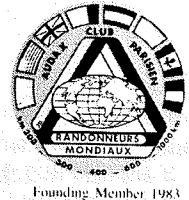




# B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling



Founding Member 1983

The Newsletter of the C.B.C. Randonneur Section

1994 Issue 3 - June

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## FROM THE CHAIR

I am pleased to report a successful series to date and fully expect the next series of brevets to be equally successful. Many thanks to all who have contributed their time and efforts to the cause.

The second series will be starting with the 200 km going on June 25. I hope the weather will be a little more cooperative than it has been for the last few events. Please attempt to get your control cards to Doreen Cook as soon as possible after each event so we can get the results to France.

The trailer is now complete and took its maiden trip to Nelson on the May long weekend for the Nelson 200/300. For those that weren't there you missed a great event - but I digress. I towed the trailer with my Mazda van and it handled very well. Everyone who saw it was impressed by the quality of workmanship. Unfortunately, for the guys that built it that is, they badly underestimated their cost, but, to their credit they stuck by their price (even though the agreement was just verbal). So, if you need any machining, welding, sheet metal, or design work done you can see by the excellent standard of workmanship in the trailer that they are ones to consider. Call Pete Turnau at 856-8242 evenings and weekends.

The trailer, however, has no logos, etc. on it and the Rando executive and I think it should. Here's where the artistic and imaginative among you come in. We would like you to design the art work for the trailer. For those who have yet to see it this issue includes a side view and a rear view for you to practice on (the two sides are identical as are the front and back). The trailer cladding is aluminium which will not be painted. Included in the art work should be the B.C. Randonneur logo (the dogwood), Cycling B.C. logo, and the Randonneur Mondiaux logo. The words "B.C. Randonneurs"

should be prominently displayed on the sides and back of the trailer. Let's see what you can do.

It appears that the tour we were planning for Aug 2 - 11 in the Rocky Mountain and Kootenay areas will be cancelled due to lack of interest.

## THE THIN WHITE LINE

We've done the longer rides now: the 400s, the 600s; some people are debating whether they want to ride a 1000 or do the new 1200 VVV this year. This, of course, means night riding--for the ambitious among us, perhaps a sustained, through-the-night journey.

There is something elemental about night riding. At first, it is cool and refreshing after a long day in the saddle. Later, the hours get tiny, the eyes bleary, and kilometers fuse together into a hazy blur. But time passes quickly, and soon, a hint of light is in the east, spreading, and the world comes to life again. All this time, riding, riding. Into the dawn, one feels remote, yet one with the world. Or maybe it's just hypoglycemia.

Lights are important. Recommendations are for more than the minimum front white light and rear red reflector. At night, the fully-equipped randonneur is transformed: reflective vest; scotch-brite bands on shorts and/or jersey; reflective tape on helmet, shoes, pedals, cranks, seat stays, panniers and bags; red reflectors, steady lights, pulsating strobes; and a pool of white out front. All swaying and stroking in cadence coupled unison. A motorist approaching from the rear sees this tumult of light like something out of a dark tropical seadeep--a glimpse of lines and patterns through the bathysphere port, and then it is gone.

\*\*\*\*\*

This issue is a little late getting out. We haven't exactly been overwhelmed by submissions from you people. But the real reason, of course, is that your editor (one of them, anyway) was glue to the tube during the Canuck's run for the Stanley Cup . . .

B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling is the Newsletter of the Cycling British Columbia Randonneur Section. Affiliated with the Canadian Cycling Association. Financially assisted by the Physical Fitness and Amateur Sports Fund.

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The Newsletter is generally published monthly March to October depending on the volume of submissions. Editors - Mike Hagen and Anna Bonga. Production assisted by Gary Fraser, and facilitated through Cycling BC.

**Submissions:** If you have a computer, a modem, and an Internet account, send it to hagenm@epvan.dots.doe.ca. Or call Anna and agree on a local BBS or arrange a direct connection. If you don't have a modem, both IBM and Mac disks can be accepted. If you don't have a computer, fax to 666-6544 during regular business hours or 420-9509 evenings (phone ahead first!). Please type if possible. Or mail to 2904 Argo Place, Burnaby, B.C. V3A 7G3.

## ARE WE HAVING FUN YET?

Gary Fraser

*1910: Tour de France founder Henri Desgranges extends the boundaries of the Tour to include the Pyrenean cols Peyresourde, Aspin, Tourmalet and Aubisque. At this time bears still inhabit the mountains and the roads are rough, stony paths. The climb up the Aubisque is especially brutal, and while waiting for the first riders to appear Desgrange worries that some of them may have slipped over the edge. At last one rider arrives on foot. He passes by without comment. After 15 more minutes elapse Oscar Lapize, future Tour winner, pulls into sight. Glaring at Desgranges, he speaks a single word: "Assassins!"*

*1994: Vancouver Island 300 km randonnee route planners extend the boundaries of sanity to include some of the toughest hills your humble Boswell has ever encountered. Countless short snappers cumulatively drain all the zip out of my legs. At this time 15 foot lime-green bears with pink pom-poms inhabit my mind. The roads are rough. The climb up Humpback Road is especially brutal. Stephen Hinde is nowhere in sight. Worse still, I suspect he is not too concerned about my slipping off into a huckleberry bush. At the top of the climb I pause and click out of my 23 tooth cog. With a keenly developed sense of melodrama I speak a single word: "Assassins!"*

They do things differently over on Vancouver Island. For 10 seasons now I have enjoyed riding randonnees throughout the Lower Mainland and northern Washington state. Pleasant jaunts with nice long stretches of flat road and the occasional series of rolling hills to break the monotony. Oh sure, the climb up Woodside is a good little anaerobic grunt each year, but just when your knees threaten to pop, the pavement tilts the other way and it's cruisin' time again.

On Vancouver Island the rando folk equate rides like these with quick spins to the corner store. A 200 without several thousand feet of elevation gain is simply . . . too easy. On Saturday, April 2nd, my brother Keith and I traveled west to receive our baptism into the Vancouver Island Rando Monastic Climbing Order/200 K sect. Brothers Ken Bonner, Ralph Lapp and Ged McLean were there to greet us.

The ride started in the picturesque town of Chemainus. The weatherman's prediction of unsettled weather proved to be pessimistic and we started off under relatively blue skies. I'm the sort of fellow who likes to ease into a ride and I often take a couple of hours to start feeling really comfortable. On this particular day I had about 3 minutes of "easing" under my belt when we started to hammer.

It wasn't long before we hit a nice steep hill and I received my first initiation rite. I had made the mistake of attaching a heart rate monitor to my handlebars and this stoic little device unsentimentally reported a rather alarming fact—I was hitting my anaerobic threshold on virtually every climb. "Hmm." I said to my pounding heart, "I don't think we can do this for 7 hours". "We better jettison some ballast," said my heart. "But we need the brakes and handlebars," I protested. "You

shouldn't have eaten that wedge of pie last night," said my heart and cut off any further conversation.

As the first checkpoint loomed ahead I imagined the relief a short respite from the bike would bring. Enough time to exchange fluids, get my route card signed and walk about a bit. Not! Brothers Bonner, et al, stopped a total of 5.5 seconds and were down the road in a dusty blur.

Keith and I were a little disconcerted by this development and hammered off to rejoin the group. After a few kilometers of high-paced pursuit over rolling hills, an unhappy truth reared its ugly head: Gar, old buddy—continue like this and you'll be toast! With no small degree of disappointment at my inability to keep up, I urged Keith to go ahead and catch the Brothers.

As Keith disappeared off into the distance I dialed the pace back a notch and settled into a more comfortable tempo. The sky was still blue, the scenery was fabulous and I resigned myself to completing the ride solo.

Some 15 kilometers down the road, however, I came across another novitiate from the lead group, Terry Lindberg. He told a wondrous tale of being dropped when Keith caught the group and then blasted off the front. We commiserated and made a pact to finish the ride together. Kilometer after kilometer of hilly roads disappeared under our wheels and we enjoyed discoursing on many topics.

After the turnaround at Youbou we were pleased to discover that the road had a decidedly downward slope to it and we completed the last 60 K's in 1 hour and 45 minutes. Our final time of 6 hours 59 minutes (no, damnit—we didn't do it in 7 hours!) broke the old course record by several minutes. The Brotherhood, with recent inductee Keith Fraser, shattered the record and finished in 6:21. Spent and humbled, I returned to Vancouver and vowed to do better the next time.

During the two week period between the Vancouver Island 200 and 300 randonnees I contemplated several, in my mind, rather clever options: 1) I could offer to do a tune-up on the Brother's bikes (I was a bike mechanic for 10 years). While their machines were in my care I would adjust their bottom bracket cups so that their axles could barely move. 2) I could install a small motor on my bike. 3) I could starve myself and try to lose a few pounds (ouch!) Or 4) I could feign an illness and beg off the ride.

In the end I passed on all these brilliant ideas and settled for a change in steeds. The steel CBS was left at the stable and Merlin the titanium wunderkid made the trip back across the pond.

Saturday, April 16th—another beautiful day on Vancouver Island, where every view is up . . . Keith and I met the Brothers at a gas station in the Oak Bay area of Victoria. I had my alibi well rehearsed: my band was playing at Harpos (a local club) the night before and I didn't *really* get enough sleep. Brother Lapp must have anticipated this pitiful excuse and before I could mount my soapbox he casually mentioned that he'd been up most of the night doing surgery (on the other cycling monks??). Brother McLean revealed that he'd spent a good part of the week with a severe stomach disorder. My speech died stillborn on my lips.

6:57 a.m.—3 minutes to blast-off. I adjusted my helmet and gave my right rear pocket a reassuring pat. My map was in place. All systems were go.

7:00 a.m.—and they're off! Our first few kilometers were taken at a brisk pace, but the terrain was slightly flatter than the 200. This was pleasant news and I found myself warming up nicely during the first hour of the ride. By the time we hit the first cruncher I was feeling good and had no trouble staying with the Brothers.

The Sydney checkpoint was dealt with in a civilized fashion and the seven of us were still together as we journeyed on to the next stop. Brother Bonner dropped off at one point to pick up a fresh Camelbak that he'd hidden away in a bush on a previous swing around the course. Before long the tell-tale whomping sound of his tri-spoked Stealth bomber announced his return.

A Camelbak switcheroo near the second checkpoint saw him pull away from the group. We were in the process of filling bottles and stripping off outer layers when he went flying by. A few kilometers later we hit the Malahat climb. Keith spotted Ken up the road, lit his afterburners and gave chase. I started off in pursuit and then thought better of it, memories of the 200 fresh in my mind.

The Malahat, however, is just the sort of climb I like. Not terribly steep and long enough to reward a steady rhythm. Without trying too hard I found myself pulling away from the group and slowly closing the gap to Keith and Ken. Another member of our septet (Murray Drew) joined me at the 2/3 point and together we reeled in Keith and Ken.

By the top of the Malahat our original group had divided in two: Keith, Ken, Murray, Terry and I at the front and Ralph and (a much suffering—the stomach disorder was no exaggeration) Ged a few minutes behind. The drop down the north side of the Malahat was pure butter and I found myself hitting 85 kph at one point. "This is why we carry the extra few pounds," I said to my heart, "We go like a rocket on these descents!"

Somewhere on the stretch up to Duncan, Ken dropped off the pace (due to a flat, I learned later) and the group was down to four by the time we reached the 150 km point. I was feeling fairly satisfied with myself when Murray announced that the real climbing was soon to begin. Oh oh . . .

After a few km of rolling hills around Shawnigan Lake we made a left hand turn and came face to face with Humpback Hill. I made a rapid shift into my 23, stood on the pedals and heaved myself up this cruel slope. Our group had been reduced to a trio by this time and I was happy to discover that my companions (Keith and Murray) were in no mood for mock heroics. We suffered together. Near the top of the climb a fantastic apparition appeared, one unsuited for description in any publication not wrapped in plastic.

The remaining 100 kilometers were sheer . . . something, but not exactly fun. The three of us had done some quick calculating and determined that were on a record pace.

Now I know that there are some randonneurs who find the whole notion of "course records," to be so much foolish nonsense. The spirit of randonneuring is better served by enjoying the route, stopping along the way and savoring the

entire experience . . . okay, okay—you're right. But there's something mystical and satisfying about pushing the absolute edge of your personal envelope. Something wonderful about reaching down deep inside and using up every last bit of physical and psychic energy you have . . . hmm, this sounds kinda stupid even to me!

Regardless of its merit, we were on a record pace and by gum we were going to suffer the agonies of the eternally damned to maintain it. (Note: the Brotherhood I was trying to join was one that is famous for self-flagellation.) The long climb up the back road to the Malahat summit tested our resolve. We hammered away at every hill and every hill surrendered.

After a brief stop at the final checkpoint to fill our bottles we departed for the last push. The final kilometers through Victoria and around Oak Bay stretched the rubber band to the breaking point. Along the flats the three of us thundered along at just under 40 kph. When we reached the finish almost an hour under the old record, Henri Desgranges—oops, I mean Stephen Hinde, was there to greet us. He mentioned (with a rather sly gleam in his eye) that the 600 route to Tofino was every bit as tough. Yeah, well, I think I'm doing my laundry that weekend . . .

## **FLECHE PACIFIQUE '94**

*Barb Lepsoe*

What a fun event to organize. I'd like it to be bigger and better next year. Bigger in terms of more teams, and better in terms of weather conditions. We missed our American comrades - I hope they'll join us next spring.

Hope was the endpoint for all and for many, the start point. My apologies for the inclement weather, but it was nice in Vancouver!

I enjoyed doing the Secret Controls but passing vehicles showed concern about a lone woman sitting at the road's edge in a car. My faith in humanity has been restored.

We began with six teams. Tim Pollock found a piece of cement unwilling to budge somewhere in the suburbs. The crash discolored his face and cracked his frame. Better luck next year Tim. Then there were five.

The teams in order of distance:

"MFBs"--Ted Milner, Gary Fraser, Keith Fraser, Ken Bonner

Planned: 662 km; Actual: 602 km

"Greybeards"--Gord Cook, Manfred Kuchenmuller, Bruce Hainer, Ernst Weingartner

Planned: 423.8 km; Actual: 423 km

"Beyond Hope"--Gordon Bisaro, Mike Kamps, Barry Monaghan

Planned: 443 km; Actual: 401 km

"The Who"--Tim Pollock, Rob Pollock, Ryan Austman

Planned: 394.7 km; Actual: DNF

"Tandemonium"--Deirdre Arscott/Bob Boonstra, Judy Morrison/Richard Blair, Anna Bonga/Mike Hagen

(DNF) Planned: 362.4 km; Actual: 370 km

"Team Hopefools"--Harold Bridge (DNF), Marion Orser, Norm Brodie, Real Prefontaine

Planned: 364.8 km; Actual: 364.8 km

At the Sumas border on Saturday after-noon, there were the "MFBs" shoving pulp into their mouths for fuel. What a sight for those not in the know. What I saw was a group of lithe athletes drenched in sweat, with salt-crusting faces, tired eyes, and mouths desperately chewing and swallowing grub. Their speed was incredible and unlike the others, they had a tail wind back to Hope. This team had an early start because Ken Bonner was to do the Vancouver International Marathon the next day! How did it go, Ken?

All I know about the Greybeards is that only member has one, and it's not really grey! Oh, and the other thing I know is that someone puked on Gord's shoes at the border and it wasn't even by someone he knew. Welcome to the country!

"Beyond Hope" was truly an apt name particularly for one member who really was. When I asked for control cards at a Secret Control, I noticed Barry practically turning himself upside down and inside out in search of the green card. To his delight, I offered him my hand. So I poked through the three rear pockets of his jacket, then the three pockets of a jersey underneath, then the three pockets in the jersey under that! That's nine pockets and none contained his card! I was informed later that, Barry, upon dropping his drawers for a common function, had his card drop onto the ground! Mike Kamps had a fish thrown at him, and at the ride's end, the team was chauffeured to Gord's cabin by Taxi.

"Tandemonium". Never a better name chosen. What we'd like to know is how Deirdre managed to do 374 kms on the back of Bob's tandem that recorded a distance of 370 kms?! Anna and Mike, well, they did not finish due to mechanical problems, and let's just leave it that, shall we?

Another name for "Team Hopefools" could be "Marion and her Harem". How do you do it Marion? And what's this about Harold foaming at the mouth in the middle of the night? As a result Harold had an extra long rest and did not finish. Next year, Harold.

Congratulations to the MFBs who took the award for the greatest distance of 602 kms. Well done you guys, that's a long way so early in the season. The Greybeards won the M&M trophy for being the oldest codgers on earth or something like that.

Having all necessary amenities in one location is a big plus and convenience for this event. I think all riders enjoyed the hot tub, pool, showers, beds, and restaurant. I think Hope is a good location but we may need to look at other places for accommodation. In spite of some communication problems with the motel, they did see that we got what we needed. The problem is that we Randos tend to forget that most motel visitors are asleep when we complete our rides and therefore do not deserve to hear our pandemonium. The restaurant, on the other hand, loved us because we were such a lively bunch. By the way, the extra T-shirts went to staff of the restaurant and the motel. They were all delighted, especially the motel chambermaids. Coincidentally, when Judy Morrison and I stopped in Hope enroute to the Kootenay 200/300, there in the very same restaurant was a motel employee, wearing her Fleche T-shirt!

Many, many thanks to Gordon Bisaro for his incredible generosity of the T-Shirts, and to all who helped me and to those who supported the riders. See you next year.

## A SOUTHEAST 200

*Jimmy Vallance*

"So . . . no Norman this year."

"Fraid not. Not for the 200 anyway. Circumstances dictated that each of us had to plough his own lonely furrow, so to speak, he on May 6, I on May 7. Our riding conditions were generally similar, though the routes were different: Norman's was, if anything, hillier, mine was 10 - 12 degrees hotter. We had winds light to variable in both intensity and direction. Norm's ride was the Rocky Mountain Trench Century from Cranbrook, plus an extra couple of loops at the end. I rode to Cranbrook and back to Fernie."

"You haven't done that for a while."

"Not as a randonnee, no. But that route was the first randonnee I ever rode. And yes, Dan McGuire was right six years ago--it IS shy of 200, but only by the merest smidge, so to round it off I rode the 0.9 km to the North Fernie Bridge and back to make up the diff . . ."

"What about the ride itself?"

"Well, it was thumb-numbing to start with, barely above freezing, but within 35 km the sun had risen over the mountains and the ride from Elko to Cranbrook was ideal. Marty Hill, friend and one-off randonneur (1990), was parked for breakfast at the 49 km mark in Jaffray, so I off-loaded gloves, arm-warmers, my second bottle and a 15" industrial strength bungee I had found lying at the roadside. And this is what is enjoyable about riding over familiar terrain."

"What . . . picking up bungees?"

"No, no! Having friends on the road, waving or honking, knowing the road and the surface, knowing what gear you can expect to be in at any chosen spot, and where the side roads are if you need a quick burst on the banjo. You can also anticipate four or five of Vanee's cattle liners in convoy, and they'll pull you along nicely. Clear out the sinuses, too."

"So, no problems then."

"Not really, except for VERY sore feet during the heat of the day, but I stood with them under the Cold Water Spout (ahhh, bliss!) at the roadside just south of Fernie, and that did the trick. So the ride turned out just as I had hoped and I managed to squeeze in just under 8 hours. Norman did a 7:30. This is far better than anything we've ever managed together. Is there a message here??? Only joking Norman: put down that axe handle . . ."

## LOWER MAINLAND 300 ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

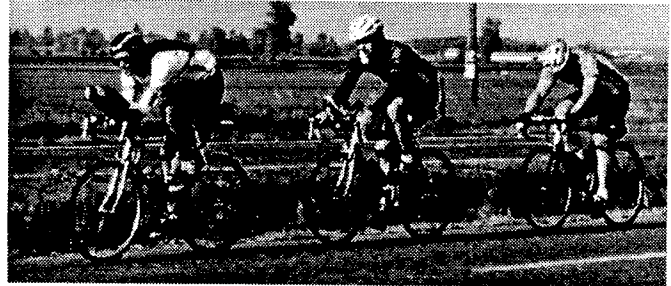
*Barry Monaghan*

Thanks to everyone who helped me out in putting together the 300 km brevet on May 14th. I was a bit apprehensive at first, this being my first time as an organizer, and I did a bit of nail biting during the last week before the ride. Thanks to Harold Bridge, my co-organizer, who I consulted on several occasions.

Thanks to Cliff Green of Carelton Cycles. We had screwed up in arranging the water containers. Cliff drove from the start at Guildford to Carletons in Vancouver, picked up the water jugs, drove them over to Aldergrove where they were needed, and then drove all the way back to Carletons to start work at 9:30. A very big thank you Cliff!

Thanks to Jim and Faye Lee for making everyone feel welcome at the fish hatchery and for the muffins they provided. I'm also grateful to Real Prefontaine, Lois Brodie, Bob Broughton from the Vancouver bicycle Club, Jack Sharky, Gordon Cook, Tim Pollock, Ian Farris, and everyone else who helped out. They all made the ride run smoothly and contributed their valuable time which is essential to the success of these rides.

Having now been an organizer made me realize it's not as difficult as it seems. I would suggest that anyone who hasn't tried it should give it a shot as the time commitment isn't that big and it's a lot of fun. Once again a big thank you to all who helped.



Paceline on the 49 line: M.Hagen, K. Fraser, G. Fraser.

## THE BARD DOES THE 400 KM (or "Nice Tights, Will!")

*Doug Cho*

And so I wake from restless slumber  
This twenty-eighth day of May  
I pray thee, let not my plans go asunder  
To ride four hundred this day.  
Two and twenty riders set out on the fifth hour of the morn  
From Broadway and Lougheed they fly  
Onward east away from the gathering storm  
Under a dry but foreboding sky.  
Dear George, thy Kingly highway we climb,  
Then Fraser to Abbotsford fair  
Our iron steeds galloping o'er distance and time.  
Past Hope did we start to despair  
Of the climb through the tunnels to the gates they call "Hell"  
Then back down into a wind blowing strong.  
A pox on this burden which we don't carry well!  
On Highway Seven the rains came along.  
O' Let us hasten though hearts be wet and weary  
Verily, the night shall fall.  
An end we seek to our travels turned so dreary  
'Tis late and my pillow doth call.  
Starless night and bright city lights,  
Vancouver I greet thee once more  
At journey's end such a beautiful sight!  
Dare we ride a six hundred encore?

## KAMLOOPS 300

Mike Hagen

### UPCOMING



Is Rando Control in your future?

#### Lower Mainland 300

July 9, 1994

Start: 0600

Burnaby Lake Sports Complex

Contact: Larry Wasik

299-6115

Supported

Route: Aldergrove; Chilliwack Fish Hatchery; Harrison  
Hot Springs; Mission; Burnaby Lake

#### Lower Mainland 400

July 23, 1994

Start: 0500

Boundary and Lougheed

Contact: David Charnock

433-7549

Partly Supported

Route: Whitby Island

#### Lower Mainland 600

August 13, 1994

Start: 0600

Mary Hill PetroCan,

Pitt River Bridge

Contact: Manfred Kuchenmuller

253-4858

Bag drop and motel at Cache Creek

Route: To Cache Creek, return

Chef Bob laid out a gourmet course for us ravenous randonneurs in the Interior May 7th. Except for a 35 km stretch on the Trans Canada Highway between Ashcroft and Spences Bridge, the route comprised lightly travelled secondary highways. But there were some side dishes: horrible hills, hellacious heat, rotten roadwork, and, a favorite, flat tire a la carte de la route.

1800 Friday, 6 May: Deirdre and Judy join Anna and me for a feast of lasagna, apple pie, and (at Deirdre's insistence) bread (good source of carbo, says she). We load up the Honda--two bikes up top (thanks, Larry Wasik, for the roof rack loan!) and one on the back, four adults inside, we are comfy. Deirdre is stoking for Bob, so she doesn't need to transport a bike.

0615 Saturday, 7 May: The five of us (Bob being the only local representative) depart the Summitt Drive 7-11 under sunny skies, and head up (up and up) to Logan Lake on the Lac La Juene Road. We climb over 1000 m in the first 25 km. After Logan Lake, we climb some more, past the Highland Valley Copper Mine (largest copper mine in North America), and descend into Ashcroft.

The tandem really rumbles on the downgrade. I hang in behind on this 11 km stretch that peaks at 11%, we're hitting 80 kph, and it takes only 12 minutes. Anna and Judy fall behind. Regrouping at Ashcroft, now off the cooler plateau, we realize that it is a HOT day. Ashcroft is one of the hottest and driest places in Canada. At Spences Bridge, it's time for an ice cream break.

1515: I can group most of my randonnees into three types: (1) solo rides, where I go my own pace alone; (2) fast group rides, where I ride with whoever is setting the pace at the front; or (3) social rides, where I ride with people as I like and the hell with how fast we go or how long it takes.

This Kamloops 300 is supposed to be one of the latter, but at 180 km, we're only averaging 20 kph. At this rate, it will be another 7 hours and well after dark when we finish. I haven't anticipated this, and have not got my battery. The thought of climbing the last big Hill before Kamloops with only a 3 watt generator light (which isn't going to work at slow climbing speeds) gives me heartburn. So I take my leave and turn it into a category 1 ride.

I head towards Merritt at over 30 kph with a tailwind, but the harder pace causes my core temperature to rocket. I'm sweating buckets. Stop at the Merritt 7-11 and buy 2 liters of grape-flavored Gatorade. Overheat some more when I find the rear tire has gone flat.

Two roads leave Merritt for Kamloops: Highway 5, the Coquihalla, which is 15 km shorter but climbs and climbs; and the old highway, 5A, through Quilchena, which is flatter (even with the Hill), and though further, is faster and more pleasant on a bike.

Normally faster and more pleasant. Warning signs appear: "Construction Zone Ahead . . . 24 km Seal-Coating . . . Loose Gravel On Road . . . Flagperson Ahead . . ." I debate whether it might be advisable to go back and take the new highway, getting my card signed at Merritt instead. It appears

the route will be about 320 km, so the other way would not be too short.

John Jamieson stops then, he is shadowing the route in his pickup. Judy jumps out, she has abandoned due to impending heat exhaustion--something I well understand given my own experience over the past 40 km. I ask that the route ahead be reconnoitered, and John soon reports back: seven km ahead, nothing yet, looks like no problem. So I carry on.

Warning signs: "Flagperson Ahead . . . 24-Hour Pilot Car . . . ." Three kilometers past where John turned around, the flagpeople appear. "12 km of seal-coating," they say, gazing with great disapproval at my skinny tires, "I'd turn back if I were you!" But there's no turning back for the randonneur . . .

The new stuff isn't so bad. I managed just fine on the dirt shoulder, or in the tire tracks where the gravel has been packed down. Traffic is infrequent, passing by only a few times in piloted convoys. But after the new stuff, there is more sealcoating, older and rougher. I find this stretch quite frustrating as I can barely manage 20 kph, my feet are going numb from the vibrations, and I have no idea how long it lasts. It turns out to be another 25 km.

This is the low point of the day; I've also been neglecting my diet and am bonking. Once on smooth pavement again, I eat my last granola bar, take a big slug of fluids, and am fine again shortly. But my food and fluid run out with 30 km to go. And I'm not sure I'll make the last big Hill . . .

Though rolling farm country and past lakes in evening coolness, a tailwind for company, who can ask for anything more? The Hill is approaching though, I look for it lurking around the next bend.

Actually, it's not so bad. If you can do 300 km, you can certainly do another three km uphill, even if it IS 11%. After you've done it a few times, what's the big deal? And the top, although it looks uphill, is actually downhill. That's a nice touch, so this is actually quite a friendly hill. 'Course, it helps that it's still light out. Better yet, once you're at the top, it's all downhill the last 15 km to the finish. I like courses like this!

2115: I slump on the sidewalk of the Summitt Drive 7-11 15 hours after starting there--321 km and over 3000 m of climbing later--the longest I have ever taken for a 300 randonnee. Slowly I drink a bottle of Gatorade and eat a ham and cheese sub. It's moderately interesting to watch the teenagers hang out. Those that ask if I had a nice ride seem suitably impressed by the gory details.

2320: Bob, Deirdre, and Anna finish their ride. We regroup at Boonstra's and sack out on the basement floor. Is it SO comfortable.

0530 Sunday, 8 May: Up again and into the Honda for the trip back to Vancouver. Anna has to work. Sometimes it never seems to end, does it?

## REMINDERS

### **12-HOUR TIME TRIAL**

July 16, 1994

Harold wants your entry in by July 8, along with your \$20, and the name of the volunteer you are providing. Information from Harold: 941-3448. Call him for an entry form.

### **VANCOUVER-VANCOUVER-VANCOUVER**

July 29, 1994

Ted wants your entry in by July 15, along with your \$40. No volunteer needed, just a brain that thinks it's brawn is capable of 1200 km! Information from Ted: 291-3499 (D) or 936-3519 (E). Call him for an entry form.

## KEN BONNER NEEDS HELP!

Well, we knew that already . . .

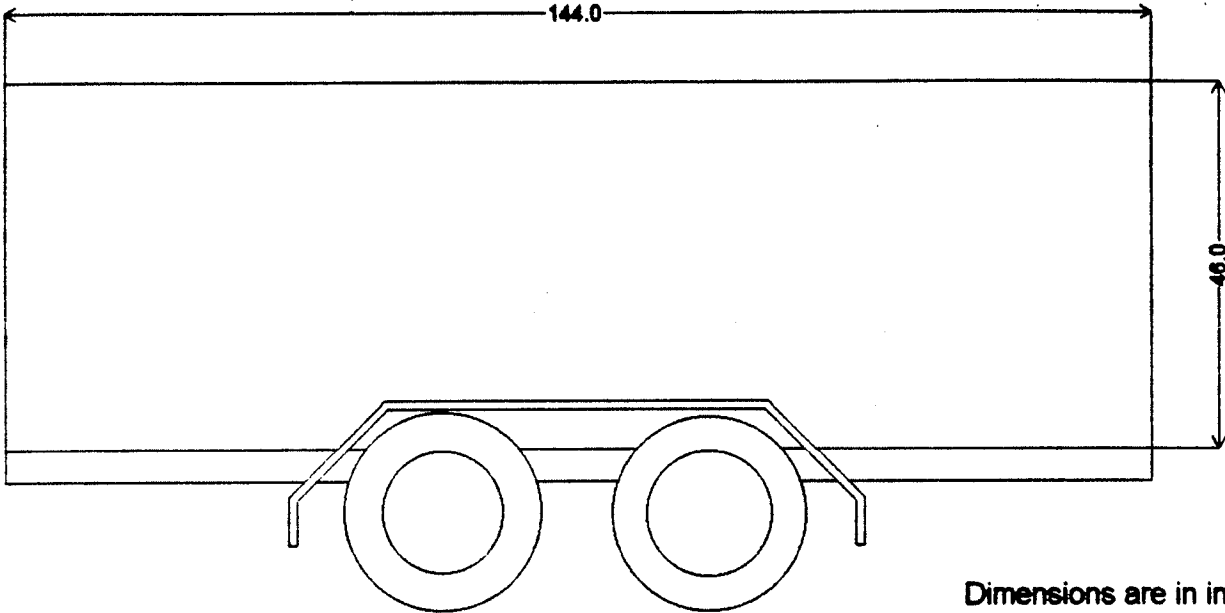
No, seriously, Ken is looking for a volunteer or volunteers to assist him in his annual . . . whatever. He is planning an assault on the Vancouver to Calgary record. He needs vehicular support with someone to verify distances and times, hand up food and water, and be ready with the white, long (long) sleeved jacket. He will provide the vehicle--a standard shift Volkswagon van--and pay the other costs. The plan is to start from Vancouver City Hall at 0300 July 22, travel to Chilliwack on secondary routes, then Highway 1 to Hope, Highway 5 to Kamloops, and Highway 1 again to Calgary. It is about 1000 km and Ken is thinking 50 hours. Call him at 953-3711 (D) or 598-4125 (E).



Plain Jane Rando Trailer: Brighten it up with our logos, etc! See the template on page 8.

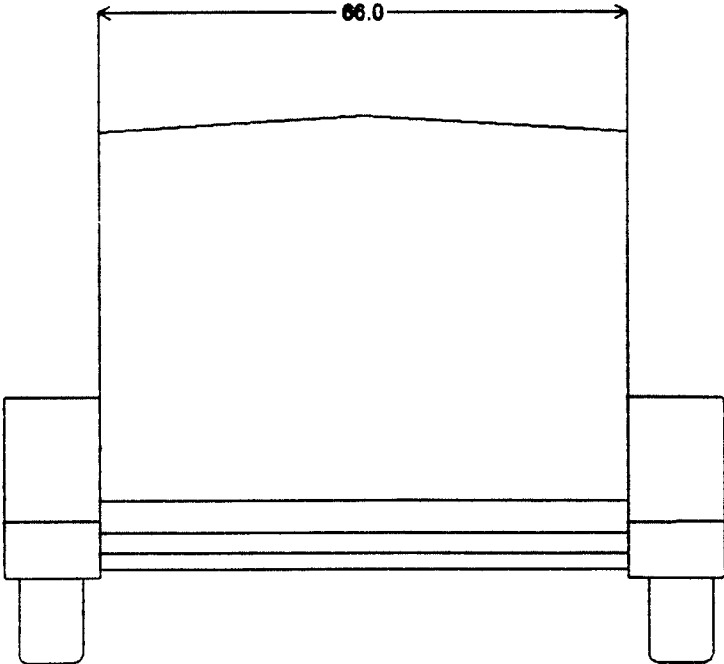
# B.C. RANDONNEUR TRAILER

Side view (both)



Dimensions are in inches

Front and rear view





CYCLING B.C. RANDONNEUR REPORT (as at June 21/94)

RIDER	PHONE	200KM RT	300KM RT	400KM RT	600KM RT	1000KM RT	FLECHE
Alfano, Nick	739-1262 (E)	9:00 FV					
Allen, Susan	822-2828 (D)	10:05 FV	15:24 VA	25:50 FV			
	734-2504 (E)	10:37 VI					
		10:49 NK					
Arscott, Deirdre	222-3587 (E)	10:53 KA	17:05 KA				374 km
Austman, Ryan	936-6954 (E)	11:00 VA					
Batisse, Norman	489-2884 (E)	7:33 SE	13:05 NK	19:45 VI			
Bisaro, Gordon	683-9621 (E)	9:04 VA					401 km
Blair, Richard	263-1621 (E)	9:33 VA	12:53 VA				374 km
Blair, Gil	479-1323 (E)	10:53 KA					
Bogart, Barry	264-0470 (E)	10:20 VA					401 km
Bonga, Anna	520-4484 (D)	9:58 VA	12:30 FV	16:30 FV	26:57 FV		
	420-9509 (E)	8:56 VI	17:05 KA				
		8:37 KA	13:05 NK				
Bonner, Ken	598-4135 (E)	6:24 VI	11:06 VI	14:56 VI			602 km
Boonstra, Bob	828-2869 (E)	9:27 KA	17:05 KA	18:55 FV			374 km
		12:00 NK					
Bridge, Harold	941-3448 (E)	9:51 VA	16:20 NK	22:35 FV	DNF FV		
Brodie, Norm	522-6726 (E)	10:53 VA	14:30 VA				365 km
Burditt, Jack	669-8220 (E)	11:01 VA					
Caprani, Cliff	434-3633 (E)	DNF VA					
Charnock, David	433-7549 (E)	10:43 VA	14:58 NK				
Cho, Doug	942-0300 (E)	9:23 VA	15:10 FV	17:45 FV	DNF FV		
Clare, Victor	530-3778 (E)	8:44 VA	12:33 VA	16:56 FV	DNF FV		
Cock, Gordon	594-4644 (E)	8:00 VA	13:05 NK				424 km
Evans, Andy	736-3203 (E)	8:00 VA	12:30 VA				
Faubert, Stephen	748-0443 (D)		14:59 VI	17:28 VI			
Fraser, Gary	980-0928 (E)	6:59 VI	10:07 VA	12:39 FV	24:45 FV		602 km
			10:20 VI				
Fraser, Keith	737-7850 (E)	6:24 VI	10:07 VA	12:39 FV	22:17 FV		602 km
			10:20 VI				
Gallazin, Sarah	683-4443 (D)	10:20 VA	13:45 VA				
		10:09 VI					
Gosling, Jacquetta	987-6156 (E)	10:02 VA					
Gosling, Kyle	980-3058 (E)	9:55 VA					
Gray, John	985-5585 (E)	10:53 KA					
Griffiths, Keith	524-0947 (E)	9:58 VA					
Grillo, Ernie				17:28 VI			
Hagen, Mike	420-9509 (E)	6:42 VA	11:06 VA	15:30 FV	26:57 FV		
		8:56 VI	15:00 KA				
		8:37 KA	10:41 NK				
Hainer, Bruce	875-0320 (E)	9:30 VA	12:53 VA	16:56 FV			424 km
Hannah, Peter	522-2390 (E)	10:00 VA					
Henniger, Barb	937-7855 (E)	DNF VA					
Hinde, Carol	245-4751 (E)	8:56 VI	14:59 VI	18:17 VI			
Hinde, Stephen	245-4751 (E)	8:19 VI		18:17 VI			
Horsly, Rod	731-3059 (E)	7:56 VA					
Jamieson, John	376-5147 (E)	10:53 KA					
		12:00 NK					
Kamps, Mike	874-3799 (E)	9:04 VA					401 km
Kuchenmuller, Manfred	253-4858 (E)	9:58 VA	12:53 VA				424 km
		10:55 NK					
Lapp, Ralph	595-5881 (E)	6:35 VI	11:06 VI				
Latornell, Doug	986-4440 (D)	10:05 VA	15:23 VA	25:50 FV			
	734-2504 (E)	10:37 VI					
		16:49 NK					
Lennox, Dan	877-0661 (E)	9:30 VA	14:35 NK				
Lepsoe, Barbara	876-5228 (E)	11:10 NK					
Lindberg, Terry	381-5255 (E)	6:59 VI	10:57 VI				
Little, John	681-5747 (E)	10:24 VA	13:11 VA	17:18 FV			
		10:09 VI					
Marsh, Robert	325-7617 (E)	DNF FV					
Mathers, Ann	592-9641 (E)	8:52 VI	14:36 VI				
Mathers, David	592-9641 (E)	8:52 VI	14:36 VI				
Maundrell, Ralph	531-1111 (E)	9:22 VA					
McGuire, Dan	942-3235 (E)	11:20 VA					
McLean, Ged	477-4839 (E)	6:24 VI					
Melli, Gabor	937-0665 (E)	9:04 VA	14:24 VA	26:35 FV			
Miller, Terry		7:56 NK					
Milner, Ted	936-3519 (E)	6:42 VA		12:39 FV	22:17 FV		602 km
Minter, Phil	263-7477 (E)	8:00 VA	12:30 VA	14:43 FV	27:53 FV		
Monaghan, Barry	879-9048 (E)	7:43 NK					
Moreau, Margaret	253-4858 (E)	9:58 VA					
		10:55 NK					
Morrison, Judy	879-3661 (E)	9:33 VA	12:53 VA	18:55 FV			374 km
		10:49 NK					
Murray, Drew	595-2114 (E)		10:20 VI				
Nadin, Eric	(403) 538-7707 (E)	8:56 VA					
Nichol, Ross	325-4214 (E)	10:00 VA	13:45 VA	23:15 FV	DNF FV		
Orser, Marion	737-8483 (E)	10:30 VA	16:20 NK				365 km

RIDER	PHONE	200KM RT	300KM RT	400KM RT	600KM RT	1000KM RT	FLECHE
Parker, Ray	758-1086 (E)	8:50 VI					
Pearson, Randy	(206) 366-5117 (E)	12:55 VA	11:55 VA	21:05 FV			
Philcox, Nigel	722-2891 (E)	8:27 VI	14:54 VI	18:17 VI			
Pollock, Tim	939-8166 (E)		19:45 VA				
Prefontaine, Real	853-7464 (D)	9:23 VA	12:59 VA	18:17 VI	33:00 FV		365km
	853-9594 (E)		21:14 VI	17:45 FV			
Pulfrey, David	263-6780 (E)	7:31 VA	11:40 VA		DNF FV		
Schaeffer, Barbara	(206) 789-9011 (E)			19:30 FV			
Schultz, Ira		8:42 NK					
Scott, Randy	474-2197 (E)	DNF VI					
Shelbourn, John	758-2453 (E)	11:41 VI	DNF VI				
Sikorski, Vincent	(206) 640-4180 (E)			15:30 VI			
Sneed, Greg	(206) 784-1265 (E)			19:15 FV			
Sneed, Gil	(206) 825-1604 (E)			19:15 FV			
Soar, Roger	479-2890 (E)	10:53 KA					
Stacy, Lyndon	(08) 272-6100 (E)				33:00 FV		
Stary, Peter	291-2621 (E)		11:39 VA	14:43 FV	27:53 FV		
Stelfox, Tom	681-0221 (E)	13:00 VA					
Stenning, George	245-2414 (E)	DNF VI					
Towe, Alan	758-9916 (E)						
Vallance, Jimmy	423-6473 (E)	7:58 SE	14:35 NK				
Vanderwall, Jeff	534-7570 (E)	11:46 VA					
Vialogas, Vince	730-0564 (E)	7:31 VA	11:39 VA				
Walsh, Dominich	874-0258 (E)	9:00 VA					
Wasik, Larry	299-6115 (E)		14:30 VA				
Weingartner, Ernst	589-4572 (E)	9:58 VA	12:53 VA	19:15 FV			424km
Wilson, Jackie	222-2613 (E)	9:51 VA					
Wood, Dan	(206) 525-1290 (E)	9:00 VA	12:30 VA	16:40 VI			
				19:00 FV			
Wood, Stuart	538-7589 (E)	9:26 VA					
Wyninga, Bill	739-1320 (E)	8:31 VA	11:40 VA				

Any errors or omissions, please call Gord Cook at 594-4644