



B.C. RANDONNEUR

Marathon Bicycling



FROM THE PRESIDENT, CHAIRMAN, CHAIRPERSON

So, what is my title anyway? And how did I get here? Last thing I knew I was doing a 200km ride in 1986 'cause I thought it would be something to brag about to my triathlete friends. How I ended up writing in this space I'll never know. Anyway, thank you all for voting me into this prestigious office. If I ever have a chance to repay you, believe me I will!

While I am not too sure of who I am or what I will be doing with this group for the next 12 months, I do know that it will be an exciting year culminating in the 100th anniversary of the P-B-P (Paris-Brest-Paris), but then having to explain what those three letters mean to this group is a little like having to explain what "The Tour" is to Greg Lemond).

The year is starting to take shape with most of the routes being confirmed and the dates set (see elsewhere in this newsletter). Also in this newsletter is a little form we would like you to fill out and return to give us an indication of who is intending to go to France next summer. We will need to bring this group together in the near future and get them working on some of the many details that need to be taken care of before too long. We will also form a mailing list from this group so that we can quickly send out late breaking items on the historic 1991 P-B-P. So PLEASE return this form so that we can keep you informed over the next few months.

As for any advice I can give to those who wish to participate in the incredible event, if there is any way you can see your way clear to going to France next summer, then do it. I was lucky enough to be able to participate in the 1987 event and was overwhelmed by the event and the people of France. This is a ride like no other, words alone cannot describe it. And hey, you never know - four short years from now you may be elected to this almighty and powerful office.

(David Johnston)

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Those up early enough on Sunday September 23rd, were able to appreciate the metaphor the perfect dawn drew for the day that followed. The weather was ideal for the rides organised by Harold Bridge that gave a choice of 45, 60, or 70 km. Each route was a loop beginning and ending at the Bedford House Restaurant in Fort Langley. Several favourable comments were received regarding the smooth surfaces and thoughtful absence of significant climbs.

The distance was just enough to work up ravenous appetites. Not only was the brunch fare great, but it was also buffet style. Several Randonneurs were seen making many trips to the food line.

The meeting followed, chaired by Deirdre Arscott. After welcoming all 71 in attendance, she read out the names of 34 Randonneurs who completed the 200-300-400-600 series for the Super Randonneur pin. Barbara Lepsoe and Norm Brodie qualified for the Randonneur 5000 award this year.

Volunteers who assisted our checkpoints were thanked, with individual recognition going to Jim and Faye Lee, and

Patricia Weingartner.

Dan McGuire was recognized as the founder of the club and thanks was given to him for his 12 years of dedicated service in building the B.C. Randonneurs into one of the most successful groups in the world. The contribution of Gerry Pareja over 12 years was also noted. He has faithfully kept statistics and has been our link to the central Audax Club in Paris. Harold Bridge and Norm Brodie were also named as long-time consistent contributors.

Peter Lysne gave a Treasurer's report that was the envy of any OECD finance minister. After completing the year we have a substantial surplus. Peter was promptly re-elected.

The election of the executive saw almost all positions being filled. David Johnston, our new chairman, then assumed his new task. He spoke on the challenge of 1991 being a PBP year and the 100th anniversary of the event. He thanked everyone for attending and adjourned the meeting.

There seems to be little doubt that the event was a huge success. This was in no small part due to Harold Bridge who organised it.

WANTED!

FEMALE FLECHE RIDERS

In the 1990 Randonneur season, there were only two women in the Fleche Pacifique ride. This is a team event in which cyclists ride a minimum of 360 km in a 24 hour time period. For the 1991 season, the Fleche Pacifique will take place in May. Deirdre Arscott and Barbara Lepsoe look forward to putting together some female teams. Let us know if you're interested, and we can give you all the details.

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

A number of us wear spectacles. I'm fairly lucky in that I have a Varilux prescription which I can wear at all times. But some of the others, especially among the Geritol set, don't wear specs normally and have a problem reading route sheets or computers without stopping to don their reading specs.

I was in Mount Vernon at the Payless Drug Store earlier in August and found that Foster Grant are making a bi-focal sunshade. They are graduated in a charcoal gray and come in three grades of strength in the half moon reading portion. The rack has a reading chart that suggests which strength you need: weak, medium, or strong. I bought some, the weak grade, for \$16.00 and find them a benefit for both riding and driving.

Those who normally ride without specs but have a problem with reading on the go might consider looking for some of these; they could prove to be a benefit, even if your optician doesn't approve. They don't do anything for my astigmatism, but what the hell!

(Harold Bridge)

1000K - TAPPEN-LAKE LOUISE- JASPER-KAMLOOPS

Our ride began with a warm welcome from Bob and Barb Boonstra at their home in Kamloops. In the evening sun on the Boonstra sundeck, over mounds of spaghetti and Caesar salad, Deirdre Arscott, Bob and Barb Boonstra, Barbara Lepsoe, Pat Taddy, and I discussed the finer points of Boonstras's detailed route plan, and felt sorry for those who got their priorities wrong and cancelled this ride.

Some parts of this Randonneur were a considerable challenge for me. Chief among these challenges was the first day. Bob and Barb Boonstra had us up, fed, and on our way to a 7 am start in Tappen (91km east of Kamloops) before I had all my anxieties under control. Within minutes of the start, my rear wheel began to shimmy and my crankarm became loose. I prayed that I wouldn't be left behind by my fellow Randonneurs who seemed somewhat concerned about me, or rather about the effect (bad) I might have on the group's progress. Like a wounded animal I fell behind the pack because of frequent stops to tighten my crank. When not fixing my bike, I pedalled my little heart out until we arrived in Revelstoke, and Pat took me to the friendly people at the Revelstoke bicycle store, who on learning we Randonneurs, put everything aside to get me back on the road. I am very grateful to them.

After a small lunch we followed Bob's lead into too many hot and parched canyons and exhausting climbs. Aside from Bob, who does this sort of thing every day, the stretch between Revelstoke and Golden was a struggle. The heat and climbs nearly finished me off as I trailed a kilometre or more behind. Without the frequent wet T-shirt stops led by Deirdre, and the encouragement I got from occasionally catching up and seeing the exhausted faces of my fellow riders, I might have given away my bicycle. The dinner stop at Roger's Pass was the turning point. We had come through the most difficult portion of the trip, and even though we were three or four hours behind our schedule, I felt elated. In the cooler evening air we maintained a quick pace in the hope of getting at least three hours sleep at WestLake Louise Lodge. Bob had scheduled our arrival for 11 pm, three hours before we got there. Sinking into unconsciousness, I heard Bob say something about not getting enough sleep, being worried about not making it to Tete Jaune Cache by the time our motel closed at midnight, and not feeling in the mood to carry on.

At 4:30 am we were unable to talk Bob into continuing, and were disappointed that our most inspirational rider on the first day would not be there to lead us on. Inspiration came in the form of a beautiful morning in the Rockies, and a relatively traffic-free roadway that revealed one majestic view after another. A slight headwind slowed our progress into the Columbia Icefields Parkway. We saw a few Rocky Mountain sheep, a lot of tourists, and got high on the exhilarating tailwind which propelled us into Jasper. The expensive meal and slow service in a Jasper restaurant was soon forgotten during the beautiful and peaceful dusk to darkness ride to Tete Jaune

Cache just before midnight and were grateful that we didn't have to sleep on the roadside outside the motel.

We left our rustic motel by the Fraser with visions of long downhill on the Yellowhead, and a 1000K pin on our lapels. The strong headwinds which we picked up just outside of Tete Jaune Cache stole a few hours from us, but failed to daunt Deirdre who often inspired our pace line. We enjoyed a relaxing dinner in Clearwater and succeeded in helping Barb overcome her childhood fear of talking at the dinner table- from then on she was unstoppable. After a midnight food stop in an all-night diner, where some of us showed signs of cracking up, we settled into an easy pace towards Kamloops. The moon was bright, the road traffic-free, and night air warm and busy with sounds of crickets. I felt as if I could have gone on forever.

(Manfred Kuchenmuller)



Adapted from: "Cycling Weekly", March 8, 1990

1000K - VANCOUVER TO CALGARY (Via the Fraser Canyon)

Harold Bridge graciously put me up for the night (or is that put up with me?), and even picked me up at the ferry. Wonderful hospitality! We woke up at 3 am for a 4 am start at Bino's in Port Coquitlam. I had my first flat of the ride which Harold fixed. When I had my next flat near Mission, I realized the bad condition my rear tire was in and borrowed a tire from Kirby and a tube from Ron. Again my flat was fixed by someone else. Guilt at my learned helplessness inspired me for awhile.

Six of us started the ride: Ron Johnson, Nigel Philcox, Mark Wintjes, Harold Bridge, Kirby Drawbaugh, and me. For once I did not mind starting at 4 am. It was dark but cool, something for which I was grateful later in the day. Breakfast in Agassiz fortified us for what was ahead. The heat was incredible - 41 degrees, and the hills abundant and long. We kept our eyes open for convenience stores and/or waterfalls where we could douse our T-shirts and ourselves, and replenish our fluid supply.

We were encased in darkness from Cache Creek to Kamloops. I enjoy riding hills in the dark - I can't see what's ahead. Occasional short naps helped us get to Kamloops. Mark and I did our best to motivate each other and keep each other awake throughout the ride.

We slept one and half hours at Kamloops. Here we learned that Kirby and Harold had abandoned the ride. It was almost as hot on Day 2, and there were almost as many hills. It was almost complete uphill from Revelstoke to the top of Roger's Pass. here we had an astronomical two hours sleep. "Breakfast" was flat root beer and candy coated peanuts - delicious.

Day 3 was hot again, and the hill out of Golden was murder. I was riding alone, but linked up with Mark again near Field. Joy of joys, we had a tailwind while going up Kicking Horse Pass. In fact, we had a tail wind all the way to Banff.(cont.)

Shortly after we left Canmore we met Ron, and the ride from there to Cochrane was enjoyable. Mark and I competed with each other a little bit to make the ride more interesting, and to keep each other awake. The hill out of Cochrane seemed to last forever, and Ron kept muttering something about a ski ramp.

I thank Ron and Mark for helping me finish. It still feels great to say nonchalantly at work that I rode to Calgary on the long weekend.

(Carol Hinde)

1000K- CANADA/USA ROUTE

This 1000 was no different than any other as far as planning went. While the five of us (Peter Stary, Stuart Wood, Anna Bonga, Mike Hagan, and Gordon Bisaro) planned routes, stops etc., a common muttered thought passed through each of our minds - I hope we are blessed with good winds and weather. Without admitting this, we set our route to the Okanagan through Canada and back through the U.S.

We started out at 5:00 am Saturday under rain-threatening skies, racing our way to Hope. We managed to beat out the rain. After the 50km climb over the first Coquihalla summit, the clouds miraculously disappeared. A tail wind sprang up that was to favour us for most of our route. We were on a roll!

A quick stop in Merritt provided the necessary inspiration for the gruelling mid-afternoon climb out of the Nicola Valley on our way to Princeton. We weren't expecting a 25km stretch of gravel because of road construction - but who ever does? The next 60km of easy riding into Princeton was either flat or downhill.

One quickly learns to be prepared when cycling in the interior. Everything shuts down at 8:00pm. For the next several hours, our food fantasies remained ungratified except for the meagre fare offered by an all night fruitstand in Keremeos.

The incessant tail winds did not leave us. We cycled mile after mile in the lonely darkness in what seemed still air. We appreciated our good fortune when we stopped only to be almost blown over by the tail wind.

We reached the Okanagan border crossing to encounter a surly U.S. Customs agent disinclined to grant our motley crew entry. He seemed surprised when his inquiry as to whether any one of us worked yielded a list of respectable professions. We were allowed to pass.

A 3-hour stop-over in a prebooked motel preceeded our following the Okanagan River to the Columbia, then on to the North Cascades highway. It was dry and hot, taking a toll. Mike had to drop out because of a persistent knee problem, with his faithful wife Anna keeping him company.

The three of us left, then crossed a 5477ft summit and after darkness entered the nether world, brought on by lack of sleep and extended exertion. About 10pm we were overlooking Ross

Lake dam down far below. We had not seen a car for hours. We descended in darkness through a series of switchbacks, bridges, and tunnels, passing by a powerhouse emitting an eerie green glow. The line between reality and fantasy became terribly thin. If we weren't thoroughly enjoying ourselves we could have been scared.

At midnight we arrived in Newhalen, a town boarded up for the night. Tired and hungry, we phoned ahead to Marblemount to talk an innkeeper into providing us a room at this late hour. The "inn" turned out to be an old age pensioners' home. We were to share a very small room. We were graciously given each a sandwich and woke up half the place while eating - those poor pensioners - they're probably still wondering . . .

The next day saw more familiar conditions - steady rain and following the Skagit River to Burlington then up to Vancouver before - you guessed it - a steady tail wind.

Finishing was an anti-climax. A great ride had come to an end.

(Gordon Bisaro)

BE PREPARED, JUST LIKE A BOY SCOUT

This year three separate groups set out to complete the Randonneur series with a 1000km ride. Even to this hardened (desensitized?) bike riding freak, a 1000 is not to be taken lightly, and deserves a lot of respect, especially in the matter of preparation.

Each group had its laid-back member who hadn't checked the mechanical condition of his/her bike, or the wear and tear on his/her tyres. It says a lot for the tolerance and patience of our people at large that these folk were not left to sort things out for themselves.

Some people are scared of having to change a tube themselves and as a result tend to ride much heavier tyres than are really required. This isn't necessarily a good idea. Case in point: almost at the start of one 1000, two riders rode through the remains of an auto accident, glass and all. When they came out of the start control, the one with the big fat touring tyres announced a puncture. If a wide, worn tyre runs over a piece of glass there is no where for that offending object to go except through the tyre. The other rider on modern circular section Kevlar reinforced and beaded tyres just sent stones and pieces of glass skittering across the road, most of the time.

Not too far into the ride the offending tyre punctured again and was left to litter the side of the road. But the rider didn't have a spare tyre and so was dependent on the generosity of another member of the group who was far sighted enough to bring two, new, spare tyres.

Check that your tyres are okay to ride a 1000 on. Make sure your bearings are in good condition and not going to come loose during the ride. Don't set out with a broken rear axle, change it first. Above all, carry your own spare tyres and tubes; don't rely on others.

(Harold Bridge)

FILLING IN THE BLANKS

I don't believe any report of the Fraser Valley 400 has appeared. As it was the worst event of the year, it merits some acknowledgement.

Ralph had this course he planned for his personal convenience in 1989, and he suggested it be used as the FV400 this year. We agreed to his suggestion. Simply put it was from the Douglas Border Crossing to Clinton at the south end of Whidbey Island and back, with a detour to Anacortes thrown in for good measure. 18 brave souls congregated in the Canada Customs parking lot and rode to the back door of American Customs in time for the official start at 0700 after the immigration formalities. I was off the back straight away as I had to go to the can before I could get going. As it happened, Mark Roberts of Seattle was late and I had his company for a short time before his superior speed and fitness had him disappearing over the next hill somewhere near Ferndale. By Chuckanut I was with others, although I forget how or where I managed to catch people who are basically faster than me. But I rode through Anacortes alone and was reluctant to stop when I saw friendly looking bicycles outside a cafe.

Along the central stretches of Whidbey Island, I found Ray Muniv, and we stuck together for most of the rest of the journey. Some 20kms before the Clinton turnaround I was wet and cold enough to feel the need for additional clothes and a sports clothing store appeared at the right moment. I bought a sweat shirt, put on a dry tee shirt, the new shirt and then my wet woolly and "shower proof" fluorescent jacket over that. It saved the day for me. About that time we saw Stuart Wood, Al Northrop, and Ralph Lapp hammering away northwards, followed a little later by a group that included Ralph Maundrell, the one responsible for all this misery.

At Clinton we found Skip McCarthy and Mark Wintjes devouring food and we joined them. Norm Brodie and Dan McGuire had been delayed in Oak Harbor with mechanical trouble and Dan decided to call it quits. Norm came along and caught us up. From this point on it was a matter of survival. In the rain and dark I had two punctures just south of Oak Harbor. I was also experiencing rear gear problems which led me into some expense buying new mechanisms. It was only during my aborted 1000 on the BC Day weekend that I found the problem. The gears were okay but the loop of cable from the stop on the chain stay to the gear was just long enough to get hooked up occasionally on the mudguard stay screw head thus preventing the gear from moving properly across the sprockets. It is long enough now not to hook up.

Skip, Ray, Norm, Mark and myself got ensconced in Oak Harbor's Burger King at around 2300 that night - we were wet, tired, cold and miserable. But the company, food and warmth brightened us up no end and I came out laughing my head off at the spectacle that greeted me when I came out of the water closet. Whilst sitting there I heard this strange, almost erotic moaning going on outside my cubicle. I opened the door to find the rear view of Skip with his haunches pushed forward right under the hot air hand dryer whilst he held his tights wide open for the hot blast to revive his nether regions.

When we left Oak Harbor about midnight, I was still thinking in terms of inside 24 hours, my personal limit. Norm and I were dropped as I remember and within 20kms of the finish we stopped for breakfast at Johnson's just where we were to get onto the I5 for the last mad dash to the finish at Canada Customs. The record shows that Norm and I were the slowest finishers in 25:15. Of the 18 who started, 7 finished. Most of the Americans (all except Ray Muniv) got to Clinton and called their spouses to meet them at the Muketilo ferry. Dave Johnston went with them and got a ride back to the Great White North when they came to retrieve their vehicles. I think more could have finished if they had been better prepared for bad conditions. I was lucky; I found extra clothing just at the point I needed it. But really, given the unpredictable nature of the weather in the Pacific North West I should have had the extra with me. Ralph Lapp started with the flu and could hardly expect to ride at the speed he likes to ride at and survive. I would like to get a 400 done in about 17 hours, but there's an extra 10 on top of that as far as qualifying is concerned. And qualifying is what it is all about.

In his report of the FV600, Dan says that Norm and I were the first to sip the beer of success in 34:40. But there is more to that than I think worth relating. As Dan noted, I set out to try to get as close to 30 hours as possible. I had already qualified in the Vancouver 600 and so I could take chances with this one. I rode with Norm to Munroe where Ed Maas had taken a change of clothes for me. I showered, ate and got going in about an hour and 10 minutes. Norm went to bed for the usual 4-hours sleep. As it turned out I would have been better off having about an hour's sleep. I didn't get too far before I felt the need to sleep and I had about 10 minutes in the grass. That scene was repeated 3 or 4 times on the way to Mount Vernon, and consequently I was quite slow over that section. I went into Denny's for a signature and a breakfast and in about half an hour was out and raring to go. But I couldn't go; Norm's bike was resting on top of mine! The place was quite busy and in the melee just inside the door, Norm had gone round one side of a group of people as I went out round the other side. I waited for him. Then, as we left Bellingham, I was suffering the reverse problem of the 400. I badly needed to remove my woolly long sleeved racing shirt, but had nowhere to put it. I was riding my fast bike with but a wedge under the saddle. (Harold Bridge)

"CYCLE & RECYCLE" CALENDAR

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THE CANADIAN MOUNTAIN CHALLENGE

This event was heavily promoted in our BC Randonneur club as the ultimate challenge - 7 mountain passes and 26,000 feet of climbing. Unfortunately there were only two of our group who participated in the event that had a starting field of seven, but our two representatives were real bozos. They made it only as far as Manning Park and quit. Then they were dumb enough to have both of their bikes stolen. If Patricia Weingartner hadn't been gracious enough to drive up to fetch them back, the two would still be up there wondering how they would get home! The brilliant twosome is now contemplating a defamation action against the newsletter.

The official results are as follows:

Bill Donner	93:15
Dave Oliphant	85:28
Bob Potoniec	DNF
Jeff Shmoorkoff	88:55
Bill VanderMeer	88:15
Gordon Bisaro	DNF
Ernst Weingartner	DNF

INDICATION OF INTENTION TO PARTICIPATE, PARIS-BREST-PARIS, 1991

Yes, it is my intention to complete the prerequisite rides and participate in the Paris-Brest-Paris Randonnee, August, 1991.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ POSTAL CODE _____

of years participating in Randonneuring: _____

Please mail this form by January 18, 1991 to:
B.C. Randonneurs
c/o David Johnston
52-98 Begin Street
Coquitlam, B.C.

B.C. RANDONNEURS - 1991 SEASON RIDE SCHEDULE

<u>REGION</u>	<u>200</u>	<u>300</u>	<u>400</u>	<u>600</u>	<u>1000</u>
Greater Vancouver	14 Apr	28 Apr	18 May	08 Jun	29 Jun
Fraser Valley	20 Apr	04 May	25 May	15 Jun	19 Jul 03 Aug
Vancouver Island	06 Apr	20 Apr	04 May	01 Jun	12 Jul
Kamloops	21 Apr	27 Apr	11 May		

NOTE: The 1000 is not required to qualify for Paris-Brest-Paris

PARIS-BREST-PARIS Starts August 26, 1991
Choice of time limits: 78, 84, 90 hours total

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