareja

PBP - THE TOUGHEST RIDE

June, 1986 - STP Eve: Nervous anticipation of surviving Seattle to Portland in one day. 200 miles in one day on a bicycle.

June, 1986 - STP: The toughest ride I have ever done.

July, 1987 - RAMROD eve: Okay so I've done STP twice. But climbing 10,000 feet around Mt. Rainier in one day with a few other idiots is starting to sound ridiculous.

July, 1987 - RAMROD: The toughest ride I have ever done.

May, 1988 - Davis Double Century eve: They say it's the toughest 200 mile ride in the West.

May, 1988 - Davis Double: The toughest ride I have ever done.

July, 1989 - Cannonball 300 eve: Okay, so somehow I have convinced myself into riding 4 STPs, 3 RAMRODS, 2 Davis Doubles, and the Markleyville Death Ride. It's not my fault I have a short memory and the pain receptors in my head are starting to deteriorate from overload.

July, 1989 - Cannonball 300: The toughest ride I have ever done.

May, 1991 - 600KM Randonneur Qualifier eve. - Davis, CA: Once again back in the heat and wind belt of the West. You know, I really don't have to be out here doing these stupid rides that go for night and day. Why don't I just zip up to my favorite micro brewery in Chico and wolf down a few fish tacos instead?

May, 1991 - 600KM Randonneur Qualifier: The toughest ride I have ever done.

June, 1991 - 600KM Randonneur Qualifier eve: Vancouver, B.C: Time heals all wounds. Not only that but friends have a tendency to shame me into these ridiculous events. Okay, okay, I will attempt this qualifier, but that's all. PBP is out!

June, 1991 - 600KM Randonneur Qualifier: The toughest ride I have ever done.

August, 1991 - Paris-Brest-Paris eve - City Hall, Paris, France: So I told myself that I was going to come over here for a nice relaxing trip. I mean the only reason I brought the bike was to get in a couple of rides in the French countryside. So what am I doing here at the Paris City Hall listening to the mayor describe the participants of PBP as heros? It should be more like fools - not heros.

Man, these people take this ride seriously. There must be 20 motorcycle police and an equal number of cars full of officials ready to escort us. They can't really shut down the streets of Paris on a Monday afternoon for a bike ride - can they? Not only do they do it, but the people along the streets don't seem to mind. In fact they're yelling and cheering us on. "Bon Route", "Bon Courage", "Bon PBP". Wow - this is kind of exciting. I mean it's the hundredth anniversary of PBP and everything, but these people are treating it like it's the Tour de France.

August, 1991 - Paris-Brest-Paris - St. Quentin En Yvelines, France: The toughest ride I have ever done. At last the shot is fired and we head off toward the coast. This is it. It's really hapening, I'm really here. It's a beautiful, warm summer night, the moon is full, and the people are cheering us on. The adrenaline is really flowing. However, the riders around us are restrained and the pace is relaxed. An American couple on a tandem slips by the pack and a few of us tag along. The Frenchmen and Italians yell advice to us which we don't understand. They seem to be saying it's a long, long ride to be going any faster. I look around at the riders that are with me and they all seem to be Americans. Maybe we don't understand what's ahead of us?

The moonlight makes the wheat fields and sunflowers light up. It all looks like a reverse negative or surrealist painting. We find ourselves climbing up, up, and up to Mortagne au Perche (literally on a perch) where we arrive at the first control which is like a small city. I see many of the riders sitting down to huge plates of great looking food with bottles of wine and beer in front of them. It is not my sleep deprived imagination. I go to the bar for water where I see a choice of two different waters, a couple of different kinds of pop, and about 20 selections of beer and wine. The secret to surviving this ride must be to numb yourself with alcohol and stay awake with bowls of cafe au lait. It doesn't sound like a bad riding philosophy.

The toughest climbs of the ride are all between Loudeac and Brest on the coast. Long, steep rollers between villages kept us straining. Train schedules start popping up in my mind and I wonder how long the train ride back to Paris would take. It is late at night again out along a quiet country road. I see lights ahead. It's a farmer using his tractor to light up the road. He is also handing out his fresh peaches to any riders that wander by.

After some sleep at Carhaix, off I go again on the way to Brest. There seems to be little traffic on the roads during the day, let alone at night, yet the villages still have their diehard representatives out in force. Somewhere out here I find myself riding along back country roads in Northern California. We arrive at a highway interchange and I find myself complaining to my friend that there never used to be a highway here before. He points out we have never been here before. Oh that's right - this is France. Five minutes later I'm again disappointed they've put a highway along my favorite bike route. Sleep deprivation is scary!

Brest becomes a difficult goal that finally arrives at dawn. We slip up to the massage tables where my friend and I each get a free massage. We both are asleep in less than a minute. After the massage I am woken up and told to get back on my bike. I quietly suggest that they take my place but that suggestion falls upon French hearing ears. After a bowl of cafe au lait I'm ready for anything and back toward Paris we head. Sadistically I take pleasure in seeing others heading toward Brest as we are leaving it.

By the return to Loudeac I have used a small jar of vaseline to reduce the chamois friction prevalent on such a long ride. My friend has such a bad case that we stop at a small-town Peugeot repair shop where we borrow a razor knife. In the middle of the shop my friend starts hacking away at his seat trying to reduce the pressure on his crotch. The mechanics look at us as if we just arrived from Mars. Yet, they're quick to provide help, and out comes the duct tape.

By the time Tintineac arrives we are back to our survival pace, barely able to continue. Along the side of the road before the control I see a table set with fine china and linen awaiting some fortunate European rider. Well at least I have my ultra energy.

Dreams of the Fougères castle where we can catch some sleep nearby keep us going through the night. However, the great fade comes about 25 K out. I begin to see other riders under trees and in ditches asleep. I am envious. 10 K from the control I wobble over to the other side of the road where a stone cemetery fence needs some support. It is late at night and the wind is blowing in my face. Just get me to Fougères.

At last we are here. My friend and I stagger to the control table for our time stamps. Minutes later we fall asleep on the floor ten feet inside the open front door. An hour later we wake up to the chattering of our own teeth. It takes two bowls of café before either of us can talk without stuttering. After we achieve some form of consciousness we realize that had we walked two feet further before falling asleep we would have had a warm cot and blankets.

Zippering through a small village at 6am in dire need of café, my friend yells out in desperation - "CAFÉ!" An older French woman yells out from her house to come in. Here we are treated to huge bowls of café au lait. When they find out we are Americans they break out the World War II photos and show us with pride and gratitude where the Americans landed on Normandy Beach. They wake up their son to meet us and we are humbled by their treatment of two perfect strangers. We see their son's collection of trophies from bicycle races displayed in his bedroom. Another perfect moment. Pain has no meaning and we know we will finish this ride.

On to Nogent Le Roi - my last stop before Paris. Somewhere out here my crotch refuses any attempt at sitting on the seat and I am forced to stand most of the way to Paris. I never thought I would be wishing for hills at this point in the ride but I was, and there were.

Finally just 50K to finish the ride! Riding in a group, one of the French riders and I take off from the others. The adrenaline is flowing, my legs feel as if they are fresh, and I forget about the pain in my tendons and crotch. My poor French and his few English words are used to build a friendship that I won't easily forget. As we approach the finish more and more people are out cheering us on. The pace quickens and we cross the finishline with hands raised together like Greg Lemond and Bernard Hinault at the end of the Tour de France. Another special moment.

The hardest ride I have ever done? Undoubtedly. Will I ever do it again? In a minute. Maybe I have finally learned to never say never. This was not just a bike ride, but a cultural, life enriching experience; the kindness and respect I felt during this ride was overwhelming.

Pat Rodden

WERE YOU VICTIMIZED?

In a long letter from Francois Beaudoin to the Audax Club Parisien, he apologized to all the PBP participants for the food at his control station - Mortagne au Perche.

He explained that this was Mortagne's first experience as a control point and the randonneur club decided to decorate the control point with flags from every participating nation, "Welcome" in every language, and the podium with a special centennial presentation, the rider from 1891 etc.

The food concession excluding beverages, was turned over to a local caterer who was informed that quality, rapid service and moderate prices must be maintained. The Mortagne club did not receive a food concession commission.

During the first night after a complaint from a PBP participant a survey was conducted and the caterer was informed of the problem. It appears that prices and quality may have fluctuated during rush periods and YOU, the participants were the "victims".

The Randonneur du Perche further apologized to A.C.P. as organisers of the event, and to all the cyclist victims of this caterer.

If you feel you were victimized please write (in your language) to: Francois Beaudoin, President des Randonneur du Perche, Boucherville J. Poisson No.3, 61400 Mortagne au Perche, France.

Include your PBP ID plate number, and the approximate hour and date you ate at Mortagne. This will permit Francois to write up his report for the caterer.

Francois finished his letter by inviting cyclists to come and tour in the Perche and especially in Mortagne au Perche at Pentecoste '92 in a friendly, convivial and festive setting.

(submitted by Gerry Pareja)



Bicycling Association of British Columbia

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RIDER	(Days)	(Eves)	200 KM	Rt	300 KM	Rt	400 KM	Rt	600 KM	Rt	1000 KM	Rt	PBP	Fleche	Longest
Pollock, Tim		939-8166	12:40	FV	18:50	VA	26:58	FV	DNF	FV					0400/9105
Pringle, Les		465-5483	9:24	VA	13:30	FV	22:25	FV							0300/9105
Render, Don	599-7715	589-9546	7:59	FV	12:00	FV									0300/9105
Robb, Ron	-206-	633-2238	10:06	VA	15:24	VA	21:10	VA					89:++		1200/9108
Roberts, Mark	-206-	391-9436	7:59	FV	14:44	FV	23:12	FV	38:32	FV			88:++		1200/9108
Rodden, Pat	-206-	568-8714	8:59	VA	13:00	VA	18:19	VA	28:56	VA			83:++		1200/9108
Scott, Randy		474-2197	8:01	VI											0300/9004
Sharkey, Jack		253-8873	11:04	VA											0400/8806
Shelbourn, John	756-7016	758-BIKE			17:49	VI	22:51	VI							0400/9105
Sindut, George	591-4449	589-5242	7:55	FV	12:30	FV	22:25	FV	36:07	VA					0600/9106
Skuce, Michael	872-7858	737-8884	9:19	VA	14:06	VA									0300/9104
Smith, Karen		879-3661	11:35	VA	18:29	VA	25:27	VA	38:39	VA			DNF		0600/9106
Sneed, Gil	-206-	825-1604					19:43	VA	32:27	VA					0600/9106
Soar, Roger	380-1444	479-2890	10:15	VI											0200/9104
Solski, Rose	372-1309		12:29	KA										363km-A	0363/9105
Springle, Glen	942-5223	461-0483	9:01	FV	13:30	FV									0300/9105
Stary, Peter	873-7335	291-2621	7:04	VA	12:15	VA	16:58	VA	25:33	VA			66:09	506km	1200/9108
+ Stary, Peter							20:52	DA							
Stelfox, Tom	681-0221	876-6488	11:55	VA	17:15	FV									0300/9105
Taddy, Patrick		873-3463			13:50	VA	20:52	DA	37:29	VA					1200/8708
Taylor, Colin	291-6113	943-7892	8:55	VA	12:42	VA	25:45	VA	31:54	VA					0300/9104
Thornton, Mike L.	-206-	863-7730	11:31	FV	DNF	VA									0600/8406
Tivy, Robin		734-3644	8:55	VA											0200/9104
Tretheway, Jay	731-4921	224-5830	8:17	FV											0200/9104
Ungar, Cliff		941-3486	8:22	FV	13:39	FV	23:40	FV	36:37	VA					0600/9106
Vallance, Jimmy	423-4471	423-6473	9:58	SE	15:40	SE	21:06	SE							0600/8806
Van Zandt, Charlie	-206-	524-2417	7:21	FV			19:25	VA					79:++		1200/9108
Van Zandt, Sean	-206-	524-2417					19:25	VA							0400/9105
Vilard, Jennifer	-313-	668-8612			15:35	FV	18:05	VA							0300/9105
Weingartner, Ernst		589-4572	12:04	VA	13:48	VA	19:00	VA	28:56	VA				403km	0600/9106
+ Weingartner, Ernst			11:20	FV	13:59	FV	19:00	FV							
Weingartner, Linda			11:20	FV											0200/9104
Weir, Robert	876-5501	734-8363	7:51	VA	13:56	VA	20:48	VA	37:29	VA	73:20	VA	85:??		1200/9108
Wilson, Ken	666-2781	324-9797	8:14	FV	13:50	VA									0400/8705
Wintjes, Mark	253-4188	738-7340	12:07	VA	17:15	FV	23:12	FV	38:39	VA				403km	1000/9008
Wojcik, Tom	641-4653	980-9510	9:15	VA											0300/9005
Wood, Brian	641-4841	222-1541	8:22	FV	14:13	VA	22:25	FV	28:56	VA			88:++	373km	1200/9108
Wood, Stuart	591-8818	538-7589	7:04	VA	11:57	FV	DNF	FV						477km	1000/9008
+ Wood, Stuart			7:59	FV											
Yancey, Dan	291-3132	465-8595	7:49	FV	11:33	FV	DNF	FV							0300/9105
York, A. Brent	294-8477	420-3430	9:42	VA	13:36	FV									0300/9105
+ York, A. Brent			10:08	FV											
Yuen, Charles		521-7942	11:48	VA	15:52	VA									0300/9104
Zimprich, Karel	-	937-0242	7:52	FV											0300/9005

(STARTERS)

(FINISHERS=Men+Women)

151 97 75 57 11 33 35
 (147=120+27) (93=80+13) (69=59+10) (54=45+9) (11=11+0) (29=25+4) (32=24+8)

SUPER RANDONNEURS to date: 45. This report includes reports received to Jan 12/92. Please send updates directly to me. Also please let me know about misspellings, wrong numbers, etc. Thanks.

SPECIAL NOTES RE 1991 PBP RESULTS: At this date we still don't have official lists of results. We do not know for sure whether those riders who finished after the 91 hr limit will be counted as finishers or not (an extra hour of grace was allowed).

ROUTES: Generally VA means Vancouver-area route, KA means Kamloops route, VI means Vancouver Island route, FV means Fraser Valley route, SE means S.E. B.C. route.

Report by Gerry Pareja (604-874-5229).