



# B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling



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

1994 Issue 5 - August

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## THE THIN WHITE LINE

Last issue I suggested that it's okay to see if you can ride a distance faster than you've ever done before. Still, sometimes I wonder if we collectively put too much emphasis on fast riding, and not enough on touring around a course, slowing to see the sights, relaxing at places along the way, enjoying the camaraderie of light-minded randonneurs, and generally "stopping to smell the roses." Remember, the raison d'être of randonneuring is not necessarily to go fast, but to complete the course within the time limit. So long as that is done, what do a few hours more matter? So it is nice that many of the stories in this issue are not about the sweat and tears that go into a fast ride, or the blood and guts needed to complete the more "challenging" of our rides, but rather they focus on the simple pleasures that randonneuring can provide. And rest assured, there's pleasure here, or we wouldn't be back.

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The AGM will be held as usual at the Bedford House  
on October 2, 1994

Preceded by Social Rides at 1000

Brunch at 1300

Meeting to follow

Cost: TBA

Contact: Harold Bridge

941-3448

**RVSP as Harold needs to know  
how many to expect**

Bedford House is on Glover Road in Fort Langley, between  
the river and the railway tracks

## NELSON 200: THE EASY RIDE?

Barry Monaghan

My first randonnee in two years. 1993 was a complete washout due to lower back pain and a motivational level that was somewhere between the basement and the earth's core.

After successfully finishing the Fleche Pacifique I decided it was now time to return to my favorite passion. What better way than to ride through the stunning beauty of the Kootenays?

0557: I'm rarin' and tearin' to go. Just need to put some more air in my tires. Back tires, a few strokes, okay. Front tire, a few strokes, SNAP! What was that? The front valve just snapped!

I bite my tongue to keep my language under control since there are ladies present. Quickly I yank the spare tube out of the saddle bag, remove the tire bead with the tire levers, pull the offending tube out, pop the new one in, and start pumping frantically. We're laughing now! A few strokes of the pump, hisssssssssss. What's wrong now? Your spare has a hole in it, that's what's wrong now! And, worst of all, everyone is leaving! Shit! Now what? Oh well, no problem, I have another one. I hastily made the repeat tire change and was finally off at 0610. Luckily I'd had the presence of mind to bring a well stocked patch kit with me, so nothing to worry about.

I found the early morning fog and the solitude embracing, with barely a car in sight. Smooth roads and new territory to ride over, what could be better? Hilly courses suit me just fine. Two years previous I had cycled this road up to Balfour on a touring bike loaded down with 35 pounds of baggage, this time it was just a small saddle bag on my CBS.

There is something about riding in the early morning that seems to open up one's energy channels. I always feel at my best early in the morning and after the sun has gone down. I started catching people just after the Balfour turnoff, everyone looking really fit.

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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. V3J 7G3.

The scenery was gorgeous, tall rock faces, different colors of trees mixed together, the sweet oxygen rich air that they generate, sharp switchbacks and wooden bridges. I almost crashed on the wooden bridge before Kaslo, coming a hair too fast around the sharp bend. I slammed the brakes on just in time to avoid becoming a permanent part of the landscape. I sternly reminded myself that these roads were unfamiliar and used a bit more caution thereafter.

It got warmer as I neared the first control at Kaslo. I took my longest break of 12 minutes, peeling off a couple of layers, refilling that two litre Camelbak bladder thing, and applying some SPF 30 to my sun-sensitive Irish skin. I exchanged a few words with my fellow randos and was quickly off for some more roller coaster fun.

I rode strongly all the way to New Denver, enjoying all the bends, dips, and twists the road presented. A deer half way between Kaslo and New Denver looked at me as if wondering what sort of strange creature this was. Randos must look like odd creatures to the native wildlife we sometimes encounter.

Pulling into New Denver I was still feeling strong, but little did I know what lay ahead of me. I encountered the tough, gut wrenching climb just outside of Silverton at exactly the same movement I started having my bad spell (of course!).

I was in my 41x21 gear in no time, struggling with great difficulty and staring miserably at the seemingly endless number of bends in the road (tough life, eh?). Terry Miller from Rossland caught up to me at this point and we would stay together for the rest of the ride. The nasty climb soon ended and so did my bad spell (wouldn't you know it!).

A quick Gatorade stop in Winlaw and we booted it toward the finish. The temperature dropped a little and some rain gave us some welcome relief from the heat. My riding partner had no fenders, so I kept him behind me till we reached dry pavement again. Nearing the finish, I started to feel a bit sore in the shoulders and neck. This is when my sane half starts to complain and questions the logic behind doing these sort of rides.

Are we almost done yet? Yes, just a few more hills and we'll be there. Yeh, right! Why do the last 30 km of these silly rides always seem longer than the rest of it?

I don't know, they just do! Now shut up and stop complaining!

We sail into Taghum with a time of 7:43.

Is it over? Yes. Thank you! You're welcome, but we still have to ride back to Nelson. You \*@#@\$&!

Why do you do this?

Who knows, I must have a kink somewhere. Anyway, let's head back to Nelson.

Why?

Never mind, just shut up and ride!

## A SOUTHEAST 400

*Jimmy Vallance*

In the summer of 1965 I ran in two 3000 m. steeplechases. DNF'd one and was last in the other. Since both were aimed at the following rugby season, it really didn't matter. However, part of the training schedule for these athletic endeavors was "the quarters": 400 m. in imperial measure--a hateful distance to run and I felt at that time that those who ran it from choice were irrevocably daft.

I have now discovered that I hold the 400 randonnee in like retard. It is not my favorite distance and if I was at all unsure about this, then the fact that at 8:45 on the eve of June 12 I still had to prepare food and drink, retrieve my gear from the dryer, and strip and repack bottom bracket and front wheel bearings should have persuaded me beyond any reasonable doubt.

In addition, circumstances dictated yet again that Norman and I would ride the distance individually. My route was an out-and-back (Fernie-Creston-Fernie), the middle 200 km. of which I usually find somewhat depressing. As you can see, I was really psyched for this one.

And yet, as it turned out, it couldn't have been much better. The weather was marvelous: not too hot, and cloudy when necessary. Traffic was light and courteous. I had only one low point, at the 160 km. mark, when there occurred the sort of fantasy which usually assails you during the last miles of a ride: "Ah-ha! A semi. With any luck the driver's supply of beanies will have run out and he will collapse over the wheel, sound asleep. This will cause him to veer to my side of the road, at which point I will disengage my feet from the pedals and leap nimbly for safety, leaving the truck to reduce my machine to scrap iron. I will therefore be unable to cycle any further."

However, this black mood dissipated, as it always does, and was nicely balanced by a fairly long stretch into Cranbrook on the return leg which was close to euphoric: a slight tail wind, little traffic, and a golden evening over The Steeples.

At this point I was looking at 270 km. in 12:34. And, at the last, due either to a miscalculation or a less-than-forgiving computer, I was 14 km short on my return to the Fernie 7/Eleven at 18 hr 15 min. No problem, I thought. A couple of quick ones round the houses, once round the Abattoir Loop . . . but the dark fooled me and gave me 19 hr exactly, rather than the 18: something I was looking for. Ah, well. Next year, Josephine.

## HAPPY (?) BIRTHDAY 600

*Harold Bridge*

I decided to use the Greater Vancouver 300 on 9 July as a start for my make-up 600. 0500 at Mary Hill By-Pass got me to Burnaby Lake for the start of the 300. I followed the course to the Fish Hatchery but at Highway 1, I turned right and headed to Hope. I'd been on the verge of following Ian's back wheel to Harrison, as there was no way I felt I could finish a 600 at that point. But the strong tail wind got me to Hope, and a 45 minute break over pancakes readied me for the inevitable 32 km grunt from Hope to Agassiz on #7.

I knew heroics were out, hell, it was my 67th birthday, but all the same I felt much better at Agassiz than I had at Hope. My 200 time was the best of the year, 9:17. Deroche at 301 gave me my fastest 300 of the year too, at just outside 15 hours. I arrived home at 360 km right on schedule at 23:00 hours, slept well but not long after eating the meal my daughter had prepared and opening the present she had for me.

Got away at 0415, Mission Mounties gave me a stamp at 0603, and the next control was at Big Rock Grocery, 10 km south of Sedro Woolly. Saw some of the DUMB riders but thought I was dumber. Getting tired and sore, I relied on the tail wind to push me north up #9. Stopped at Acme for pie and fluid and had a shock when I came out. The flag flying by my bike was pointing very stiffly to the south and it was a flog all the way to South Pass Road.

Another stop in Everson for control and more food and I plodded well known roads in reverse to the Aldergrove border crossing. A phone call to my daughter visiting friends in Whonnock prepared her for meeting me at Albion as my 606 km ran out in Fort Langley thereby avoiding using that stretch of Highway more than twice. When I got to Fort Langley they had rolled up the side walk and the only place I could go for a signature was the Fort Pub. But I had no money and the visa slip is stapled to my control card as they had no stamp. The Fort Pub doesn't sell draft Guinness anymore and I had to settle for Spring Pale. But then, in my state I didn't need liquid teflon to help it slide down.

## THE SWEET SMELL OF ROSES

*David Pulfrey*

*(ed. note: Dave started the Fraser Valley 600 on June 11 and found himself on the 24-hour Assault Team with Mike Hagen, Anna Bonga, Peter Stary, Real Prefontaine, Phil Minter, Lynden Stacy, and Victor Claire. He got bummed out somewhere before Arlington, went home, and rode the course solo the following weekend. Considering what happened to the paeline, perhaps his was the best way. . . )*

*The paeline whizzes homeward, passing the solitary rider still plugging along to the turn-around point. Who is happier? A good question. The quasi-racers can smile at the end of the day as they bask in their hot baths while slower mortals still battle on in that evening downpour. But at what price do they purchase this pleasure?*

I concede that the strong north-westerly that funnelled down Highway 9 in the last 100 km of my ride would have been more easily met had I been tucked-in behind the ample posterior of Peter or Phil. But I would have been miserable long before that time, having had black spandex in my vision for 20-plus hours. Okay, I could have been looking at rear derailleurs instead, but that is equally brain-numbing. In the paeline, blinkered heads are rarely raised. If you have the good fortune to be with Peter, then you needn't even look up to check the route, as he knows by heart all the roads in Cascadia.

When one is solo, one has time and inclination to take in the surroundings and to appreciate the changes in landscape. How many people on the scheduled 600 saw the south side of Mt. Baker, or counted the rocky crests of Glacier Peaks, or

gasped in wonder at the mighty twin domes of Mt. Rainier? Okay, I know it was misty for you guys--but you wouldn't have been looking for mountains anyway. This is mental stimulation, as is route-finding. "Should I really be on Highway 2? This is almost a freeway." But the police car didn't pull over and soon the Monroe sign came up, so I soldiered on, quietly satisfied at having put another piece of the ride's jigsaw into place.

It can be lonely on one's own, especially at night. The descent of Issaquah Falls City Road was interminable and pitch black. The lights from a few comrades would have been welcome. Perhaps the combined wattage would have banished the bears and cougars from the roadside to their lairs deep in the forest. Did I see any such beasts? Not with my single halogen Cateye, of course, but I sure heard plenty of them as they growled for supper.

Apprehension triggers the bladder, and here's another joy for the solo rider--you can stop and pee whenever you wish. No more will I contort and pinch, trying to match the incredible waste-water-carrying capacity of my younger colleagues. And, on the intake side, one can also stop for food whenever the fancy strikes. None of this uncouth stuffing of a mystical powder into a sticky water bottle while having one's card signed.

No, for me it was pizza and coffee at Carnation. Only a randonneur would eat thus when the temperature is 80°F, but the pizzeria was air-conditioned and provided welcome relief from the scorching rays. And how many of you speed freaks noticed the old-fashioned General Store at Van Zandt? Next time, step inside and revitalize for half-an-hour with a quadruple-decker sandwich from the gourmet delicatessen counter.

We all know that the pace line never sleeps. But this solo boy had five hours at Monroe and was off at 0630 next day fresh as a daisy. I know that this five hours went on the clock, but it helped make the ride a pleasant pedal, rather than a stoic slog. Anyway, who cares about time when you're well within the time limit? 32:47 at an on-the-bike average of 25.3 kph is none too shabby.

Next time? How about joining me and breaking-up the paceline into a chattering, heads-up, incontinent, gluttonous, illuminated, sleep-satisfied peloton? See you there!

## DAFFYNITIONS

*Doug Cho*

Tired of feeling left out when your bicycling buddies talk about their weekend rides? Do you long to be close to that special someone but all that he or she is interested in is bicycling? Take heart non-cyclists! Here are a few explanations to some common cycling jargon that will amaze and impress your friends.

1. Randonneur: masochistic or mentally challenged bicyclist (or both).
2. Bicycle: instrument of torture of Audax clubs around the world.
3. Light: requirement for night riding and desirable quality for climbing hills.

4. Flat: what you want on your route but not on your bike (or your performance).
5. Helmet: equipment that serves no purpose if you are a randonneur (see #1).
6. Jersey: a species of cow one sees while cycling in the country.
7. Triple: what some cyclists have on their bikes and others order in a bar after a ride.
8. Road Rash: seasonal allergy afflicting roads when there are too many cyclists in the air.
9. Pace Line: a traveling group of cyclists where each one tries to finish first by avoiding being in front (Hey, makes sense to us!).
10. Fleche: the part of your body that aches after a long ride. Also an obscure team ride that makes absolutely no sense to most sane people.
11. Fred: the person behind you who is threatening to make you look bad by passing you on his heavy touring bike.
12. Dropped: what happened to most Randonneurs at birth.
13. Attack: as in asthma, heart, etc., usually experienced during long climbs in the middle of nowhere, farthest away from help.
14. Control: what your spouse or friends will lose when you ask them to come and pick you up in the middle of the night.
15. Aero: the name of a chocolate bar that some cyclists carry with them for quick energy in order to go faster. Note that Aero Bars are no longer allowed in mass start bicycle events because of the sticky wrappers that litter the streets afterwards. We suggest that you carry mints.
16. Brevet: example of French humour when describing rides of 200, 300, 400, 600, etc., km. There is actually nothing brief about these rides at all.

## RANDON-NEWS

Tidbits about what rando-people have been up to. Let the editors know what you've heard!

**Harold Bridge** has completed his 12th consecutive Super Randonneur season . . . he celebrated by supporting **Ken Bonner** during his Vancouver-Calgary ride, which was completed in 45:44 (story in this issue) . . . the Federation of B.C. Naturalists has given the Barbara Chapman award to **Ryan Austman** for his contribution to the greater understanding of the natural environment. . . former B.C. Randonneur newsletter editor **Barb Lepsoe** has pulled up roots and resettled in her Chase, B.C., hometown, where she is opening an environmentally-friendly store called The Willows. Somewhere else to stop on our rides! Best of luck, Barb . . . one wonders whether **Larry Wasik** has his new titanium bike yet--only one more ride! that's the Last Chance 200 on September 10th. See you there!

## FROM MOUNTAIN TO PRAIRIE

*Bob Boonstra*

"How'd you like to try a 1000 ending in Mortlach, Saskatchewan?" I suggest to Deirdre Arscott, my anticipated tandem companion, thinking it will be a bit of a change, will fit in well with my annual family visit, and be a good experience towards PBP95.

July 12th: At 7:00 am, precisely, we roll out of the Illecellewaet campground just west of Rogers Pass and begin our leisurely climb to the summit. The day is clear and cool. As we summit, the early morning shafts of sunlight work wonders in waking our souls, providing some warmth from the cool morning dampness. This is to be shortlived as we descend to the Beaver River valley containing more damp and shade.

Only 70 kph downhill from the pass this time, in contrast to the easy 85 last year. I attribute the difference mainly to the increased density of cooler air. The new 48 spoke rims may have a lesser influence. (I had encountered persistent difficulties in maintaining the reliability of the 40 spoke versions used last year). We conserve our energies on the first day's travel to Calgary and later beyond. My personal philosophy on this ride is to keep the stresses at a minimum and the enjoyment to a maximum. We want to finish!!

Golden to the West Louise Lodge on the Continental divide as usual is a hillclimber's delight as we grind our butts to the saddles and our legs into oblivion. At 5300 feet elevation the divide is reached and we cruise rapidly eastwards with our gel seat covers now in their proper place, not in the panniers!!

Sixteen hours after we begin, we roll into our first overnight stop in Calgary, some 350 km into the ride. Only an hour or so of lighting is required.

Day 2 begins at 0600, a great night's rest: seven hours!! We fly eastward at a great rate on the flats ending at Medicine Hat at 1930. The dearth of accommodations east of "the Hat" encouraged us to plan for accommodation here rather than somewhere in the barrenlands farther east. We had already crossed the "no man's land" near the Suffield military proving grounds. Our two odometers lost their trip km data simultaneously, either from nearby microwave installations or other (extra?)terrestrial source. Maybe it was just that the clock only goes to 24 hours: who knows? who cares? . . . let's cruise. During one two hour stretch after milkshakes and pizza at McDonald's we log 62 km. Hurrah for pizza and milkshakes. Life is great!!

Day 2 ends with a meal poorly prepared for randonneurs: too spicy. This takes its toll on poor Deirdre who by Day 3 and 4:30 am is feeling more like being under the bike than on it. Fortunately her rando determination kicks in and our situation does not become desperate. We roll on.

We have a long day ahead and I wish to complete this ride without a lot of night riding. We stop briefly to witness the sun rising. A huge red ball emerges and takes only a few minutes to clear the horizon and begin its inexorable trek across the sky. Our pace slows a bit, mainly due to the lack of tailwinds which today are supplanted by crosswinds and headwinds, fortunately of a temperate variety. As we cross

into our third province in as many days we encounter hills and heat. There is no shade to be found, water is limited to the remote roadside service we encounter at sparse intervals along the route through the Great Sand Hills of southwestern Saskatchewan.

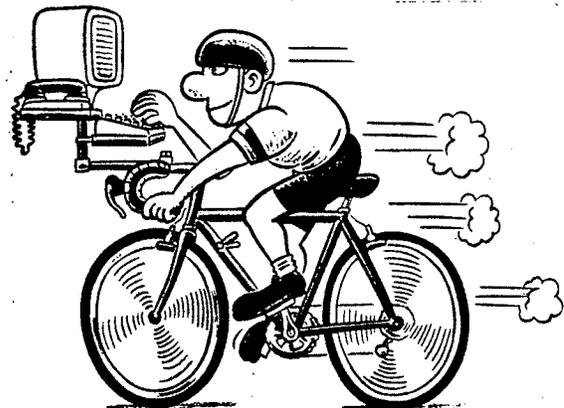
The land has a rugged beauty and variety of its own. The highway rolls on ahead like a grey ribbon rising and falling over the gentle undulations of the prairie landscape. The subtle greens and browns of the grasses and sands flow to the horizon. Above is a hemisphere of brilliant blue punctuated with fluffy white clouds. Cumulus for us today, not the hailclouds which only four days earlier had destroyed trees, crops, and rooftops. Apparently the wind had blown with sufficient force to roll 1500 lb bales around on the fields. We later witness the old farmhouse with its newer vinyl siding unceremoniously blown off and strewn about.

A hawk suddenly attacks from behind with a loud cry. It pulls out of its dive narrowly missing Deirdre's helmet. It circles once gaining altitude for a second run. I am preoccupied controlling the machine and quickly abandon any thought of flailing with my arms as a preventative measure. The second approach is nowhere near as close as the first and the bird flies to a nearby pole and settles. I presume we had passed to close to its nest?? or food?? We cruise on.

The tandem works flawlessly until we have covered over 900 km, then we have our first flat. A repair is effected in reasonable time and we cruise. Light begins to fail. We flat again. A slow leak. I pump instead of repair. Mosquitoes envelop us as we depart. We have only 25 km to go. We pump. We ride. Fast climbing now . . . we want to get off this thing. 1001 positions on the saddle in 1000 km have all been tried and all exhausted. 63 hours and 1000 km to the west lies Rogers Pass--it seems such a long time ago but it was only the day before yesterday.

At the last turn off the Highway into Mortlach I pump again. 100 or so strokes on the handpump should bring us in. I show some frustration at not having just changed the tube some 25 km back. I didn't plan on an upper body workout and we've wasted some time and energy for no good purpose. It looks like it might rain. The dark sky contains even darker clouds and occasional sheet lightning can be seen.

We finish in good shape and with thanks to each other for another memorable randonnee. Until we do another. Life is great. P.S. Have a good ride on the grey dog back to Vancouver, Deirdre, I saw you coveting the pillow!!



## THE NATIONAL PARKS 1000

Mike Hagen

"I hear the Randonneurs have a 1000 km route that tours through five national parks."

"Indeed: Jasper, Banff, Yoho, Glacier, and Mt. Revelstoke, with B.C.'s Mt. Robson Provincial Park thrown in for good measure."

"Guess it's pretty scenic?"

"Oh, you bet. Lots of climbing and descending, too."

"Might be fun. Any suggestions or tips for me if I do it?"

"Sure. First, hie thee on to Kamloops and the start, and be ready at the downtown 7/Eleven at 0500, tires pumped, bottles filled, card signed."

"Day 1 is a nice jaunt up Highway 5 along the North Thompson River, past Clearwater and Blue River. The highway leaves the river now and then, so there are some ups and downs, but it's mostly a slow gain of elevation up to the headwaters."

"Then jump over the divide and down into the Fraser main stem valley. You should do well for the first 320 km if the usual tailwind shows up. But you'll blow your 25 kph average to hell and gone if you take a 45 minute supper break at Valemount."

"Don't be complacent, 'cause after you leave Valemount, you'll cross the Fraser and hang a right onto Highway 16 eastbound. Suddenly, you'll have a long climb up the Fraser, past Moose Lake, and up to the continental divide at Yellowhead Pass and Jasper National Park. The tailwind you had becomes an in-your-face Janus, extracting a hellacious toll for the boost you got earlier. Then it'll get dark."

"Listen for the elk along the side of the road, hope the thrashing you hear is away from you. If it comes toward you, hope it isn't a bear . . ."

"Finally, you'll get to Jasper, at 440 km, hopefully not much later than midnight. If you can, be sure to book your room well in advance, otherwise you may have to settle for an executive suite at the Jasper Inn. It's steep at \$10 to \$20 per hour of sleep per person, and it's a shame you won't have time to use the in-suite jacuzzi . . ."

"Day 2 is as tough a day as you'll find anywhere. You've got two major climbs: Sunwhapta Summit at 2030 m and Bow Summit at 2046 m. Dress warmly, it's high at Jasper and it can be surprisingly cold in the morning."

"The first 50 km can be a real slog if you can't wake up. If that happens, it's okay to get frustrated and angry, and--there being no convenient wall--pound your head with your fist a few times (attention, Doug Cho--THIS is why randonneurs wear helmets!). Reinforce your new wakedness with pie and ice-cream at Sunwhapta Campsite."

"You'll have a steep climb to the Columbia Icefield but it'll be worth it if you can see the Athabasca Glacier. Have an ice-cream while you enjoy the view."

"The problem with the Icefield Parkway is that there are transverse cracks in the pavement practically its whole 270 km length. These are anywhere from two to six meters apart and are quite jolting--bang bang, bang bang, bang bang, all day. Your descent from Sunwhapta Summit could be particularly brutal as you hit your maximum speed of 70 or

80 kph--it's like a heavy metal drummer beating a staccato into your rear end."

"If you're lucky, a brief cooling thundershower will wash over you as you climb to Bow Summit. Then the descent, refreshed, the air clear, the scenery spectacular--even for Banff--and it's all downhill to Lake Louise."

"If it's high tourist season, Lake Louise will be a madhouse, but there's nowhere else for supper. Get your food and fill your water bottles at the Esso store, the line-ups at the deli and the pizzeria in the mall across the street could be out the door."

"Now get set for some more screaming descents--Lake Louise is virtually at the summit of Kicking Horse Pass. You'll lose almost 800 m between there and Golden, most of it in one long elevator drop into Field. The last 16 km are a twisty, downhill road--very interesting as the clock approaches midnight."

"Be sure to eat lots of spaghetti and drink lots of water at the 24-hour restaurant across the street from your motel in Golden. You've still got Day 3 and it's hell getting up early when you're dehydrated and hungry."

"Didn't get enough to eat? Drink a liter of chocolate-flavored malto-dextrin mix--600 calories and water too. Don't forget the banana-nut loaf you planned for breakfast. Hopefully, you're feeling pretty good: your butt'll hurt, but you can keep the pain and swelling under control with ibuprofen; and your thrashed, sun-drenched thighs should have one more day in them."

"Day 3 is an easy day--once you have conquered Rogers Pass. It could seem interminable--you climb, is this it? You fall. You climb again, is this it? You fall. You climb yet again, is this it? Yes, 'Welcome to Rogers Pass' the sign says. Celebrate with an ice-cream or three at Rogers Pass summit. It's lunchtime, you'll be 100 km from Golden and 150 km from the finish at Salmon Arm--but it's all downhill now, and you've got ten hours to do it before it gets dark."

"Any downslope over five degrees that lets you hit 40+ kph, coast. Push your tush back and grab the seat with your inner thighs. Give your battered butt a break. Take it easy. Stop at creeks and soak your jersey, keep it cool--it's a hot day. Don't sweat the headwinds: sure they slow you, but they also cool you off. Stop for ice-cream at Revelstoke, Sicamous, and any other place you fancy. There's no hurry."

"Wow, that sounds great. Want to join me?"

"Nah, I gotta see the dentist that weekend . . ."

*Carol and Stephen Hinde, Mike Hagen, Anna Bonga, and Real Prefontaine started out on July 29th. They rode the first 150 km together, then Mike and Anna went ahead, finishing two days later in 63:55. Carol, Stephen, and Real ran into headwind and time problems and abandoned at Saskatchewan Crossing--the low point between Sunwhapta and Bow summits.*

## UPCOMING

### Last Chance 200

Lower Mainland 200  
September 10  
Start: 0700  
Shell Station, at  
Pitt River Rd and Mary Hill Bypass  
Contact: Ian Faris  
464-6595  
Supported

Route: Port Coquitlam, Mission, Agassiz, Rosedale,  
Chilliwack, Abbotsford, Mission, Port Coquitlam

became) has lost interest in verifying such records and authentication has to come from the Ultra Marathon Cycling Association (UMCA) in the USA.

Victoria randonneur, biathlete, and marathon runner, 51 year old Ken Bonner, has for the past 6 years steadily whittled his 1000 km time down from 54 hours to this year's 43. To do this he makes an annual pilgrimage from his Victoria home to Port Hardy and back. As Ken had entered Boston-Montreal-Boston planned for mid August, he felt he needed another challenge to put him on form for that 1200 km trial through the mountains of New England. Thus the Vancouver-Calgary record attempt.

He assembled a support team from four willing BC Randonneur volunteers. Carol and Stephen Hinde of Ladysmith were to go as official observers and record the rider's time at 25 km intervals. Ken's Westphalia van would be driven by Dan McGuire and myself and we would be responsible for ensuring the rider had all the sustenance he required and change his wheels should the need arise.

Ken had some advantages over the previous riders. Apart from more support the main one concerned route options. Whereas the original route was up the Fraser Canyon for a total distance of about 1040 kms, Ken would use the Coquihalla for a total distance of 980 kms.

But distance is of secondary importance in place to place records. The rider may use whatever he finds to be the best provided the termini are reached. Whereas a strong hill climber may choose a short, tough road the weaker hill climber may feel better off on a longer, flatter option.

With no fanfare whatsoever Ken left Vancouver City hall at 94-07-22-0300. Quickly into his stride he soon had his tri-spoke wheeled Klein Performance humming along Highway #7. A tail wind helped him along at 35 - 40 kph and at Hope he was averaging 35 kph. But as he started the climb out of Hope on the Coquihalla it was evident the ocean breezes weren't keen to leave the Fraser Valley and he was sloughing a difficult furrow into an east wind that was to bug him for most of the ride to Calgary. But with patience, low gears, and the experience of one Paris-Brest-Paris, one Boston-Montreal-Boston, and a half dozen 1000 km randonnees, Ken bided his time and stuck to the task at hand.

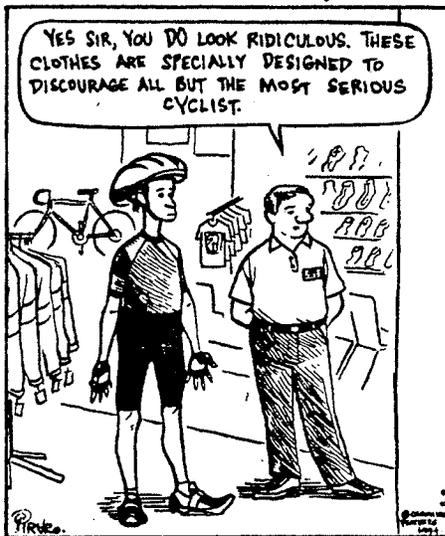
The climb out of Hope was only the first of 3 major climbs. The Coquihalla climbs 1108 metres out of Hope, Roger's Pass climbs 871 metres out of Revelstoke, and Kicking Horse climbs 856 metres out of Golden. These 3 monsters add up to 2925 metres of climbing and the total climbing in this nominal 1000 kms is over 4000 metres. Despite the climb and the headwind Ken's 200 km time was a respectable 7 hrs 45 mins.

He had to stop along here and call for a conventional front wheel. The draft from the heavy traffic was playing hell with his steering and the front tri-spoke was becoming a liability. McGuire's sage advice was to take the Coldwater Road detour and so avoid Larsen Hill on the Toll Road.

It was by this time hot, and Ken was in danger of heat exhaustion. He had a pair of socks stuffed with ice cubes knotted around his neck and it became more important to

## BIZARRO

By Dan Piraro



## A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Harold Bridge

Not Paris and London, but rather Vancouver and Calgary. However, there is a Dickensian quality to the dramatic purgatory endured in this tale.

Wherever there are places to go and bicycles to go on there humans that want to find out how quickly they can get there. Few have the drive and wherewithal to put their ambitions into practice. Thus are Place-To-Place Records set, verified, and broken. Though similar to a time trial, they lack the immediate competition of other riders. There is only one other competitor, one that never gets tired and doesn't slow down on the hills: The Clock!

About 1946, Danish immigrant Fred Anderson of Calgary set a record between the two cities that was recognized by the Canadian Wheelmans' Association. His time was 56 hours. In 1972, British immigrant John Hathaway of Vancouver defied prevailing west winds and record August temperatures and rode from Calgary's Main Post Office to Vancouver's equivalent in 51 hours. Since then the CCA (as the CWA

ensure it had an adequate supply of ice cubes than to worry about his Camelbak.

Again, at Merritt, McGuire offered sound advice to back up Boonstra's recommendation: take 5A out of Merritt--longer but avoids another nasty climb. A stop in the shade outside Quilchena Lodge got Ken cooled down and the two crews bought more ice.

And so to the "OVEN": Kamloops. The official temperature was 37C and the east wind felt like a blast furnace. A cold drink stop at McDonald's had the rider talking wistfully about cold baths. A campsite near Pritchard was willing to allow use of their shower for \$2. Prepaid, the rider decided not to stop at that point but rather wait until he had a motel.

Again the van went ahead to search out a motel in Chase, to no avail. On again to Sorrento where a single room was available. By using the radio the rider was able to walk straight into a tub full of cold water and ice cubes. The groans of ecstasy told their own story.

Thus refreshed, Ken decided after about an hour stop at this 445 km point to press on and not sleep. It was now late Friday night. In comparison to what he had endured during the day it was nice and cool and illuminated by a full moon.

But the support team was beginning to wilt and it was decided Stephen and I would make use of the motel room for a couple of hours sleep while Dan and Carol would ride shot gun on Ken. With the road taking a big loop round Shuswap Lake the two vehicles were initially in contact when the sleepers left Sorrento. Then they disappeared off the air waves. Tim Horton's in Salmon Arm provided a 0230 breakfast and thus refreshed Stephen and I played catch-up.

At dawn in Revelstoke Dan and Carol were able to leave Ken to his toil unsupervised briefly and find themselves a motel. This coincided with the arrival of Stephen and myself who were able to take over for the Roger's Pass approach.

As it was still too early for the heat to be a problem, and as the roadside is quite well treed, the 1327 metre high summit was reached uneventfully and the team got back together. After Golden (720 kms) there came Kicking Horse Pass.

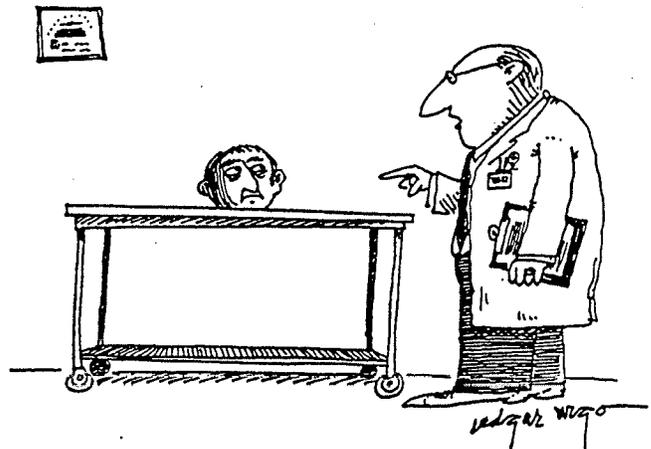
By this time we were in the heat of the day, the traffic had built up, and "KHP" is brutal with bare sandstone walls that reflect the savage sun. The van came round one corner to find the rider walking. Despite the lack of shoulder the van stopped as far off the road as possible. Ken had only just dismounted and had his eyes set on a waterfall. He removed his shoes and socks and scrambled, barefoot, up the rock face to the cooling torrent. The stream got him cooled down and he continued on his Via Dolorosa toward the 1643 metre summit.

The team were anxious, this was the critical point of the ride. If he made it to the top then it could be said, "It's all down hill from here" We waited just past the road works that left very little room for big trucks to pass a lone cyclist balancing on the white line. Slowly, Ken came into view with his feet turning a 27 inch "Granny" gear. He made it and we cheered him through feeling that, baring accidents, he had it made.

With over 800 kms behind him, there was still about 180 to go and it wasn't all downhill. The Foothills provided some tedious rollers to overcome and after a brief tail wind on the east side of the Rockies Ken was once more pushing a headwind.

The procession was the cyclist a respectable distance behind the van and followed by the Jetta all lit up and flashing. It seemed to all to be a never ending and monotonous journey through Calgary to the New City Hall which was reached at 0144 local time, 0044 Vancouver time. Thus the record had been revised to 45 hours 44 minutes. Ken patiently did as he was told and carried his bike up the steps for a photo session before being allowed to go to the motel for a sleep.

Given reasonable temperatures, prevailing west winds and a stronger hill climber the record could come down to inside 40 hours. Got the time, desire, money, and GUTS?



"It's a good thing that you were wearing a helmet."

**CYCLING B.C. RANDONNEUR REPORT (as of August 30, 1994)**

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 VA	15:24 VA	25:50 VA			
	734-2504(E)	10:37 VI					
		10:49 NE					
Anderson, Janet	689-8784(E)	9:19 FV					
Arcott, Deirdre	222-3587(E)	10:53 KA	17:05 KA	20:35 KA	37:34 VA	63:30 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			
		7:33 FV		16:45 FV			
Bisaro, Gordon	263-4646(D)	9:04 VA					401km
	683-9621(E)						
Blair, Richard	372-1873(E)	9:33 VA	12:53 VA				374km
		9:47 FV					
Blair, Gil	479-1323(E)	10:53 KA					
Blair, Fearan	372-1873(E)	9:47					
Bogart, Barry	264-0470(E)	10:20 VA	14:49 FV				401km
		8:55 FV					
Bonga, Anna	520-4484(D)	9:58 VA	12:30 VA	16:30 FV	26:57 FV	63:55 KA	DNF
	420-9509(E)	8:56 VI	12:12 FV				
		8:37 KA	17:05 KA				
			13:05 NE				
Bonner, Ken	598-4135(E)	6:24 VI	11:06 VI	14:56 VI			602km
Boonstra, Bob	828-2869(E)	9:27 KA	17:05 KA	18:55 VA	37:34 VA	63:30 KA	374km
		12:00 NE		20:35 KA			
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	16:20 NE	22:35 FV	38:47 FV		DNF
		11:20 FV					
Brodie, Norm	522-6726(E)	10:53 VA	14:30 VA	20:35 KA	34:24 VA		365km
Burditt, Jack	669-8220(E)	11:01 VA					
Burgi, Richard				25:21			
Caprani, Cliff	434-3633(E)	DNF VA					
Charnock, David	433-7549(E)	10:43 VA	14:58 NE				
Cho, Doug	660-0500(D)	9:23 VA	15:14 VI	20:07 VA	DNF VA		
	942-0300(E)			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	16:43 VA	DNF VA		424km
Courtney, Eric	(206) 367-3818(E)				35:30 FV		
Evans, Andy	736-3203(E)	8:00 VA	12:30 VA				
		9:47 FV	17:42 FV				
Faris, Ian	464-6595(E)	9:42 FV	15:15 FV	21:00 VA	DNF VA		
Faubert, Stephen	748-0443(D)		14:59 VI	17:28 VI			
Ferguson, Eric	733-6657(E)	7:26 FV	11:20 FV	16:43 VA	30:28 VA		
Fraser, Gary	980-0928(E)	6:59 VI	10:07 VA	12:39 FV	24:45 FV		602km
			10:20 VI				
Fraser, Keith	737-7850(E)	6:24 VI	10:07 VA	13:05 VA	22:17 FV		602km
		6:12 FV	10:20 VI	12:39 FV			
Fredrich, Paul	(206) 391-2557(E)				36:20 VA		
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	DNF FV				
Griffiths, Keith	524-0947(E)	9:58 VA					
Grillo, Ernie	(206) 746-2010(E)			17:28 VI	34:25 FV		
Hagen, Mike	420-9509(E)	6:42 VA	11:06 VA	15:30 FV	26:57 FV	63:55 KA	DNF
		8:56 VI	12:12 FV				
		6:43 FV	15:00 KA				
		8:37 KA	10:41 NE				
Hainer, Bruce	873-0320(E)	9:30 VA	12:53 VA	16:56 FV			424km
Hannah, Peter	430-1531(D)	10:00 VA					
	522-2390(E)						
Hannigan, Patrick	(206) 232-9283(E)	7:56 FV					
Henniger, Barb	937-7855(E)	DNF VA					
Hinde, Carol	245-4751(E)	8:56 VI	14:59 VI	18:17 VI		DNF KA	
Hinde, Stephen	245-4751(E)	8:19 VI	15:30 FV	18:17 VI		DNF KA	
Holdberg, Richard	(206) 784-9245(E)			25:21 VA			
Horsley, Rod	685-0625(D)	7:56 VA	11:47 FV				
	731-3059(E)	7:10 FV					
Jamieson, John	376-5147(E)	10:53 KA					
		12:00 NE					
Kamps, Mike	874-3799(E)	9:04 VA					401km
Kramer, John	685-6233(E)	10:47 FV	15:07 FV	24:00 VA			
Krichman, Ken	(206) 523-2769(E)				37:34 VA		

**CYCLING B.C. RANDONNEUR REPORT (as of August 30, 1994) Continued**

RIDER	PHONE	200KM RT	300KM RT	400KM RT	600KM RT	1000KM RT	FLECHE
Kuchenmuller, Manfred	253-4858(E)	9:58 VA 10:55 NE	12:53 VA	18:05 VA	DNF VA		424km
Lapp, Ralph	595-5881(E)	6:35 VI	11:06 VI				
Latornelli, 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				
Lepsoe, Barbara	679-3179(E)	11:10 NE					
Lindberg, Terry	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			
Marsh, Robert	467-7065(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					
Mayhew, Dana	(206) 785-4223(E)		12:10 FV				
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 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	730-8254(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)	8:29 FV	12:27 FV				
Murray, Drew	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)	12:50 FV	19:45 VA				DNF
Pollock, Pat	939-8166(E)	12:50 FV					
Prefontaine, Real	853-7464(D) 853-9594(E)	9:23 VA	12:59 VA 15:14 VI	20:07 VA 18:17 VI	33:55 VA 33:00 FV	74:15 FV DNF KA	365km
Pulfrey, David	263-6780(E)	7:31 VA	11:40 VA	17:51 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	758-2453(E)	11:41 VI	DNF VI				
Sikorski, Vincent	(206) 640-4180(E)			15:30 VI	35:07 FV		
Slivecko, Mick	731-8552(E)	10:17 FV		24:00 VA			
Sneed, Greg	(206) 784-1265(E)			19:15 VA			
Soar, Roger	479-2890(E)	10:53 KA					
Springle, Glen	467-8346(E)	8:55 FV	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	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)	7:55 FV	14:35 NE	18:59 VA	36:10 FV		
Vanderwall, Jeff	534-7570(E)	11:46 VA					
Vialogas, Vince	730-0564(E)	7:31 VA	11:39 VA				
Wagner, John	(206) 782-8965(E)				36:20 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	36:20 VA		
Wood, Stuart	538-7589(E)	9:26 VA					
Wyminga, Bill	739-1320(E)	8:31 VA	11:40 VA				
Yuen, Charles	521-7942(E)	8:20 FV	12:42 FV				

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