



B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling



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

1994 Issue 4 - July

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FROM THE CHAIR

We have an offer of French lessons for Randos (and others who may be interested) from a lady, recently from France. She is presently providing evening French instruction through the Vancouver School Board so has the ability to teach a bunch of Randos a bit about French. Bear in mind we have the PBP coming up next year and there are many planning on making the pilgrimage whose French has slipped a bit since 1991, or like me, whose French is almost non-existent. This seems to be a good opportunity to brush up a bit and do it with your fellow Randos. Who knows, it could be a lot of fun. The details (cost, what evening, how many evenings, etc.) will be determined when we have enough people interested. If you are interested please give me a call at 594-4644.

Harold's TT was a success! It was held Sat. July 16 at Agassiz under a blue sky and scorching sun. The start was at Seabird Island Cafe (a well known stop for Randos) and used Highway #7 east to Hope, Highway #1 and #9 back to #7. Then round again . . . and again. I did three 80 km laps as did Manfred (he beat me - wait 'til next year Manfred!).

I hope everyone with an artistic bent is working feverishly on the sign work for the new trailer. I hope the lack of news is a indication that it is being kept highly secret by everyone working on the project. We are hoping to unveil the winning design at the AGM on Oct. 3.

1995 EXECUTIVE

Volunteers and nominations are now being accepted for the 1995 Executive. See the Executive List on this page for the positions, and call Norm Brodie at 522-6726. Note that the 1994 Annual General Meeting will be held (complete with morning ride) as usual at the Bedford House at Fort Langley on October 3, 1994.

THE THIN WHITE LINE

After a few years in this sport, you begin to notice the ebb and flow of participation and performance. Some years (usually a PBP year) quite a number of people join the rides, other years (usually the year after PBP--wonder why?) few ride. You notice faces--some will do a lot of rides for a year or two, then they seem to disappear, only to subsequently rejoin the fray. Other people will turn in fast times one year, slower, perhaps more sociable, times the next. Cycles within cycles.

From my, admittedly biased, perspective at the front, I've been a little unnerved by Keith Fraser's performance this year. I've been riding with the Fraser brothers, off and on, for a long time now. I particularly remember the 1986 400 when I was appreciative of their strength--and bulk--as we battled gale force winds into La Conner, WA. But I've never seen them so strong as they are this year. Another who has impressed me this year is Real Prefontaine--he has really stretched himself.

We've had some rumbles from France--why the heck are our times so fast? I'd like to think those of us at the front are an inspiration for everyone. While randonneuring is NOT about racing, not at all, it is a legitimate goal to push your envelop and see just how fast you can go. Not every time, of course, but it's nice to do now and then if you are so inclined. Events such as the 12-hour time trial--results in this issue--are one way to do that. Why not give some thought to attempting it next year?

RIDING A "1000"

Bob Boonstra

Few people ride a 1000 km randonnee, probably because they think the distance is so daunting. My first 1000 km+ randonnee was the PBP in 1987. In retrospect, I would have done well to have had a few more long rides to my credit. The fact that I did finish 1200 km (double the 600 done earlier that season) is testimony that it can be done.

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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.

I have ridden a few 1000 km randonnees and have found these rides to be quite different than the shorter rides. They obviously cannot be completed in one day and will usually require the randonneur to travel for two or three consecutive nights. As the event won't end quickly, it may as well be enjoyable. Memories of each of these long randonnees remain indelibly printed in my mind - not like some of the shorter ones which sometimes tend to blend with each other.

I was asked what the most memorable parts of my '93 ride was. Could it be the midnight descent from Mount Robson though the cold eerie fog rising from the road surface? Or was it the last day with more than 600 km on the road, traveling down the North Thompson with favourable winds and light traffic and a warm sun to ease our passage. I don't know . . . a 1000 is certain to hold many memories for those who ride them.

It really helps to ride this particular distance with others. Another cycle ahead in the darkness can help one to maintain speed. There is safety in numbers in terms of moral support and in material or technical supplements should these be required. A loose crank or pedal requiring an extra hand or special tool, a different food, or a simple medication can make all the difference between completing the distance and abandonment. The company of supportive and cooperative friends really makes a lot of difference in making such a journey most enjoyable.

Pacing and feeding is very important at the longer distance. A 200 may be ridden with minimal food and at a hard pace but a 1000 needs a different degree of preparation and mindset. I have found a moderate pace and careful planning to be most helpful.

A choice of route is important as one may have to commute long distances to the start or from the finish. A start/finish from one location is definitely easier in terms of logistics and time spent away from ones usual routine. An out and back is quite simple, a circular route probably quite interesting, and a one way ride gives the real sense of covering a lot of ground. You have - just see how far from home you are.

Most of these events have been tied into a long weekend for obvious reasons. I think that a mid-week ride or at least a ride ending on a Monday, rather than on a Fri-Sun evening, has the advantage that less traffic is likely to be encountered on the finishing legs of the ride. Late night holiday traffic or the returning bar scene gives good reason to avoid completing a long randonnee while competing for space on busy thoroughfares.

I look at a 1000 as an adventure. A lot of scenery will pass by and one can adopt a relatively tourist-like pace and really enjoy most of the ride. I say "most" because it has always been my experience that some parts of the journey will be difficult.

With careful pacing and feeding, a strong and fast finish is possible. By the third day, the body has more or less stabilized - if you haven't pushed it too hard to this point. I usually find the middle of the night times the most difficult and the mid-morning and early evening times my strongest.

The 1000 km. ride becomes easier with more experience at it. I find that a 400 ride can be one of the most difficult, especially if it is ridden early in the season, or under difficult conditions.

For anyone planning to do PBP in 95 I'd recommend that at least one or two 1000s be completed before that time.

WANT TO RIDE A 1000?

The 1000 is not part of the formal 200-300-400-600 series. Organization of a 1000 is basically left up to the rider. The executive does want to know who is planning to do a 1000 and when--route detailing and other registration (including nominal fee) has to be done ahead of time. If you wish to ride a 1000 this summer, contact any of the regional route coordinators to find out who has similar plans, where a good route is, and other useful information.

Note that at press-time (July 20), the 1200 VVV has been cancelled due to lack of interest, but there are rumors of 1000s to be attempted on the August long weekend: on the Island (Victoria-Port Hardy, contact Steven Hinde), or the Interior (Kamloops-Banff-Jasper, or Vancouver-Clearwater, contact Bob Boonstra).

VANCOUVER ISLAND 200

Doug Latornell

On April 1st, Susan and I left home at the unusually civilized hour of 1100 for the rolling ride to the Horseshoe Bay ferry terminal. We had to keep reminding ourselves to go easy because this was just the ride to get to the ride! Our late hour of departure was due to the fact that Stephen and Carol, our gracious hosts for that evening, were the organizers of the next day's 200 km brevet, and Carol was out doing the ride a day early so she could run checkpoints on Saturday.

After the 1.5 hr ferry ride to Vancouver Island we had a very sedate ride through Naniamo and along back roads to Stephen and Carol's beautiful new home on rural Yellow Point. We arrived before they did but they caught up to us shortly in a nearby pub. Despite having ridden an 8:56 200 Carol treated us to a wonderful stir-fry dinner.

All evening long riders were calling with increasingly ambitious target times for Saturday's ride. Stephen explained the rather convoluted route to us and told us that there was hardly a flat patch of ground on the whole ride. The existing course record was a little over 8 hours but there was a group determined to do sub-7 hours. We assured him that we were unlikely to be joining **that** group! We would be happy to finish in 11 hours.

April 2nd hadn't yet dawned when we were up and eating oatmeal and bananas for breakfast. We arrived at the start in Chemainus at 0630 and watched the smoothly organized sign-on of 16 other riders. At 0700 Stephen set us off and the group almost immediately split in four sub-groups. We stayed with the third group for the first 10 km but were feeling Friday's ride in our legs and dropped off to deal with overheating and bladder pressure problems. For the rest of the

ride Susan and I rode by ourselves, though we saw other riders on the way into and out of some controls.

I was having a bit of a tough time by 75 km. My legs just didn't seem to have much zip. Susan led for most of the next 25 km into the checkpoint at Glenora and I was thankful for the break. Carol was at the checkpoint to greet and encourage us, and make sure we were okay. We had finished 100 km and 810 m of climbing in five hours, a little ahead of target time but sluggish compared to the leaders who had rolled through almost two hours before.

After a half-hour break for some lunch and general collection of wits we were back on the road, heading into Duncan, and I finally had some go in my legs! The sun was out, we were rolling and feeling good; this is what a rando ride is supposed to be about! But should it really take 100 km and five hours to warm up?

The town of Lake Cowichan reminded me of the Muskoka cottage towns I grew up near in Ontario. The lake was shining in the sun, surrounded by the fresh spring growth on all of the trees. Spring may come early on the west coast but it comes really early on Vancouver Island.

We rejoined the main highway west of Lake Cowichan for the dash out to the end of the pavement at Youbou. The road was wet when we turned around at the Esso control but we had been slow enough to miss the rain. Our time for 150 km and 1210 m of climbing was eight hours. Most of the climbing was behind us now and a sub-11 hour finish didn't look too tough.

Leaving Youbou the ride got even better. My legs were still feeling great and we had a tailwind to boot. We motored up the gentle climb on Hwy 18 at 28 kph and Susan concentrated on sucking wheel as tightly as she could. When we reached the long downhill, "Team Gravity" joined me (I outweigh Susan by almost 100 lbs) and she was soon just a speck behind me. As the road flattened out at the 180 km point I waited for her. We snacked and sipped and got ready for the only stretch of riding on the busy Island Highway.

When we turned onto the highway the wind turned with us and we still had it at our backs! That soon changed . . . I actually felt the transition. The push behind me was gone, there was a lull of a minute or so and then, suddenly, the wind was in my face!

We rolled onto Victoria street where we had left 10:37 and 1530 m of climbing earlier and Stephen was there to greet us with our very stylish ride pins. He informed us that the fast group had finished in 6:24!

We spent the night in a big, comfortable suite at the Pacific Shores Inn. In the morning we slept late and forgot about the time change and so started the ride home at an unusually civilized (for randonneurs) hour.

The ride was a success all round. Susan seems to have overcome the digestion problems that plagued her on long rides last season. We knocked over an hour off our previous best time for 200 km and we got to see some new and beautiful country while we did it.

FRASER VALLEY 200

Susan Allen

Again this morning Doug nagged me, "When are you going to finish that brevet report?" He was talking about the April 17th Fraser Valley 200. Maybe I am waiting 'til the memory of the pain subsides and I just remember the fun parts. Maybe now is time.

Is it possible to do 200 km in 10 hours? Why of course! That, however, is not really the relevant question. Let me rephrase it. Can I do 200 km in 10 hours?

Two weeks before, we had cycled the Vancouver Island 200 in 10:37. It was a small ride with only 18 people and we rode most of it by ourselves. The mainland brevet attracted over 40 people. We rode in a group of 20 for the first 25 km where the hills ended and over half the group pulled off the front, lead by two tandems. After the first checkpoint we joined Peter and Ross for the second quarter of the ride.

This was the best part of the 200 as we rode up to Maple Falls. As a group of four we had been riding through the flat farmland, taking turns at pulling, two by two. Peter and Ross are members of a triathlon club and I was a little worried about how we'd keep up once we hit the hills. But the four of us climbed well together, Doug and I were helped considerably by our lower gears, and it just thrilled me to be able to keep up. We reached the turn around checkpoint and there were lots of people there, including the two tandems.

We left the checkpoint reasonably quickly as my stomach was playing up and I wanted a little slow spinning to calm it down. Heat doesn't help and, although it was April, it felt like July. As we cycled north towards Fort Langley, the front half of our four-wheel tandem suggested I start negotiating with my stomach so that we could have ice cream at the 165 km checkpoint.

It was feeling much better but a little bloated so I added chips to ice cream to give me needed electrolytes. Standing in the supermarket line in the IGA, a non-rando cyclist commented on our cycling diet . . . what, doesn't everyone ride on ice cream, CoCa Cola, and potato chips?

We left this checkpoint a little late and needed to average over 20 kph for the last section. We didn't think it would be a problem--even for us--but we forgot to factor in the traffic lights through Whalley. After sprinting away from the third traffic light only to be caught by yet another red light, I informed Doug that I really couldn't do this anymore. This was the real pain part!

We were both totally exhausted by our attempt to break 10 hours for a 200 km brevet, which we missed by 5 minutes.

FRASER VALLEY 300

Doug Latornell

We arrived at the Guildford shopping centre parking lot starting point less than 15 minutes before the scheduled start. Knowing the tradition of prompt starts, we couldn't count on a late start to let us recover from anything we might overlook in the early morning. Fortunately we didn't overlook anything and happily rolled away from the start with 25 other riders, including one tandem, at 0600 for a great day's ride.

I rode this 300 km route last year at a fairly fast pace and had lots of trouble in the last 35 km. It was the last brevet I did last year and I was determined to have a better experience, if not a better time, this go round.

The group went out fast. I know there is a certain excitement that goes with the start of a ride but whatever happened to the idea of warming up?! I could tell they were going fast because they were rapidly disappearing over the horizon. Just how fast was not obvious until Susan and I found ourselves riding beside Dan Wood. He had forgotten to bring a patch kit with him and stopped often for the first couple of hours at every likely looking service station or convenience store until he found one. Every time he would catch up to us, say a few words, and then gradually proceed into the distance until all we could see were his powerful, sculpted legs silhouetted against the morning sky as he powered his 78 inch single gear.

After about 55 km I was getting hungry--not a good sign so early in a long ride. I gobbled a couple of jam sandwiches from my pannier and we made use of the Golden Arches to rearrange some bodily fluids. Bruce, Manfred, and another rider whom we had passed earlier while they worked on puncture repairs passed us during this stop and so we rolled into the Aldergrove checkpoint at 78 km riding "tail-end Charley".

As we were leaving the checkpoint, Tim encouraged us to take it easy and enjoy the ride. He assured us that he would be driving the section between Mission and Guildford in the evening and would pick us up if we were having trouble. While we appreciated this thoughtfulness I was sure that it wasn't that we were slow, just that everybody else was hammering their hearts out today. This was soon confirmed as we rolled through the 100 km mark at 4:40, nearly matching our best time ever for that distance.

The section of this ride between 100 km and 165 km is a real pleasure. You skirt the foothills of the Cascades to the Chilliwack River. The road up the Chilliwack valley climbs a gradual 200 m over 20 km with green peaks and river rapids boiling alongside. The checkpoint is at the fish hatchery and the ever-friendly Lees were waiting for us with their camper van well stocked with pasta salad, sandwiches, fruit, and squares. We took a leisurely half-hour break to wash our faces, eat lunch, and prepare to meet the headwind that would face us for most of the 150 km home.

On the way back down the Chilliwack River Rd Susan pointed out that I should lead because, being heavier, I would go downhill faster and, being stronger, I would go upwind faster. I think she wanted to go fast without having to work at it!

With 198 km showing on our computers we rolled into Agassiz at 9:22 and congratulated ourselves on our best time ever for 200 km. Another leisurely half hour stop to eat more and got us ready for the real headwind and the Mt. Woodside climb.

The headwind was there with a vengeance as we approached Woodside but the mountain lost some of its power to terrify. I made careful note of my Vertech and computer readings at the bottom and discovered that it is 100

m up and slightly over 1 km along the road . . . not really a mountain at all!

We joked about being on the way to Whistler while we stopped at the Dewdney General Store which featured prominently in the recent movie "Intersections" starring Richard Gere and Sharon Stone. The day had been clouding over since mid-afternoon and now the rain appeared as occasional spitters.

By the time we reached the east side of Mission, thrashed from the headwind, the rain was falling steadily. We made a quick stop at the 250 km checkpoint, anxious to keep moving to stay warm. The clock showed that we had slowed somewhat from our pace of the first 200 km.

Fortunately, the coming of the rain coincided with the dying of the headwind. All that was left was the climbing. A lot of rather pointless climbing because you give the altitude away again in one steep, winding, rough descent to the river. It's pointless except for the crucial fact that there ain't no roads that stay on the flat.

This was the area where I had run into so much trouble last year with a total lack of energy. This time it was daunting because I was hurting from having pulled into the headwind for the last 50 km, but Susan lead and I followed her wheel and kept telling myself I was feeling much better than last year. Eventually I believed it and rolled into the Fort Langley checkpoint at 281 km feeling good, knowing I had less than my daily commute left to ride.

We rolled into the finish at Guildford at 2123, 15:23 after leaving, and were greeted by Harold and Barry. They congratulated us, took our control cards, and presented us with our well earned brevet pins. Harold commented on the remarkable speed of the day's ride. We loaded the bikes on the car and hurried off with them to warm up in a nearby Whitespot restaurant and have a big dinner of, what else, pasta!



KEN AND KEITH AND GARY AND TED'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE

Gary Fraser

It seemed like a good idea at the time—Ken Bonner, Ged McLean, Ted Milner, my brother Keith, and I would form a Fleche team and ride 600 kilometers in 24 hours. No problemo. Ted even had this neat little chart all made out

with distances, break times, etc., organized scientifically. The way Keith explained it to me, I only had to show up with my bike and the deed was good as done. He reminded me that in 1987 he, Barry Monaghan, Alex Mann, and I had done a 24 hour 600. And in 1991, the two of us had blazed around the Concrete, Arlington, Sultan 600 course in a relatively painless 23:18. So, on paper our chances looked good. Still, the Fleche ride is early in the season. Without those preliminary 200—400 km "warm-up" rides, 600 km in 24 hours might seem like a big jump from 120 km Sunday training jaunts.

The first sign that things might come unravelled was the surprise withdrawal of our Island climbing ace, Ged McLean. He was still suffering from the lingering effects of a stubborn flu and didn't want to hold the team back. I searched my stash of excuses for something that would legitimately allow me to pull out (there's this bothersome little corn on the side of my right big toe . . . nah) but the cupboard was bare. And so, on Friday April 29th, at 4:11 pm, I found myself at the Coquihalla summit, swinging a leg over my trusty Merlin, ready to do a deed that was far from done.

I'm sure that no one, with the possible exception of sailors and windsurfers, cares about or studies the wind and weather as much as a long distance cyclist does. Okay, probably lots of other people do, but cut me some slack—I'm trying to come up with something profound here. . . . When our team met together in Hope it was truly a cyclist's nightmare. Judging from the way several flags were blowing in seemingly different directions, there was a headwind coming from everywhere. This, coupled with the arrival of ominous dark clouds, made things look less than chipper to your narrator. Memories of the 1992 600—when it rained cats and dogs for the first 15 hours (and lemme tell you, it's not easy avoiding cats and dogs when they're raining down on you) flitted uneasily through my mind.

Still, the wet stuff held off as we blasted down the Coquihalla highway. Within minutes, my trusty Avocet was registering a robust 84 kilometers an hour. Some quick calculations with the on-board computer pointed out that at this rate we'd be able to cover 2,000 kilometers in 24 hours. Alas, this would bring us over the allowed "distance plus 10%" figure—so we dialed things back once we hit the bottom of the highway . . .

By the time we reached Hope, the clouds could hold themselves back no longer. The heavens opened up and it rained. Boy, did it rain. For the next 12 hours it rained. Every couple of hours Ken would say, "You know, I think the rain's stopped" and 5 minutes later it would come down harder than ever. Ken is such a nice guy you hate to say anything critical to him, but finally we had to tell him to keep his weather predictions to himself.

Despite the inclement weather and a brisk headwind, our sodden quartet made good time for the first half of the ride. The stretch into Chilliwack (100 km) was done in 2:40. We reached our first supported checkpoint at 200 km (Sedro Wooley) in just under six hours. Things were looking promising. Alas, during the wee hours of the night our mighty machine started to falter. Ted had some bad luck with

impact flats (a total of four, including two within five minutes along the infamously rutted Sunnyside Boulevard). I had a problem with a sticky brake. And like a pack of wandering dogs we all felt the need to mark our territory at unusually regular intervals.

The 300 km point was reached in just over 10.5 hours, but by this time our resolve had weakened. Our original intention was to aim for 660 km (+10% of our stated 600 km goal). At the turnaround in Carnation we carefully stowed away our Superman capes and decided to push for a 600 km ride. Shortly after 4:30 a.m. the rain stopped, the sky lightened and we had a new day before us. Riding at a steady tempo we continued up through Monroe, Marysville, and into Sedro Wooley. The winds were friendly, the countryside was pretty—life was good.

After departing from our final supported check, we continued on up Highway 9. The stretch into Sumas was consumed at a good gallop. With a fresh wind at our backs our speed hovered in the high 30s. We arrived at the border (518 km) shortly after noon. It was apparent that we had made up time during the previous 175 km and could now realistically aim for a 630-640 km ride with no undue strain.

So what happened? Here you have four ambitious distance cyclists, fellows who don't know the meaning of "stop and smell the roses", and what do you get—a Fleche team that decides to take it easy and cruise back for the final four hours! And cruise we did. We ambled along. We sauntered. We took extra breaks. We rode 25 km in the last two hours but we still finished the ride in 23 hours. Where was the Type A energy that drives us on regular randonnees? I dunno—maybe it was left sprinkled on the roadside during the night!

Note: it seems that my esteemed colleague Ken found the Fleche experience so relaxing that he found it necessary to go for a real workout the next day. He ran the Vancouver marathon in a time only slightly slower than average . . . hmm, I can't understand why he didn't swim back to Victoria too!

'AROLD SCREWS UP AGAIN **or: A Little Knowledge is a** **Dangerous Thing**

Harold Bridge

Must be getting old. For the first time in a long and illustrious randonneuring career I enjoyed the 400 more than the 600. The latter was unsuccessful to boot.

Despite the horrendous downpours that plagued the last 100 km of the Hell's Gate 400, it wasn't too bad a ride. Perhaps the fact I set out to finish without considering a sub 20 hour ride helped. The event also served to get Norm Brodie the hook. I always blamed a series of miserable 400s on the fact I was riding with him. He didn't ride this one and still it was wet.

Had no trouble either, until Ruskin and the road works at about 370 kms. Wet, dark, headlights and an unseen pothole. Impact "snakebite" in the front tyre. Changed tube in the shelter of the PetroCan located conveniently at that intersection. Got going again and felt the distinct thump-

thump-thump that comes from a flattened rear rim. It got me home but the wheel was finished and I went to get another Wolber Super Champion "58" rim built on the hub. That's my 600 troubles started.

Wolber, I found, have closed down, bought up by Mavic. Mavic has a good reputation but they don't make a rim like the "58". The "58" has a deep well and is wide enough to allow the rim tape to sit between the tyre bead seats. This makes tyre installation and removal so much easier. I had thought of riding the stiff, fast bike in the 600. On reflection of all the overtime I've been doing instead of training, I felt it better to ride the touring bike and "enjoy" the ride.

But, on installing the tyres on the new rim I found it very difficult to get on, let alone off. Then I discovered the old tyre had been cut by the edge of the rim and the tube was showing through. Searched through my stash of used HiLite 23s and found they were all only good as spares, cuts and patches all over. Thought of going out and buying more tyres. But the red pen I keep with the cheque book reminded me the "fast" (it would like to be) bike had perfectly good tyres and so I wired it up for the gel-cell and Union head lamp.

It was nice to start a 600 at 0700. It was also a novelty to have to read the route instructions. I haven't had to do that in years. Playing tag with Doug Cho and Ross Nichol, the latter my companion during the latter stages of the 400 the week previous, I got to Marysville in good order and when I stopped a few kms further, I thought they would catch me. They didn't, they went off course.

Heading south from Monroe I thought I would stop in Carnation for a meal, I was fed up with eating on the bike by this time. But first, find the designated control store. It was at the far end of town. Not wanting to go back to a cafe, I decided to press on to Fall City, only 10 kms. Just out of town I saw a Tolt Hill Road sign and recognized it as something mentioned on the route sheet. That's why I didn't understand the instructions. Based upon previous journeys down there I assumed one had to pass through Fall City to get from Carnation to Issaquah.

Thus, the toughest section of the whole route I rode in need of food with nowhere to get any until I got to Issaquah, by which time I was shattered, pouring with sweat and cold at the same time. I looked for a cafe and found a "Skippers". Got a chicken sandwich and fries, which I could barely touch and I left for unknown roads.

Some people may have noticed the piece of Velcro stuck on the front of my helmet. It was in the unknown roads in the dark that it served its purpose. The mating piece of Velcro is glued to a flat flash light and I found it very convenient for reading the route instructions in the dark with two hands free. I didn't feel too bad, but any little hill reduced me to a crawl and I eventually arrived in Enumclaw at 2245.

It was raining quite well by this time and I was lucky to catch "Godfather's" just before they closed at 2300. I decided the Monroe motel control at another 100 kms was too far for me so I took a room at the motel by the last corner the route turned. Got to bed at midnight with wakey-wakey set for 0230.

Away by 0300, I knew I would be fighting the time limit from then on. I quite enjoyed the quiet ride into a cloud enshrouded dawn and was able to flag down an Issaquah cop to ask if there was a 24-hour restaurant in town. He directed me to Denny's about a km off the route. I wish I had asked night before.

The climb out of Issaquah was a balancing act that took forever and the "fast" bike was becoming a liability. It isn't supposed to be ridden slowly over all kinds of roads and I was taking a hammering from that as well. Ten minutes in the grass enabled me ride with eyes open into Carnation where this time I did stop at the Holstein.

There I learnt, in answer to my question, the town is named after the Dairy Company. In fact, the place used to be called Tolt and they voted to change the name. Without checking my control card I thought the Monroe time limit was just after 0900. In fact it was just before 1000 and Jim and Faye were still very much in evidence and Faye booked me in at 0507.

Another shower (two in a 600!) and a bit of a sleep got me away about 1000 to enjoy a wind-assisted ride to Marysville. But the combination of lack of training and my bad handling of feeding were beginning to tell and I was struggling to keep going by the time I got to Arlington. I will draw a veil over ride to Sedro Wooley where I think I was thankful to be outside the time limit by an hour.

Trying to make a calling card call has been complicated by this stupid adherence to an ideology. They have managed to screw up a perfectly good 'phone service in the name of Free Enterprise. I did eventually track my Daughter down. She was at my place taping the Black Adder Marathon. Makes more sense than my Marathon! As her car was at Fort Langley I had to drive my truck home from there. The clutch pedal was giving me sciatica! This is a great sport isn't it?

WHAT'S TO KNOW? **or: No, Don't Tell Me,** **I'm Too Young To Die!**

Mike Hagen

One advantage of being editor is that you get to pre-read all the stories. So I'd seen Harold's account of his miserable 600 before setting forth on the June 25th 200.

Twenty-one riders left from Maple Grove Park at Yew and Marine Drive in Vancouver on a partly cloudy Saturday morning. Temperatures were cool and conditions ideal, but the afternoon sun heated things up considerably. The course was new: from Vancouver through New Westminster to the Patullo Bridge, then to Ladner, Tsawwassen, Aldergrove, Fort Langley, and back to Maple Grove Park. It was nice to ride through the Ladner/Tsawwassen area, and it was a novelty to have to read the route sheet. I hadn't had to do that on a 200 in years!

Keith Fraser and Rod Horsly were content to follow me to the first control at Tsawwassen. We made good time considering the traffic lights and route uncertainties. But it was hard to tell because my computer had decided to take the day off and I didn't know how fast we were going.

There's a hill out of the Little Campbell River valley on 8th Ave, and a long incline up to 0th Ave and 240th St. Here Keith got away from Rod and me.

Every spring I plan to do some hill training. Every spring I don't. Every season I watch Keith pull away on the hills. It's never really mattered before, I'd reel him in again after the top. But that doesn't work anymore--Keith went out and bought aerobars. Maybe next year . . . nah. I'll just get a titanium bike.

I arrived, shattered, at the Aldergrove control; Harold and Anna were there to greet us. Harold was still recovering from his 600 and Anna had had a bad cough all week. A quick turn, and Anna's saying goodbye to hubby Mike. "What?" exclaims Harold, "no goodbye kiss?" "Oh, did you want a kiss, Harold?"

On the incline up 264th to the Fraser Highway, my hip started to bother me. This had never happened before. What was it? Sciatica? I didn't know it was contagious!

Past Fort Langley, heading for the finish, a familiar 1994 problem reared its ugly head--abdominal cramps. I've never been troubled by cramps before, but this year it's happening in almost every ride. What's going on? Is it old age? No, don't tell me, I don't want to know!

The hip was worse too, though Surrey I was in agony. The red lights along 104th didn't bother me as I sought relief by contorting around the top tube. A weird sight, perhaps, but it seemed to help. I also felt the ominous thump-thump-thump of a flattened rear rim, how could that possibly be contagious?

Finally, the finish, and I could go home. The rim was okay, it was the tire that was shredded, and the cord bulging. Yeah, I do remember a skid when we went straight instead of turning . . .

Going through our stock of tires (aka, "tyres") new and old, I found a new Michelin Hi-Lite Comp 700 x 23. Hmmm, well, Michelin's tires are a little wider than you'd expect--their 23s are more like 25s. I have a clearance problem under my fenders (aka, "mudguards"), I need something smaller. Hmmm. Here's a Specialized Turbo RT4 700 x 25. Well, a little hard to get on, but smaller than the label says--more like a 23 or even a 20. It'll do . . . uh oh--I'm talking ERT0ese here, what's happening? Not impending elder-statesmanship? No! No! I'm still young . . .

ALONE AND UNASSISTED, **THE "12-HOUR" TIME TRIAL**

Harold Bridge

Murphy's Law dictates that if you plan something when you are not busy then, when the time comes, you will be busy with other things like work and earning money. So it was with the "12". When I suggested it and received a positive response from some riders, I was not very busy working for a company with no money and a slim chance of getting paid on scheduled pay days. I thought lay-off was imminent.

If the US Navy was as well organized as the BC Randonneurs there wouldn't have been a problem. At the beginning of May I suddenly found myself transferred from

my usually mundane duties to the design team for a new apparatus. We had a month in which to complete a full set of drawings. The fact we built the prototype six years ago had nothing to do with it, the new requirements were totally different.

A frantic two months ensued in which time my cycling got neglected while I worked overtime. Then I failed a 600 and put my back out driving the truck home from Fort Langley. The transmission got so bad I stopped using the truck and the bad weather meant I wasn't in condition to ride out to Agassiz and measure circuits, record distances, and ride home again. The "12" took a back seat.

A nice little 14 km finishing circuit on Seabird Island was planned but the Band Manager expressed his concerns about the narrow road and safety and I was left with no time in which to search out an alternative. Thus the "Fixed Distance" 12. It avoided a need for precise course measuring and also eased the problem of timing the finish, albeit at the expense of spreading out the finishing times. However, that was compensated for by the riders choosing, before and during the event, how many laps they wanted to do.

Events of this nature do create a "hurry up and wait" situation and as it turned out, I felt a bit guilty at having willing volunteers standing around with little to do. But there is the odd emergency to deal with, plus the need to relieve people at intervals, and it was a nice day to be up the Valley, even if the Vancouver-produced smog was getting compressed in that narrow funnel of the Fraser River.

What is a time trial? In the past I have suggested the TT is to individualism and free enterprise what the randonnee is to collective effort and communism. Thus it was as rewarding to see the Laird of Fernie, Jimmy Vallance, enjoying his stops and chatting with his supporters as it was to see the sustained power and efficiency displayed by Keith Fraser.

The first glitch was Mike Hagen suddenly finding his computer wasn't working immediately before he started. Gordie Cook, still muttering about the damage Delta Airlines did to his bike last year, lost his computer enroute as a result of that damage. Ernst Weingartner didn't look comfortable right from the start, it seems he dislikes the heat as much as I do. Mr. Consistency, Eric Fergusson, displayed an excellent judgment of pace with no more than 4 1/2 minutes difference between the fastest and slowest of his four laps. Ms. Cheerful, Anna Bonga, never seemed to be in distress though the split times suggest she would have been happier with three laps instead of her chosen four. But it isn't in Anna's nature to quit.

When planning the start sheet I tried to put comparable riders in such position relative to each other that any catching and passing is done by riders of different levels of ability. I was left with riding partners Gordie and Manfred and mistakenly put Gordie in front, assuming he would be the faster (he took his mudguards off too). Manfred took about a lap to make up the three minutes and proceeded to drop Gordie by another four minutes before the expiration of their three laps.

Two years ago I was showing Real Prefontaine 'round a 600. He's got nothing to learn from me now. For a man in his early 60s with a limited cycling background to ride a 10 1/2 hour time trial so consistently is, I think, remarkable, and augers well for his debut in PBP95.

From the helpers' point of view it was a nice day, but too hot and windy for the riders. But they survived, I think. I am eternally grateful for the tolerant way in which everyone concerned put up with the glitches in my organization and I can't sign off without expressly mentioning all those who made it possible:

Keith Walker, one time international commissioner, John Hathaway, Jack Sharkey, Barb Henniger, Gary Fraser, Jeffery Kuchenmuller, Patsy and Linda Weingartner, Jim and Faye Lee (of course), Yvonne Prefontaine, Tim and Rita Pollock. The times that were taken at the two feeding stations were for back up should there be a screw up at the finish. Luckily, they weren't needed, but thanks anyway.

PS: One of the limitations of living in the sticks showed up when Jimmy asked me to show him how the pay phone worked. He can repay me one day by showing how to make smoke signals without burning a hole in the blanket!

RESULTS:

	Name	Laps	Time
1	Keith Fraser	5 (nominal 380 km)	11:14:12
2	Eric Fergusson	4 (nominal 304 km)	10:10:34
3	Real Prefontaine	4	10:34:57
4	Anna Bonga	4	11:08:53
5	Mike Hagen	3 (nominal 228 km)	7:02:--
6	Manfred Kuchenmuller	3	7:27:--
7	Gordon Cook	3	7:34:--
8	Jimmy Vallance	3	9:28:37
9	Ernst Weingartner	2 (nominal 152 km)	5:22:--

SPLITS:

No.	Name	Start time:	Lap number:				
			1	2	3	4	5
1	Anna	7:05	Time: 2:34	5:12	8:03	11:08	
			Split: 2:34	2:38	2:51	3:05	
2	Jimmy	7:08	Time: 2:47	5:54	9:28		
			Split: 2:47	3:07	3:34		
3	Mike	7:11	Time: 2:06	4:26	7:02		
			Split: 2:06	2:20	2:36		
4	Gordon	7:14	Time: 2:24	4:54	7:34		
			Split: 2:24	2:30	2:40		
5	Manfred	7:17	Time: 2:20	4:47	7:27		
			Split: 2:20	2:27	2:40		
6	Real	7:20	Time: 2:26	4:58	7:43	10:34	
			Split: 2:26	2:32	2:45	2:51	
7	Ernst	7:23	Time: 2:30	5:22			
			Split: 2:30	2:52			
8	Keith	7:26	Time: 2:05	4:13	6:30	8:47	11:14
			Split: 2:05	2:08	2:17	2:17	2:27
9	Eric	7:29	Time: 2:31	5:04	7:35	10:10	
			Split: 2:31	2:33	2:31	2:35	

CYCLING B.C. RANDONNEUR REPORT (as at July 20, 1994)

RIDER	PHONE	200KM RT	300KM RT	400KM RT	600KM RT	1000KM RT	FLECHE
Alfano, Nick	293-5342 (D) 739-1262 (E)	9:00 FV					
Allen, Susan	822-2828 (D) 734-2504 (E)	10:05 VA 10:37 VI 10:49 NE	15:24 VA	25:50 VA			
Arscott, Deirdre	222-3587 (E)	10:53 KA	17:05 KA	20:35 KA			374km
Austman, Ryan	936-6954 (E)	11:00 VA					DNF
Batisse, Norman	489-2884 (E)	7:33 VA	13:05 NE	19:45 VI 19:45 FV			
Bisaro, Gordon	263-4646 (D) 683-9621 (E)	9:04 VA					401km
Blair, Richard	263-1621 (E)	9:33 VA	12:53 VA				374km
Blair, Gil	479-1323 (E)	10:53 KA					
Bogart, Barry	264-0470 (E)	10:20 VA	14:49 FV				401km
Bonga, Anna	520-4484 (D) 420-9509 (E)	9:58 VA 8:56 VI 8:37 KA	12:30 VA 12:12 FV 17:05 KA 13:05 NE	16:30 FV	26:57 FV		DNF
Bonner, Ken	953-3711 (D) 598-4135 (E)	6:24 VI	11:06 VI	14:56 VI			602km
Boonstra, Bob	828-2869 (E)	9:27 KA 12:00 NE	17:05 KA	18:55 VA 20:35 KA			374km
Brain, Jeff	(206) 863-5339 (E)				35:30 FV		
Brett, Tom	(206) 775-6732 (E)		14:49 FV				
Bridge, Harold	941-3448 (E)	9:51 VA 11:20 FV	16:20 NE	22:35 FV	38:47 FV		DNF
Brodie, Norm	522-6726 (E)	10:53 VA	14:30 VA	20:35 KA			365km
Burditt, Jack	669-8220 (E)	11:01 VA					
Caprani, Cliff	873-7518 (D) 434-3633 (E)	DNF VA					
Charnock, David	433-7549 (E)	10:43 VA	14:58 NE				
Cho, Doug	660-0500 (D) 942-0300 (E)	9:23 VA	15:14 VI	17:45 FV	DNF FV		
Clare, Victor	530-3778 (E)	8:44 VA	12:33 VA	16:56 FV			
Cook, Gordon	594-4644 (E)	8:00 VA	13:05 NE				424km
Courtney, Eric	(206) 367-3818 (E)				35:30 FV		
Evans, Andy	736-3203 (E)	8:00 VA	12:30 VA 17:42 FV 15:15 FV				
Faris, Ian	464-6595 (E)		14:59 VI	17:28 VI			
Faubert, Stephen	748-0443 (D)		11:20 FV				
Ferguson, Eric	733-6657 (E)		10:07 VA	12:39 FV	24:45 FV		602km
Fraser, Gary	980-0928 (E)	6:59 VI	10:20 VI 10:20 VI	12:39 FV	22:17 FV		602km
Fraser, Keith	737-7850 (E)	6:24 VI 6:12 FV	10:07 VA 10:20 VI	12:39 FV			
Gallazin, Sarah	683-4443 (D)	10:20 VA 10:09 VI	13:45 VA				
Gosling, Jacquetta	987-6156 (E)	10:02 VA					
Gosling, Kyle	980-3058 (E)	9:55 VA					
Gray, John	985-5585 (E)	10:53 KA	DNF FV				
Griffiths, Keith	524-0947 (E)	9:58 VA					
Grillo, Ernie	(206) 746-2010 (E)			17:28 VI	34:25 FV		
Hacker, Chris							
Hagen, Mike	420-9509 (E)	6:42 VA 8:56 VI 8:37 KA 6:43 FV	11:06 VA 12:12 FV 15:00 KA 10:41 NE	15:30 FV	26:57 FV		DNF
Hainer, Bruce	873-0320 (E)	9:30 VA	12:53 VA	16:56 FV			424km
Hannah, Peter	430-1531 (D) 522-2390 (E)	10:00 VA					
Henniger, Barb	937-7855 (E)	DNF VA					
Hinde, Carol	363-3836 (D) 245-4751 (E)	8:56 VI	14:59 VI	18:17 VI			
Hinde, Stephen	246-6248 (D) 245-4751 (E)	8:19 VI	15:30 FV	18:17 VI			
Horsley, Rod	685-0625 (D) 731-3059 (E)	7:56 VA 7:12 FV	11:47 FV				
Jamieson, John	376-5147 (E)	10:53 KA 12:00 NE					
Kamps, Mike	682-2020 (D) 874-3799 (E)	9:04 VA					401km
Kramer, John	685-6233 (E)		15:07 FV				
Kuchenmuller, Manfred	253-4858 (E)	9:58 VA 10:55 NE	12:53 VA				424km
Lapp, Ralph	384-4121 (D) 595-5881 (E)	6:35 VI	11:06 VI				
Latornell, Doug	986-4440 (D) 734-2504 (E)	10:05 VA 10:37 VI 10:49 NE	15:23 VA	25:50 VA			
Lennox, Dan	877-0661 (E)	9:30 VA	14:35 NE				

RIDER	PHONE	200KM RT	300KM RT	400KM RT	600KM RT	1000KM RT	FLECHE
Lepsoe, Barbara	679-3179(E)	11:10 NE					
Lindberg, Terry	381-4343(D) 381-5255(E)	6:59 VI	10:57 VI				
Little, John	681-5747(E)	10:24 VA 10:09 VI	13:11 VA	17:18 FV			
Lysne, Peter							
Marsh, Robert	325-7617(E)	DNF FV					
Mathers, Ann	479-9391(D) 592-9641(E)	8:52 VI	14:36 VI				
Mathers, David	478-5501(D) 592-9641(E)	8:52 VI	14:36 VI				
Maundrell, Ralph	538-2737(D) 531-1111(E)	9:22 VA					
Mayhew, Dana	(206) 785-4223(E)		12:10 FV				
McGuire, Dan	942-3235(E)	11:20 VA					
McLean, Ged	721-8922(D) 477-4839(E)	6:24 VI					
Melli, Gabor	937-0665(E)	9:04 VA	14:24 VA	26:35 VA			
Miller, Terry		7:56 NE					
Milner, Ted	936-3519(E)	6:42 VA	10:00 FV	12:39 FV	22:17 FV		602km
Minter, Phil	263-7477(E)	8:00 VA	12:30 VA	14:43 FV	27:53 FV		
Monaghan, Barry	379-9048(E)	7:43 NE					401km
Moreau, Margaret	253-4858(E)	9:58 VA 10:55 NE					
Morrison, Judy	879-3661(E)	9:33 VA 10:49 NE	12:53 VA	18:55 VA			374km
Morton, David	926-4633(E)		12:27 FV				
Murray, Drew	595-1026(D) 595-2114(E)		10:20 VI				
Nadin, Eric	538-7707(E)	8:56 VA					
Nichol, Ross	325-4214(E)	10:00 VA	13:45 VA	23:15 VA	DNF FV		
Orser, Marion	737-8483(E)	10:30 VA	16:20 NE				365km
Parker, Ray	758-1086(E)	8:50 VI					
Pearson, Randy	(206) 366-5117(E)	12:55 VA	11:55 VA	21:05 VA			
Philcox, Nigel	722-2891(E)	8:27 VI	14:54 VI	18:17 VI			
Pollock, Tim	939-8166(E)		19:45 VA				DNF
Prefontaine, Real	853-7464(D) 853-9594(E)	9:23 VA	12:59 VA	18:17 VI	33:00 FV	74:15 FV	365km
Pulfrey, David	263-6780(E)	7:31 VA	11:40 VA		32:47 FV		
Schaeffer, Barbara	(206) 789-9011(E)			19:30 FV			
Schultz, Ira		8:42 NE					
Scott, Randy	474-2197(E)	DNF VI					
Shelbourn, John	756-7016(D) 758-2453(E)	11:41 VI	DNF VI				
Sikorski, Vincent	(206) 568-6410(D) (206) 640-4180(E)			15:30 VI	35:07 FV		
Sneed, Greg	(206) 825-1604(D) (206) 784-1265(E)			19:15 VA			
Soar, Roger	479-2890(E)	10:53 KA					
Springle, Glen	467-8346(E)		14:34 FV				
Stacy, Lyndon	(08) 2726700(E)				33:00 FV	74:15 FV	
Stary, Peter	291-2621(E)	8:52 FV	11:39 VA	14:43 FV	27:53 FV		
Stelfox, Tom	876-6488(D) 681-0221(E)	13:00 VA					
Stenning, George	245-2414(E)	DNF VI					
Towe, Alan	758-9916(E)	10:30 FV					
Vallance, Jimmy	423-6473(E)		14:35 NE		36:10 FV		
Vanderwall, Jeff	270-6111(D) 534-7570(E)	11:46 VA					
Vialogas, Vince	737-9889(D) 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	19:00 VA 16:40 VI			
Wood, Stuart	538-7589(E)	9:26 VA					
Wyminga, Bill	739-1320(E)	8:31 VA	11:40 VA				
Yuen, Charles	521-7942(E)		12:42 FV				

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