



B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling



Founding Member 1983

The Newsletter of the BABC Randonneur Committee
May 1992

1992 EXECUTIVE

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EDITORIAL

I absolutely love this job! It's true, I truly enjoy getting your letters, articles and other submissions, so thanks to those who have contributed to our newsletters, and to those who haven't yet, please do!

I'd also like to thank the randonnee coordinators for their devotion to organizing rides; I'm not so sure that those who ride realize how much is involved. Many hours are required to organize the actual route, checkpoints, checkpoint volunteers, food, drinks, insurance, equipment, etc.

An extra big thanks I give to the many volunteers who help us year after year after rando-season year. We couldn't do without them.

Our Rando Social night was full of entertainment thanks to Stephen Hinde for his slide presentation of Paris-Brest-Paris. The other treat that evening was provided by Gordon Bisaro who recited a poem written by Ken Wilson, and by Jim Cave who sang to us, the song entitled - "Dear Rando, Dear Rando". (See inside this newsletter).

Gerry Pareja presented each PBPer with a medal, and as well, he showed us the three large and heavy trophies awarded us as follows: the Susan Notorangelo Cup for the club with the most females (actually tied 3 others, but they awarded four cups for this category); for the foreign club with the most finishers, the Sir Hubert Opperman Cup (tied with Wandervogel BTA of USA, who got a different cup); and the points award (Challenge ACP, which we've won several times before) for the largest cumulative number of points in the regular season qualifiers, plus PBP.

Send your submissions, comments, suggestions, etc. to me, Barbara Lepsoe, 4720 Quebec Street, Vancouver, B.C. V5V 3M1 (876-5228).

AND BANANAS IN MY SHORTS

(Ged McLean)

"The Roc" as it is called is kind of like a big wart on the otherwise lush and rolling green hills of Brittany. I had no idea that it was there and we encountered it about 21 hours after leaving Paris in this year's Paris-Brest-Paris randonnee. This was the lowest point of my ride, we had slept a few hours earlier but the rest had been an impromptu affair, lying huddled in our space blankets on a concrete floor in a barn. We hadn't slept long. Continuing along again in the middle of the night was cold and I was wearing just about everything I had brought along. We had formed a loose alliance with an enormous Norwegian rider who had nothing more than a patch kit with him. Svend was cold, I felt miserable and Ralph Lapp, with whom I was riding, was not riding his best due to a bad crash four hours into the ride that had bent his derailleur hanger, cracked his fender, forced us to buy a new rear wheel and block and caused various other damage to his bike. Ralph was suffering from severe road rash and a shoulder separation - his riding was a bit off.

We came around a corner and saw a light on in a pub. The scene inside was one of warmth: strong coffee, hot chocolate, soup and beer. Luxury. I even enjoyed the atmosphere provided by the thick smoke of all the French riders. Gitannes is something other than a bicycle manufacturer to the French. The owners were keeping their little bistro open all night, and were doing a booming business. They had their own ultra-marathon to complete.

A while later we came upon the big climb, and coincidentally upon a group of English riders who were singing nursery rhymes. This was far too attractive to pass up, so we geared down and joined in (it turns out that Ralph has quite a voice!). We went from nursery rhymes to TV jingles, although we had some cultural differences here. Then there was the constant banter among these five riders that seemed to act like an anaesthetic to all of my difficulties. We climbed without knowing it, spurred on by silly jokes and some semi-serious discussion about the best cure for a sore bum being to insert a peeled banana in the afflicted area.

At the top of the climb we thanked our hosts and, rejuvenated and still laughing about the many therapeutic uses of the banana, sped off down the hill and on into Brest right on the target we had set before leaving - we left Brest for the return journey exactly 30 hours after leaving Paris.

The ride back was into a big, steady, hot headwind. We lost Svend, who proved too fast for us. We slept some more - and in better circumstances. We ate, and ate, and ate. We rode through the night and watched the constellations revolve across the cloudless sky. We ghosted through towns in the middle of the night; one town had rented huge spotlights which were shining on their big church. It acted like a beacon that we could see for at least five miles. Wonderful. We rode with more Norwegians, Swedes, Spaniards, Italians, Americans, Australians and even met the sole Kiwi who had entered. We formed a multi-lingual paceline at one point which was difficult to organize. Most of these riders are

strong, but ever so individual. Few of them had ridden in big groups before. A few of us took charge, then explained (in English and French) what everybody should do. This was then translated by others into Italian and Spanish. Interesting dynamics.

With about 300km to go, in the heat of the day, my seat became incredibly sore. Sore like I have never experienced before, and I have been a hard rider for 13 years. I adjusted my position - no relief. I changed my shorts and applied cream - worse. I rode out of the saddle and took to sprinting up the hills - this helped but was fatiguing. In the back of my mind through all of this were the conversations of the first dawn, those crazy Englishmen and their debate on the therapeutic use of bananas. I had lots of bananas, in fact, in the 2.5 days of my ride I figure that I ate at least 60 of them. I had a nice override one sitting in my jersey pocket. For miles and miles I laughed to myself and debated the merits of trying a small experiment. . . .

I had a near miss with a Spaniard and got quite angry with the headwind. People were getting tired and the group riding was becoming extremely dangerous. Ralph and I talked, and then split up. I attacked the wind, using the hills as a shield against it. My speed increased dramatically and I felt great. Also, the faster I went the less my bum seemed to hurt. Endorphins? I rode as one possessed, munching up the hills, grinding along the flats, fast, fast, fast. It was an incredible feeling, to know that I had already ridden 1000km and yet I felt fantastic, wasn't tired, and was riding superbly. The crowds were gathering on the sides of the road and cheering me on. At the last check stop little kids looked after my bike and made sure my water bottles were full. The last 60km was a sprint back into St. Quentin en Yvelines. It was over. Rats.

PLEASE NOTE - NEW RIDE DATE

SINGLE SOCK SENTURY

MAY 24, 1992

A 100K OR 50K RIDE AROUND VANCOUVER

FOOD AND FLUID SUPPLIED

Twist those chains, flex those rims and remember to pick up your sock at the end. Contact Ian Faris at 438-4022, or Bruce Hainer at 298-7060 for more details.

WHY RIDE A RANDONNEE?

(Doug Cho)

Not for the money because there is no money paid to riders.
Not for your country because it isn't an Olympic event.
Not for the glory because there is no media coverage.
Not for the ego because there is always someone better.
Not to deny the aging process for time will claim us all.
Not for the haute cuisine because muffins, bananas and gatorade do not a meal make.
Not for the tranquillity because smog and traffic are your companions.
So why ride a randonnee?
Maybe because of the people who let you draft behind them when you're tired,
Or the ones who gave you a map when you lost yours,
Or the ones who gave you a hand changing your inner tube.
Yes, that's it.
It's the people.

1992 FLECHE PACIFIQUE

(Dan McGuire)

They started from diverse points and headed "straight as an arrow" (fleche in France) toward Harrison Hot Springs. Actually some teams chose a route that started in Harrison and returned; their route resembling, rather than an arrow, that other famous weapon - the boomerang!

Ten teams were bent on completing the mandatory 360km (or more) in 24 hours. There were three teams from the USA and two teams were composed entirely of women.

Some teams started high up on mountain passes to get a downhill start, some positioned their start to take advantage of seasonal wind direction. All trusted a bit in luck, their generally superb physical condition, and their determination plus bananas to get them through.

The 38 riders encountered wild animals; coyotes amazed by the fast silent vehicles, a heard of elk racing with one team down from Crystal Mountain, near Mt. Rainier, behaving like big dogs; wild humans tried to run cycles off the road.

Four teams accomplished over 400km. The award for the longest distance, a remarkable 557km, was presented to the BRAIN DEAD team from the USA organized by Gil Sneed. Here's how it was:

BRAIN DEAD - 557km: Tom Atkins, Jeff Brain,
Rich Hippe, Gil Sneed;

UNKNOWN - 462km: Gord Bisaro, Dave
Cambon, Barry Monaghan,
Peter Stary;

ISLANDERS - 415km: Ken Bonner, Stephen Hinde,
Ralph Lapp, Nigel Philcox;

RETYRED - 403km: Bob Boonstra, Dave Charnock, Gord
Cook, Bruce Hainer, Manfred Kuchenmuller;

LES MISERABLES - 381km: Cliff Green, Chris Hacker,
Robert Weir;

RED HOOK - 373km: Kathy McPoland, Richard
McPoland, Ron Robb;

BOOGIE WOOGIE BIKERS - 368km: Deirdre Arscott,
Judy Morrison, Karen Smith, Marion Orser;

SINGING SPEEDSTERS - 368km: Anna Bonga, Carol
Hinde, Selina Lam, Rose Solski;

POSSIBLY 5 - 368km: Norm Brodie, Arne Driver, Garry
Martinick;

US TEAM #1 - 368km: Tom Lawrence, Pat Rodden, John
Wagner.

We try to get Control Establishments' stamps on the Control Cards; the Possibly 5 team had the most with eight. Well done!

A final note; the Boogie Woogie Bikers and Singing Speedsters used their singing for motivation, but although coaxed, would not divulge their secret melodies, rather reserving them for the open road and perhaps their bath, but that's another story.

FLECHING OUT A FEW DETAILS

(Judy Morrison)

As a rookie flecher I feel compelled (or shall we say I was compelled?) to relay my impressions of such an event. Well, the over-awing feeling as if I was not sure of it before, I am convinced now: people who do randos are definitely a spoke or two short.

But seriously, how can I complain when I had the blessed company of Deirdre Arscott, the ultimate human orifice. Both Deirdre and Marion have acquired certain talents that I hope will snot ever be in my repertoire. They give credit to their mentor, Barbara Lepsoe. If you are curious it is best you sign up for the Can-Blow course.

The music was a great addition to the ride. After meeting the other women's team, The Singing Speedsters, for a photo shoot inside the Sedro Woolley am/pm, it was quite amusing to look at the numerous quizzical faces who turned to watch us ride off into the night to the blasting tune of Gilbert & Sullivan's "I Am The Very Model of a Modern Major General.

Teamwork makes the Fleche an enjoyable endeavour. Indeed, when Deirdre noticed half of our mobile stereo system had fallen from her velo, Karen valiantly dashed to place herself (and bike) in between the piece of electronics in question and an oncoming truck. Not to mention team baths. Ah, the dirt that binds....

But what of the ride itself? Apart from the killer dogs and cars on Highway 9, the ride itself was surprisingly enjoyable. We even found a way to conquer the ferocious winds: just ride backwards and it feels like a tailwind. The company was most enjoyable, although we lamented for a certain fifth teammate as we crooned "Ba Ba Ba, Ba Barbara Ann" over the Agassiz bridge. It was truly a glorious thing to take our last "baby step" (it was only by setting mini-goals and taking these baby steps that Karen and I managed to get back to Harrison; I guess that's why we didn't win the illustrious Most Mature award introduced by Manfred this year) as we rode the last 50 metres to the William Tell Overture.

The greatest thing is finishing though, isn't it? It was in the hot springs, while I was watching my own fleche slowly take on a prune-like appearance, that I realized how this event got its name. Thanks to my ever-supportive, ever-hilarious teammates; likewise to the other women's team and to all you other crazy randonneurs who never fail to make me laugh. In particular, thanks to Dan and June for their tireless efforts, early morning beer and empty threats of secret controls. Next year you may hear us serenade, but only if Gordon Bisaro writes the lyrics and Dan McGuire dances.

BOB AND SUZANNE LEPERTEL WILL VISIT B.C. AGAIN!

(Gerry Pareja)

The former President of the Audax Club Parisien and of Brevets Randonneurs Mondiaux, Robert Lepertel, who headed the Paris-Brest-Paris organization in the 60s, 70s, and 80s, and his wife Suzanne, who has been responsible for the Brevets Randonneurs 5000 and other aspects of this sport for many years, will be travelling out our way in May and June.

They will be on a cruise to Alaska and will pass through Vancouver en route to Edmonton, where they are guests at former RMR President Jeff Shmoorkoff's wedding. Bob and Suzanne will motor back through the Rockies and return to Vancouver on the first weekend of June.

All who are interested in meeting Bob and Suzanne, please stay in touch with Gerry Pareja. We may have a party for them, or take them to a local restaurant. Please indicate your interest. Home #: 874-5229.

VALUABLE RANDO VOLUNTEER INJURED

Apparently Faye Lee was injured in a hiking incident down near Jim and Faye's holiday spot in the USA. It was heard that she suffered a bad knee injury.

We Randonneurs hope that by the time you get this newsletter Faye, you are well on your way to recovery.

A TYRO'S PERSPECTIVE OF THE 1992 PACIFIC POPULAIRE

(Mike Arscott)

It's Monday evening the day after the 50km Pacific Populaire, and I'm sitting very gingerly on a soft cushion as I haven't sat on a saddle for such a length of time for heaven knows how long, when the phone rings and Barb asks very sweetly, as I'm sure you all know how, if I would do something for her. Well, being an old softy who always falls for a sweetening talking gal, I say "Sure, what do you want?"

Having recently arrived from Quebec whose Patron Saint is Jean Baptiste, and you all know how his head was served up on a plate through making a rash promise, you would have thought that I would have had more sense. Too late; she jumps in:

"Well, I think it would be interesting if you would write a little something about your impressions of your first 50km."

I'm flabbergasted! "Who me?! Why would anyone be interested in my impressions?" Mind you, I was thinking, Wow, I've made a hit with Barb.

She deflates me instantly. "As the doddering father of two PBPers people might find how you fared on your first ride an interesting comparison."

My ego is crushed. Still, a promise is a promise so I guess you'll all have to blame Barb if the rest of this bores you to tears. If it does, do me a favour and write and tell her - it may save some other poor old bloke sometime!

Before I get to the ride I think I should fill you in a bit on how this all started. I used to cycle as a youth in England after WW2 when gas was rationed and there was no other way of getting around. I did a few time trials and then went down with TB which was endemic in Europe in that era. That put an end to my cycling as the cure in those days was rest, rest, and still more rest. The new drugs were just coming out and TB was a serious illness. My enthusiasm did not come to an end and I suppose that some of it rubbed off on the kids, particularly as I used to help Dave Keeler in some of his more notable long distance TT's. In case you don't know of him, he held the Lands End to John O'Groats record, a distance of approx. 870 miles which he did in 49 hours as well as the 24 hour time trial record of 493 miles on a star course. When he was younger he was on the English pursuit team as well as holding records for the 25 and 50 mile time trials. The kids literally looked up to Dave who stood 6ft 7in and was an out and out vegetarian. How he would have performed as an omnivore, like me, is a matter of conjecture.

When we came to Canada I bought a bike but it gathered dust in the garage as it was much easier to run around in a car. Besides, cyclists were fair game around Montreal and you needed an insect screen to keep the shad flies out of your eyes and mouth if you were cycling around the Lakeshore Boulevard. As my daughters grew up they left home for the West Coast and Deirdre took up with the Randonneurs. She knew I intended to retire here and was

determined that when the day arrived she would make sure I bought another bike and start cycling again. What hope does a poor father stand when a daughter determines his future? Well, I arrived last year and sure enough a bike was bought. But then I did a crafty thing and moved to Victoria, just far enough away, I thought, to be out of direct control. I must say that I intended to do some cycling and in fact did a few local trips but never more than 10km; the hills in our locality deter any but the fit and dedicated and I'm neither of them. Needless to say, Deirdre visited and forced me to go for a run and then assured me that I would have no trouble keeping up with the old folk. Boy does that boost your morale! After this she badgered me to try the Populaire and to show her that the "Old Folk" could still cut it, I accepted. I realize now that I'm still a babe when it comes to dealing with the opposite sex, hence this sad story.

The morning started at some unholy hour with Deirdre thumping downstairs to get to the start in time to set up so that those early birds, who get up before the sun, can be the first off. I don't know if you've been to Bob and Deirdre's place, but they are Spartans, not heat-seeking creatures like me, and Sunday, in case you have forgotten turned suddenly cold. I won't say that there was ice on the bed covers or that my breath froze, but the thought of getting out of that nice warm bed and facing the elements was almost too much. Bob, however, who had been shanghaied into keeping me company, sweet-talked me into getting up, and we arrived at the start to be told that we were about the last off. "There's probably five hundred in front of you" said Deirdre with a most disapproving look, so we got our directions and ske-daddled before any more could be said.

It was fine as far as Cambie and there, thank heavens, the light was red for such a long time that it gave me rest and courage enough to tackle the climb up to the Liquor Store, one of the many landmarks in Vancouver. Of course it was Sunday so there was no way of getting additional sustenance and courage from there but at least the road started to go downhill so I thought that I just might make it to Marine Drive. The wind, however, was right in our faces so instead of taking it easy we had to pedal down. It was a good comfortable pace for me, just right to get the blood moving, but Bob had to stop to put on additional clothes to keep warm; that should give you some idea how fast we were going.

We reached Marine Drive and turned East where the wind was quartering in our faces. By the time we got to Knight Street I was trying to find a reason to do a sharp turn left and head for home but just then a whole group of riders on the 100K swept past and I was so carried away by long forgotten memories of past glorious rides that I found myself up the hill past all those new condos overlooking the delta and on the gentle down slope to Boundary Road where to my surprise a rhythm and cadence had come into my riding and things started to look up.

The ride along the flats didn't go too badly as we were continually being overtaken by the 100k'ers and I had

found some sort of rhythm. That wind was still there however, and I tucked in behind Bob and let him pull me along. The heart and the breathing seemed okay but the legs did not want to respond to any additional labour, even the legs did not want to respond to any additional labour, even that gentle slope up to the Queensborough Bridge was a challenge and I had to get into my granny gear and push at that with agony in each down stroke and seemingly no recovery in the up. How could that be? Surely forty odd years non effort doesn't do that to you does it? Apparently it does. It also doesn't do much for your sense of balance and confidence either and the bridge foot path seemed awfully narrow especially as there was this elderly and presumably deaf man, with a big totebag, occupying most of it. Somehow I got past him, but in doing so, my heart had gone crazy at the thought of my slipping off into the traffic. Bob, by the way, had got fed up with my lack of speed on the up-ramp and had gone ahead.

Getting onto River Road, where Bob was waiting, was a great relief and, wonder of wonders, the wind was now half behind us. Things began to look up, the ride was becoming enjoyable and the thought that I might be able to make it all the way started to form in my head. I had gotten this far only through sheer dread of what Deirdre would think, and do, to her wimpy father. Of course it couldn't continue to be so nice, that would make it too easy. Along that flat stretch the sky is big and you can see what weather is coming. We saw it alright! Nasty clouds with the rain streaming down from them. We thought that we could get to the check point ahead of the system but a couple of kilometres short, down it came. Fortunately I had my golfing rain gear with me and stopped to put it on. I normally used to get off my bike by swinging my leg over the handlebar and of course old habits die hard and I did this instinctively. I didn't consider my physical condition. As I swung my right leg up my left leg collapsed and there I went ass over teakettle with the bike on top of me. Thank heavens the chain-link fence alongside the road broke my fall; nothing was broken or bruised but my pride. We pushed on to the check point by which time the rain had stopped and there was blessed relief in the shape of a Johnny-On-The-Spot. That, the refreshments and the cheerfulness of the helpers did wonders for my morale as well as the fact that 32km had been achieved and that the wind would be more or less in our favour for the rest of the way.

Off we went and now I knew that I would make it. The fear of the cramping up had gone as now I knew that the granny gear would see me through the worst parts. The ride up the ramp to the Arthur Laing bridge was fine, if a bit slow, as the wind was dead astern. Somehow I thought we were going to turn right at 70th Avenue and got messed up when Bob called for a left. Being used to Montreal drivers I didn't have the guts to cross the lanes like Bob, but the drivers were all very good and slowed down and urged me to cross. I take my hat off to them. Marine Drive came and went and then we were climbing Arbutus. Don't laugh at me for saying it's

a climb for it certainly was one for me. I started going down through those gears with the legs getting heavier and heavier. 49th Avenue/West Boulevard at last and the run past all those boutiques, then the downhill part. The traffic lights all had to be red when we reached them so there was no hope of winding it up for the climb up King Edward and the continuing upgrade from there. It is these gentle upgrades that have been the biggest surprise to me. How can the legs have become so weak and how come the recovery period after each burst of effort takes longer and longer? It must be lack of practice, it can't be age! Suddenly we are turning into the finish and it's all over. I get a great smile from Deirdre, my legs don't hurt anymore and, wonder of wonders, I've actually enjoyed the whole thing, even if there is a whole mass of date squares, one of my favourite energy restorers, going begging here when there were none left at the check point. It appears that the going was a bit tough and that a lot of the 100km riders chickened out and did the 50 instead, scoffing all the best grub in the process.

My impressions: Bob's rear reflector burned into my memory; the friendliness of all the participants and helpers; the courtesy shown by most motorists; the pain in the thighs and the sense of achievement, even if it did take me twice as long as it would have done forty years ago.

RANDONNEE TOUR 1992

1992 marks the start of a brand new adventure for the sport of randonneuring in Alberta. The Tour will start in Radium, B.C. on Sunday August 16, and before finishing will cross numerous mountain passes, explore a multitude of splendid valleys, and skirt countless lakes and streams. The rides pass through five national parks and near the majority of the provincial parks in B.C. One route even includes a ferry ride. By the time you return to Radium you will have cycled 1344, 1555, or 1758 kilometers depending on the option you choose.

The Tour is intended to be like a cycling holiday, but one that stresses cycling. The idea behind the Tour (apart from the ultra-marathon rides) is to enable the participants to meet and socialize after the rides. The holidaying aspect will peak on day four, which is a day off in Osoyoos.

Each rider will receive a plaque with his/her name and total time engraved on it.

Entry fee will be in the \$60 - \$70 range. In addition, there will be an option for pre-arranged motel rooms so the only thing you will have to worry about is food. A support vehicle is planned but will be used for the purposes of transporting luggage from start to finish of each ride.

Anyone interested should contact David Oliphant, 70 Ross Haven Court, Medicine Hat, Alberta T1B 2Y8 (403) 526-2181.

(Source: RMR Newsletter)

FOR SALE - RANDO CLOTHING

1992 T-Shirts are a jade green colour and cost only \$12.00. The sweatshirts are \$30.00 and are white crinkle-cotton with aqua arm bands and collar. These are hot items, buy now for yourself, for friends, and for Christmas presents.

There is also a supply of 1991 Randonneur T-Shirts and sweatshirts left as well. Call Barb Lepsoe for more information at 876-5228.

B.C. RANDO JERSEY AVAILABLE

The jersey worn by those who did Paris-Brest-Paris is available now to everyone.

The jersey is yellow, green and white with short sleeves and three pockets. It is custom fit to each cyclist. The jersey was very popular over in France; many people had requests to trade.

Those who are interested should contact David Johnston at #52-98 Begin Street, Coquitlam, B.C. V3K 6M9 or call him at 521-2628. Those of you who have already notified David of your request need not re-order.

Please contact David soon; this may be your last opportunity!

FRASER VALLEY 200 - A NOVICE VIEW

(Judy B. Charnock)

The thought of cycling 200K just for the fun of it didn't just pop in my psyche all of a sudden. My husband has been doing these rides for a few years now and from the sidelines it didn't look too difficult to handle. After the first 60K I agreed this wasn't too bad at all. Then at Agassiz it hit, mega head winds that would stop a truck or an inexperienced and tired cyclist dead in her tracks. These winds continued all the way to the first control at the Johnson Slough Rest Area. It wouldn't have been so bad if I didn't see everyone coming back all refreshed. Once we arrived I was happy to be resting and out of the wind. Also, Lois Brodie and Patricia Weingartner were so encouraging to me. Thanks for the support ladies!

After a 20 minute rest I was off again. The weather was incredible, not too hot and no rain. Dave stayed with me the whole way which was great. We realized we were last but still making good time. Ferry road, Camp River Road and Hope River road were very scenic and quite enjoyable. I was really getting into this. The scenery was great and our time was pretty good! A few quick pit stops eased all natural urges.

Vye road was a hill I remember from the Seattle to Vancouver rides. Yes, a few years ago I actually completed a couple of 100 mile-plus rides, never within a time frame though, as well, never with such refreshing controls, particularly at 27809 Montesina Avenue. Ed and Sue Maas were a great choice for a control. My enthusiasm was well

restored; I wasn't the only person who had done this and lived to tell about it. Great People. Finally after 12 hours and 19 minutes, we pulled into the Fort Pub and Harold Bridge's smiling face was worth the whole ride. After the celebratory beer (or two), I had been thoroughly talked into the Fraser Valley 300K on May 2nd, so if all goes well I'll be back year after year.

DANGEROUS DAN THE RANDO

(In Robert Service prose, by Ken Wilson & Jim Cave)

It was dark as pitch and blow'n hard,
When I pulled up to the bike check line.
When Gerry saw me and my bike
He thought here's a real good time.

He ripped my seat post clear away,
And my clip-on fenders failed.
He gave me a half hour penalty,
And said next time I'd be impaled.

When the gun went off, it was raining hard,
And I grabbed onto the lead group.
I sucked their wheels 'til the border we made,
But soon after, I started to fade.

I was dropping back when I got a flat,
And I knew the tire was shot.
So I hailed and old geezer riding alone,
but I knew I was asking a lot.

Do you have a spare tire?
I asked of this man as he rode up through the mist.
He stopped his bike, stared into my eyes,
and I knew the man was miffed.

He asked me how I spelled tire,
and I said "T Y R E."
He asked me how long I'd been in this land,
As he stood there taking a pee.

"I've got a spare tyre," the old man said.
As he stood there glaring at me,
"I've got one spare tyre, and that's only because
I always carry three!"

I took his tire and I fixed my flat,
But not one more word did he say,
I rode my best but I failed his test.
He passed me again that day.

I was feeling bad in Agassiz,
My pelvic bones were raw,
I stopped at a farm near Harrison,
and I stuffed my shorts with straw.

I phoned my wife and begged for my life,
When I saw the Agassiz hill,
My wife said "No! No! It's too far to go!"
So I took a pain-killing pill.

I was feeling sad and hurtin' quite bad,
When I stopped top the hill for a drink.
But to my surprise, I reached 'tween my thighs,
And searched out an unfeeling dink.

I was damn near in shock as I sadly took stock,
and I prayed that my nerves would revive.
So I lowered my seat, and began to repeat,
The Lord's Prayer as I finished my ride.

I made it back home, and no more will I roam,
On the ultra maraton quest.
Well, maybe next week, there's a "300 repeat"
Perhaps then, I'll show them who's best.

DEAR RANDO, DEAR RANDO

(sung to the tune of John Prine's Dear Abby, Dear Abby)

Dear Rando, Dear Rando,
I'm really quite pissed,
My captain's gas passes when ever we sprint,
I've back off on tacos and I don't serve him beans,
But my lycra's in tatters and my gloves can't be cleaned,
Signed, the Stoker.

Dear Stoker, Dear Stoker,
A problem this ain't.
A wine cork and mallet will solve your complaint.
If you're stuck on a hill just lean to one side,
Loosen that cork and hang on for the ride.
Signed, Dear Rando.

Dear Rando, Dear Rando,
Please don't think I lied,
I rode with the lead group until I was fried,
They dropped me in Mission and soon after I died,
My bike went home Greyhound but at least I tried,
Signed, Mr. Lead Group.

Dear Lead Group, Dear Lead Group,
You have no complaint,
Those guys are on steroids and prob'ly you ain't.
If you go out slower you'll have much more fun.
Just ride with nice people and soak up some sun.
Signed, Dear Rando.

Dear Rando, Dear Rando,
Can you help me or not,
My ultralight road bike is still in the shop,
I've got all the gismos, my bike is my pride,
But my bike's so damn fragile I can't even ride.
Signed, Techno Weenie.

Dear Weenie, Dear Weenie,
You have no complaint,
A wheel with 12 spokes . . . reliable ain't,
So listen up buster and listen up good.
Stop counting those grams and start eating good food,
Signed, Dear Rando.

Dear Rando, Dear Rando,
You won't believe this,
I always ride non-stop, I don't even wizz,
In 24 hours I do 600Ks
I take so much caffeine, I can't sleep for days.
Signed, the Speed Freak.

Dear Speed Freak, Dear Speed Freak,
Please back off a bit,
A death march ain't healthy, and this is no shit,
So throw out those "wake-ups" and stop for a rest,
You're supposed to have fun here . . . life's not a test,
Signed, Dear Rando.

Dear Rando, Dear Rando,
I've just got the Bonk,
I've been riding since Whistler, and I'm feeling quite
zonked,
I've got no more food and it's not my fault,
I'd stop for a road kill but I'm all out of salt.
Signed, "I'm Bitchy".

Dear Bitchy, Dear Bitchey,
You have no excuse,
Just stop at McDonald's and really cut loose.
The food may be shitty and loaded with fat,
But at two in the morning, that's just where it's at.
Signed, Dear Rando.

Dear Rando, Dear Rando,
My light's getting dim,
My gel-cell's on empty and it's just 2 a.m.
If I don't pull over I'm sure I'll be killed.
Is this the right thing or am I weak willed?
Signed, Browned Out.

Dear Browned Out, Dear Browned Out,
Your chances are slim,
A cyclist with no lights is more than just "dim".
Don't just pull over: phone a cab and go home.
If you keep on riding you'll die all alone.
Signed, Dear Rando.

Dear Rando, Dear Rando,
My Colnago's been swiped.
I just bought five new ones so I guess I can't gripe.
I'm stuck here in Manning, my hopes will soon die,
But the next cyclist through here might sell me his ride,
Signed the Rich Guy.

Dear Rich Guy, Dear Rich Guy,
Take a big flying leap,
I've got your Colnago and I got it cheap.
I know you won't like it, and I don't really care.
Cause while I ride your Colnago you're just peddling air.
Signed, Dear Rando.
(by Ken Wilson, assisted by Jim Cave)

WEST KOOTENAYS 300-May 17

(aka The Nakusp 300)

Final preparations for the West Kootenay 300 are now approaching completion. Those interested in entering this wonderful event should contact Bob Boonstra now for entry form and pertinent details.

Machines and riders should be properly equipped as in all randonnees. Sections of the course have minimal habitation (*Hominus erectus*) and are geographically rugged and remote. The route has been modified since the last newsletter so that very little of the course will be covered twice in an out and back section.

The plan is to meet in Nelson on Saturday May 16, picking up course materials and route cards at the North Shore Inn (N. side of orange bridge leading towards Kaslo). Advance phone-in registration for accommodation is suggested with suitable facilities recommended below. Nelson is a historic community with lots to see and do nearby.

The Randonnee starts at 06:00 at the 7-11 store in downtown Nelson. Sign route cards at 05:45. Route goes north to Kaslo, west through New Denver to Roseberry, returns to New Denver, continues southbound through the Slocan Valley to Castlegar, goes over the Castlegar-Salmo pass to Salmo and finishes northbound to Nelson. World famed Kootenay beer is available throughout the course environs as well as locally recognized cure-all borscht at selected control points to be described upon arrival.

This course has moderately steep and frequent hills Ainsworth to Kaslo. A 26km uphill section west out of Kaslo rises some 400(?) meters to the abandoned mining town of Retallick (sp?) followed shortly by a screaming 9km descent into New Denver. The southbound leg is pastoral to Castlegar with some moderate and rolling terrain. From Castlegar the route climbs approximately 850 meters through the Castlegar-Salmo pass and descends to warmer (and saner?) elevations finishing on an easy 42km leg into Nelson. This route is both challenging and scenic. All participants should be back in time for an 08:00 breakfast planned at the Sugarmill Restaurant on Monday morning. There will be tales of adventure as well as recognition for deserving achievements on the inauguration of this new course. Recommended accommodations:

1. North Shore Inn (motel)#604 352-6606
2. Villa Motel (next door) #604 352-5515
3. Alpine Motel #604 352-5501

For registration details contact Bob Boonstra at 2287 Omineca Drive, Kamloops, B.C. V2E 1S8. Telephone # is 828-2869.

RIDER	(Days)	(Eves)	200 KM	Rt	300 KM	Rt	400 KM	Rt	600 KM	Rt	1000 KM	Rt	Fleche	Longest
Larche, Tony		478-3091	10:27	VI										0200/9204
Martinick, Garry	461-1411	437-5454	11:05	FV										0600/8906
McGuire, Dan	293-8478	942-3235	10:51	FV										1200/8708
McKenzie, Bruce	663-6380	572-0803	9:33	FV										0200/9204
Minter, Paul			8:02	VA										0200/9204
Monaghan, Barry	-	879-9048	8:40	VI										1200/9108
Moreau, Margaret		253-4858	8:57	FV										0300/9104
Morton, David	689-3334	926-4633	7:16	VA										0600/8607
Neifer, Roy	877-6000	534-2407	9:23	FV										0200/9104
Northrop, Al		853-8678	8:02	VA										0600/8906
Oechsler, Peter		540-9635	10:10	FV										0600/8807
Orser, Marion	737-6334	737-8483	11:50	VI										0600/9106
Philcox, Nigel	722-2831	722-2329	8:38	VI										1200/9108
Pollock, Tim		939-8166	13:12	VA										0400/9105
Prefontaine, Real	853-7464	853-9594	9:16	FV										0200/9204
Pringle, Les		465-5483	10:12	VA										0300/9105
Pulfrey, David	822-3876	263-6780	6:57	FV										0200/9204
Scott, Randy		474-2197	7:36	VI										0300/9004
Sharkey, Jack		253-8873	11:10	FV										0400/8806
Shelbourn, John	756-7016	758-BIKE	12:14	VI										0400/9105
Siudut, George	591-4449	589-5242	8:54	FV										0600/9106
Springle, Glen	942-5223	461-0483	8:54	FV										0300/9105
Stary, Peter	873-7335	291-2621	8:47	VI										1200/9108
+ Stary, Peter			6:57	FV										
Thornton, Mike L.	-206-	863-7730	8:54	FV										0600/8406
Towe, Alan	758-9916	758-9916	9:42	VI										0200/8805
Ungar, Cliff		941-3486	8:54	FV										0600/9106
Walford, Alan		731-0703	10:13	VA										0200/9204
Wasik, Larry	664-4246	299-6115	12:50	VA										0200/9204
Weingartner, Ernst		589-4572	9:14	FV										0600/9106
Weir, Robert	876-5501	734-8363	8:15	FV										1200/9108
Wintjes, Mark	822-9000	736-1596	9:22	VA										1000/9008
Yancey, Dan	-	465-8595	8:14	FV										0300/9105

(STARTERS) 91
(FINISHERS=Men+Women) (87=73+14)

This report includes reports received to Apr 29/92. Please send updates directly to me. Also please let me know about misspellings, wrong numbers, etc. Thanks.

ROUTES: Generally VA means Vancouver-area route, KA means Kamloops route, VI means Vancouver Island route, FV means Fraser Valley route, SE means S.E. B.C. route.

Report by Gerry Pareja (874-5229).



**BICYCLING ASSOCIATION
OF BRITISH COLUMBIA**

332 - 1367 WEST BROADWAY, VANCOUVER, B.C. V6H 4A9

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