



B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling



Founding Member 1983

The Newsletter of the C.B.C Randonneur Section

1994 Issue 6 - September

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FROM THE CHAIR

I would like to thank all who gave of their time and effort to make the past year of Randonneuring a great success. To the executive that gave me great support, the ride coordinators, ride organisers, and the many volunteers that manned (personed?) the controls I give my heart-felt thanks. And while we're at it, let's not forget the ones who organised the ANZA bash, and looked after the production and distribution of pins. A job well done! I hope I haven't forgotten anyone.

Next year is the year of the **BIG ONE**. The Paris-Brest-Paris. The pilgrimage that all loyal Randos endeavour to attend. For those who have never done it please consider it if at all possible. You have not been baptised into the HOLY ORDER OF RANDO unless you have done the PBP! It is the experience of a life time and well worth the effort and expense to attend - ask anyone who has done it.

If it is your intention to do the PBP, or if you're just thinking about it, please remember that only the first series of rides in 1995 will be used for qualifying. This is to give the PBP committee time to verify all the applications and return the PBP information to the applicants. More on this in future editions of your Rando Newsletter.

Don't forget the AGM at the Bedford House on Oct 2 for a good ride, good food, good fun, and to find out who is doing what for next year.

DON'T FORGET
AGM - Oct 2nd
BEDFORD HOUSE, FORT LANGLEY
10:00 a.m. for rides & 1:00 p.m. for brunch
Only \$15
RSVP Harold Bridge 941-3448

THE THIN WHITE LINE

September . . . Still warm, still light out after supper, but summer is near the end. Still too early to look forward to snow and skiing, but no randonnees left. A feeling, perhaps, that one didn't do as much riding as one could have--maybe go for a make-up ride on the weekend? But late enough that the motivation isn't really there for such a project.

But there is one thing left to look forward to: the fabulously popular B.C. Randonneur AGM. Not many organisations can boast getting nearly 50% of their membership to their annual general meeting! We can, thanks to the persuasion skills of one Harold Bridge.

Things kick off with social rides at 10:00 a.m., a leisurely, civilised hour. There's a choice of 40, 60, and 70 km routes--all veritable sprints for us of rando ilk. Brunch is at 1:00 p.m., and costs just \$15. After that, prizes are presented, acknowledgements made, the 1994 Executive thanked, the 1995 Executive elected and introduced, and other business attended to. We wrap up at about 3:00 p.m.

See you at the Bedford House on October 2nd!

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The eagle-eyed among you may notice subtle differences in this month's newsletter. Anna and I have a new computer, printer, etc, and new software, too. Many thanks are due to Gary Fraser for his help producing the previous issues. He has a laser printer; now, so do we! Look for more enhancements next year. And don't forget the AGM!

Confucius Say:

It does not matter how slow you go
as long as you do not stop

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

Submissions: If you have a computer, a modem, and an Internet account, send it to hagenm@epvan.dots.doe.ca. Or call Anna and agree on a local BBS or arrange a direct connection. If you don't have a modem, both IBM and Mac disks can be accepted. If you don't have a computer, fax to 666-6544 during regular business hours or 420-9509 evenings (phone ahead first!). Please type if possible. Or mail to 2904 Argo Place, Burnaby, B.C. V3J 7G3.

TEAM TIME TRIALIN' WITH THE TERMINATOR TWINS

Gary Fraser

Allow me to, in the words of the late beloved Richard Nixon, *make one thing perfectly clear*: doing a randonnee with Ted Milner and Keith Fraser is not a warm, fuzzy, cuddly kind of experience. It is not a bucolic sashaying o'er hill and dale. There are no spontaneous outbreaks of song. There is no unbridled merriment. Talking, while not actually forbidden, is definitely discouraged. For Keith and Ted, the lonely long distance runner was just another party animal. If you seek camaraderie and a nurturing experience with your fellow riders, please find another pace line. But if you have a craving for physical and mental suffering, they have a goblet of pain with enough nectar to slake any thirst. Am I coming through loud and clear? --the Terminators take no prisoners.

Now this background information leads to one perfectly natural question: "Gar, old buddy, what the hell are you doing riding with those two?" Yes, that's a perfectly natural question and one I prefer not to answer. You see, after years of therapy with Dr. Munchmiles, my rando-psychiatrist, I have discovered an identity problem. One side of me--the sunny, social half (let us call him Mr. Small Ring) enjoys a reasonable romp through the countryside with lots of rose-sniffing time. The other side of me (Mr. Big Ring) disdains any effort below the cardiac arrest zone. Mr. Big Ring loves the Terminator Twins. Mr. Big Ring would like to be one of the Terminator *Triplets*. And so we get to the heart of the matter--herein is the tale of how "Mr. Big Ring Went On A 400 Kilometer Trip With The Terminator Twins and Learned How To Stop Worrying and Love The Bonk."

For the plucky randonneurs who departed from Boundary and Broadway at 5 a.m. on June 4th of this year, the leaden skies promised more than a chance of rain. Wet stuff was guaranteed. It was written in the clouds. Keith, Ted and I pondered this for 6.2 seconds, lowered our heads to our aero bars and started our ride. Ted kicked things off with a quasi-legal leap through a traffic light (something about Merlins not having enough steel to trigger the switching device . . . uh, yeah) and we were off.

I thought Ted had settled into a pretty nice tempo but Keith obviously decided that a sub-anaerobic pace was for wussies and he quickly surged to the front and heaped another two kph onto our plates--thanks, bro.

I wish my account of the first 60 or so km could be spruced up with lots of colorful details about the scenery etc. But, well, I didn't see any scenery. I saw Keith's bum, Ted's bum, a little bit of open road. Sometimes I saw Ted's bum, Keith's bum, and then a little bit of open road. The Terminators are great guys and I'm sure they have great bums, if you're into that sort of thing, but I'm a little old-fashioned and I prefer babbling brooks and golden wheat fields. Now I'm sure there are bushels of babbling brooks and acres of golden wheat fields in the Fraser Valley (I know there are, I get those bank calendars every year) but damnit I never saw 'em.

One of the really nice things about randonneuring is all the wonderful chichi dining spots you encounter . . . like, for

instance, the Petro Canada in Abbotsford. Their menu offers an exquisite selection of candy bars and potato chips and their wine list is to die for. I recommend the '94 Chateaux Gatorade Lemon Lime. A saucy little vintage, perhaps a touch impudent but pleasing nonetheless. While I sampled this delightful cuisine, the Twins ate their bag lunches. Heh, this ain't no disco, this ain't no fooling around!

Four minutes of respite and back on the hogs. Along South Parallel we flew with Snowbird precision. Hunkered down over our aero bars we presented a minimum profile to the wind. My on-board computer read in the low 40's for great chunks of road. This was indeed Big Ring heaven and it would last forever, damnit! Nothing could stop us now! We weren't going to stop until we ran out of land! Well, at least until we reached Hell's Gate.

We docked the rocket in Hope five minutes before the control opened. Would this be a time to share some of the morning's memorable moments? Would I be able to use these extra seconds to bond with the Twins? Ha ha ha! You're one funny guy, Mr. Small Ring! Boom! Put your foot down! Boom! Get bottles filled! Boom! Go to washroom! Boom! Get card signed! Boom! Swing leg back over bike! Bye Bye, Hope!

On the big climb out of town the unthinkable happened—I got shelled off the back. Spat out. Discarded. The Twins scampered up the hill and I discovered that my mighty pistons had been filled with porridge. (Hello, Mr. Small Ring! I wondered where you'd been . . .) Amazingly, all was not lost. In a rare moment of sentiment, the Twins eased back at the top and I managed to rejoin them. I wasn't entirely sure if this was a blessing or a cruel attempt at Terminator humor. Regardless, there I was—back with the lads and blasting along again. The trip up to Hell's Gate was uneventful, if climbing a hill with your tongue scraping the front tire can be called uneventful.

We paused at the turnaround for more Boom! Boom! and we were off again. The descent proved to be easier than the climb up—it's funny how that works isn't it? After awhile we started running into our pedaling colleagues. First Peter Stary and Phil Minter cruised by. Anna Bonga and company followed along shortly. Mike Hagen came into view and disappeared quickly (as brevet organiser he had to start his ride one hour later and missed the bonding experience with the Twins . . . poor guy). Shortly before descending the hill back into Hope we ran across Harold Bridge. Why is he always so damned cheerful? Mr. Big Ring hates that!

By the time we reached the Seabird Island Cafe, the Gods decided enough was enough. Bath time, Mr. Big Ring! Little sprinkles turned into large sprinkles. Large sprinkles turned into a torrential downpour. I admit it, I got wet. And yet, things were not altogether bad. Because we had ourselves a tail wind. Whoo Eee! We gonna fly, down into that easy chair . . .

All along the sodden Lougheed we sped. Bridge requests 40 kilometers an hour? No problem Scotty, the engines can handle it. Up over the Mary Hill Bypass (and lemme tell you, it was raining so hard even Mary had gone home) and back into town rode the rocket. When we arrived at that

excellent little Scottish restaurant at Boundary and Broadway the time chimed 12:39. Okay, it didn't actually chime, but it should have. 12:39! Yesss! An average of 3:10 per 100 km or two 6:20 200s back to back. (Hmm, did we miss a 50 km section because of the rain, guys?) Mr. Big Ring was happy. Mr. Big Ring tried hard to show that he wasn't happy but oops, the mask slipped. Oh oh, it's Mr. Small Ring under there after all! Bad Mr. Small Ring—you don't belong in the Terminator Club!

Postscript: Mr. Small Ring showed up for the 600, determined to ride with the Twins. Uh uh. On a really long, brutish climb Mr. Small Ring turned into a crispy bit of toast. The Terminators don't like toast on long rides. Bye Bye, Mr. Small Ring!

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT HILLS?

Eric Fergusson

Great! Finally a route where I can't make a wrong turn: Highway 7 and Route 1 to Cache Creek and turn around. Easy. This is the 600 for me.

Seabird Island Cafe (91 km). Doug Cho and I choke down power bars. Bob and Deirdre share some delicious looking pasta salad. That's planning! And there's Real over at the picnic table. "He doesn't have to eat you know."

"Really?"

"Hey," I continue, "Isn't this a great route? One road, no wrong turns, no getting lost."

"Yeah," says Deirdre, "great, except for the hills."

"Hills, really?"

"Yeah, the hills and the heat."

Boston Bar (178 km). I remember seeing "The Last Spike" with those cliffs, trestles, and tunnels through the spectacular Fraser canyon . . . yes, it's all coming back now. Gord Cook has caught up after a bad puncture (never ride with Gord on the late summer 600--his serious equipment failures have become a tradition). Manfred's around here somewhere too and Real's just up the road. Gord and I pass Real just outside the Alpine Canyon Cafe. "It's soup and sandwich time for me," Real reveals. Never eats, huh? Rando Myth No. 356 exploded, I think. Deirdre was sure right about these hills though. Ouch.

Lytton (221 km). I remember seeing "Lawrence of Arabia" but I didn't know there were deserts in these parts. And I'm really getting sick of this banana flavoured carbo booster. Water . . . water . . . cool, clear water, that's what I want. Two German tourists rummage through their cooler and produce a large bottle of Evian water. Cheers. Two km up the road I finally hit the gas stop at Lytton. Time for another water break, I think.

Cache Creek (306 km). It's been twelve hours exactly and I'm not feeling that bad. Yet I have this feeling that things are about to get worse. For one thing there's that brisk westerly out there. It's no problem, really, because as all randonneurs will tell you, "The wind dies down in the evening." Still it's a bit of a struggle as I start back. I might have to abandon the idea of a 24-hour 600.

Spences Bridge to Boston Bar. I regret never seeing

"Nightmare on Elm Street", but I wasn't far into the darkness when I started working on my own screen play. A sequel perhaps: "Nightmare on Route One: Freddy's Canyon." The thing is, when there IS a shoulder it sometimes isn't rideable and you can't be sure until you're on it. By that time the truck's right there . . . ahhhh splat, into the canyon! And then there's that wind. Not too bad until you approach the summits, then you're just about blown off the road. I start trying to work the storm scene from "Key Largo" into my screen play while musing on Rando Myth No. 16: "The wind dies down in the evening." Poppycock.

And why I didn't notice these "DEER CROSSING" and "ELK CROSSING" signs on the way out? Something to think about on those blind descents. What's next: "BEAR CROSSING NEXT 30 KM"? That's when I was faced with the first of the night's two dog attacks. Where was the more useful sign warning "BIG HUNGRY VICIOUS GUARD DOGS NEXT 120 KM"?

Minutes later my backup light system failed. My BLT was undercharged, the batteries in my Cat-eye were dead, and all there was between me and utter darkness was a set of backup C batteries. And still the trucks scream by. Don't these guys sleep?

Alpine Canyon Cafe (429 km). I made it alive to Control 6 at 1:15 a.m., but I had given up. As I fell asleep in a bush just off the parking lot, I had this fantasy. Soon all the people I had ridden with that day--Real, Gordy, Manfred, Doug, Deirdre, and Bob--would pull up to the cafe together smiling like I saw most of them not long after the Cache Creek turn around. Harold would be there too with the truck like he'd been everywhere today. He'd have a big smile, an encouraging word, and all the fig newtons you could eat. Together, we'd storm out into the night, lights blazing--trucks, wind, and dogs be damned!

When I awoke two hours later I was still alone. Had riders come and gone? You'd think I would have wakened up, you'd think they would have seen me lying there in the bush. Maybe they hadn't shown up at all. But surely someone should have been there by now unless . . . maybe they're all dead back on the road or in the biggest ditch this side of Niagara. And I'm the only one still alive. In their memory, I vowed, I had one last battle to fight. So at 3:30 a.m., armed with three fresh pairs of C batteries in my pack, and with what would be today's fourth world's-worse cup of Joe in my belly, I headed back into Freddy's Canyon.

Port Coquitlam (612 km). Nine hours later Harold was cheerfully lifting my bike onto my rear rack and assuring me that the others were alive. Doug, Gordy, and Manfred were forced out by equipment problems. Real wasn't too far behind as we spoke.

Dan Wood really did do a 600 the previous day as rumoured, and remarkably was still on the road. As I listened to Harold I flashed back to something he said at Spences Bridge: "When you finish just imagine turning around and riding 600 km back to Paris." And then from somewhere I heard the Duke. Yes, John Wayne was crouching there in the trench with a pump in one hand and a banana in the other, saying, "Not in this lifetime, soldier, not in this lifetime."

FLASH!

RANDO BIKE TRAILER AT AGM

Two good reasons for this: (1) it's inventory consolidation time. Please bring any rando supplies you have kicking around your place to the AGM. We are especially looking for randonneur control signs, tables, coffee cups, cutlery, etc. Gord will stow the items away in the trailer until next year. (2) It's a good opportunity for those who haven't yet seen this mobile marvel to do so. Also, no trailer logos have been submitted (See June issue for details). Now is your chance to see the trailer live, and get your creative artistic juices percolating. Come to the AGM, see the trailer, and be inspired!

A SOUTHEAST 600

Jimmy Vallance

I would not be at all surprised if there are more closet atheists among randonneurs than among any other group of athletes in the industrialised world.

I mean, how could an omnisciently compassionate deity create a universe in which there exist heat, headwinds, and heartburn; torrential rain, mountain passes; feeding bottles full of creamed rice and mandarin oranges which burst in your saddlebag; road surfaces seemingly composed of 4 cm aggregate; and a brand-new Alberta-registered Jaguar, sleek and beautiful, but with the number plate WHHEEE (not far from desecration, that)--and all within a couple of days?

==/=

I left Fernie Gas at 0705, Thurs, June 30th, heading south to Elko into a stiffish breeze hoping it would blow me all the 320 km to Golden from the bottom of Mott's Hill where the road hooks north. Hope springs eternal, of course, and while the wind did help in the middle of the day's ride, it was fitful for the rest.

I was destined for Vernon, 602 km (by computer), 625 km (by car and map) distant, a stay over and brief time to be spent with mountaineering friends Davis and Mhairi Todd. Then my erstwhile roadie friend Marty Hill was to appear over the eastern horizon in his Piper Cherokee to fly me back to Fernie for supper on Saturday. That was Plan A.

Alas! The weather turned hellish on the Friday and Saturday (it was, after all, Canada Day weekend) thereby robbing me both of a quick trip home and what was to be the last line of this article, viz. "Travelling home by plane after a 600 is the only way to go."

Anyway, the Thursday was a glorious day: clear skies to Fort Steele, past Columbia Lake, and as far as Radium. Then it clouded over, and as the hours and the last 100 km to Golden rolled by the valley was suffused by a full light which turned weak and watery as night approached.

I stood in the coldest creek I could find in the middle of the afternoon heat and also spent a pleasant ten minutes talking to a couple of girls who were from Florida, were returning there, and had been two years on the road. Those were the high points of an otherwise uneventful day.

In retrospect, I should have taken 2 1/2 hours sleep at Mary's Motel in Golden (that was all I was allowed two years ago!) but I took 6, having neither the desire, inclination, nor the jam to do with less.

The next morning I soldiered on under the grey, overcast sky accompanied on my approach to the Rogers Pass by the heavy drone of a unit train full of Elk Valley coal grinding up the mountain side high on my right.

In the Pass itself I walked through the five snow sheds on the high curb to try and provide a different load for an aggravated hamstring injury and also because the volume of eastbound traffic had risen to a really frightening level. At one point the stream of vehicles became continuous and its speed so insistent and enveloping that I felt as though I had lost contact with the road surface. and that no matter how fast I went, I was still going nowhere. Most peculiar.

And then at the top of the pass the sky opened up, and down it came: heavy, heavy rain which stayed with me all the way through Craigellachie (named for the war-cry of the Clan Grant - 'Stand Fast, Craigellachie' - from whose lands came Lord Strathcona, the Man with the Golden Spike, but I digress), Sicamous, and Mara Lake.

Just north of Enderby it suddenly cleared, and I passed a ball game--probably the tag-end of a Canada Day Tournament--where the diamond, totally grassless, resembled No Man's Land at the Battle of the Somme. However, the Okanagan as far as Vernon had been washed fresh, the surface was smooth, the road mainly downhill, and the wind from the north. By this time my cleats had shifted and I was pedaling both pigeon-toed and bow-legged but by that stage in the game who the hell cared?

So it ended at 36: something, the evening rounded out reminiscing with Davis and Mhairi. On Saturday, with Marty grounded by foul weather, Plan B - on to the Greyhound for the 15 hour trip back to Fernie. And there's no doubt that after that I can write, and with some feeling too, that "Travelling home by plane after a 600 is the only way to go."

RANDON-NEWS

Ken Bonner got a lot of ink in the Oak Bay News as a result of his record breaking Victoria-Port Hardy-Victoria 1000 km ride (41:22 is a course record and a world record for a solo 1000) and Vancouver-Calgary (45:44) . . . Some of our more compulsive B.C. riders participated in Boston-Montreal-Boston in mid-August: **Keith Fraser** was forced to abandon at about 900 km due to knee problems--he was five hours ahead of the next person at the time--but **Ken Bonner** finished in 66 hours . . . **Gary Fraser** started law school at UBC this month . . . There were almost as many Americans registered (3) as British Columbians (5) at the September 10th 200, and also someone from Alberta . . . **Larry Wasik** finally got his new titanium wunderkind last week, only eight months after he ordered it . . . **Gord Cook** and **Manfred Kuchenmuller** just can't get enough--they did a make-up 600 on September 17-18 . . .

MY FIRST TIME TRIAL

1944-09-22.

Harold Bridge

I started club cycling, with my local section of the Cyclists' Touring Club, in February 1944 at the age of 16. In May that year I joined the North Road Cycling Club at the same time my Father rejoined.

In between air raids, buzz bombs, and V2 rockets I managed to get in about 8,000 miles that year, my last at school. I went on my first tour with the Enfield CTC section and ventured as far as Stratford Upon Avon the first day and got to see some of Wales for the first time. I also met up with Americans for the first time--GIs waiting to go to France, so it was shortly after D-Day.

Our third night out we stayed in the Youth Hostel in Michledean and it was July 4th. The local drink was "Scrupmy", a rough, cloudy cider. It was a scene to behold! GIs, out of their cotton-pickin' minds, were trying to climb a shear stone wall into the window of the girls' dorm. I don't suppose that road did them any more harm than landing in France did a little later. In any case they didn't know if they would ever see another July 4th.

In Chipping Camden, we leaned our bikes on the curb while we went into a tea shop. I noticed a GI looking enviously at our bikes, I spoke to him and in answer, with a Southern drawl, he said, "Back home I've gotta an all-chromium bike wi' blooo feners."

During that August I went down with a serious illness of some sort. At one point I was in a semiconscious state and the doctor was examining me. I'm not sure if my Mother and the doctor were aware I could hear what was going on or not, but I thought the old army doctor shone through when he said to Mum, "Well, he will either pull through this or he won't." Very reassuring words for a mother of an only son.

Anyway, I recovered enough to agree to Dad's suggestion I should enter the last "25" of the year, about a month later. The day came and it should have gone right on by. It was foul. The 25 mile course went northwest for half the distance, where we turned in the road and retraced to the starting point. Remember, we had been at war for five years by this time. Such things as chrome plating were not available, bike parts, when you could get them, were black. I always have to smile these days when I see the latest in black hardware installed on a bike. Tyres were "War Grade", made, I think, from a mixture of charcoal and bread crumbs.

Time trialling was still a secret sport, inconspicuous clothing and no advertising were the order of the day. There was still a ban on road racing and despite what anyone may say, time triallist were still after prizes, such as they were.

In the late thirties about three or four riders had achieved the impossible, "beaten the hour", and the 25 mile competition record at that time was 59 min and some seconds. Our club record was a 1 hr 3 min ride. The holder of that was a corporal in the army, a photographer, and was busy collecting Leica cameras in Germany.

My competition dress consisted of cord shorts, long wool socks, brogue shoes, and the uniform of the time triallist, a black alpaha jacket that flapped in the breeze. Up to the

outbreak of war the RTTC regulations dictated that riders must be fully covered from toe to neck in "inconspicuous clothing". This meant tights whatever the weather. However, clothes rationing put paid to that stupidity and we were allowed to wear shorts. Of course, the only people who dressed so inconspicuously were time triallists, so we were quite recognizable.

Although the results only show eight riders in that event, there were many more. Because so much of the manpower of the clubs was away fighting a war they got together and ran a combined club event. Each club looked after its own results, but had common marshals, timekeepers, and officials.

My number came up and I set off into this northwest gale on my 79.7 inch fixed gear. That was the result of a 46 tooth chainring and a 15 tooth sprocket on 26 inch sports wheels. I had no idea what sort of effort was required and in a very short time my mate Roy went past me and he had started seven minutes behind me! I was quite unperturbed by this turn of events and sloughed a lonely furrow unto the turnaround near Hitchin.

Then did I fly! I soon came across an army convoy that was trundling toward Nertford at about 15 mph. with no other traffic in sight. It was no problem for me to fly past on the wrong side of the road.

To my surprise I came across Roy, completely wasted, tucked in behind one of the army trucks receiving all sorts of army vulgarity and humour from the warriors on board. My appearance spurred him on and the two of us scrapped all the way to the finish where the result shows I dropped him by a second. He had even borrowed a fast pair of racing wheels which he had carried out to the event in time honoured fashion, on "sprint carriers" clamped to his front wheel spindle at the fork ends. They were too precious to risk on general riding. However, Roy was so shot at the finish he was unable to change his wheels and Dad did it for him.

The fastest, Pilot Officer John Sloper - 1 hr 10 min 59 sec; 2nd, Detective Sergeant Len Copping. - 1-13-24; 3rd, my future tandem partner, and winner that year of the Novices Cup, Alan Kennedy - 1-13-55. I was 7th out of the 8 with 1-25-22 and Roy was 5th with 1-18-23.

1-25? I go that fast now on evening training rides 50 years hence. I whittled that down to a 1-3-43 by 1950, but never improved upon that. That is probably due to the fact I got interested in long distance stuff and was still only 23 when I rode my first 24 hour TT--I wish I wasn't a long distance brain trapped in a short distance body!

BREVET CARDS

You will soon be receiving through the mail your completed brevet cards. Relive the pain, smell the sweat, feel the driving rain, decipher the smudged control stamp . . . See the Audax International stamp!

They're yours. We don't want 'em. And we don't care what you do with 'em . . . Frame 'em, bronze 'em, stuff 'em down your garbator . . . Spindle 'em, fold 'em, mutilate 'em.

Make a paper airplane to take you to PBP.

The cards are yours to enjoy!

ONCE MORE, INTO THE BREACH, RODE THE TWO DIEHARDS

Gord Cook

After a failed attempt in the 600 km brevet last year (mechanical problem) and the failed attempt in the Aug 13th 600 km brevet to Cache Creek this year (too many tire problems) it was with fear and trepidation that I started the make-up ride. Manfred and I left the Petro-Can station at 0800 Saturday, Sept 17 and travelled west on #7 making excellent time, about 30 - 33 kph. All went well as far as Boston Bar where our average was still over 26 kph. Our speed dropped quickly as we passed over Jackass Mountain. The heat got to Manfred and the rocks got to my tires. Fortunately this was to be the only ruined tire although I got several more impact punctures.

At Cache Creek we had a bowl of soup and a coffee and I fixed my bad tubes so I wouldn't have to try to fix them on the road in the dark.

By the time we got to Lytton on the return we were experiencing some heavy duty headwinds. We decided that, since we were not on a record setting pace, we would catch a couple of hours of shut-eye and, hopefully, wait out the wind. After wasting 15 minutes or so looking for a place to sleep we found some lovely green grass at the local high school. Closer inspection, however, revealed that the grass had just been watered. I spotted some picnic tables and Manfred saw a trailer used for hauling cars and so it was we settled down to wait out the wind.

About an hour later I awoke, very cold, and suggested to Manfred we should leave. But there was a car that the students had been working on parked next to the trailer, and it was unlocked. We spent the next hour or so sleeping in the car.

The check stop at the Canyon Alpine cafe gave us the opportunity for a bit of rest, coffee, and toast. The next stop at Seabird Island cafe did the same.

It was a fairly easy ride from there in except, of course, for Woodside and the ever-present headwinds on Nicomen Island.

The roads were generally in reasonable condition except for the last few km into Cache Creek where the road shoulders were littered with rocks and bits of tire, wood, etc. The shoulder of the Loughheed from Haney to the finish was an absolute disgrace. It was littered with all sorts of debris including rocks the size of your fist.

The finish felt good (doesn't it always) and the feeling of accomplishment was also there waiting for us. A good ride.

RANDO REPORT

Take a good look at the rando report. This is your last chance to report errors, omissions, etc. to Gord or Doreen Cook at 594-4644. Name spelled wrong? Not credited with a ride? Wrong time? Say something **now!** After next month it will be too late. Call now, or you'll forget. You've been warned!

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

RIDER	PHONE	200KM RT	300KM RT	400KM RT	600KM RT	1000KM RT	FLECHE
Alfano, Nick	739-1262	9:00 FV					
Allen, Susan	734-2504	10:05 VA	15:24 VA	25:50 VA			
		10:37 VI					
		10:49 NE					
Anderson, Janet	689-8784	9:19 FV					
Arscott, Deirdre	222-3587	10:53 KA	17:05 KA	20:35 KA	37:34 VA	63:30 VA	374km
Austman, Ryan	936-6954	11:00 VA					DNF
Batisse, Norman	489-2884	7:33 VA	13:05 NE	19:45 VI			
		7:33 FV		16:45 FV			
Bisaro, Gordon	683-9621	9:04 VA					401km
Blair, Richard	372-1873	9:33 VA	12:53 VA				374km
		9:47 FV					
Blair, Gil	479-1323	10:53 KA					
Blair, Fearan	372-1873	9:47					
Bogart, Barry	264-0470	10:20 VA	14:49 FV				401km
		8:55 FV					
Bonga, Anna	420-9509	9:58 VA	12:30 VA	16:30 FV	26:57 FV	63:55 VA	DNF
		8:56 VI	12:12 FV				
		8:37 KA	17:05 KA				
		10:35 VA	13:05 NE				
Bonner, Ken	598-4135	6:24 VI	11:06 VI	14:56 VI	34:48 VI	41:16 VA	602km
Boonstra, Bob	828-2869	9:27 KA	17:05 KA	18:55 VA	37:34 VA	63:30 VA	374km
		12:00 NE		20:35 KA			
		7:56 VA					
Botha, Andries	(403) 723-4897						
Brain, Jeff	(206) 863-5339				35:30 FV		
Brett, Tom	(206) 775-6732		14:49 FV				
Bridge, Harold	941-3448	9:51 VA	16:20 NE	22:35 FV	38:47 FV		DNF
		11:20 FV					
Brodie, Norm	522-6726	10:53 VA	14:30 VA	20:35 KA	34:24 VA		365km
Burditt, Jack	669-8220	11:01 VA					
Burgi, Richard				25:21 VA			
Caprani, Cliff	434-3633	DNF VA					
Charnock, David	433-7549	10:43 VA	14:58 NE				
Cho, Doug	942-0300	9:23 VA	15:14 VI	20:07 VA	DNF VA		
		11:00 VA		17:45 FV	DNF FV		
Clare, Victor	530-3778	8:44 VA	12:33 VA	16:56 FV			
Cook, Gordon	594-4644	8:00 VA	13:05 NE	16:43 VA	31:23 VA		424km
Courtney, Eric	(206) 367-3818				35:30 FV		
Evans, Andy	736-3203	8:00 VA	12:30 VA				
		9:47 FV	17:42 FV				
Faris, Ian	464-6595	9:42 FV	15:15 FV	21:00 VA	DNF VA		
		11:00 VA					
Faubert, Stephen		9:19 VI	14:59 VI	17:28 VI			
Ferguson, Eric	733-6657	7:26 FV	11:20 FV	16:43 VA	30:28 VA		
		7:25 VA					
Fraser, Gary	980-0928	6:59 VI	10:07 VA	12:39 FV	24:45 FV		602km
			10:20 VI				
Fraser, Keith	737-7850	6:24 VI	10:07 VA	14:05 VA	22:17 FV		602km
		6:12 FV	10:20 VI	12:39 FV			
			9:40 FV				
Fredrich, Paul	(206) 391-2557	10:35 VA	16:33 VI		36:20 VA		
Gallazin, Sarah		10:20 VA	13:45 VA				
		10:09 VI					
Gosling, Jacquetta	987-6156	10:02 VA					
Gosling, Kyle	980-3058	9:55 VA					
Gray, John	985-5585	10:53 KA	DNF FV				
Griffiths, Keith	524-0947	9:58 VA					
Grillo, Ernie	(206) 746-2010			17:28 VI	34:25 FV		
Hagen, Mike	420-9509	6:42 VA	11:06 VA	15:30 FV	26:57 FV	63:55 VA	DNF
		8:56 VI	12:12 FV				2500
		6:43 FV	15:00 KA				1200
		8:37 KA	10:41 NE				1600
		7:25 VA					77
Hainer, Bruce	873-0320	9:30 VA	12:53 VA	16:56 FV			424km
Hannah, Peter	522-2390	10:00 VA					
Hannigan, Patrick	(206) 232-9283	7:56 FV					
Hardwick, Bob							
Hardwick, Janice							
Henniger, Barb	937-7855	DNF VA					
		10:35 VA					
Hinde, Carol	245-4751	8:56 VI	14:59 VI	18:17 VI	35:57 VI		
Hinde, Stephen	245-4751	8:19 VI	15:30 FV	18:17 VI	35:57 VI		
Holberg, Richard	(206) 784-9245			25:21 VA			
Horsley, Rod	731-3059	7:56 VA	11:47 FV				
		7:10 FV					
Jamieson, John	376-5147	10:53 KA					
		12:00 NE					
Johnson, David	(206) 652-8696					63:31 VA	
Kamps, Mike	874-3799	9:04 VA					401km
Kramer, John	685-6233	10:47 FV	15:07 FV	24:00 VA			
Krichman, Ken	(206) 523-2769				37:34 VA		
Kuchenmuller, Manfred	253-4858	9:58 VA	12:53 VA	18:05 VA	31:23 VA		424km
		10:55 NE					
Landgraf, Suzanne	(206) 524-6722	11:34 VI					
Lapp, Ralph	595-5881	6:35 VI	11:06 VI				
Latornell, Doug	734-2504	10:05 VA	15:23 VA	25:50 VA			
		10:37 VI					
		10:49 NE					
Lennox, Dan	877-0661	9:30 VA	14:35 NE				
Lepsoe, Barbara	679-3179	11:10 NE					
Lindberg, Terry	381-5255	6:59 VI	10:57 VI				
Little, John	681-5747	10:24 VA	13:11 VA	17:18 FV			
		10:09 VI					
Marsh, Robert	467-7065	DNF FV					

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

RIDER	PHONE	200KM RT	300KM RT	400KM RT	600KM RT	1000KM RT	FLECHE
Mathers, Ann	592-9641	8:52 VI	14:36 VI				
Mathers, David	592-9641	8:52 VI	14:36 VI				
Matthews, Paul		11:00 VA					
Maundrell, Ralph	531-1111	9:22 VA	15:10 VA				
Mayhew, Dana	(206) 785-4223		12:10 FV				
McGuire, Dan	942-3235	11:20 VA					
McLean, Ged	477-4839	6:24 VI					
Melli, Gabor	937-0665	9:04 VA	14:24 VA	26:35 VA			
Miller, Terry		7:56 NE					
Milner, Ted	936-3519	6:42 VA	10:00 FV	12:39 FV	22:17 FV		602km
Minter, Phil	263-7477	8:00 VA	12:30 VA	14:43 FV	27:53 FV	56:15 VA	
Monaghan, Barry	730-8254	7:43 NE					401km
		9:02 VI					
Moreau, Margaret	253-4858	9:58 VA					
		10:55 NE					
Morrison, Judy	879-3661	9:33 VA	12:53 VA	18:55 VA			374km
		10:49 NE					
Morton, David	926-4633	8:29 FV	12:27 FV				
Murray, Drew	595-2114		10:20 VI				
Nadin, Eric	538-7707	8:56 VA					
Nichol, Ross	325-4214	10:00 VA	13:45 VA	23:15 VA	DNF FV		
Orser, Marion	737-8483	10:30 VA	16:20 NE				365km
Parker, Ray	758-1086	8:50 VI					
Pearson, Randy	(206) 366-5117	12:55 VA	11:55 VA	21:05 VA			
Philcox, Nigel	722-2891	8:27 VI	14:54 VI	18:17 VI	35:36 VI		
Pollock, Tim	939-8166	12:50 FV	19:45 VA				DNF
Pollock, Pat	939-8166	12:50 FV					
Prefontaine, Real	853-9594	9:23 VA	12:59 VA	20:07 VA	33:55 VA	74:15 FV	365km
		11:00 VA	15:14 VI	18:17 VI	33:00 FV		
			12:30 FV	17:45 FV			
Pulfrey, David	263-6780	7:31 VA	11:40 VA	17:51 VA	32:47 FV		
Recon, Chuck	820-9575	10:35 VA					
Schaeffer, Barbara	(206) 789-9011			19:30 FV			
Schulze, Ira		8:42 NE					
Scott, Randy	474-2197	DNF VI					
Shelbourn, John	758-2453	11:41 VI	DNF VI				
Sikorski, Vincent	(206) 640-4180			15:30 VI	35:07 FV		
Slivecko, Mick	731-8552	10:17 FV		24:00 VA			
Sneed, Greg	(206) 784-1265			19:15 VA			
Soar, Roger	479-2890	10:53 KA					
Springle, Glen	467-8346	8:55 FV	14:34 FV				
Stacy, Lyndon	(08) 272-6700				33:00 FV	74:15 FV	
Stary, Peter	291-2621	8:52 FV	11:39 VA	14:43 FV	27:53 FV		
Stelfox, Tom	681-0221	13:00 VA					
Stenning, George	245-2414	DNF VI					
Towe, Alan	758-9916	10:30 FV					
Vallance, Jimmy	423-6473	7:55 FV	14:35 NE	18:59 VA	36:10 FV		
Vanderwall, Jeff	534-7570	11:46 VA					
Vialoqas, Vince	730-0564	7:31 VA	11:39 VA				
Wagner, John	(206) 782-8965				36:20 VA		
Walsh, Dominich	874-0258	9:00 VA					
Wasik, Larry	299-6115		14:30 VA				
Weingartner, Ernst	589-4572	9:58 VA	12:53 VA	19:15 FV			424km
Werker, Denise	266-0682	10:33 VI					
White, Valerie	222-4420	12:00 VI					
Whitfield, Alex	222-4420	12:07 VI					
Wilson, Jackie	222-2613	9:51 VA					
Wood, Dan	(206) 525-1290	9:00 VA	12:30 VA	19:00 VA	36:20 VA	67:35 VA	
		11:35 VI	12:42 VI	16:40 VI	29:58 VI	63:31 VI	
					25:00 FV	63:11 KA	
Wood, Stuart	538-7589	9:26 VA					
Wyminga, Bill	739-1320	8:31 VA	11:40 VA				
Yuen, Charles	521-7942	8:20 FV	12:42 FV				

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