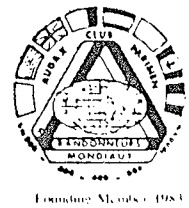




B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling



The Newsletter of the BABC Randonneur Committee October 1989

Update

So the season has ended. All the big events have finished. The scars are healing nicely and the hair is growing back on your legs. Your times have increased over last year. Most things still hurt from that last long ride. And then D#\$@#\$%#@%#. Wouldn't you know it. Summer arrives in September and hangs around until October. The best weather we have had since Expo and you don't have time to put any quality time in on the bike, not that it will do you much good since you know this isn't going to last much longer. I vote that we start the series in August and run it until late October next year. I think we have a wonderful chance to get great weather. This will be brought forward for discussion at the AGM (see below).

Speaking of AGM's be sure to attend this years AGM and social. If past years are any example there is a lot of social and only a little business. After all we all want to hear a hill by hill account of Gordon's M-B-M ride (sounds vaguely rude doesn't it?)

A special thanks goes out to all the route co-ordinators and volunteers who helped at this year's events. It takes a lot of work to put on the full series and without these people's help we would be doing a lot of long rides by ourselves.

Lots of interesting articles in this edition contributed by our members with some writing talent, not that that is a prerequisite to getting published of course. Submissions are, of course, always welcome, so if you have anything to contribute feel free to send it in to the editor at the address at the end.

This actually will be my last newsletter as I turn over the job to someone else at the AGM. I have enjoyed doing this, although I wasn't able to put as much effort in to the job as I would have liked due to work commitments that arose after I accepted the position. Nonetheless, it has been an enjoyable year and I hope to keep contributing in the coming months.

Thanks to everyone who has submitted articles and made my job a little bit easier. See you all at the Keg on October 21st!

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND SOCIAL

Place: The Keg Coal Harbour

Date: October 21, 1989

Time: 6:30 p.m.

This year the Randonneur's will be having their Annual General Meeting and Social Evening on Saturday October 21st. The focus is much more on the social side of things than with business. The venue this time around is the Keg at Coal Harbour. (This is the Keg that is down by the Bayshore Hotel just east of Denman.) Parking is plentiful and there is a place to lock bicycles should you choose to ride in. The evening will commence at 6:30 (18:30 for 'arold) with cocktails (or tall tales knowing how some of us tend to carry on). Dinner will follow shortly thereafter with the full Keg menu available to us, right from the salad bar to their fine appetizers and complete entrees. Surely something for everyone. You can spend as little or as much as you like. The business part of the evening will be right after dinner and is guaranteed to be kept as short as possible. Advance tickets are not required, however, we do need to give them an idea of who is coming. Please call David Johnston at 521-2628 (leave a message) or Harold Bridge at 941-3448 and let us know if you plan to attend.

Randonneur Gets Sexy!

Recently, the editors of Bicycling Magazine conducted a survey of its readers about their "thoughts and experiences regarding sex and cycling". (Bicycling Volume XXX, No. 8, Sept. 1989). They subsequently fell all over

themselves in reporting the amazing results that their readers were sexually active, surprise surprise!. As a result Hugh Hefner is reportedly about to publish his first cycling centerfold which is rumored to have somebody doing something to a bare Pinarello! Also, upcoming is an interview with Greg Lemond who answers the question, can one get satisfaction in only 8 seconds? Where does it all end?

Not to be outdone, your intrepid Randonneur Newsletter Reporters and Editors have conducted their own study on Sex. For those that are over 18 the results are published below. For those under 18 you should ask your parents permission before continuing.

Here then are the revealing results of our "Randonneur's Get Sexy" Survey:

- 89% of the respondents knew what sex was, 9% were pretty sure but were too embarrassed to say and 2% thought it was a new type of indexed shifting.

- 55% of respondents have postponed a ride to have sex. Of these 95% wondered why they had bothered and the other 5% never got back on the bike again once they found what they had been missing.

- Sexual Orientation

Heterosexual	85%
Homosexual	15%
Bisexual	10%
Cyclesexual	08%
Not interested	11%

(You are right, this doesn't add up, but then we have seen some of their route cards they have handed in so it's not too surprising)

- 40% of our respondents daydream about cycling more than sex, 40% daydream about sex more than cycling and 20% don't get up in time to have daydreams.

- 50% have thought about cycling during sex and these people are all now divorced.

- If forced to choose between sex and cycling 60% would choose sex, 30% would choose cycling and 10% chose door number 3.

- 99% said that cycling has made them better lovers. However, when told of this their partners uniformly responded..... "get real!!!!!!".

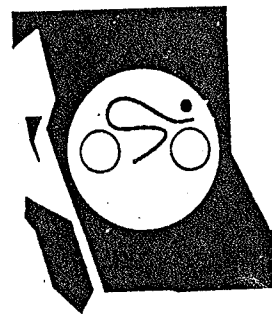
- Of the Randonneurs surveyed, 72% said that had experienced genital numbness after a long ride and the other 28% didn't know where the genitals were.

- 29% have had sex during a restbreak, 69% wish they have had sex during a restbreak and 2% still think its a new form of indexed shifting.

- One of the most controversial questions in the Bicycling survey mentioned above asked something like "if stranded on a desert island which would you rather have a) your mate, b) a resourceful friend c) a mountain bike?" When we asked our survey group the same question the surprising results were: 40% wanted their mate, 20% wanted someone else's mate, 10% didn't have any mates or friends, 5% wanted a Mountain Bike only if it had fenders, lights, a rear reflector and two water bottle cages and 5% wanted to know who set the damn route that got them onto the desert island in the first place.

The last question on our survey asked which is more fun riding a 600 km randonnee or having sex? 100% said "it depends if it's raining or not".

So there you have it folks, our 1989 sexy randonneur survey. All comments regarding this survey should be sent to the Editors, Bicycling Magazine, Emmaus PA, U.S.A. After all they started it.



The Boston-Montreal-Boston

by Gordon Bisaro

I had been looking forward to the Boston-Montreal-Boston 750 mile bicycle marathon since the cold rainy days of January. Even though training in the Vancouver winter was a far cry from the hot, humid conditions expected on this event, I was keen to do well. My 7,000 km of training was complete with the tough Mt. Ranier Ramrod in Seattle and a few days of cycling around Cape Cod.

I arrived from Cape Cod at the starting point Wellesley, a suburb of Boston. After a fitful night's sleep, I joined 31 other hopefuls at the starting point in a nearby parking lot at 4:00 a.m. My strategy was simple – stay with the lead group of a half a dozen for a few hours then coast through the rest of the ride. Just use the same philosophy as for the several 400 and 600 km rides in Vancouver. As it turned out, I was only partly right. I stayed with the lead group for a few hours all right, but so did everyone else – those guys were serious! At that point I let them ride ahead without me. It was daylight by then with a clear sky. I began to soak up the history – Walden Pond, towns incorporated in the early 18th century, traditional architecture of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. I was actually overcome by emotion crossing the Connecticut River from New Hampshire into Vermont at mile 100.

After entering Vermont, the ride got very serious indeed. Never let anyone tell you there are no mountains east of the Rockies. Vermont has some of the nastiest climbs anywhere. They are not long – the highest was about 1,700 ft but they are steep. Several of the grades exceeded 12% with descending speeds of 50 mph plus. On Mount Terrible, I actually hit 54 mph!

Through the first day I found the heat oppressive, being unaccustomed to the humidity. Participants from the previous year found it comparatively mild. We ended the day at the college town of Middlebury – the last residence of Robert Frost. The organizers had arranged for a community centre providing dinner, showers and mats on the floor for sleeping. I was one of the last in at 9:00 p.m. after 230 miles and 10,000 feet of climbing.

The next morning we were not allowed to start until 5 a.m., to make it a little easier for the organizers. I didn't even bother to try to keep up to the 20 mph pack delaying my departure to 5:05.

We were now out of the mountains onto rolling farmland. Fifty miles later we crossed a chain of islands on Lake Champlain to the Canadian border. I reluctantly report the worst part of the ride was in Quebec. Rough, shoulderless roads, maniac drivers, and two dog encounters made the 50 miles to Montreal, then back to the border, the most forgettable.

This second day of the ride was the flattest and shortest at 188 miles. Again I was one of the last into shelter for the night at 8:30 p.m. Another hot day had taken its toll with four riders dropping out. Like most of the riders we were staying in motels at Rouse's Point, New York, just after crossing back to the U.S. I had enough energy to join another rider in ferretting out a restaurant offering pizza. We turned in at 11:00 p.m. with the only gentlemanly arrangement for two men and one woman in a very small motel room – woman on floor, men in comfortable double bed.

The group in Rouse's Point was the farthest back. Several faster participants, especially those with support, had advanced 50 or more miles before ending the day. Even though I was at the tail-end of the remaining 27 riders, I was revising my strategy in an attempt to improve my position the next day.

The third day brought my greatest stroke of luck – the weather turned foul. The miles of training in Vancouver's endless rains paid off for me. What started as a light drizzled turned into heavy rain at times. While the Texans and New Yorkers complained, hoping for sunshine, I sailed along welcoming the relief from the heat. By noon when the climbing began, I was hitting my stride. Even old Mount Terrible was bearable in the rain.

By 5:30 p.m. I reached the ski resort of Ludlow. The organizers had arranged for use of a youth hostel with dinner, showers and bunks. It was the planned stop for the night. As I gobbled down a meal of green salad and spiced noodles (three helpings) I assessed my position. I had moved from 27th to 8th place. All except seven were turning in at

Ludlow. The seven that had pressed on were two supported teams: four riders from New York and three from Newport Rhode Island. It was drizzling and foggy with light already beginning to fade. If I went through the night I would be assured 8th place. I went for it.

I was quite content for the first hour or so – full stomach and steep climbing to keep me warm. Then darkness fell and the rain came. What had been pretty scenery in daylight two days earlier, became treachery. The secondary roads had the occasional pothole. While easy to avoid in daylight, each one I hit became a bonejarring potential disaster. The lens of my light fogged up requiring its removal. Oncoming cars wouldn't see my unfocused light, blinding me with approaching high beams. With an unmarked shoulder, the rain, and the cars approaching in the middle of the road, the risks were unacceptable high. I had to stop each time a car came, envying those who had wisely stopped at Ludlow.

I discovered that charming Vermont towns close up early on dark rainy nights. My first opportunity for food and lodging was at Brattleboro, 56 miles from Ludlow. I arrived with only 113 miles to go but was safely in 8th place. A hot meal, shower and a few hours sleep did wonders for my mood.

I was on the road at 3:30 a.m. headed for the finish line in Boston in good spirits. After two hours I ran into Jeff Vogel from New York. He accounted for the four New Yorkers and speculated that the Rhode Islanders were perhaps riding with them near the finish line. We cycled together for two hours content with 7th and 8th.

At Barre, 60 miles from the finish, I stopped for breakfast, conceding 7th to Jeff. After eating, I cycled along at a reasonable pace enjoying the scenery and architecture of rather heavily settled eastern Massachusetts. It was raining hard but I wasn't uncomfortable. Something like riding a turbo trainer in a warm shower while watching a good video.

About 30 miles from the finish line a New York support vehicle came alongside giving me positions of the competitors. All four New Yorkers were ahead of me but the three Rhode Islanders were behind. Apparently I had passed them during the night. My spirits soared! I

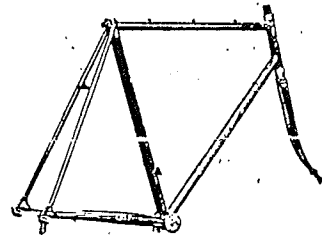
was going to finish 5th! I flew through the last 30 miles finishing at 1:55 p.m. My total elapsed time was 81 hr. 55 min. The first two had finished in 75 hours.

It was only after the finish I had time to contemplate the success of the organization of this event. Charles Lamb assisted by Hauke Kite-Powell and others had managed to support 31 riders over four days in a combination race/very fast tour. The semi-Audax format with a compulsory stop and start on the first two days kept the riders reasonable close together for safety, comfort and social enjoyment yet managed to preserve the competitive aspect of the event.

Vermont is rightfully known for its bicycle touring. It is a state that has the very best to offer. Scenic secondary roads in good condition with light traffic, variety in terrain from the islands of Lake Champlain to rolling country side to the nastiest climbs you will find anywhere. Above all Vermont drivers display a patience and thoughtfulness infinitely appreciated by cyclists.

The Boston–Montreal–Boston was perhaps my most enjoyable experience on a bike. The competition and my performance were very rewarding. Equally satisfying however was this fast tour of New England in good company.

(ed. note: On behalf of all B.C. Randonneur's, Congratulations on a ride well done Gordon!)



Going Out Having Fun

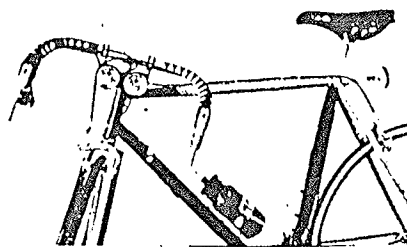
By Harold Bridge

There's no one to blame but myself. I was solely responsible for talking my friend Norm into riding his first ever time trial at the age of 53. In the long distance randonnees I know his athletic build & stamina give him the edge. But I thought that in something as

short & punishing as a 16 km tt my experience would give me the advantage, until he got the hang of it at least. My other friend Jim with no sensitivity at all put me at # 53 and Norm at 54, starting 30 seconds after me.

From the first couple of pedal revs I know it wasn't my evening. Despite the east wind I was labouring up the incline to UBC and when # 55 went past after about 1.5 kms I know Norm wasn't going to be far behind. I watched Norm disappear up toward the seat of higher learning. I wish it was lower learning, I hate that incline that I name Totem Mountain. Ah!, but, wait until I get settled in & get going I might possibly catch him again going down to the finish into the wind. As I wound my way through the bends at the top of the climb I did indeed settle in and changed up onto the 52 ring. It lasted about 1 km . When I hit the little incline on Chancellors Blvd & the head wind I died and struggled through to the turn. Back to the 47 ring knowing the little hill & bad surface are never the place for me to fly. At the point I normally make my big effort I found nothing to make the effort with and struggled back to the finish not knowing how slow I had gone. I do know I never got to use my 52x13 top. Clustered around the result sheets pinned on the telegraph pole I spotted a few randonneurs' names there. Bob Eaton did a 24:??, Keith Fraser a 23:36. What did my ex-friend and I do? He finished with considerable aplomb on his touring bike in 27:13. Me, I did a 29:03, about 20 secs slower than the previous week when Walton, climbing all over his bike on 54x12 did 19:35, an new course and probably Canadian record. I had taken a leaf out of LeMond's book and not set my watch or computer as I didn't want to know, just wanted to go.

On the way home my ex-friend made some amends by buying me a beer and a club-house sandwich. After I dropped him off I got a speeding ticket on the Mary Hill By-Pass. Then, when I got home I had a little bit of luck, I didn't step in the mess the cat had thrown up on my bedroom floor!*?! You know, my little garden would benefit from some attention and I have a little wash room that would be an excellent dark room



Vancouver to Calgary:
A Very Civilized Ride
By Bob Boonstra

I rode via Greyhound bus to the blue dumpster at the New Westminster depot where I left the carton packing box and reassembled my equipment in preparation for our 1000 km randonnee. Pat Taddy and I had decided independently that it would not do to have a mere woman be recognized for the completion of the super 5000 whilst we be left out. With this in mind we had invited Deirdre Arscott along to show us how it should be done and for moral support whilst we meted out her punishment over 1000 km.

The morning of Thursday June 15th dawned cool and grey with some prospect of rain as four of us set out on a 1000 km journey to Calgary. Mike Kamps also joined our group, bringing with him a unique casual sense of adventure. Day One saw us maintaining a comfortable 25 km/hr average. Our first major stop to replenish resources (i.e. eat) was at Rolly's in Hope. The completion of this 160 km leg through the lower mainland was for me one which marked the point at which I began to feel that we were getting somewhere. I am rather partial to certain roads outside the Fraser valley proper. As we climbed out of the lower 'rainland' and into the Coquihalla things heated up a bit but still not enough for me to abandon my winter tights. The others were cruising along in summertime attire! After we reached the Coquihalla summit we enjoyed a tailwind such that we were able to cruise along at an effortless 35 or so kmh. (Winds from the southwest are very common from the tollbooth to Kamloops.) After Larson hill the route took us over 5 km of gravel (fine garden variety), through the tiny abandoned railway community of Kingsvale, along the Coldwater road. This road parallels the Coquihalla freeway but at a somewhat

lower elevation. I enjoyed this familiar section as the wind and the sun helped us along. After dinner in Merritt we continued on along Hwy 5A, visiting the historic Quilchena Hotel set in the grasslands along Nicola Lake. We arrived in Kamloops at about 11:00 p.m., a comfortable 18 hours and 385 km into the trip. One hour further along and we were comfortably settled in at Monte Creek in a travel trailer which I had placed in the Shady Waters campground a few days earlier. More spaghetti fuel for the bod and off to bed.

By 5:00 a.m. on the 16th we were again underway. We covered about 350 km on the second day but had considerable pressure from transport trucks which were sharing the mangled roadway in the Three Valley Gap area. The shoulders had been ground away forcing us to ride in the main traffic lane. headwind and rain in this area and our increasing stops caused the pace to drop significantly. After a major rest stop at Revelstoke for food and rest we continued on our way up towards Rogers Pass. Weather conditions had settled down but not my stomach. I was declining and had been doing so for some hours until I could no longer keep up. It seemed that to compound matters, every wind gust from passing trucks flipped my flimsy front mudflap in between the tire and fender. Okay that's it!! This is going to get fixed. NOW! Things were most frustrating until I finally made contact with the group at Canyon Hot Springs. Deirdre, the ever-friendly pharmacist, prescribed a handful of magic medicaments which were willingly accepted. Within an amazing 5 minutes the stuff did the trick. Dinner promised to stay put and we were underway again.

Roger's Pass summit was reached shortly before 9:00 p.m. and after more replenishment we set off tentatively towards Golden, some 75 km distant. At this point there are no support facilities of any kind, only interminable wilderness. With darkness fast approaching and our group rather deplete, we set out. I rolled out a few minutes ahead of the others, before there was too much talk of staying for the night. I was also somewhat unsure of my ability to keep up on the hills ahead and determined to make the best time possible. I cranked down through the snowsheds at my best possible speed with both headlights blazing – unaware that

Deirdre was covering the same ground somewhere behind with the stoppers on and minimal lighting looking for reject tire casings waiting to grab someone. Pat's generator meanwhile had opted to work in the emergency mode somewhat akin to a UFO with lights flashing in regular bright and dim oscillation. Poor Mike was oscillating too ... hanging back to stay with the UFO's and then surging ahead to attempt contact at the front.

Meanwhile, I was out doing my best to keep from being caught up and then dropped in the darkness. I kept casting furtive glances over my shoulder while climbing out of Beaver Valley expecting at any time to see the three bobbing headlights closing but no. Finally in the night some 40 km west of Golden I waited for some sign of the others but soon got cold sitting on the concrete bridge curbing so I continued on, trying to keep my eyelids from oscillating shut. The moonlight cast about silver and black images of clouds and mountains. The road wore on while freight trucks and trains roared through the still darkness. An occasional rush of water or the chirping of tree frogs filled in the sounds of the night. These were accompanied by the thunk of my derailleur changing (usually downwards) and the sound of the tires as these kilometres SLOWLY unfolded. This section to Golden proved to be the most demanding part of the ride for our group. Upon collapsing into Golden I waited for the others at the Golden Lion motel ... JUST where Pat had said but NOT at the top of the hill that he had described.

Something funny going on here I knew ... but I'd rather be at the lobby of the wrong motel at the bottom of town than at the top of the wrong hill. I was now properly set up for a case of EMS (Early Morning Stupidity). After what seemed an hour of confusion and incoherent mumblings and mutterings as we regrouped we were finally arranged for several hours of much-needed rest.

Day Three dawned beautifully especially as we enjoyed a sit around breakfast at the respectable hour of 8:00 a.m. and looked out at bright sunlight and the prospect of great mountain scenery ahead. Hey, this was going to be a civilized ride! It was difficult for us to get up much speed as we faced a steady climb out of Golden which continued on towards the

Continental Divide. Mike was able to kick ahead on legs of steel but was soon held in check by one of his occasional flat tires. Our stiff legs had to be worked out and circulation started before any sort of satisfying miles could roll under our cycles. As we reached the Continental Divide and a mealstop at the West Gate Lodge things got rolling smoothly once again. Pat Taddy was now firmly established as the locomotive hauling Deirdre in tow for a hundred kilometres at a time, sort of like mother and calf, engine and caboose, while Mike and I alternated places at the front and back. We often rode stretched out over a few kilometres then regrouped for a time to enjoy more conversation and sharing of company. From West Gate Lodge, our average speed steadily improved as conditions helped us along. Although our performance was pretty much steady-state, we were happy and confident that we would be able to reach Calgary at about the expected hour.

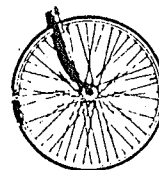
We approached Calgary along Highway 1A from Canmore on a memorable summer evening as the lights came on and the full moon rose over the city. We arrived at our final control some 66:20 into the ride happy and in good shape, with good appetites and lots of dirty laundry. Our journey was filled with lots of laughs and memorable experience. Three of us were able to share a trip back through the Rockies by train as we returned home.

This particular randonnee ranks as one of my most enjoyable. It ranks along with the PBP in many respects. It was filled with good company and was quite a civilized ride for 1000 km.

New Record Set

Harold Bridge reports that a new "Round Australia" cycling record has been set. 31 year old Australian Rod Evans recently rode around Australia in 49 days 23 hours and 31 minutes. This eclipsed the old record set in 1985 by a full 31 days. The

route goes counter clockwise from Perth to Perth and covers some 14,000 kilometers. Harold's Daughter Vanessa and her friend Shawna Brown were traveling in Australia at the time and were asked to work as part of the support crew. We look forward to hearing a full account of this impressive record from Vanessa some time soon (I understand she is following in her fathers footsteps and has, you guessed it, SLIDES!!!!!!!)



RAMROD 1989

In spite of lousy training conditions this year several of the B.C riders journeyed down to Enumclaw Washington for the 6th running of the Ride Around Mt. Ranier in One Day. This ride was featured in Bicycling this year as one of the 10 toughest rides in North America. While I had been trying to get to this event for some three years this was the first year that I had actually been able to reach the start line, in what I had thought was reasonable shape.

The campground we had been promised, and paid \$4.00 each for, turned out to be a rough field with barely adequate toilets and questionably safe running water. However, after a hasty meal of Mexican something or other I had a good nights sleep to rise with my group at 4 a.m for a 5 a.m. start. The morning was darn cold and very dark, so we opted to relax, stretch a bit and eat some more before departing at 6:00 a.m.

The beginning is very pleasant and more or less flat for several miles. The three of us rode together for a while until we were engulfed by a large group of people trying for the RAMROD record. We jumped into this group cruising at a 40 km/h plus pace. These people take their riding seriously! After a while of this I dropped off to settle in at a more sedate pace, to find that one of us had gotten smart earlier and dropped off but the other, a cat 2 rider, stayed with the pack a good

while longer. The rest of the ride to the first food stop was pleasant and fast, leaving me to believe I would easily make my 9 hour goal and wondering what the fuss about RAMROD was all about.

As most of us know early morning euphoria often leads to afternoon depression. As I continued up the first of the two passes we were going to climb I realized my folly. However, the scenery and the people certainly made up for the pain. It is a most spectacular ascent into the resort of Paradise (Hell is more like it) and a thrilling descent before climbing the second pass of the day. Once over this it is a 40 mile, mostly downhill romp, back to the finish.

This is a ride that, while difficult and challenging, leaves a tremendous sense of accomplishment in crossing the finish. I would highly recommend it to anyone looking for a new challenge to add to their cycling accomplishments. Next years ride goes Friday July 13th. (The reason for the Friday start is the parks board will let more participants in if its held on a weekday) Start planning now!

1989 kudos (and apologies to those I missed) go to B.C. riders Rod Horsley (33rd out of 555 starters), Mike Kamps, Gordon Bisaro, Ken Wilson, Dierdre Arscott, Pat Paddy, Peter Stary Dan Yancey and David Dutton (28th overall). Special mention to our route coordinator *Dan McGuire* one of only three to have completed all six RAMRODs.

NEWSLETTER TRIVIA

Submissions are welcome and encouraged. Also, anyone who is not on the mailing list and wants to be should contact the editor at the address noted below. Anyone who wants to actually become editor should quickly go lie down and rest until the feeling passes.

The Editor, B.C. Randonneur Newsletter.
#52-98 Begin Street Coquitlam, B.C., V3K 6M9. FAX number, 291-5060

HAPPY WINTER CYCLING!!!!