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Randonneur

Marathon Cycling



Ed Sez

Well folks, the season is coming to a close. The leaves are falling and they are calling for this thing called rain in the weather forecast (those of you in the Interior may have to wait longer for this occurrence to happen there). I certainly hope that you had an enjoyable season this year with the club. Next year is a big one- the quad annual Paris Brest Paris 1200- the grand daddy of 1200's and one that I'm sure is on the list of many club members for next year.

But before we get there, we still have some rides to do here- our Fall Flatlander on the mainland is the traditional season ender (that is coming up on the 24th out at Fort Langley and then on the 1st, our annual General Meeting and social ride out at, yes you guessed it, Fort Langley. The social ride prior to the AGM is a lot of fun, a chance to get out and ride around the area, without the threat of the clock bearing down on you. Lovely country roads and the chance to ride with folks that you might not have ridden with in previous rides. Plus it helps build up a great appetite for the scrumptious buffet that follows at 1pm at the Bedford house restaurant. We'll have a wrap up of the year there, past president Michel Richard will be the master of ceremonies as well as handing out the pins for the 1000 rides and the all important volunteer pin! There will also be some voting on some changes to the club constitution as well as for members of the executive that will help lead the club into the coming year.

And on that note the following position is open.

Needed ASAP: Newsletter Editor

The BC Randonneur newsletter serves as an historical record of our club's activities. This position is now vacant and the club would greatly appreciate someone to take over this task. This position requires only moderate computer skills and familiarity with Microsoft Word is an asset.

If you are interested in this very important role, please contact myself and I can talk you into the job (sgater@alumni.sfu.ca or 604-244-7234) or any of the club executive.

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Track 'n Tri

Cheryl & Alex Tackle Non-rando Events

by Eric Fergusson

Last Weekend Cheryl Lynch and Alex Pope applied their cycling skill in non-randonneur events.

In between volunteering at the start of the *Blizzard 600* on Saturday morning, and at the finish on Sunday evening, Alex was racing in the masters category at the BC Provincial Track Championships. His final medal tally was 3 Bronze (Sprint, 500m, Scratch Race), 2 Silver (Points Race, Keirin), and 1 Gold (3000m Pursuit). His 2nd place qualifying time in the 3000m Pursuit (4:07.0) was a personal best. He then bettered that time in the Gold medal final with a time of 4:02.7 (averaging 44.6km/h).

Earlier in August Alex, along with Susan Barr and ride organizer Scott Gater, pre-rode the *Blizzard 600*. Said Alex, "Cheryl Lynch thought it was funny that I was using Randonneur riding as training for Track racing but it seems to have worked reasonably well." Understatement!

Meanwhile over in Penticton on August 27, Cheryl competed in her 4th Ironman Triathlon (her 3rd IM Canada in Penticton.) She finished 18th of 146 in the women's 40-44 category with a time of 11:38: 12th in the swim (3.8 km), 7th in the bike (180 km), and 39th in the marathon. Her fast swim and bike times put her towards the front of the field for a time. Said Cheryl, "I was in the top 25 women (3rd in my AG) going into the run... 65 women had passed me by the finish! It was laughable and I chatted with lots of them as they went past so I still had fun. They need someone like me to chase down."

This is Cheryl's final year in the W40-44 age category, so maybe

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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.

The newsletter is published in pdf form approximately four times per year and distributed by e-mail. Articles and notices are posted to the club webletter at www.randonneurs.bc.ca as received (or a little later if work or riding get in the way) and subsequently edited and formatted into this newsletter. Paper copies of the newsletter are distributed to club members who specifically request a hardcopy.

Editor: Scott Gater

Submissions: Please send articles to the club's webmaster (eric_fergusson@telus.net) or to the newsletter editor (sgater@alumni.sfu.ca). Preference is for plain text files or Word and digital photos in JPEG format. Or mail (preferable a diskette) to Scott Gater #108-7411 Minoru Blvd, Richmond BC V6Y 1Z3

Next publication deadline is December 1.

it's not too early to be looking ahead... her 11:38 time would have placed her 3rd in the W45-49 category. (Good enough to qualify for Kona!) She plans to be back in 2007.

Remembering Tim

by Eric Fergusson

Many long-time club members will have been saddened to hear the news that Tim Pollock died last Sunday night (August 6th). He was 81.

Tim's contribution to randonneur cycling in BC in the 1990s was extraordinary. He joined the randonneur committee in 1994 as secretary, then switched to treasurer for the following four years, and finally to membership in 1999 and 2000. He and wife Rita also handled the database responsibilities for a couple of years, and the newsletter in 1999. For six years, from 1996 - 2001, he organized the Fall Flatlander 200km. It was also Tim who researched and drafted our club constitution, and then in 1996 persuaded us all to buy into it and adopt it.

In 1997 Tim donated the "Lungs are for Life" trophy for the Flèche Pacifique, an award which rewards teams with a wide age range. It was one of Tim's proudest moments when his team won the Lungs are for Life trophy in 1998. It was a close call for Tim though - he reached the final 363 km control only moments before the 24 hour cut off.

On a personal note, Tim was particularly encouraging to me when I joined the committee in 1996. His input was indispensable in the effort to

resurrect the Pacific Populaire beginning in 1996. Tim was also a big believer in the value of propaganda, and he encouraged my work on the information brochures, and made a special point of praising the articles about randonneuring I wrote for the Cycling BC newsletter in those years, and encouraged me to keep them coming.

Tim's official duties as Secretary, Treasurer, Database, etc were in no way the limit of his involvement - he was always quietly filling the gaps when something needed to be done. This extended to ride day also. It seemed to me that he was on the course manning controls for virtually every Lower Mainland event in the mid 1990s. I'll never forget his cheerful greetings and especially his big friendly smile as we cruised into his controls.

As Tim's involvement with the randonneurs began to wind down, he began to focus on another passion of his - the BC Lung Association. In 2000 at the age of 75 Tim rode his bike across America to raise money for the organization - Rita forwarded regular updates of his progress.

He was a mentor and a friend to me, and the backbone to this club for many years. Those who knew him will miss him greatly and remember him with great fondness.

Tim is survived by his wife Rita. He had seven children over two

marrages - details below.

The following details were provided by Harold Bridge-

Date of Birth: December 26, 1924. During WW2 he joined the RCNVR & served as an AA gunner on Corvettes escorting convoys across the North Atlantic. The most dangerous part of that was sailing in those awful tin cans across to Britain. Not satisfied with that he joined the army in 1950 to fight in the Korean campaign and was in Korea until 1956. He was a long distance trucker until the railways started the container service & he was one of 4,000 truckers put out of work. Thus he became an auditor for one of the Unions keeping tabs on the pension funds.

Tim's wife Rita was asked by Harold for some more details of Tim's life and shared with us this lovely letter.

Tim's first marriage was to Marjorie in 1955, who brought with her two daughters, Florence Avis and Patricia Joanne. They proceeded to raise four more children of their own, Timothy John Douglas, Patrick Edward, Dorothy Emily Grace and Robert Michael. When his first marriage was severed he met Rita and took on her daughter Cassandra Reddemann as well.

From a farm boy in Grindrod, gentling horses, blacksmithing, knitting, and horse logging with his father, he joined the Royal Canadian Navy in 1942 serving in the North Atlantic. When Korean War broke out he joined the Canadian Army Horse Artillery as a gunner and technical Assistant in 1950 serving until 1956. He then became a long haul truck driver until the trucking industry down sized and in his forties returned to school to become an accountant. He finally progressed to becoming the Field Auditor for the Operating Engineers Welfare Pension Plan, protecting the wages of the employees. He was the only one in the industry who was successful in recovering large sums of money for the workers from recalcitrant employers. One of the big unions asked him how he was able to be so successful when other unions were not. He said it was because he took only what was due, nothing more, nothing less, right down to the last cent. He would not make "deals" the members' money. Even his opponents respected him. He retired at age 67 because his expertise was so in demand.

Whatever he put his hand to, he excelled and did all with enthusiasm and great humour. Even to his last day on this earth, he joked with his doctor. Several hours later he passed away with

his family surrounding him.

I miss him dearly and will for a very long time, but I treasure our memories and the involvements we have had because of his indomitable spirit and his encouragement for me to step out of my comfort zone.

ALTERNATIVE LIFE STYLES

By Harold Bridge

Taking our cue from triathlete Cheryl Lynch and velodrome master Alex Pope, Arscott and I had an alternative to a randonné life style for the w/e of Sept 9/10. Two days before he died Tim Pollock asked me to do the "Lung Trek" for him. This would have been his 20th Trek. Also, his widow Rita was not up to a 200 km w/e and asked me to find someone to do her Trek for her. Deirdre volunteered to come along when we were at the memorial service for Tim.

The route Tim had devised used the Haslemere Campsite on 8th Av in South Surrey as a start/finish venue. From there we followed the border along the flatter parts of the valley, with some detours added in an attempt to get 100 kms between Haslemere and Stillwood Camp UP above the south end of Cultus Lake. The return route was similar but with different rest stops making for a change of scene.

After weeks of hot, dry weather the promise of rain on the Saturday was a mixed blessing. With a 08:30 start about 50kms from home and, working back while observing Murphy's Law, I set the alarm for 05:00. Opened the front door about 06:15 about to load the vehicle and I was met with RAIN, the first in weeks. But by the time I was bypassing Cloverdale the skies were getting blue and my shades would have been useful, if I had thought to bring them.

After registering I walked back to the wagon to get the bike out & heard cheerful insults being hurled at me from the Budget truck. Acein de PBP87, Marty Wanless, was loading bags. I hadn't seen much of Marty over the past few years but there is a hell of a lot of him to see now! Considering that in 1984 he completed the Hawaiian Ironman Triathlon and in that awful year 1987 completed the 1200km Paris-Brest-Paris (and said after it was the hardest thing he had ever done) it is amazing how chubby he is

Coming Events

2007 Schedule TBD

now.

Deirdre wasn't parked too far away and I soon saw how she felt about riding with me – she had brought her knitting along!

The professionally produced route sheet was quite primitive, just a list of turns with a map across the top of the sheet. Excellent map, crappy route sheet. Rest stops were: Aldergrove Lake, 24.3kms; Birchwood, 49.4; and Wisbey's Veggie Stand on #3 Rd, 72.8 kms;

The BC Randonneurs could save the BCLA a lot of money by producing a route sheet that would save the need to put directions signs at each corner. I did produce such a route sheet and was quite smug when I saw at Birchwood Dairy that my computer read 49.44, exactly the same as my route sheet. Having during the night before developed a painful dental condition I actually visited the Dairy without having ice cream! A few kms past Birchwood I saw the sign indicating "60kms" My computer read "54.xx". I might be as much as 1% inaccurate, but certainly not 10%.

Once through Yarrow the real work started. The climb up to Cultus Lake was where I told Deirdre to wait for me at the Pub. She did, and nearly finished the Boa she was knitting.

On entering the Cultus Pub, Deirdre asked the girl if they had "Kilkenny" (an Irish Cream Ale). "What's that?" So we had a couple of bottles of Sleeman's Honey Lager. It set me to wondering how my old cat was getting on in Cat Heaven!

After 95.8 kms we were to bear left onto Frost Road. My legs protested and, like many less experienced riders, I got off and walked round the big bend. But that was good; when I got back on my legs felt a lot better and I rode the rest of the way up to the winery we once used as a control. Now run by a Romanian family, the winery produces some fruit wines, none of what I tasted encouraged me to buy. Just as well, I had no way of carrying a bottle. It was then about 400 metres further to Stillwood.

When I last did this trek in 1996 I remember the sleeping arrangements to be in one big dormitory in a Nissen Hut. Not now, a lot of money had been spent on developing a classy resort with individual houses either owned or donated by the wealthy. I was in Balsam, credited to the Dueck family.

With a wound on my lower left leg showering presented some problem but Saran Wrap came to the rescue. The dressing got damp but it soon dried. Stillwood Is situated probably 300 metres above Cultus Lake and the air is fresh and invigorating. But the cloudy skies made for a rather flat panorama from the photography POV.

A mass of volunteers were serving up dinner to the 400 or so Trekkers. Eating is one of my favourite pastimes. But not with tooth ache. After dinner we were to be entertained. A cycling doctor who professes not to be a medical man gave an hilarious account of some of his cycling escapades. A team of women from Prince George were handing out prizes for suitable answer to questions. But I was a bit too far away to get what was going on. Deirdre was on her second knitting project.

The highlight was undoubtedly the Japanese drummers ("Taku"?) from Steveston. Whereas much of modern so-called music seems to be a lot of disorganized and intrusive noise, this very loud noise is beautifully disciplined with the leader beating out the rhythm on a small drum while his daughters and nieces make the big noise on the big drums. They got some volunteers from the audience to take part too. The show received a standing ovation! BCL's master organizer, Scott McDonald, received a big cheer when he announced we had collected \$295,000!

Dormitory sleeping has its disadvantages. When I got to my designated room there were only upper bunks left. Not too easy to climb into but much worse getting out and nighttime excursions were going to be difficult if not dangerous. Luckily it was 05:30 before I had to "go" and by that time the young fellow on the bottom bunk had escaped to a Chesterfield somewhere. (I wonder why he did that?) But I was able to snatch another hour's sleep by using the vacant lower bunk without having to risking life and limb.

Breakfast was another occasion when volunteers were out in force and then it was time to walk to the far reaches of the property to get the bikes. Loaded up, bags on truck, and we were ready for the cold descent back to Columbia Valley Highway After that cold freewheel my legs felt reluctant to tackle the climbs and I decided not to insist on more speed. At the Pub Deirdre waited and it was time to remove the jacket and put my Boles on. That fast decent with only regular specs had caused my eyes to water heavily.

Rest stops on "retour" were; Greendale Elementary on Sumas Prairie Road, 26.3 kms; Upper Sumas School On Vye Rd, 52.6 kms and Cherry Jubilee on 272nd St, 75.3 kms. It was a splendid day for cycling, sunny, warm, breezy and not humid. We actually rode on some roads we don't often see and we bypassed serious hills where possible. But from Upper Sumas School we stayed on Vye to Riverside and did the Farmer / McCallum detour to avoid Vile Vye Hill. A nicer route would be via the Whatcom Road-Boundary Road -No 2 Road loop into Huntingdon.

I was getting weary and the worse slopes were taken at a snails pace. But with suitable momentum and a gentle enough gradient I could swing a bigger gear up the hill and not lose too much time. Like a horse smelling the barn the last 3 kms along 8th Av were hammered despite the headwind and a flurry of 25kph activity had us finish with a flourish.

For regular cyclists with decent equipment the 200kms over 2 days doesn't offer much of a challenge. But the tenacity shown by some of the less well prepared riders, especially over-weight women, is a mark of their strong commitment to the BC Lung Association.

This was the first year of the Van Isle 1200 and below is the report from a member of the Ontario Randonneurs who came out to partake in the only 1200 in Canada

Eli's VanIsle 1200

by Eli Brettler

This was the year in which lots of people were writing me off which maybe seemed warranted though my success in the end speaks of a different story. Last year I was more ambitious, trained more seriously, and tended to ride with more aggression. This year I was less pumped (in all respects) and found the focus of my riding to be more purely mental than ever before. I am really thrilled at how this season has gone.

I did not train over the winter. I was disappointed over not finishing BMB and not ready to commit the time and energy that I had the year before. I had planned to do the VanIsle 1200 and had an invitation to stay with Melissa Friesen and Scott Gater and do the ride along with them. The ride was July 5 - 9.

My first 200 was hard. My longest ride prior to it was a 100 km training ride to the Holland Marsh then across to Sharon and back, an easy run under sunny skies. Some riders had reservations as to my ability to finish and questioned me at the last control. The weather was miserable, I felt miserable, but I was confident that I would finish in time. I did 200's on each of the two following weekends and began to feel that I was getting my legs back.

Then came the Pretty River Valley 300, with its climbing against the wind and periodic wind driven sleet. I sabotaged that ride, having followed what my gut knew was a wrong cue, and at 220 km ended up on the way to Alliston rather than at the Angus control. It was a good training ride and I made the most of it, but the reality was that I had let go of the brevet and knew it. I wanted things to be easier, if only by some small bit, and when that didn't happen I chose not to go on. That was my weakest point of the season and a place to which I knew I could not return.

I felt good on the Oak Ridges 400. My control times compared favorably with those from the year before. I found the section heading east after the Mount Wolfe Road more difficult than I had remembered but much of the earlier part of the route seemed easier and when it was over I felt confident. I was surprised to hear that others had reservations about my riding, especially my lack of aggression on the climbs, and that they were concerned as to whether I would succeed on the VanIsle.

Two weeks later was the Haliburton 600, which unbeknown to its route designers turned out to be the technically most difficult Toronto 600. I did it without sleep, riding from control to control, without the kind of time cushion which might allow me to slack off. I rode by myself but with the company of Anne, with whom I spoke to by phone periodically and who brought me supper at the Little Britain control, and Lori, who stayed to keep me company

at breakfast on day 2 and waited to sign me in at the finish and give me a much appreciated ride home, I did not feel alone. This ride was about sticking with it and when Phil and Henry asked me if I wanted to stop and take a lift home from Haliburton my thought was that I had gone too far and for too long to even consider that a possibility. I had a decision to make and in this case it was not to let go. This was my most purely mental ride ever. My performance boded well for the VanIsle.

When Melissa Friesen and I rode together last year in Ontario we were pretty closely matched but she had notched up considerably over the year and I knew that it was unlikely that I could match the pace which she and Scott had in mind for the VanIsle. With this on my mind, I headed west to Vancouver.

I had folded last year on BMB after reaching the control at Rouses Point. I was exhausted, feeling pain in unexpected places, still punchy from my crash the previous week, but most critically weak in my commitment so that when Jennifer Wise said, "you won't finish" I caved in and chose to give up. I should have told her to keep that to herself, that this was my ride not hers or anyone else's, but I didn't. I had accepted a DNF with barely a fight. This year, I was asked in reference to the VanIsle, what I would do different. I answered, "finish", and in the end this ride was about commitment and the strength of character to fulfill it.

The VanIsle is a great ride, with about 30,000 feet of climbing, including six long pass climbs, one on the first day, two on each of the second and third days and one on the fourth. The route is a revision of the Island End to End 1000 and very beautiful. Ken Bonner did an amazing job putting it together and was a wonderful organizer and host. Thirty six started and thirty completed the ride.

My low points were on days 2 and 4. On day 2, I tried to minimize my off bike time at the controls, and was not eating adequately as a result. I felt physically weak. Once I sorted out why, I felt much better. I also felt lonely despite phone calls home. On day 1, I rode by myself a fair bit, but kept on crossing paths with Dave Gillanders and his son-in-law Paul Lahti as well as Paul Johnson and Brian List. I knew Dave from BMB, and the group with which Anne finished the Gold Rush included Paul Johnson. On days 2 and 3, even when I met other riders I felt engaged in a solo ride.

I slept 2 1/2 hours on the first night and 1 hour the second night. On the third night I would have liked to have a 2 hour sleep stop but hadn't the time. I had a 20 minute nap at Qualicum Beach and then headed to Parksville and Nanaimo. The ride from Parksville to Nanaimo was extremely scary. I was on the shoulder of a four lane highway, in the darkness not altogether sure I was on the correct road, and kept alert by the periodic appearance of transport trucks overtaking me at 120 kph. I thought that I could die there and was relieved when it started to get light and I reached Nanaimo, but also extremely distressed to find myself starting to fall asleep on the bike. I had 16 hours to complete 200 km but did not know if I could stay awake and safe. That was my state when I ran into Wim Kok and Michael Koth preparing to leave the Nanaimo control. I met Wim last year when he was in Ontario for a conference and he rode the Oak Ridges 400. He told me that when a rider on PBP is falling asleep, the command is, "to

the ditch", and that a nap is what it takes to revive and regain composure. I wanted a motel room for an hour's sleep but they were all filled. I had a 20 minute nap at Tim Horton's and fortunately that sufficed. By the time I left Nanaimo I was at the closing time for the control. The next control was Mill Bay. After that was the climb of the Malahat and the descent to Saanich, a tour of the Saanich peninsula and the return to Victoria and the finish. There was no way that I was not going to complete this ride.

I did not experience sleepiness again. My hands, which started to bother me the previous day at about km 800, and my bottom which was chafed and raw, provided me with pain which may have helped keep me alert. I pushed hard to Mill Bay and ended up with 1 1/2 hours in the bank. I hung in on the climb of the Malahat. Near the summit Paul Johnson's wife Sheila drove by and stopped. Paul was behind me still in the middle of the climb. She offered to support me as well and would wait for each of us at the Saanich control. Brian was with her. He had to drop out at Port Hardy. I finished the ride with Paul. Here is an excerpt from his posting to the Long Distance Bikers Forum.

"Though this was one of my faster 1200K's I still 'won' the Lanterne Rouge! Finally, the recognition I so richly deserve after all these years of mediocrity! Actually I was co-owner of the Lanterne Rouge, I rode in with a new friend from Ontario. I had written this guy off for dead at least three times at and after the turnaround out at Port Hardy. But when he showed up at control #28 (1117km) my decision was a no brainer. He was really cooked, and was hoping we could ride together. I told him not to worry, I thought it was a great plan. That was music to his ears and off we went. In my mind I was committed to delivering him to the finish, he really earned it. We had to work for the next couple controls and he did a great job of giving it all he had, I could tell from his body language, his wincing, and his audible yelps that his rear was like hamburger, I've been there. Once we were at control #30 (1159km) it was clear that if there were no surprises we ought to have no trouble getting home by dinner time. We did, though I should have told him we were still at risk, he really took the pace off and I was sort of wanting to get it over with and get off the frickin' bike."

It's Paul's story and he does exaggerate his role in my finishing. I would have finished on my own but I was thrilled to have his company, the gracious support of Sheila and Brian, and someone with whom from time to time to push the pace with and get to the final control. I am guilty of letting go right at the end, when a meandering tour through the beautiful seaside setting of Victoria was lost on me, and I kept complaining about not having a straight finish rather than just keeping my head down and moving at pace.

I left something of myself on those roads in BC and though I feel great joy and a tremendous sense of accomplishment I know how hard this achievement was for me. When it was over I felt physically battered but once that passed I recognized how much I had carried off this ride by willing it to be a success.

Next year is PBP. My plan is to train this winter for its physical demands but I know now that the hardest part will be the mental

part and training for that lies in how I live my life over the next year.

MU200

Harold Bridge organized and rode the Aug 25 make up 200km and this is his post ride letter to Gerry

Thankyou, Gerry, for Friday night's good wishes for the following day's "Make-Up 200". Sorry, but your wishes were not powerful enough. You will have to try harder next time, if there is one.

I have noticed in recent years that the other riders move much faster than they used to do and despite 50ks in a perishing cold wind going down to Kanaka Creek I was out the back while still in sight of the 228th St start. Michael Clague made an attempt to socialize, but Albion Hill killed that and he was off.

Approaching US Customs I felt something hit my knee. I looked around but couldn't see anything and carried on. I was well on the way to Nugent's Corner before I realized my blue control card was not under my blue route sheet in the map case on my handlebar bag. But I decided to get times & initials written on route sheet, send it in with the suggestion that I be shown as finishing but disqualified for no control card. It would serve as an important lesson to "Newbies" at the end of the pre-PBP season. That at least gave me the impetus to keep going.

I am never too sure how I am going to react to hills and I almost came to a standstill on that little lump on North Telegraph. I wondered about where I was going to quit. But as my overnight guest (who lives on the edge of the Known World, west of Dunbar) was galloping away with the promise to wait for me at Acme Café on the way north, I felt it incumbent upon me to stay the course at least until I could confer with her.

As things turned out I was moving much more smoothly once through Nugent's Corner and was fairly content with progress, albeit now with a 19kph average rather than the previous 20+. The wind was blustery and although seemingly against me it wasn't difficult to ride through.

Somewhere between Acme and Sedro Woolley I met the fast crowd with my guest dragging them along in her wake. It looked fast going that way.

The Subway at Sedro seemed to be the place to stop. But like Wendy and Michael, who were still there, I went across to the gas station to get a signature. By the time I had eaten a muffin they were long gone. While standing there eating a car pulled into the parking spot immediately in front of me. The two women in the car seemed to take a long time getting out. But once I mounted the Mariposa & started to ride away they got out and went into the Subway. Paranoid or what?

Some semblance of sanity had dissuaded me from riding the "fast" bike with its 39x28 (36") bottom gear. Just as well, the hill out of Sedro Woolley had me on the 24 ring. Despite a generally

helpful wind I was dragging my butt up the little slopes. To make matters worse hot foot was making pedaling very painful. And not just the bad foot, both of 'em. I tried not to stop before Acme, feeling, as I did, I was holding Deirdre up for too long. But I had to stop a few kms short and administer TLC to my feet.

"How long you been here Deirdre, an hour?" "Two!" But soup, pie and ice cream were essential and it was probably 30 minutes before we got underway. The time hadn't been entirely wasted, Deirdre had been able to mico-socialize with the 600 km event riders who had a detour east of Mission before heading south and were thus coming through later in the day than us short distance riders.

We set off with the intention of riding the rest of the event together. But by Goodwin Road it was evident neither of us were happy with DA frequently freewheeling and me struggling to hang on to her back wheel. "How do you feel about riding by yourself Deirdre?" "That's okay". "Good, why don't you go get the car?" She was off like a shot! With about 60kms to go I estimated she would finish about 18:15 (I was 4 minutes out) and that we would meet at around Ruskin (we did).

Another "hot foot" stop on North Telegraph in the shade of a tree and across from a farm. The farmer came across the road with some ice tea for me and we had a pleasant 5 minutes or so of chat before I set off with refreshed and cool feet. The border presented no problems and I was on my way to Abbotsford and Route 11. It is nice to know that MoTH is at long last fixing up the Abbotsford-Mission Highway, but in the meantime the road works create unpleasant cycling. At my speed I use the side walk across the Bridge. Heading NW across the east exit can be dodgy, but this time there was a gap in the traffic and it was easy.

The multi-lane end of Route 11 is a bit of a tangle when turning left but by signaling & waving "Thanks" we get away with it. The last section of this route is not really difficult in itself. But coming as it does at the end of a ride those rolling drags can seem to last for ever. The re-paving immediately west of Ruskin has included re-grading that nasty little bank so that it is easier to ride now. And that is exactly where Deirdre's Toyota appeared. There was a spot to pull off and as soon as I stopped the wagon was alongside.

Ever cheerful, Deirdre said; "You could finish". I restrained myself and climbed in the passenger seat! It matters not whether I do another slow 200 this year. And I saw no reason to hold up Deirdre anymore than I had already.

My thanks to Norm Brodie for cutting short his night's sleep to come out and do what I, as organiser, should have been doing. And thanks to Deirdre to her patience. I am quite possibly an ex-Randonneur. We will see next year.

Notice of 2006 BC Randonneurs Annual General Meeting

The 2006 Annual General Meeting (AGM) of the BC Randonneurs Cycling Club will be held on October 1, 2006 at the Bedford House restaurant in Fort Langley, BC. There will be a self-serve buffet brunch at 1:00 PM, followed by Awards Presentations, and the Business Meeting. Cost of the brunch will be \$20/person to be collected at the door.

Business Meeting Agenda:

- 1) Minutes of the Previous Meeting
- 2) President's Report
- 3) Treasurer's Report
- 4) Database Manager's Report
- 5) Regional Director's Report
- 6) New Business - Proposed revisions to the BC Randonneurs Constitution
- 7) Awards
- 8) Other Business - Appointment of Person to oversee election of new slate of Officers
- 9) Close of the Meeting

Election of Officers:

- a) President
- b) Vice President
- c) Secretary
- d) Treasurer

Election of (#) Members at Large (# determined by vote on constitution/by-laws)

But before the AGM there is the Annual General Meeting social ride

Sunday, October 1, 2006

Ride: 10ish a.m. (arrive ~9:30)

Brunch: 1:00 p.m., \$20

Meet at 'Marina Park', beside the Bedford House
Restaurant in Fort Langley
(Brunch at Bedford House)

Event Organizer: Harold Bridge 604 941-3448

The pastoral lands surrounding Fort Langley offer a magnificent setting in which to get lost and meander for a few hours on your bike. To help you in your efforts to get lost, find below a preview of the route map and the route sheet for the AGM pre-brunch social ride (same routes as last year... every year). If you look carefully you will notice that there are actually 5 routes to choose from (I think) including a 'Fat Tire Adventure' loop.

Whichever route you take, be sure to be back by
brunchtime: 1 p.m.

“Free” Wheeling VanIsle 1200

by *Melissa Friesen*

I have been a volunteer at three 1200s now. At my first, Rocky Mountain 2004, I was very concerned by the condition of some of the riders at the 1100km mark in Salmon Arm. “They’re crazy to keep on going!” The very high temperatures had a lot to do with their condition I think. But I saw some glimpses of sanity amongst the riders that showed that it did not need to be a suffer-fest and that a reasonable amount of sleep could be had if you allowed for the full 90 hours. Then Scott demonstrated this in his first two 1200s. I began to think that maybe this is not so insane after all. The ride stories do not always help, because the best stories have drama and the uneventful rides are rarely written up. But when the VanIsle 1200 was announced, I knew that I wanted to do this ride. I also knew that I liked my sleep so I had to get faster, but getting faster is another story.

In keeping with a good story needs drama, my VanIsle 1200 success nearly wasn’t.

What are the odds that two VanIsle 1200 riders would have exactly the same mechanical on the ride? Both Paul Johnson and I had the same mechanical that was essentially irreparable in the field. Our respective Campy 10sp freehubs became truly free, rotating both forward and backwards with no forward propulsion. Paul’s mechanical occurred at ~980km and he was fortunate to get cell phone service. He was back on the road about 2-3 hours later after a friend, Brian List, who had DNF’d earlier on the route returned (via car) to lend his rear wheel.

When my mechanical happened, I didn’t believe Scott when he said he couldn’t fix it. In fact, I think the exact words he said to me were “I don’t think you understand, you’re [insert swear word here]”. I think my response was “you don’t understand...I’m 1020 km into the ride, I’m still feeling good, and I can do this thing. What do you mean I’m done?” Fellow riders, Lindsay, Don, and John K, stopped when they saw us at the side of the road, but there was nothing they could do either.

Fortunately, we were near the Nanaimo airport and very close to a pay phone at a pub that was just closing which fortunately had a phone book. We had no cell phone and had no “emergency” contact numbers with us. Scott managed to get a hold of Stephen Hinde who lived only 10 minutes from where we were. He and Carol have over 20 years of rando experience and a garage full of bikes and parts – all the makings of the perfect road angel. Of course, this was at 1am. He arrived in great spirits considering he was just woken up. He was our road angel that night, but this was a common role as he has helped salvage many randonneur’s rides on Vancouver Island routes. A special thanks also to Sheila, who was supporting her husband Paul Johnson, who I also woke up and was willing to pick me up if we could not find a solution to keep me on the road.

Once Stephen showed up, we knew we would only be delayed,

not out. The spare wheel he brought wouldn’t work, though. The first decision was to get me going as it was my first 1200. So in true “super domestique” manner, Scott gave up his rear wheel and sent me down the road to our planned sleep stop in Duncan 35km further along. Of course, now I was on a 8 speed Shimano hub instead of my 10sp Campy. Amazingly it worked just fine with my shifters. Scott’s willingness to sacrifice his ride for me was just amazing. Fortunately he didn’t have to, it just delayed him. Scott and Stephen returned to Stephen’s place via car to search out a solution that would work. At worst he could ride one of Stephen’s bikes. But they managed to fit a 700cc wheel on Scott’s bike (both of ours takes 26” wheels). They then returned to the route and Scott time trialled into our sleep stop, arriving one hour after me. After 1.5 hours of sleep instead of our planned 3 hours because we did not want to waste the cool morning hours, off we went again, each on our “new” wheels to complete the ride.

The story of my mechanical was told and retold at controls, the finish, and at the post-ride breakfast. One common suggestion was that we could have ziptied the freehub in place and ride the bike as a “fixie”. Ron Himschoot said he had the tools to take apart the hub (cone wrenches, I think), but was quick to add that putting it back together would be the problem. And it would not have fixed my broken pawl spring. Don Monroe, a fellow randonneur living in Duncan, doesn’t know just how close he came to being called in the wee hours. Don had once said we could try out his DaVinci tandem whenever we wanted – I don’t think Saturday 1am was what he had in mind. But it would have been fun to see Ken Bonner’s face if we had shown up at the finish on a tandem.

Amazingly, the ride was fun and there was never a moment that I wanted to quit. I had met many of the non-BC riders while volunteering on other 1200s. Being a rider out on the route with the friends I’d made felt surreal.

I still think it might be a bit insane, but I’d definitely do it again. We had 10.5 hours of sleep over the ride (Campbell River 5hr, Woss 4hr, Duncan 1.5hr) and we always had lots of time to spare. I developed Achilles problems on the last day, partly from walking 20-30 minutes in my cycling shoes to a lit area where we could work on my mechanical. I have some hand numbness in my pinkies and had one bad saddle sore. The last day I was hurting a fair bit, but never thought of stopping. But it was a constant debate: Sit and allow my butt to hurt to save my Achilles or stand and give my butt a break but stress my Achilles?

And Scott, don’t forget that your fastest 1200 so far was with your wife!

Dan's VanIsle 1200

by *Dan Wallace*

[Ed. - This intro sounds must be an e mail response to an unnamed friend.] Thanks for asking about VanIsle. Ken did a terrific job organizing the route and the ride. With fewer than 40 riders, it was a very intimate and social group. The pre-ride and

post-ride meals allowed just about all of us to get to know each other. And with 30 controls between the start and finish, it was a pretty laid back brevet. I heard Ken mention that he thought that there was about 30,000 feet of climbing. At least that's what I think he said. With two exceptions (Mahalat out and back - think Loup Loup), the climbs weren't as long as the climbs in Seattle - they were just more frequent. Here's more information than you probably wanted to know about the ride - your email gave me an excuse to write it:

Day 1: "Oh, God! What am I doing?" I thought as I got on the bike for the first time since the Cascade ride. "This is a bad idea." But it was too late to turn back. I was up, dressed, on my bike and waiting at the marina for Ken to lead us out on the prologue to the starting point. Too bad the sprinklers were on and pointed at the road. The 3AM cold mist was a good substitute for the coffee I couldn't have that morning.

Off we went on about a half-mile ride to the official starting point. "Come on legs. You walked this hill yesterday. Why is it so difficult this morning? Why am I breathing so hard?" The group stopped briefly at the official start, and then we began a nice ride through Victoria on our way out of town. Or so I thought.

I latched on to a group that turned out to be going faster than I could handle, so after about ten miles, I started to drop back. Mile 15 was the second control. As I left, there was a rider about 50 feet ahead of me. He blew right past the turn. I yelled at him. He stopped and turned around. "The turn's back here," I said. "I thought so," he replied. "Huh???" I thought. Turned out it was Ron Himschoot from Seattle whom I met in Colorado last year. We rode together for a little while, until my ankle reflector fell off. Since BC Randonneurs assesses time penalties for various things, including not wearing the required reflective gear, I stopped to recover the lost item. By that time, Ron was long gone. And I was riding alone again. It wasn't the first time and wouldn't be the last.

About five miles later, things started looking very familiar. There was the hotel I stayed at. And, there's the marina where we started. Twenty miles, more or less, and I had gone in a circle. At that point, the desire to quit and climb back into bed was very strong...

At the fourth control (mile 40), I was told there was one rider behind me.. At control six (mile 61-two donuts and coffee), I was told that rider was still behind me. Of course, what no one realized at the time was that the rider that was supposed to have been behind me was actually in one of the lead groups and would finish in 70-some hours...

Mile 75 brought the first in a series of flats. A large nail punctured the tube and the cheap Bontrager rim tape. Didn't notice the hole in the rim tape. That would be the source of future trouble.

The Mahalat climb was really tough. 3 - 4 miles an hour. I left my legs in the states. I rewarded myself at control eight (mile 97) with a mocha chocolate chip milkshake and some spice drops. "Power food." The clerk said I was a half hour behind the previous group. Lunch at a store around mile 118 brought news

from the clerk that the last group had gone through about twenty minutes earlier. Water stop at a grocery at mile 134. Two riders pulled in behind me: Paul Johnson and Brian List from Seattle. We leap-frogged each other to the next control (#12 at mile 142) where Paul's wife was supporting the two of them. I borrowed their floor pump. "Bam!" (expletive deleted) Changed the tube. "Bam!" (more expletives). I was down to my last tube. I bummed a couple from Paul. Tried to fix the torn rim tape and fixed the flat. Paul and Brian started out, and I told them I'd catch up with them. I got stuck at a series of red lights and watched them ride off in the distance.

"Bam!" (expletive) Then a slow leak in one of the borrowed tubes. As I rode down the busy highway at rush hour on a flat tire, I spotted a sign for Sports Chek, the largest sporting goods chain in Canada. I pulled in. They didn't carry road bike stuff. I explained my predicament to the bike tech, and he took pity on me. He had ridden his road bike to work that day, so he pulled a tube off his bike, made a better temporary rim tape repair, fixed the flat and sent me on my way. Talk about exceptional customer service...

After a nice coastal ride along the sea shore, the route turned inland and ninety miles after my last flat, I finally made it to the overnight control (mile 237) where I restocked my supply of tubes.

Day 2: After two hours sleep and an hour of dilly-dallying, I hit the road at 5:45AM. Climb, climb, climb. A mile before control 15 (mile 257) I spotted a bike at a restaurant. "Great! Company for breakfast." Dean Zimmer from Manitoba introduced himself. I ordered breakfast and waited and waited. Finally, the omelet came out Hint: never take the server's recommendation when you're on a brevet. Meanwhile, it started to rain. Paul and Brian came in, and Dean left. There was a brief break in the rain, so I took off. While it was only 20 miles to the next control, this was the most treacherous stretch of road because of the narrow shoulder, the rumble strips, and the logging trucks.

The Sayward Junction convenience store control (mile 277 & 489) was the friendliest control of the ride. Besides having plenty of c-store food and coffee available, the clerks regaled me with stories of local interest and traffic reports for the route ahead.

Somewhere after Sayward Junction, Paul, Brian and Elias Brettler caught up with me, and we rode with each other off and on for the rest of the day. Around this time, a young fellow from the Netherlands started to leap-frog with us. He had cycled around Canada, and was headed up to one of the ports on the northern part of the island to catch a ferry to the mainland. From there, he was going to fly to Chile or Costa Rica and cycle around South America before returning home in six months. What a cool way to travel.

Around mile 325, the first of the riders passed us on the return. A little while later, I saw Ken talking with Paul and Brian as he made his way back. I was a little too happy to see him, and not realizing that he had stopped on gravel, I nearly slid into him. How embarrassing! After a few lantern rouge jokes, we parted with a promise from him that he'd have a beer waiting for me at the finish.

Sundown found us at the turn around point (control 19; mile 383). Brian wasn't feeling well and grabbed a ride back with Paul's wife who was waiting at the control with warm food which they shared with me. Elias was somewhere behind us.

Paul's goal was to make it to Sayward Junction at mile 489 before stopping. My goal was to get to Campbell River - the bag drop control - at mile 529. Paul waited for me at control 20, and we rode through the night together. Somewhere along the way, we crossed a bridge and I heard "plop". "Hmm, what was that?" I thought. It turned out that my control card had fallen out of my map case. Fortunately, the wind wasn't blowing, and I stopped and retrieved that most important document. A little while later, Paul was feeling tired, so we pulled over for a power nap. This Florida boy was freezing and didn't sleep at all. Paul slept like a log for a half hour. Back on the road, we saw and heard all sorts of wildlife. I missed seeing the bear, but something that looked like a beaver (it was dark) scurried in front of me that night.

Daybreak saw us leaving control 21 at mile 448. By this time, I was getting tired and a few miles up the road, I told Paul not to wait for me. I pulled off for a power nap. Big mistake. I was swarmed by mosquitoes that had their way with me despite the arm and leg warmers. Back on the bike. Climb, climb, climb. Then a great downhill back into Sayward Junction and my convenience store friends. Coffee and a bacon, egg and cheese sandwich. As I pulled out, Paul pulled in then headed to his motel room. Neither one of us could figure out where I passed him.

After a climb up the logging truck route, a wonderfully long downhill, and an unexpected (expletive) climb, I made it to the bag drop control (mile 529) shortly after noon.

Day 3 1/2: Despite the attempts by housekeeping to keep me from sleeping, I grabbed two hours of great sleep, then my "wake up a half-hour before the alarm so you don't miss it" gene kicked in. Back on the road around 4PM for sixty-some miles of mountain and coastal views. Sundown found me at control 25 at mile 597 where Missourian Danny Klinkenbeard and his posse provided a warm welcome. We leap-frogged for the next 30 miles or so until the wind-chill got to be too much for me and I sought refuge in a low-lying drainage ditch. Pulled into control 27 at mile 669 shortly after dawn. Didn't make much progress that night.

The Malahat return climb was next. It wasn't nearly as bad as the first time, but I was getting hot and sweaty in the morning sun with my shell and arm and leg warmers. I stripped off all those just before the summit. Bad idea. The downhill was long, steep, and in the shade. Brrr... People who know me would tell you I have bad judgment. This was just another in a long line of examples...

At the foot of Mahalat, Lindsay Martin from Victoria caught up with me and we rode the ten miles to the next control together. Along the way, we found Danny Klinkenbeard and John Kramer searching for the way to the next control. Since Lindsay was "a local", he led the way. Through the control, we continued on together as a nice group. Then we hit the hills. I had no legs and was dropped rather quickly. The next 20 miles were nothing but steep rollers--pure punishment. Along the way, I stopped for comfort food at the first opportunity. Home-made ice cream. I

forget the flavor - it didn't matter because it was really hot out (not as hot as Seattle, but in the 80's) and the ice cream was so cool.

Two controls and forty miles later, I found myself passing the marina. A quick glance to my right brought Ken's house (the finish line) into view, one block away. Unfortunately, there were about ten miles and one control to go before the finish. What a tease... A couple of miles down the road and a left turn. Oh no! A short very steep climb to a "scenic drive". Then a ride along the shore with a great view of the light house and the mountains. A turn into the city and the last control where I was greeted by Mike, one of the ride volunteers, who was out for a quick afternoon ride of his own. "Four kilometers to go," he said. I grabbed a popsicle, got my card stamped, and headed out. A guy on a motorized bicycle wanted to race me and kept blowing through stop signs. Jerk.. I missed the second to last turn and ended up in someone else's front yard. When I saw that there was no beer, I got back on course and pedaled around the block to Ken's house, a warm greeting from a bunch of folks, and that wonderful bottle of beer. Mission accomplished.

It was a great route with great scenery along the way. Hopefully someday you will have a chance to ride the VanIsle.

Arrivée



Edward Murray Pope was born October 4, 2006 at 8:32am by C-Section. Both mother and baby are doing fine. Edward's birth weight is 6lbs 10oz.

Dad Alex, is doing a little better too after his BMX crash on September 16 - broken scaphoid (wrist) and cracked radial head (elbow). After finishing off his first Super Rando series this summer, and winning the masters 3000m pursuit at the BC track championships, our intrepid club treasurer rounded out his season with a little BMX racing... and almost remained upright. [Eric Fergusson]