

Cascade 1240 | 2010 EDITION

BY DONALD BOOTHBY

Editor's note: Donald Boothby has served as a volunteer on two Cascade events.

In a recent discussion about the Cascade 1200 and what one of the riders, a good friend of mine, went through to complete it, one person said, "SOUNDS HORRIBLE."

My response: Dear friend, NOT horrible, just long. This is one of the most beautiful and prestigious rides in the United States. 1250 Kilometers (roughly 775 miles) and the rider has 93 hours to complete. One must work very hard to get him or herself into both physical and mental condition to do this kind of an intense athletic event, and should be extremely proud when he or she achieves such an amazing completion of a hard-fought for goal. Many try, but only the strongest and most determined succeed. It is kind of like that in a lot of life, it seems to me.

The ride starts in Monroe and travels down the west side of the Cascades to Highway 12, then over White Pass into Yakima the first day. On the second day the route goes through the rolling wheat fields of eastern Washington, sometimes in excruciating heat, often with strong winds either pushing or pulling the rider this way or that, wending its way



PHOTO BY ROBERT HIGDON

through Quincy for another night of rest, then on to Ephrata, Soap Lake and up to Coulee City along the river, with an incredible view of the ancient "Dry Falls," and west through Moses Coulee, one of the most geographically significant spots in the state. After a pause in what most people would consider desolate little Farmer, the journey drops again to the Columbia River and over Loup Loup Pass into the Methow Valley, a place so serene that it looks like it is

still caught in the early 1900s in a lot of places.

After a night at Mazama, riders are treated to a climb over Washington and Rainy Passes, perhaps the most beautiful stretch of mountain highway the state has to offer, and an area so scenic that people from all over the world come to ride, hike, camp and climb in the woods, small lakes, streams and revel in the grandeur of these "American Alps."

This year, we attracted riders from Japan, Germany,

France and Canada, as well as several U.S. states. They came because of the beauty and the challenge. "Horrible"? We think not. Difficult and challenging? Absolutely.

And the real beauty of it comes because, unlike being trapped in a car where the distractions keep us from really focusing on our surroundings, on a bicycle, one is acutely attuned to everything around him or her. The rushing waterfalls, the cool-

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Cascade 1240K (continued)

BALLAD OF THE CASCADE 1200

By Christopher Heg

With thanks (or apologies) to the late great Lowell George

I've been blown by the wind, broiled by the heat
Had my butt worn out, but I'm still on my seat
And I'm still willin'...

Out on the road late at night,
seen the full moon shining
Like a 6 volt head light,
downhill with a tailwind

And I've been from Packwood to Okanogin,
Yakima to Darington.
I've ridden every kind of road that's ever been laid.
Carryin' our mudflaps so we won't get sprayed
And if you give me snacks, drinks, and ice
And some chicken and rice
And I'll be willin' to keep rollin'

I've been burnt by the sun, chilled by the cold
I'm tired and sweaty, don't you know
And I'm still willin'.
Struggled with broken spokes at Texico
Savin' receipts everytime I go to Texico
And I'm still...

And I've been from Packwood to Okanogin,
Yakima to Darington.
I've ridden every kind of road that's ever been laid.
Carryin' our mudflaps so we won't get sprayed
And if you give me snacks, drinks, and ice
And some chicken and rice
And I'll be willin' to keep rollin'



PHOTO BY ROBERT HIGDON

ness of the air when it is 85 degrees out and you ride past a snow bank or a waterfall rushing down the cliff next to you, the songs of all the birds, the clicking of a deer's hooves as he bounds across the highway in front of you. And then there is the riding at night. Alone in the mountains under a full moon, with no cars on these rural roads, the air crisp and clear, the night songs playing in sweet harmony to the constant melodious whoosh whoosh of your pedal cadence and often the only other sound being your own rhythmic breath, which

most people can't even hear most of the time because of the noise around them and their mental separation from the reality of their body's capacity and limitations.

On the bicycle, one sees it all, hears it all, feels it all and experiences it all. One becomes a true part of his or her surroundings instead of just sitting inside a leather, glass, metal and plastic machine blundering along with the only purpose being to GET THERE, wherever 'there' is, and do it as FAST AS POSSIBLE, regardless the consequences. On the

bicycle, we see the carnage that the cars cause. The dead deer, birds, porcupines, raccoons, coyotes, dogs and cats that they leave behind. The empty beer bottles they discard as they drive down the road. The bags of half eaten Big Macs thrown thoughtlessly out the window. The discarded washing machines and refrigerators, dumped illegally in the ditches. The stuffed animals, left innocently but forgotten on top of the car when loading the kids' things for the trip to grandma's house. The crosses by the side of the road deco-

rated with plastic flowers, beads, trinkets and the names of some lost loved one killed by a drunk driver. Yes, we see it all. We feel it all. We revel in the beauty and at the same time cry because of the lack of respect that many of those individuals in automobiles seem to have for their marvelous surroundings.

And you have the audacity to say the ride is horrible? I'd say driving that 775 miles would be horrible by comparison. Give me my bike any ol' day of the week, thank you very much.

Voices of Cascade

Editor's note: Following are selected excerpts from 2010 Cascade 1240K ride reports.

Randonneuring is hard. It stretches you to your limits. And in a way, it's a lot like life. On club rides, which I love and enjoy very much, too, there is a sense of camaraderie and socialization that occurs, in casual way. It's easier to go on club rides with a smile and enjoy

the company of other riders for few hours, even if I had a tough day. On randonnering rides, where you're stretched to your limits and limited by time and physical resources, this is much more difficult to do. This is the aspect of randonneuring I had difficulty with the first year. You wait for them on the hill, why do they leave you on the downhill? If it's really about finishing, why

are the finish times recorded and published? Is there an unspoken pecking order, like the elephant in the room? What is the right way to give on rides like Cascade, when you, yourself, are stretched to your limits and down to one hour of sleep without showers? Is there a right way to ride? Is there really a rando way?
— Jennifer Chang, an unofficial finisher of this

year's Cascade 1240.

I have found that on 1200k's I like to set a goal to arrive at each overnight stop by sunset, leaving at whatever time in the morning is needed. Sometimes, that means leaving at 3 or 4 a.m. and perhaps taking a nap along the way. One thing I have learned about

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(Explicative)! That was quite a ride!

I tried to describe what a 1200K was to someone, and they seemed a bit **(Adjective)**. After I told them 1200K is **(Number)** miles, they exclaimed, "Heck, I wouldn't even take a **(Vehicle)** that far!

Lining up at the start, I was oddly both **(Emotion Adjective)** yet **(Emotion Adjective)**. Once we rolled out, I felt better and settled down to the task at hand. It was fun chatting with the fast guys as we rolled through familiar roads towards Issaquah.

Over the course of four days, I went through some pretty big swings. At times I was **(Emotion Adjective)**, **(Emotion Adjective)**, and even **(Emotion Adjective)**.

I suppose the worst was when I needed to stop at the gas station for some **(Over The Counter Medicine)**; until it kicked in, I was pretty sure I would DNF with **(Disease)**. **(Name)** reminded me I had **(Number)**

Cascade 1200 Mad Libs

— By JOE PLATZNER —

hours in the bank, so I shouldn't panic. That was good advice; I bounced back over the next few hours.

Riding along each night as the full moon rose was a wonderful experience. I rode for hours with a moon shadow version of myself keeping me company.

You can get some good stuff at mini-marts; who knew there were so many calories in **(Food)** or **(Food)**?

The control workers were **(Adjective)**, **(Adjective)**, yet **(Adjective)**. When I was **(State of Mind)** they fed me a combination of **(Food)**, **(Food)**, and **(Beverage)** that sounds horrible, but it really hit the spot.

The third day was the hardest for me; it lasted **(Number)** days. There were **(Number)** tough climbs, but it was the heat that really

got to me. At times it felt like it was **(Number)** degrees.

I really liked riding with **(Name)** and **(Name)** from the local club as well as the guy from **(Country)** and the woman from **(Country)**. They made the time pass quickly. I'm glad we were able to avoid the **(Animal)** that attacked us on Loup Loup pass.

On the way down Loup Loup, I got **(Name of Song)** by **(Name of Band)** stuck in my head. That seemed appropriate, and I sung out loud as the miles passed.

As I got to the top of the last pass, I thought I was home free. Just then, I got **(Sickness)** and thought I was done again. This ride just kept coming! I mean, right up until the finish, I suspected my **(Bike Part)** or my **(Bike**

Part) which started squeaking would finally give out, but it held. I had an extra in my drop bag, but it would be no help on the road.

As we approached the finish, I didn't feel my sore **(Body Parts Plural)** and **(Body Part)** at all; I just felt great. I pedaled **(Adverb)** for the first time in days. My **(Body Parts Plural)** are still numb, and I wonder if I will ever feel my **(Body Part)** again. I have never been scabbed on my **(Body Part)** before; that's a first.

In total, I suspect I slept **(Number)** hours, while the **(Adjective)** guys were able to get quite a bit more than that.

I've been **(Bodily Function)** and **(Bodily Function)** pretty much constantly since the finish. **(Name of Prescription Medicine)** and caffeine seem to help.

Looks like I'll be going to **(City)** in 2011. What an experience that will be!

Thanks again, SIR.

American Randonneur

Cascade 1240K Results

Name	City	State / Province	Country	Result
Barbasch, Dan	Ithaca	NY	USA	91:46
Barnell, Brenda	Dallas	TX	USA	85:19
Bingle, Michael J	Vancouver	WA	USA	DNF
Blacker, D Rick	Olympia	WA	USA	85:16
Bonner, Kenneth R	Victoria	BC	CANADA	67:30
Bragg, Andrew	Adelaide	S.A	AUSTRALIA	84:14
Brenize, Larry E	Newburg	PA	USA	92:54
Brown, Dwight L.	Los Altos	CA	USA	89:14
Bruce, Bob	Ft. Collins	CO	USA	85:19
Brudvik, Robert	Edmonds	WA	USA	84:02
Chang, Jennifer	Seattle	WA	USA	Hors délai
Chappelle, Carey	Port Elgin	ONTARIO	CANADA	87:52
Coldwell, Charles	Winchester	MA	USA	84:02
Courtney, Greg	Ames	IA	USA	85:19
Denetre, Christophe	Lardy	FRANCE	FRANCE	85:19
Dewey, Jeff	Moorpark	CA	USA	84:43
Feldman, Tim	Louisville	CO	USA	82:22
Felton, Richard C	Sarnia	ONTARIO	CANADA	87:52
Fleck, Chester	Calgary	ALBERTA	CANADA	85:16
Frey, Steve	Seattle	WA	USA	88:05
Fritzinger, Micah	Georgetown	IN	USA	66:02
Fuoco, Art	Palm Bay	FL	USA	85:19
Fuoco, John	Lewistown	PA	USA	85:19
Gay, Christopher	Seattle	WA	USA	DNF
George, Stephen	Los Angeles	CA	USA	89:00
Gobie, Bill	Seattle	WA	USA	DNF
Higdon, Robert	Seattle	WA	USA	91:29
Himschoot, Ron	Seattle	WA	USA	89:09
Hiscox, George M	Jackson	TN	USA	79:59
Hoeltzenbein, Peter	Calgary	ALBERTA	CANADA	84:00
Houck, Timothy L	Pleasanton	CA	USA	85:19
Howes, Noel	Seattle	WA	USA	86:06
Huber, Kerin	Pasadena	CA	USA	84:43
Jensen, Dan	Seattle	WA	USA	91:29
Jensen, Jan Erik	Fredriksdal		SWEDEN	84:02
Kantner, Kole	Seattle	WA	USA	84:14
Kimball, Hugh	Seattle	WA	USA	85:00
Knutson, Ken	Tracy	CA	USA	86:21
Koen, Bob	Vancouver	BC	CANADA	89:09

Name	City	State / Province	Country	Result
Lagasca, Robert L	Shoreline	WA	USA	82:22
Larsen, Jens Bjarne	Slagelse		DENMARK	84:14
Larsen, René	Froerup		DENMARK	84:14
Leahy, Patrick	Seattle	WA	USA	89:43
Loomis, Jeff	Seattle	WA	USA	91:29
Martin, Thomas G	Seattle	WA	USA	DNF
Matter, Sophie	Carcès		FRANCE	82:22
Maurer, Joseph	Mountain View	CA	USA	91:46
McHale, Mike	Sammamish	WA	US	89:16
Mitchell, Don	Napa	CA	USA	84:00
Moriwaki, Yutaka	Kobe	HYOGO PRE.	JAPAN	84:02
Morse, Josh	Olympia	WA	USA	85:00
Muoneke, Vincent	Federal Way	WA	USA	84:14
Napolitano, Marcello	Hillsboro	OR	USA	92:55
Nichol, Keith	Vancouver	BC	CANADA	85:19
Nitsche, Wolfgang	Weilheim		GERMANY	92:31
Pearch, John	Olympia	WA	USA	84:14
Phelps, Robin	Carrollton	TX	USA	85:19
Phelps, Val	Carrollton	TX	USA	85:19
Platzner, Joseph	Bellevue	WA	USA	88:05
Preston, John	Plantation	FL	USA	90:25
Richeson, Mike	Seattle	WA	USA	82:22
Russell, Thomas R	Alamo	CA	USA	89:02
Ryan, Jim	Sammamish	WA	USA	82:45
Scharffenberg, Del	Milwaukie	OR	USA	84:02
Schroeder, Henrik	Lighthouse Point	FL	USA	90:25
Shopland, Ian	Olympia	WA	USA	85:16
Smith, Kelly	Fairfax	VA	USA	88:05
Smith, Vernon M	Colorado Springs	CO	USA	72:09
Stroethoff, Karel	Missoula	MT	USA	85:16
Stum, Richard	Mt Pleasant	UT	US	85:39
Sullivan, Timothy J	Coronado	CA	USA	84:43
Swarts, Geoff	Mercer Island	WA	USA	89:16
Takahashi, Irene M	Boulder	CO	USA	91:29
Talley, Joshua	Santa Monica	CA	USA	79:53
Thompson, David	Minato Ku	YOKYO-TO	JAPAN	87:52
Twitchell, Jack	Pomona	CA	USA	89:02
Twitchell, Kathy	Pomona	CA	USA	89:02
Tyer, Vickie	Grandview	TX	USA	87:52
White, Charles	Marysville	WA	USA	89:16

Cascade 1000K Results

Name	City	State	Country	Result
Bacho, Paul	Aurora	OH	USA	71:46
Bevan, Roland	Ben Lomond	CA	USA	72:18
Brougher, Michele	St Louis Park	MN	USA	DNF
Davis, Steve	University Place	WA	USA	70:28
Heg, Christopher	Seattle	WA	USA	66:56
Jameson, Don	Seattle	WA	USA	67:26
Jameson, Elaine	Seattle	WA	USA	67:26
Larson, William	Davis	CA	USA	65:16
McKee, James	Seattle	WA	USA	67:57

Name	City	State	Country	Result
Moore, George	Arlington	VA	USA	DNF
Norman, Michael	Mountlake Terrace	WA	US	67:42
Nussbaum, Ralph	Seattle	WA	USA	DNF
Ohlemeier, Brian	Renton	WA	USA	60:18
Prince, Gary	Seattle	WA	USA	66:34
Ragsdale, Chris	Seattle	WA	USA	59:19
Smith, Donald	Everett	WA	USA	DNF
Sturgill, Michael R	Phoenix	AZ	USA	60:40

Voices of Cascade (continued)

1200k's...*speed = sleep*. The faster you can move on the bike, the more sleep you can obtain — this simple fact was a driving force during my spring training. As a solid eight-hour-a-night guy (plus occasional naps...I'm self employed and work at home), sleep was high on my list. The funny thing about this randonnéé is that despite arriving at the overnight control by sunset each night, I only slept well one night. The first night, I didn't have earplugs and it was too hot for me (I finally just got up and started down the road at about 3:30

a.m.). I procured some earplugs for night two (thanks Mike Sturgill) and slept OK in Quincy. Night three in Mazama I was too hot again and slept poorly. Perhaps my heart rate is not dropping down low enough at night and my body remained overheated? (My normal resting rate before climbing out of bed is 42 BPM). I took my heart rate monitor off at night. Next time I think I'll leave it on and see what it says as I retire. Or next time maybe bring a foam pad and sleep outside where it is cooler.

— Richard Stum

The final big climb began from the driveway and went up Washington Pass. This was another intimidating sounding one, and lived up to it with 18 miles of unbroken climbing topping out at 5477 ft. Nearing the top the pass is all rock and ice, with a hairpin showing the final stretch traversing your view at what looks like 15 percent! I first tried to tell myself this was not the road (like there are a lot of side roads up there) then decided that if it was that bad I'd have heard. It was an illusion, the grade remained no more than 8

percent, and the relief provided a boost that allowed me to reach the summit with a smile.

— Kelly Smith

Minimally energized but moderately determined I headed for day three's major obstacle: Loup Loup Pass. On the lower slopes I startled and was startled by a rattlesnake on the road that I almost ran over. It was hissing and rattling and moving fast. This sight squandered some adrenalin I would sorely need on the pass ahead.

— John Fuoco



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