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Randonneur

Marathon Cycling

The Pres Room

Ian Stephen

As I write this I can think of any number of things to 'talk' about, but in each case I would be telling someone else's news. That is a sign of a healthy club. The involvement of the members makes light work of the many things required to keep our sport alive. Because of the importance of communication in a club as widespread as ours, I will touch on a few things that are new, improved or just plain exciting in the area of club communications. May those whose news I am telling forgive me.

We are experimenting with a move away from our traditional schedule brochure. There have been some growing pains involved with this step, but the end result should be a more efficient use of communication/marketing/volunteer resources. Those of you who have missed the printed schedule in the early part of this year can be assured that you will be better looked after in the latter half of the season and in years to follow.

The new approach is made possible through the almost universal use of the Internet and the growth of the club web site. Webmaster Eric Fergusson has made amazing progress and continues to bring innovation and greater utility to the site. Results and even photos of club events are appearing on the site with a speed that makes me wonder "Don't these people have lives?". If you haven't browsed www.randonneurs.bc.ca recently, go have a look at the new features!

Another tool that has been hovering in the background and that I hope will soon be put to greater use is the BC Randonneur e-mail list. We have Mike Poplawski to thank for creating and promoting the list. These lists can be very useful and no, you will not receive a ton of junk mail if you subscribe! Check it out at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/bc-randonneurs>

Thanks to Editor Susan Allen, the newsletter is a familiar vehicle for information, discussion and story telling. Only recently I found how far-reaching the impact of the newsletter could be. I was checking the address of a bike shop. On entering the shop name in Yahoo, I was delighted

to see that a BC Randonneur newsletter article containing the shop's name came up fifth in the search results! This sort of thing adds value for the club and the club's friends!

See you on the road! (and maybe we can have a good old-fashion talk!)

Urgent

Danelle Laidlaw

We are over-subscribed for participants on the Rocky Mountain and severely under-subscribed for volunteers. At this point, I am going to have to refund registrations for more than 30 riders if we do not get the volunteers we need.

I have the lead and follow vehicles staffed, but need volunteers for every control. Please help. Call Danelle to find out the times for controls and how you can help. (604 291-2508/604 220-8403)

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Nanaimo Populaire

Stephen Hinde

Great weather, despite forecasts and recent experience, greeted 33 riders for the Nanaimo Populaire. Of these, 28 would complete the 100 km distance, and 5 the 50 km option. All this in addition to the 6 riders who rode the organizers ride the previous day. Definitely a banner performance for the earliest ride of the season. (OK, Mike Poplawski captured that honour on New Year's Day, but I consider that to be still last year!)

Tim Horton's in Chase River again hosted the start/mid-point/finish controls, and what a wonderful location it is--lots of parking, comfortable seating, and lots of munchies. Special thanks to Jim Kirby who manned that control--mind you, he single-handedly increased TH share value. After touring through the old mining district of Harewood, the riders emerged into the views of Departure Bay, and soon descended into Lantzville, where Carol Hinde was manning a "secret" control. Considering there is a secret control in the same location every year, it must've been no surprise to the many repeat riders as they consumed Tim Bits, bananas, and water. All went well, except for a couple of riders who didn't realize they were at the northern end of the route, and decided to head for Port Hardy (well, a little ways, anyway).

Flats--at least the bikes have them, because the course doesn't. Brad Maguire, on his recumbent, took dubious honours with 7 for the day.

Remember the recent Olympic figure skating fiasco? Keith Brown took a try at the gold, but came up short with a 4.3 for technical merit, and a miserable 3.5 for artistic impression. Next time, moan and writhe a little, eh? Besides, that was melted ice!

After the mid-point (and welcome end for the 50 k'ers) the route

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The opinions expressed in the newsletter are those of the article authors and do not necessarily reflect those of the editor, club executive, Cycling BC, the CCA, or Randonneurs Mondiaux.

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Editor: Susan Allen

Submissions: Please send articles to me. My preference is plain text files or Word and digital photos in JPEG format to stoker@telus.net. Or mail (preferable a diskette) to Susan Allen, 2356 W 6th Ave, Vancouver, BC V6K 1V9

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climbs up to Extension, another old coal mining community. Another secret control for all but the fast pair of Chris Hofstrand and Michael Brinsmead. Anyway, they were going too fast to enjoy even more Tim Bits and bananas.

After a small detour up and around the airport, the rider's again checked in with Carol at the southern end of the route in Yellowpoint. Only 3 small hills later, and an easy 20 km ride back to Nanaimo, but for a few stragglers, a little rain. Oh, and Frances Caton, who managed to wrap her chain I don't know where, and had to be rushed off for minor (bike) surgery, fortunately finishing with just enough time for another Tim Bit.

Everyone had a great time, and I know they're pumped for the 200 km, which is only moderately rolling.

Pin Policy

Karen Smith, Pin Coordinator

All brevet rides are \$15. The **pin for your first ride** of each distance in a season is **FREE**. People who complete more than 1 ride at a distance may purchase additional pins at the end of the season. This will ensure that everybody receives their free pin. Left over pins are available to those who complete additional rides for the price of **\$5/pin**.

Anyone who has completed more than 1 ride per distance in a season and would like additional pins, please contact Karen @ 604-732-0212.

A Safety Tip from 3M

Ian Stephen

I recently attended a 3M reflective products seminar and demonstration in Richmond. Technical representative Viola Hoo gave an interesting and informative presentation on retro-reflective products. No, this does not mean products designed to look like those from the '70s, rather they are products designed to return light to its source.

Hoo explained that there are two types of retro-reflective product, glass bead and microprismatic. Glass bead is the type on the Rando club's tights. It only reflects white. Microprismatic products use tiny prisms behind a layer of vinyl. Because the light is reflected through the vinyl layer, the reflected light is the colour of the vinyl. A familiar example of this is the reflective trim commonly used on panniers.

A problem with the microprismatic products occurs if water gets between the vinyl and the prisms beneath. Hoo said that this can seriously affect the performance of the product. The zigzag or crosshatched designs seen on these products are intended to prevent water migration between the layers. If you sew this type of reflective material to a piece of clothing or equipment, be sure to only sew along the edge to avoid creating an entrance for water into the body of the reflective piece.

Hoo said that if water does get between the layers, reflective performance usually does not return after drying. The holes that

the water enters through are typically too small to allow thorough drying between the layers. To further complicate the problem, the vinyl reflective material may appear perfectly normal when viewed in daylight or in the home. To check for loss of performance from water entry the user must simulate the conditions under which the product works.

At night or in a dark room, shine a light at your vinyl reflective products and check that they still perform like they should. Ride safe.

Tools for the Job

Harold Bridge

It was 1981 before I carefully dipped a toe into the swift current of randonneuring by riding a solitary 200. It was 1983 before the current swept me away. I had a standard 1970's type Falcon racing bike that more or less filled the role of a Rando bike. But during the middle of 1983 I acquired a custom built "Randonneur" CBS (Canadian Bicycle Specialists) frame. It was a bit of a misnomer in that it was really a racing design with mudguard clearance. Nonetheless it was, and still is, a good bike frame. It's just that when ridden relatively slowly on rough surfaces it does give one a pounding.

A few months before my first randonnee I had read an account of the first "Raid Pyrennean" by North Americans. The proprietors of Toronto's "Bike Sport" (?) shop; Mike Barry and Mick Brown, decided in 1980 to attempt this brutal "Permanent" along the spine of the mountain range that divides France from Spain. They had a hell of a time, Mike had the flu, and the weather that September was dreadul. But they stuck at it and completed in 76 hours, comfortably beating what they thought was the time limit, 80 hours. It was only later they discovered a translation mistake. The limit was 100 hours!

The article, written by their support driver, had a side bar describing the specifications of the "Mariposas" they had built especially for this endeavour. When I read the spec I thought to myself; "These Guys know what a bike is supposed to look like!" And I've wanted one ever since! Hathaway beat me to it, he rode PBP83 on one.

After the fiasco of PBP91 when I finished outside the 91 hour time limit I decided to take my revenge in 1995. I was going to get a Mariposa and have six weeks vacation, ride the

Mersey Roads 24 hour time trial a month before hand in the United Kingdom (UK) and then fill in the time with some steady miles, er, kilometers. But toward the end of 1994 I started to creak with arthritis and far from anything as monumental (well, mental anyway) as PBP I was off the bike altogether in 1995 and my 6 weeks in UK were a chore, sans bike. I dropped the idea of buying another bike, I didn't know if I would ever ride a bike again. But as it turned out I was only off the bike 15 months and managed a 200 at the end of 1996. The rheumatologist did a great job for me.

By 1998 I was regaining strength and decided it was time to get in touch with Mike Barry (Mick Brown had returned to UK) and order a frame. It took me awhile to get the bike as I wanted it. Slight differences in the frame from the CBS needed compensating. By the beginning of 2001 I felt I had the handlebars I wanted with the right length of handlebar extension and I felt the bike was "ME". Then, on April 16 Easter Monday, I attacked that poor defenceless Ford during my first 200 of the year and wrecked the frame. Didn't do me any good either.

Whereas it only took 26 days in hospital to more or less put me right, it seemed ages before the top and down tubes had been replaced in the frame, new front wheel built and right hand Ergopower lever rebuilt. I finally got it all back just after Christmas. Whereas the frame had originally made do with a Marinoni paint job, this time it came back with a Mariposa paint job and looked beautiful. I had heard that the new Continental Grand Prix 3000 tyres were good and I bought a pair of 700C x 25mm to put on the Mariposa. The Michelin Axial Pros 700C x 23 I had put on the Mariposa in France in 2000 were now on the CBS.

Today Wednesday 2002-02-20 I took the Mariposa out for an airing. The weather looked good enough to leave the winter bike at home. 82 km: Round the usual back roads of Pitt Meadows, through Port Hammond and out onto the Lougheed Hwy to Ruskin. A left turn onto Wilson St took me up UP alongside Hayward Lake and allowed me to test the small ring and big sprockets. Once I had recovered from the climb and crested the top peak on Dewdney Trunk Road (DTR) I got motoring down toward Haney. Two or 3 years ago "They" dug a trench along DTR to bury a pipe or something. West bound between 240th and 232nd there is a stretch of a km or so that is like a roller coaster due to the fact they did a bad job of back filling (do "they" ever do a good back filling job?). On the CBS I always ride out in the road due to the

Coming Events

Seattle Fleche – Apr 26-28

See website
www.seattlerandonneur.org

South. Interior 200 – Apr 27

Bob Boonstra 250-828-2869

Mid-Island 300 – Apr 27

Stephen Hinde 250-245-4751

L. Mainland 300 – May 4

6 am: Burnaby Lake Sports Complex

Michel Richard 739-6798

Nelson 200, 300 – May 11

6 am: Nelson
John Bates 291-2508

Mid-Island 400 – May 11

Stephen Hinde 250-245-4751

Peace Region 200 – May 11

Fort St. John
Wim Kok 250-785-4589

Seattle 400 – May 11

5am: Edgewick Inn, 14500
468th Avenue, North Bend, WA
Ken Carter 425-255-6031

Flèche Pacifique – May 17-19

Various
Peter Lysne 980-6231

Peace Region Pop. – May 20

75, 150 km: Fort St. John
Wim Kok 250-785-4589

L. Mainland 400 – May 25

6am: Walnut Grove Park and Ride

Gord Cook 594-4644

South. Interior 300 – May 25

Ray Wagner 250-545-7165

Peace Region 300 – May 25

200, 300 km: Fort St. John
Wim Kok 250-785-4589

Mid-Island 600 – Jun 1-2

Stephen Hinde 250-245-4751

Peace Region Pop. – Jun 1

25, 50 km: Fort St. John
Wim Kok 250-785-4589

L. Mainland 150 – Jun 2

50, 100, 150 km: 9 am: Fort Langley
Bob Marsh 467-7065

way the bike throws me about on that bad surface. Today, on the Mariposa with those "fat" tyres I didn't mind a bit!

Think about these things if you are buying a rando bike.

A dimensional comparison of the 2 frames in question (in millimetres):

Bike Make	Size (ctr to top)	Top tube	Wheel base	Chain stays	Fork Rake	BB Height	Crank Length
CBS	590	560	1005	425	45	260	172.5
Mariposa	580	565	1045	445	50	260	175.0

Re BB Height: CBS measured on Michelin Axial Pro 23 mm tyres. Mariposa measured on Continental Grand Prix 3000 25 mm tyres.

Visibility

Alison Upfold (CTC) via Harold Bridge

As I was being driven on a country drive recently, I caught sight of a cyclist from a long way off travelling up a hill. I noticed he was wearing red lycra. Knowing that the driver was red/green colour blind and that the bushes and trees were in full leaf, I remarked on the presence of the cyclist to the driver. Even though alerted to the possibility of the cyclist's presence, he could not pick out the red against the green until we were much closer.

Bearing in mind that about 8% of male drivers are likely to have this problem, it would seem a good precaution when cycling in summer to avoid wearing red or at least interrupt the red somewhere with a contrasting strip of colour (not green!)

BCCC News

Ian Stephen

As the BC Randonneurs representative to the BC Cycling Coalition, I recently had the privilege of attending a Translink meeting regarding the proposed bridge across the Fraser River. Also in attendance were cycling representatives from the BCCC, VACC, BEST, Maple Ridge BAC and Cycling BC.

The plan that was presented calls for a cyclist exempt toll bridge from Maple Ridge to Langley along the 200 St alignment. A new road is to be built on acquired land to link the bridge with the Highway 15 (176 St)/Highway 1 interchange. The bridge is expected to be completed in 2007. Once the bridge is open, the Albion Ferry will no longer be supported by Translink.

Facilities for cyclists were to consist of a single 1.5 metre wide shared use sidewalk on the West side of the bridge. Cyclists present argued that this was not adequate and called for bike lanes on both sides of the bridge deck. This idea was quite vehemently opposed by Translink. Shared use sidewalks on both sides of the bridge were considered a minimum by the cyclists and did not seem to be out of the question from Translink's view. Approaches to the bridge and the impact of the bridge on routes such as Lougheed highway were also discussed. The meeting ended with

a promise to keep cyclists involved as the project moves forward.

More information can be found on Translink's website at <http://www.translink.bc.ca/frasercrossing>

Randonneurs can contact me on this or other issues of a BCCC nature at ianstepn@aol.com or by voice mail at 604-974-0991 extension 4872.

The Slow Human Race

contributed by Tom Hocking

A few years ago, at the Seattle Special Olympics, nine contestants, all physically or mentally disabled, assembled at the starting line for the 100-yard dash. At the gun, they all started out, not exactly in a dash, but with a relish to run the race to the finish and win. All, that is, except one little boy who stumbled on the asphalt, tumbled over a couple of times, and began to cry. The other eight heard the boy cry. They slowed down and looked back. Then they all turned around and went back. Every one of them. One girl with Down's Syndrome bent down and kissed him and said: "This will make it better." Then all nine linked arms and walked together to the finish line. Everyone in the stadium stood, and the cheering went on for several minutes. People who were there are still telling the story. Why? Because deep down we know this one thing: What matters in this life is more than winning for ourselves. What matters in this life is helping others win, even if it means slowing down and changing our course. Pass it on...we need to change our hearts.

PBP 2003 Canada Jersey Design

Susan Allen

The plan is for all Canadian Randonneurs to have a common jersey design to wear at PBP 2003. Proposed designs are up at: <http://www.randonneurs.bc.ca/bcrcc/PBPjersey.html>. Send comments on what you like or don't like to Harold Bridge.

Les Randonneurs Mondiaux Presidents Newsletter #6

Réal Préfontaine, President rprefontaine@shaw.ca

A. - New Web Site

Les Randonneurs Mondiaux has launched their web site www.lesrm.org. The full text of this president's letter can be found there. The web master is Frances.Caton@CreoScitex.com

B. - Proposal for a Constitution and Regulations

A copy of the proposal will be placed on the web site by the end of March. Members are asked to send their comments and suggestions for amendments via the RM representative (Cheryl Lynch) by May 31, 2002.

C. - RM Jersey

A picture of the RM Jersey is on the web site.

D. - Can-Am challenge

This summer, complete both the Rocky Mountain 1200 km (July 24 – 28, 2002) [www.randonneur.bc.ca/bercc/rocky/rm1200.html]; Danelle Laidlaw (dplaid@attglobal.net) and the Boston-Montreal-Boston 1200 km (August 22 – 25, 2002) [www.bmb1200k.com] Jennifer Wise [otherwise@att.net] and you will receive the unique Can-Am lapel pin.

Clothing for Sale

Danelle Laidlaw

Although sales were brisk at the Social, we still have stock of:

- ◆ Tights - \$55
- ◆ Shorts - \$55
- ◆ Jerseys - \$75

Payments by VISA or cheque/cash (\$5 discount applies on shorts/tights)

Clothing will be available at the Populaire, or anytime from Danelle at 604 220-8403.

New Flèche Rule

Larry Wasik

Preamble (Editor)

The ACP has instituted a new rule for the Flèche that states: The longest rest stop a Flèche team may take in any one spot is TWO HOURS.

Members of our club are worried that the rule is a safety issue. Whatever else, please ride (and drive) safely.

I for one would like to see the rule challenged from a safety standpoint. I would also like to analyze the liability risks of our enforcing it, and whether the insurance agents are on board with it. I would not limit that to our insurer, but ACP's insurers as well and I would like to see a statement from their insurer to that effect. Is this from the same folks that do not allow aerobars because they cannot insure themselves for PBP? It may not be a big deal for those who do not easily fall asleep. But for someone who has fallen asleep many times on bike and on occasion in the car on the way home from a Randonneur ride, I can say without a shadow of doubt that the dangers of forcing people to participate with effectively less than 1 hour of sleep is far more risky than anything that one can imagine going wrong with aerobars.

Just look at the statistics of road accidents due to falling asleep on the road. We have talked about risk management in our executive, but how well do we address it? I do not believe we should hide under the umbrella of "that's what we have insurance for" and just pass it off with "most of us do not get much sleep anyway" or just argue "riders have signed a waiver and they realize riding is dangerous" or dismiss it with "we were just following rules".

Physiological makeup of all each of our riders is different -- is

there a purpose to pushing some of them past the point they can operate a vehicle safely? Is it negligent to do so?

I want to ask others a question. Have you ever fallen asleep on your bike? If you have, I would like you to compare that out of control feeling when you wake (which is the very first thing I am aware of) to the following:

- 1) riding without lights
- 2) driving drunk

Those I have asked so far say it is just as scary. Yet we are entering a new era where we are going to force participants to have no choice but to operate a vehicle without sleep on open roads.

Some statistics from the web, would indicate to me that we should be concerned, and so will the insurance companies:

Australian study: "Drivers are especially vulnerable, the researchers warned. They found that people who drive after being awake 17-19 hours performed worse than those with a blood alcohol level of 0.05 percent. That's the legal limit in most western European countries."

US: Driver fatigue contributes to 30-40% of all truck accidents.

SW England: 16 - 20 % of road accidents are caused by fatigue.

UK: 11% of those interviewed admitted falling asleep while driving.

National Commission on Sleep Disorders: "The Commission was able to definitely assign 15.9 billion dollars as direct cost of sleep disorders and sleep deprivation with an estimated 50 to 100 billion in indirect and related costs when the cost of individual accidents associated with sleep disorders and sleep deprivation are assessed including litigation, destruction of property, hospitalization, and death."

In my own case, sleep is seriously critical. For that reason, I have never driven a car after a Flèche -- I would almost assuredly take someone's life if not my own. I would not have been able to complete PBP if I had not been able to get 4 or more hours of sleep each night, and a long sleep the afternoon before the start. Same thing with RM1200, which included a 6-hour sleep. On most rides I have tried to arrange someone else to drive my car home. I have only done one Flèche that comes close to less than 2 hours sleep. I always carry caffeine pills but they take more than half an hour to kick in. Luckily I have never had an accident due to falling asleep, but in my own case, I recognize I am far more dangerous on the road with sleep deprivation than a drunk, and I try to take action accordingly. But what is wrong with letting a rider try to manage his/her own safety. I think it is wrong to take that choice away from a rider. This rule does just that.

(OK, with my secrets out, I guess no one will now be tripping over themselves to ask me to be on their Flèche team.)

Is anyone else a bit edgy about the new 2-hour maximum stop Flèche Rule? Or, is it just me because I fell asleep on my bike more than 50 times on Highway 7 after Mission at the end of the 300 last year before the caffeine pills kicked in? I know I am not the only one who has fallen asleep on a bike, and the Flèche is a

team event, where falling asleep can put others on the team at some risk as well. I think it is the wrong move from a safety aspect for us to enforce a rule that limits rider's sleep to 1 hour or less (because that's what it turns out to be if you subtract eat, shower and card signing times). For some riders it will not matter as they seem to manage without sleep but for others it does.

What I worry about most are those riders that do not know their own capabilities (or lack of them) with respect to falling asleep which strikes without warning.

No one can claim that forcing someone to be more deprived of sleep when they operate a vehicle on our roads "does not increase risk". Further, considering the (office party, house party) lawsuits, I am sure that if someone got into a car after a Flèche and there was a serious accident through falling asleep, the directors of BC Randonneurs could most certainly be named in a law suit, even if it were just ICBC protecting their financial interests, let alone the families and livelihoods of those affected.

As organizers, I believe it is our obligation to do everything in our capacity to ensure a safe a ride as possible. Under the law's eyes there will be no exceptions to that rule. If we are negligent in that we may just wind up on the wrong side of a liability suit. However, in my mind the tragedy if something did go wrong is still far worse than my fear of safeguarding ourselves from liability exposure.

The only purpose of the new rule as far as I can see is to get more serious racers, or to detract from it being a social event. Does anyone see any useful aspects of this new rule? The downside risk of injury or potential loss of life from someone falling asleep on the bike or more seriously behind the wheel of a car on the way home after a hot pool and large meal is a far more serious consideration in my opinion.

I suggest that we ask ACP for a 1-year exemption from enforcing this rule while we discuss its safety aspects with both our insurance companies and theirs.

200 km Randonnee – 2002-April-20

Harold Bridge

We take it for granted that if Dan McGuire takes on the organisation of an event then it will be well organised. It was.

Something like 50 or 60 people gathered at Surrey Rec Centre on Fraser Highway at about 168th St. Dan wouldn't let us start until 07:07 as a shortage of volunteers meant there was a delay in getting all riders registered.

80% of my Fleche team were going to use the occasion as a trial run in controlled paelining. But there were enough hills to spoil that and by River Road we were already among the tail enders. Once on the flats toward Ladner the early morning air currents rolling off the mountain snow fields gave us an easy ride to the 28 km Control #1, at #10 Hwy in Ladner, staffed by friends of Dan's from outside the organisation. From there to Cloverdale it was necessary to endure Hwy #10 and it's constant traffic. But as soon as possible Dan turned us off through a sub-division and back streets round the south side of Langley.

At 240th St and Fraser Hwy we returned to the roar of traffic for a short distance before the 67 km Control #2 at Geneva's coffee bar. It was staffed by a healthy looking Manfred Kuchenmuller who is recovering well from his recent major surgery. By this time a coffee and muffin seemed necessary and my average went down from 19.8 to 18.0 kph.

It is always a fast ride from Aldergrove down Hwy #13 to the border and there was a long line of traffic to pass on the right. A National Guardsman and a US Customs man set up a separate control to check our IDs and it was a quickly re-assembled group that set off into Washington State.

Close to 100 lines of instructions for a 200 is a lot. But Dan had done a great job of introducing some new, mostly quiet, roads that we always knew were there but hadn't bothered to use. The roads' grid system meant a right turn took us west and a left turn took us south and so we progressed to the 102 km Control #3 at Pioneer Park, Ferndale. Bob LePage and Deirdre Arscott were staffing this one and told us tales of their pre-ride of the route in atrocious conditions that they did for Dan instead of riding the Populaire.

It was evident at this point that even 11 hours was going to be doubtful. But a much more important aspect was evident. A matey group had formed of Bob's Bailey, Bose and Marsh, Keith Fletcher, Sean Williams, myself and, to help keep a sense of decorum, Francis Caton. We were occasionally joined by Ali Holt and whoever she was riding with, (it wasn't Roger!?) But those two were generally faster than us and we didn't see them after Everson.

It was Bailey who, crying out for food, bullied us into detouring up Main St., Everson, past the turn off, to the café a little way up the road. By this time we were relying on the fact a "pin" can be earned for a time inside 13:30 and so we relaxed and enjoyed the friendly way the young waitress dealt with what must have been seen as a strange bunch of Canadians.

At Huntingdon Canadian Customs provided a staff member to hastily check our IDs so that we hardly needed get off our bikes. That delightful little stretch up Whatcom Road took us to Vye and Faddon and so to the 150 km Control #4 at Birchwood Dairy staffed by Réal Prefontaine and Colin King. One cannot go the Birchwood without going inside for an ice cream and Bailey gamely coughed up for Fletcher and me!

Dan's efforts to avoid as much traffic as possible would, I knew, put a few stings in the tail of this randonnee route. And so it was. King Rd was the first and I didn't think I would need the small ring! Ha Ha, grunt grunt! I knew I was asking for trouble if I tried to get down there while pedaling slowly at about 7 kph and so left the chain on the 39 ring. There were a few more but the worst one was Crush Crescent after crossing Glover Rd and I started that with my chain off! But the 26" gear got me up there with one more hill to come. That one is on Fraser Hwy from 176 St back to the finish where a patient Dan was relieved we were allowing him to go home.

A good 12 hour 10 minute day out. I understand there were a few members not riding due to the fact they were entered in the Sun Run. But that was to be the following day. Why would they give up a good day's cycling for something as tedious as a 10 km run?

In any case Ken Bonner was over from Victoria to ride the 200 and I suspect he wouldn't have bothered if he didn't have the Sun Run to go to as well. So why give up the Greater for the Lesser?

Confessions of a DNF Virgin

Eric Fergusson

"Hey Barb, can you spare a dime...actually I need two?" she rummages through her change.

"Got them," she says. "Uhhh...what do you need them for?"

It is the 1999 Fort Langley 'short rides' day, and I am 90 km into the 100 km route. The threading on my rear quick release skewer is stripped - my rear wheel keeps slipping. For about 10 km I've kept on the road by jamming coins between my rear dropout and the quick release clamp, but the coins are too big and keep slipping, and the problem seems to be getting worse. What I need ideally is a couple of washers (which, as it turns out, are in short supply in roadside ditches in greater Abbotsford) or perhaps two thinner coins, one on each side of the dropout...dimes let's say. The problem is I don't have any dimes.

"Are you sure this going to work?" says Barb.

"Pretty sure, it looks secure" I chirp optimistically. I hop on and prepare to follow Barb down into Fort Langley flats. The dimes hold for about ten seconds, and then the wheel slips for the last time. I don't catch myself this time, and down I go.

"I don't think this is safe," says Barb. "I'll send someone." She heads for Fort Langley without me.

As I wait for the cavalry, I consider my failure. Seven years of randonneur cycling without a DNF, and this is the ride that takes me down. I guess I've had a good run of luck. I haven't even had to abandon a training ride in all that time. But now there'll be a big black DNF in my personal internal otherwise shiny and unblemished psychic database. Then again, there's only 10 km to go...I could walk this one.

But all too soon Manfred and Margaret pull around the bend - my rescuers. Manfred tries to lessen my trauma by listing his own DNFs. I'm surprised to learn that even Manfred has had a fair number, and yes, it makes me feel a little better - I suppose this was bound to happen to me eventually. Later I allow myself to feel even better by rationalizing that this wasn't really a DNF because it wasn't really a brevet. Yes, right, well it's true, isn't it?...and it keeps my psychic database comfortingly untarnished.

Fast forward to Spring 400, May 2000 - North Van, Whistler, Pemberton, D'Arcy. We're about 2 km past the Whistler Control, right at the main entrance to the Whistler village, and I'm not having much luck changing a flat. The cold rain has made me sloppy - I've messed up my two back-up tubes and have started trying to patch, but in the drizzle, this isn't going well either. Meanwhile Michel, who has been waiting patiently, is beginning to shake from the cold - me too.

Soon, Nobo pulls around the bend and stops to check on us. I am

finally able to convince Michel to go on without me. "I'll see you guys up the road," I boast.

A kid with a snowboard schleps across the highway and disappears into the village. Where is he going? It's late May...there's no snow, is there? Who knows - the cloud cover is too thick and I can't see up the mountains.

After more failed patching attempts, complicated by an emerging mini pump dysfunction problem, I'm feeling the first tinglings of panic, and more than a little irritation. I'm thinking, "you know those mini pumps are really great...they're small, light, compact, and they fit conveniently up against your water bottle rack... yeah, they're great, until you actually need to use one." With my shaking wet hands I overcompensate for the lack of performance of the pump and munge a valve.

It isn't long before Dave (Johnston), Keith (Nichol), and Manfred are at the scene of my misfortune. "No problem" says Manfred, "I've got extras." He tosses me a tightly bound tube. My salvation, again. They head off.

After a more careful repair, I'm on my bike at last. But on this day, disappointment was never too far away and a few km up the road I'm flat again. This time I'm alongside a lake to the north (east?) of Whistler. To avoid the traffic, I lift my bike over a barricade onto the lakeside bike/pedestrian path.

For the moment the rain has let up. This is my chance to try and solve the core problem, to patch all salvageable tubes, and to organize my remaining resources for the 260 km that still lay between me and a very hot bath back in Vancouver. This break in the weather may be my last chance to finish...

So there I am, overseeing my tubes spread out on this lakeside path in varying states of repair, when I become aware of a car stopping across the highway. Moments later a tall, pretty, very pretty, woman steps out of an up-market SUV and runs across the highway straight for me. She leans over the barricade, smiles, and says "You're Eric Fergusson, aren't you?" ...this was a first for me.

Her next words, alas, were not "Can I have your autograph" or "I've been stalking you for years, and now I've finally got you alone and helpless." Instead she says "I'm Janine Chase, Barry's wife."

Yes, of course, I had met her at the Populaire several months earlier. "You look like you could use a hand," she continues. "We're close by, just up the road...I'll tell Barry you're here."

Minutes later Barry is there and we decide that what I really need is a bike shop. We throw my bike in the Jeep and head back to Whistler village. The first bike shop I come across has no road bike parts whatsoever, but the second one has two dusty road bike tubes. I grab them both and two new patch kits. The woman (girl) at the cash encourages me to fix the tire in the shop where it's warm and dry - how could I say no? She too is pretty, I think, but I have trouble looking at her because her many piercings make me a little squeamish. She says that they don't get many road bikes in the shop, and wants to know all about randonneur cycling: "So like you're in the middle of one of these races right now? Cool. I guess you're not gonna win this one, huh?" ...I am a pilgrim in an unholy land. I thank her for the use of the warm

space and the floor pump, and get back in my spaceship...no, just kidding...I go and meet up with Barry back at the car. Barry returns me to my stopping point. As he sends me off, he writes something on a card and hands it to me. "Just in case, here's our address, we're right up that road...I don't want to tempt you into doing something you'll regret later, but there's a warm fire, a hot shower, and a glass of red waiting for you there.

"No thanks, I won't need anything else now, I'm on my way." Just after Barry leaves me that cold rain starts coming down more heavily again. I'm a few km down the road towards Pemberton when my back wheel starts rubbing against my chainstay. I tighten the wheel clamp, but the same thing happens again. Three times I tighten it, three times it fails. This is the same problem I had in my ill-fated Fort Langley 100 last June. It looks as though my new quick release skewer threading has stripped. Unbelievable. I get off to tighten my wheel for a fourth time, and notice that my rear tire is again flattening. The thought of changing yet another tire, in the now serious rain with the quick release problem still hanging over me, is just too much for me. I decided to accept the inevitable. I cross the road and start the long walk back up to Whistler.

There was no way to rationalize myself out of this one - this was an absolutely genuine, hardcore DNF. I was now officially no longer a DNF virgin. I might have expected to be more upset with myself at this point, but instead I found myself smiling, and then laughing out loud. I felt strangely calm, relieved - not just about escaping the discomfort that was waiting for me on road ahead on this day, but relieved that I would no longer have the pressure of having to defend this stupid, psychically draining, undefeated streak.

Eventually I wash up back at Barry and Janine's and the accommodation is as advertised and more - hot shower, that glass of red wine, lasagna...while I wait for my soggy lycra to finish the dry cycle, I sit on the warm hearth with the three boys, all under five then, swirling around on the floor in front of me...a little cabaret.

Barry and I make plans to do a make-up ride on this route next weekend (one of the last make-up brevets allowed in BC as it turned out.) And then after a relaxed afternoon, it is time for me to think about returning home. "Let's give him the Jeep - we can all fit in the other car... Have a safe ride home."

I didn't feel as though I had been at Barry and Janine's for all that long, but out on the road I see the first riders on their return leg from D'Arcy. Just as the sun bursts out from behind the clouds I pass Ted and Keith in full flight on the descent into Squamish. They would be the first, and amongst the very few finishers on this ride - only 6 of 15 starters manage to make it back within the limit. As appalling as this seems, it is better than the last time this route was used (summer 1997) when only 2 of 9 riders finished (Ted and Cheryl).

The most perplexing part of the whole experience, for me, is what happened next. It was a few days later when I got around to fixing the bike. The thing is, I just couldn't get my quick release clamp to fail. The threading on my skewer was not stripped; in fact, it

was in perfect condition. So what happened out there on the road east of Whistler? Isn't it funny that my mechanical breakdown just happened to occur when I was so conveniently close to a desirable escape opportunity? Maybe there was a part of me that had already surrendered, and was encouraging me to not tighten that clamp properly. Maybe there was a faint voice deep inside whispering "hot shower, warm fire, dry clothes..."

A couple of months later I was riding with Cheryl (and Henry and Karen) on the first leg of Hell's Gate 400. At the first control in Abbotsford I remember that Cheryl had a few things to say about DNFs. "You know, someone should write something about the psychology of not finishing these things." I think she was still stinging a bit from dropping out halfway through the Rocky 1200 several weeks before - her one and still only DNF.

"I thought you were having Achilles problems on the Rocky." I said. There were other factors too - she was recovering from the flu, and was a bit worried about slowing down Keith and the others while they were riding a little too close to the 80 hour limit. I guess there are always other factors.

"Yes that's true," she confirmed about the Achilles tendon problem. "But you know, I think there was more to it than this. I think I just had a lot of trouble resisting the temptation of that open car door...I think there's more going on with this DNF thing than people think."

"You know," I said, "I think you're right."

Shoe Story

Harold Bridge

My advertisement broadcasting that I had some shoes for sale brought forth a prompt response from Seattle Randonneur Kent Peterson. He reckoned his size 42 feet could fit into my alleged size 43 shoes. But the logistics of getting the shoes to him in Issaquah seemed to make the idea impractical in the short term, although sometime during the season we would probably meet up.

It so happened this Saturday, April 6, we both were free as I had decided to conserve my finances and not travel to Vancisle for the 200. After a quick look at a Washington map I suggested to Kent we could meet up in Sedro Woolley at the Iron Skillet (the only place I could remember). A nominal 60 km from the Huntingdon/Sumas border would make a decent ride and I tried to interest my Fleche team in coming along. Norm Brodie accepted the idea despite the gloomy weather forecast and we drove to the border for a start at 08:00.

It wasn't raining as expected, but worse, a wind that made bit'n'bit at 18 kph difficult. We were thankful for every stand of trees that came between us and the wind. We took the usual route, Hovel, North Telegraph, Goodwin etc to Nugent's Corner and so down Hwy 9, looking forward to Acme Cafe for a respite at about 38 km. Getting there took 2 hours, but the coffee and muffin helped us on our way after 15 minutes or so.

About 10 km before Sedro Woolley we noticed a decided decline

in the wind's ferocity and knew what that foretold. We arrived at the Iron Skillet at about 11:40 and found Kent's Eddy Merckx leaning against the wall. The same bike Kent rode the 2000 Rocky Mountain on, the one with the home made mudguards and single fixed gear of 42x16 (70").

Before I left home I had checked for messages and at 04:25 Kent had confirmed he was about to leave! He said, when we walked in that he had been there some time as he had the same wind on his back we had been struggling into. While Norm and I ate Kent tried the shoes on and decided to take them. After an hour or so we left to make our ways home. Norm and I had 65 km recorded. I asked Kent what he had; "130 km"! If we had ridden from home our ride would have been about 240 km return.

True to form the softened wind brought forth rain and it was a wet ride all the way back, including the Fruitvale Road loop we tried out. If coming back from Concrete and you don't need a control in Sedro Woolley it is a nice quiet back road that misses that nasty grunt out of Sedro.

During our chat at the Iron Skillet we concurred that the joint trip might be a basis for the BC Randonneurs and the Seattle Randonneurs to arrange a social meeting and ride in the vicinity. Whether or not we had shoes to sell!

Kent had a round trip of about 236 km. Norm and I did 132 km from Huntingdon to Sedro Woolley and back.

"Winter" Peace Populaire

E. W. [Wim] Kok

There are some who suggest that one can tell that spring in the North has arrived judging by the number of cyclists on the road. Well, there were cyclists on the road on April 7, 2002, but that's about the only sign of 'spring' in the Peace region. The long-term forecast called for below normal temperatures for March, April and May. Those forecasts are certainly coming true. In addition, we have been blessed/dumped on with two significant snowstorms. The first one occurred during Easter, when we a full-fledged blizzard left some twenty centimeters of snow; it was Christmas come early or late: take your pick. Then, this past Friday we had another one of those spring storms moving through, leaving yet another trail of seven to eight centimeters of the white stuff behind. Jack Frost remains active, or for the Europeans among us King Thialf reigns (or should it be snows?) with an iron fist. It certainly makes spring training for cycling a challenge. Just wondering, if one shouldn't start thinking about a different sport, like baseball in the majors. Gosh, spring training in Florida, mmmm.....something to contemplate.

Notwithstanding the above, seven brave and dour souls appeared at the start for the 25 km and 50 km Populaire. Some just participated in it for training, and because they love cycling. Hmm? Cloudy conditions with temperatures hovering at -12°C. Add a northerly headwind at 15-20 kph, and you have a wind chill of -19°C. The skies looked like it might snow on us again, but that it did not. So off we went with four riders opting for the

50 km, and three for the 25 km up the Alaska Highway. Incidentally, the road was clear and dry. As we rolled north, a couple of snowmobiles zipped past us on a deep snow covered right-of-way. Oh what fun it is to ride.....! Pickup trucks with firewood came out of the bush and were heading south to town. Did they know something we did not? By the time we hit the turnaround at MP 64.5 our water bottles were filled with mini-icebergs. When we arrived at the finish line, some riders had ice in their beards.

Aside from the dramatics of the cold conditions, the ride went well. Being dressed warm makes all the difference. Three riders finished the 50 ride in 2:15 hrs, and one in 2:23 hrs. The 25 km riders completed the ride in just under two hours, the third rider being rescued at 21 km with a flat tire. This is the stuff that makes a good story, as one reminisces. Ah, time to put another log on the fire.

Raising the Bar: Part 1

Roger Street

An open letter to the club

Is Change Good? Has the Club changed because we want it to, or has it changed by evolution, inertia or plan?

Have the activities of the Randonneurs Club been changing to more closely resemble that of a regular bicycle club? The regular bicycle club with which I often ride does 50 km rides each week and 75 km to 100 km rides on the weekends. A few times a year, it organizes centuries and holds a couple of social events. The Vancouver Bicycle Club has regular rides over 100 km that it refers to as medium rides. We, as Randonneurs, do all of the above as well as throw in a series of four rides referred to as brevets (rides of 200 km or more is the general description of an official brevet). We claim not to be racers, but the level of effort put into attaining a good time or personal best belies the words.

We are a club with four geographic affiliates - are these really local clubs?

Is being an all-round bicycle club our goal? Is being a Randonneur club our goal? Is being a provincial club our goal? Is so, a provincial all-round or a provincial Randonneur club?

What about membership? A person must become a member to ride in our brevets and short rides, but not in our Populaires. Should we track Populaire information in case a rider becomes a member? Why do we track short ride information for members who are not brevet riders? Are the members of the Randonneur club proud to be members because of its avowed specialty of marathon cycling? Do all members deserve the reflected glory, if any?

What about volunteers? Is it fair to ask volunteer effort from our usually hard-core members for the benefit of those wishing to dabble in the world of Randonneurs?

What about distances? At what stage does a brevet training ride, or less, qualify for a recognizable club accomplishment. Is a Randonneur short ride different than a medium ride of a regular

bicycle club? Is size important?

Is the size of our Club important? Most clubs are formed for the enjoyment of members with a common interest. It is probably fair to say that the social aspects of any club membership are generic and not part of the common bond. Do we want a large social club? What are the alternatives in size and common interests?

We continue to adhere to the Randonneur principles of time penalties for lights and fenders, with exceptions for short rides and populaires. With some pressure from those most affected by the rules, we have also made exceptions for brevet series later in the year and the Rocky Mountain 1200. Internationally, exceptions are increasing because of current bicycle design and the difficulties of fitting fenders. Should all fender penalties be waived and, if yes or if not, why are there penalties? Are they reasonable and are they reasonable for a 200 km brevet as well as a 600 km brevet? Why are there light penalties? Is it really possible to ride on Highway 7,9,99 or the Sumas Prairie without lights after dark? Does possible death count as an alternative penalty? Are light penalties reasonable, or should there be a no lights, no brevet rule if safety is the reason for the rule?

I initially joined the Randonneurs for the sole purpose of riding in the 1995 PBP. I continue to be a member because of the brevet series. Over the years, I have attempted and enjoyed almost the full range of the Randonneur program, with its physical and mental challenges, its pains and euphoria, and its pride of accomplishment.

It is that pride of accomplishment that prompts this questioning. The bar of accomplishment was historically set as being brevets of 200/300/400/600 km and PBP. The bar seems to have been lowered over the years, somewhat in keeping with the trends in society. I'm not sure that it is a good thing. What do you think?

Raising the Bar: Part 2

Eric Fergusson

A response to Roger

Boy, you really are a troublemaker aren't you!

These are all good questions. It would be nice to devote an entire meeting to these and perhaps face some harsh decisions. But you know there's a strong inertia factor, and on a few of these issues I can sympathize with both sides.

I think there's an over-riding question running through many of your points: Is the administrative/volunteer effort and the organizational sprawl worth it, for those aspects of the club that are peripheral to our core activity?

Are the short rides really a feeder series, for example? It seems that not too many people start out with the short rides and then 'graduate' to the real rides. The thinking originally was (in part) that these rides would be there for older riders to retire into. This doesn't seem to be happening either. The people who ride rando events seem to be a different species from the 'shorties'. Might the rando 500 and 1000 series be a failed experiment? (Maybe only the 500 series is a problem - to me the 1000 series feels closer to

what we're all about.)

Another question too is, are we really a club, or are we an association? If we are an association, then things like supporting regional development and feeder series are important. If we're a local randonneur club these things are more peripheral. So again, is the organizational infrastructure supporting the 'association' apart of our mission, or is it a make-work project for people who have better things to do (including riding their bikes?) Perhaps we should be a province wide association...but one focused more on real randonneur events with a restricted number of carefully chosen populaires - one populaire per brevet series might be a rule of thumb.

As for rules, the fewer the better I say. I think you might be implying that we should shift the lighting and fender 'rules' over to the 'recommendations' file. (This would be an easy cut and paste job for me! - I could do secretly. Don't tell!) As for time limits...well don't get me started.

You wrote at the end about the sinking bar... Not unrelated to this was your suggestion last meeting about the 50,000 km lifetime award. I've been thinking about this, and I like it a lot. (And if we do it, let's make sure to do it right - we're not going to be giving out a lot of them.) The message this sends is that we are reaching for the stars, not coaxing people, who may never do a 200, to discover the joys of cycling.

I guess for me it all boils down to having a clear idea of who we are. If we have a clear sense of this, all your questions become much easier to answer.

Raising the Bar: Part 3

Frances Caton (current vice-president)

A response to Eric

I would never have gotten into the real Randonneur rides without the shorter ones. I amazed myself with my first 100 km ride - after much training. Then went on to ride a couple of 150s and then Harold's first Canada Day Populaire. I would never have attempted my first 200 hundred without the training from completing those short rides (and the confidence). And I know there are others, who have gotten into the longer rides by completing the short rides first.

A Unique Way of Raising the Bar

Roger Street

Much ado is and will be made of the changes to the Fleche rules which restricts the amount of time available to a team at any one control to a maximum of two hours. We have Club members who have ridden for 24 hours and covered more than 600 kilometers. Two hours stops, my sainted aunt. We have Club members who have ridden for 24 hours, mended flats, encouraged each other through the inevitable personal lows, watched the clock tick down and been absolutely ecstatic to cover 360 kilometers with 5 minutes to spare. This rule wasn't made for these Club members who give so much of themselves in that 24 hour period.

We have Club members who plan on a few hours of sleep, pay for a room(s) for the team and don't even have enough time to notice that the toilet paper is triangle folded. We have Club members who are capable of getting six hours of sleep and cycling 360 km and, yes, do both. We have Club members who do the sleep bit at the beginning and others who fit it into the plan to allow the final 2 hour minimum distance to be comfortably covered.

What we do not have is equal effort being expended by all members and guests who participate in the Fleche Pacifique. I think that the two-hour rule is a wonderful way of raising the bar in a most unique way. The bar is not set at a visible target. The bar has been set at your teams personal level of ability. No resting, no sleeping, no standing around in the hot or cold just passing time. Ride, Ride, Ride. I read somewhere that "it never gets easier, it just gets faster". The guys at the back are working just as hard as the guys at the front and vice versa. Now, the guys in the middle will be forced to play the same game.

Was it that a 24 hour event was somehow hi-jacked at a cost of less than 24 hours of effort? Someone seems to think so and developed a unique response. The bar has been uniquely raised to 24 hours from 360 kilometers. You will still be ecstatic with your accomplishment and the knowledge that you are unique as a true Randonneur. Gord Bisaro would approve.

Cateye HL-EL100

Harold Bridge

Have I got the first one? Today, Apr 5, I picked up what I believe to be the first one around here from PoCo Caps. I first read about it in CYCLING PLUS (from UK) back in October and have been bugging Norco and Caps since. It is claimed to give 200 hours off one set of 4xAA batteries; 20 hours at headlamp level and a further 180 hours as a "safety light".

It weighs 142 grams (5oz) and is 100 mm (4") long. The nice thing is that the design is only slightly wider than the CATEYE Micro Halogen and mounts on the same bracket. Glen at PoCo Caps gave me a deal at \$39.95 as he says it's FRP is \$49.95.

There is one down side; the case is a white plastic so that the light shows through. I find any stray light aimed at me to be distracting so I will have to shield it with some black tape.

Now, roll on the long events! I will report back when I have had the opportunity to try it out.

Cycling BC, what's in it for me?

Ian Stephen

The question was recently asked "What's in it for me to join Cycling BC?" The discussion that followed made it apparent that there is confusion over liability insurance through Cycling BC membership. I phoned Cycling BC Executive Director Tom Fawsitt to get the definitive scoop on this topic.

Tom assured me that any insured Cycling BC membership includes 24 hour liability coverage while on your bike. What has changed is the medical and dental coverage under the policy.

Medical and dental are provided only on the way to or from a sanctioned event, during a sanctioned event or while training for a sanctioned event.

What qualifies under "while training for" could be very important to randonneurs, many of whom consider their commute to be part of their overall training strategy. Tom has raised this question with the insurer and they are working on a definition of training. As a guideline the insurer said that if the rider is in their training gear, ie cycling clothing and helmet, they could be considered to be training.

For those like myself who join Cycling BC for the liability coverage:

Yes liability coverage is included with insured membership.

Yes it is 24/7.

Yes the membership forms are available from www.cycling.bc.ca
So get insured!

Returns

Harold Bridge

Despite the ominous conditions, things weren't too bad for the Pacific Populaire and those who braved the conditions were rewarded with a fairly good day. Among them were: Dave Kirsop; Making a return after about 14 years. In that time he had family and professional considerations to detract him. Gary Fraser; last seen in, I think, 1994 when he wrote an hilarious account of an inside 13 hour 400 up to Hell's Gate and back. "Team Time Trialling with the Terminator Twins" was his view of the back of his brother Keith and Ted Milner as they paced lined the whole way round that route. Ever since Keith and Ted have been known as the "Terminators". Brian Wood: rode Paris-Brest-Paris in 1991 and hadn't been seen since. He was escorting a couple who were riding his tandem. I had a particular interest in that Gitane, it used to be mine! Bought in 1972 and usually ridden with a child seat on the back. Sold it to Manfred Kuchenmuller in 1987 so Margaret and he could try out on a cheapie before investing Fort Knox into a real tandem. He in turn sold it to Brian. Welcome back Guys!

Spring Social 2002

Ian Stephen

Another Spring Social has come and gone. The weather, which had looked like the worst of a Lower Mainland winter only days before, turned Spring-ish just in time for the Social ride. Randonneurs being the tough bunch they are, I'm sure the 19 hearty souls who rode would all have been there come what may!

Rainy, Joe, John and Danelle organized the Poker Ride that started at Brockton Oval and followed a route through some of the best "controls" Vancouver has to offer. At each control riders received a playing card. These cards were used later to award prizes based on such things as best poker hand, best crib hand and various versions of bingo. One stiff link in the plan occurred when it was discovered just how thin the group's knowledge of poker hands was. This didn't slow them down for long though. If there's one thing randonneurs are good at it is overcoming the

unexpected!

In the evening randonneurs gathered at Moose's Down Under where they were well looked after by Chris, Corina and Corina's visiting sister Debbie. The food was great, Guinness was served and the atmosphere was festive! Speeches were spoken, club clothes sold, 2002 route maps were posted, in colour! The laissez-faire approach of the MC led to time running out before the annual slide show could commence, but overall a good time was had.

Fortunately there was time for the most important part of the evening, door prizes! MC forgot to bring tickets for awarding of prizes, but the randonneurs again adapted and overcame! Sticky notes were used, on which everyone wrote their names before depositing them in the "Hydration pack of Shame" which the forgetful MC wore. Prizes were plentiful due to the generosity of a number of donors. We are thankful for this contribution to the success of our Social. Our thanks go out to:

DPL Consulting

(Winner of this article's "Most Digits Award"!)

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LA Bicicletta

233 Broadway West,
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(604) 872-2424

Momentum Magazine

www.momentummagazine.com
#205 - 425 Carrall Street
Vancouver, BC V6B 6E3

Les Randonneurs Mondiaux

(Check out the new website!)
www.lesrm.org

Bike Cellar

1856 W 4th Ave
Vancouver, BC V6J 1M3
604-738-7167

Guywires Cycle Tech

<http://www.cobwebs.net/guywires>
peterguy@axion.net

Weyerhaeuser

www.weyerhaeuser.com

Thanks also for the donations from Harry Leiber. These items were the property of Rod Horseley, a randonneur who passed away in 2001.

2001 – Award Recipients

Susan Allen, Cheryl Lynch, Eric Fergusson

Randonneur 500:

Barry Allan ♦ Susan Allen ♦ Wendy Amirault ♦ Susan Barr ♦
Simon Goland ♦ Roger Hager ♦ Roy Helland ♦ Matt Jarnigan ♦
Doug Latornell ♦ John Little ♦ Brad Maguire ♦
Marianne McGrath ♦ Dan McGuire ♦ Nathan Maltz ♦ Bob Marsh ♦
Jim McKay ♦ Stella Meades ♦ Gerry Nicol

Randonneur 1000:

Bob Bailey ♦ Lyle Beaulac ♦ Randy Benz ♦ Bob Bose ♦
Frances Caton ♦ Wally Enns ♦ Keith Fletcher ♦ Carol Hinde ♦
Stephen Hinde ♦ Tom Hocking ♦ Ali Holt ♦ Wim Kok ♦
Sandy Sandquist ♦ Derek Shackelford ♦ Chris Siggers ♦
Kevin Strong ♦ Mike Vetterli

Super Randonneur:

Ivan Andrews ♦ Deirdre Arscott ♦ Mike Ball ♦ John Bates ♦
Henry Berkenbos ♦ Richard Blair ♦ David Blanche ♦ Ken Bonner ♦
Bob Boonstra ♦ Eric Fergusson ♦ Keith Fraser ♦
Wayne Harrington ♦ Barb Henniger ♦ Ron Himschoot ♦
Roger Holt ♦ Phil Jones ♦ Neil Jorgensen ♦ Jim Kirby ♦
Danelle Laidlaw ♦ Cheryl Lynch ♦ Peter Mair ♦ Keith Nichol ♦
Mike Poplawski ♦ Michel Richard ♦ Karen Smith ♦ Peter Stary ♦
Roger Street ♦ Larry Voth ♦ Larry Wasik ♦ Ken Wright

John Hathaway Trophy (Iron Butt):

Winner: John Bates 6917 km

Contenders: Ken Bonner 6700 ♦ Danelle Laidlaw 6541 ♦
Ron Himschoot 6282 ♦ Larry Voth 4965 ♦ Eric Fergusson 4682 ♦
Henry Berkenbos 4500 ♦ Keith Fraser 4382 ♦ Cheryl Lynch 3676 ♦
Wayne Harrington 3665 ♦ Michel Richard 3100 ♦
Karen Smith 3100 ♦ Richard Blair 2541 ♦ Bob Boonstra 2441 ♦
Keith Nichol 2276 ♦ Keith Fletcher 2261 ♦ Deirdre Arscott 2141 ♦
Roger Street 2100 ♦ Ken Wright 2100 ♦ Neil Jorgensen 2080 ♦
Mike Poplawski 2078 ♦ David Blanche 1900 ♦ Phil Jones 1900 ♦
Bob Bailey 1861 ♦ Susan Allen 1817 ♦ Doug Latornell 1817 ♦
Derek Shackelford 1800 ♦ Roger Holt 1700 ♦
Ivan Andrews 1500 ♦ Mike Ball 1500 ♦ Jim Kirby 1500 ♦
Peter Mair 1500 ♦ Peter Stary 1500 ♦ Larry Wasik 1500

Super 5000 (1999-2003):

Deirdre Arscott ♦ John Bates ♦ Ken Bonner ♦ Doug Cho ♦
Eric Fergusson ♦ Ron Himschoot ♦ Manfred Kuchenmuller ♦
Danelle Laidlaw ♦ Bob LePage ♦ Cheryl Lynch ♦ Keith Nichol ♦
Dick Nicholls ♦ Real Prefontaine ♦ Sandy Sandquist ♦ Roger Street
Larry Wasik

