

# B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling



Founding Member 1983

The Newsletter of the BABC Randonneur Committee  
July 1992

## EDITORIAL

"No, I have not done any of the Rando series this season, but I still might do a token 200K." There, that's for you who have asked, and for you who haven't yet!

I still like this job, but must admit how difficult I found putting fingers to keyboard for production of this issue. I've got a book of excuses but can't choose a suitable one right now.

Thanks to all who continue to send articles, your stories are always fascinating, I just wish you'd stop testing my knowledge of (or lack of, as the case may be) grammar. Harold has trouble spelling Osoyoos, Jimmy Vallance thinks my name is Diane, Judy Morrison can't remember certain riders' names, some writers use American spelling, some writers use British spelling, and often I use the "judgement call technique" to decide whether to leave an incomplete sentence as is.

If you are going to send me a typed entry, please double space the lines for easier reading. If you'd like to give me a disk, call first so we can discuss formats, etc.

Send your articles to Barbara Lepsoe, 4720 Quebec St., Vancouver, B.C., V5V 3M1. Phone # (604) 876-5228, or Fax c/o the BABC at (604) 738-7178 and put to the attention of Barb, c/o Bicycling. Not everyone at Sport BC knows what the BABC stands for!

## WANTED - RANDONNEUR MEDICINE INFORMATION

Brian Wood is investigating "over-use" injuries resulting from marathon cycling. He is interested in hearing about Randonneur's long-term or chronic medical problems relating to repeated tissue trauma, e.g. nerve damage, etc. These injuries do not include broken bones, stiff muscles, sprains, strains, etc. resulting from collisions or over-enthusiastic sprints, more commonly associated with short course racers and mountain bikers. He would like to hear from you at: 1844 Acadia Road, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1R3, or phone - (604) 222-1541

If there is a good response to this request, he hopes to eventually publish his findings to reduce such injuries. Alternatively, if anybody can refer him to a good reference text on this subject, it would save him from conducting this survey.

## 1992 EXECUTIVE

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## VANCOUVER 300

(by Judy Morrison)

As a non-rider, I am probably not the best candidate to comment on the Vancouver 300. I have chosen to do so anyway, just to ensure it has the coverage it deserves.

You know how Snoopy always starts his great literary works: "It was a dark and stormy night . . ."? Well, "It was a dark and stormy ride . . ." might best describe the conditions on that chilly day in May for 18 brave riders, five hearty volunteers and two frazzled coordinators. One of the things that most impresses me about people who participate in randonneur events, is their seemingly unquenchable spirit. Without exception, everybody involved in this particular event seemed to remain cheerful throughout the ride despite horrible cycling (and volunteering) conditions. It is always fun to see all the familiar faces at varying degrees of exhaustion (and dampness - equipped with everything from plastic shopping bags to rubber dish gloves), but there were a few individuals who particularly stood out in my mind and deserve mention: Peter Oechsler who bravely cycled against the elements alone all the way from Agassiz, and two new riders to B.C. Randonneurs: Eric Ferguson and Lori Bodkin. Both demonstrated they've got what it takes to be a randonneur! Hope to see you both again at upcoming events.

As a first-time coordinator of such an event (in cooperation with Karen Smith), I have discovered the rewards of "giving back" to Randonneurs. I have also discovered the great value of some pretty incredible volunteers. Many approached us this year - unsolicited - with offers to assist. Thanks to Dave Cambon, Keith Fraser, Bruce Hainer, Peter Stary, Gerry Pareja (who helped us with much more than correspondence) and Peter Lysne (who helped us with so much more than finance). Finally, I save the biggest mention of all to a very giving couple: Faye and Jim Lee, who volunteered to help us (as they have for so many other events, both this and past seasons) on Mother's Day! I have experienced their kindness in the past as I rolled through one of their checkpoints and now this year as a coordinator of an event. My heartfelt thanks to two people who consistently give so generously to the B.C. Randonneurs.

## KOOTENAY 3368

(by Anna Bonga)

I came home and there was a message from Barb on the machine; "Hi Anna, I hear that you are planning to write something about the Kootenay 300!" Huh, first I've heard about it, but anyway, anyone who rode the Kootenay 300 knows what the 3368 means - the rest of you will have to read on to find out.

Mike and I started out a great weekend going to Nelson with Carol and Stephen Hinde in their Volkswagen Jetta, with four bikes on the outside. In Nelson we met up with Deirdre, and the five of us enjoyed the spaciousness of a hotel room meant for eight people - the party room for sure. And boy, were we in for a party. There was something like 200 B.C.er's and two Albertans at the start. Most of us finished.

I started riding with Deirdre and Carol, and had hoped that Mike would join us, as he had said he would ride with me, but he disappeared off the front somewhere. I began to feel guilty that he and I were not riding together, so to my surprise when we arrived in Kaslo, there was Mike waiting for me; I got my card signed and left. Now, Bob Boonstra said the hill out of Kaslo was the toughest hill of the route. Quite frankly, I didn't think it was so bad. In fact, I rather enjoyed the ride along the river gently winding its way down the mountain to the lake waiting for it at the bottom. It and the sound of our wheels on the road were the only sounds to disturb the silence of the morning.

By the time we were leaving the second control Mike and I were riding with Gord Cook, and Eric Nadin, from Fort McMurray, Alberta. Having lived there in the early 80's, I found that Eric and I knew some of the same people.

So the roller coaster ride began . . . a never ending series of ups and downs as we followed Slocan Lake, the Slocan Valley, and the Kootenay River into Castlegar. The scene was always the same, with Mike charging off ahead to sit on the side of the road with the camera poised, taking a picture of Gord and I - who never seemed to be more than a couple of meters apart on every hill we came to - and Eric, a little behind us.

From Castlegar we started to go up this hill. We went up . . . and up . . . and up . . . was it ever going to end? So the hill out of Kaslo was the toughest, eh Bob? Well, you're in for a big surprise, and so is everybody else. About 16km up this hill a van passed us, and Gord noted that it was Debbie Batisse. At this point I desperately wanted to stop for a rest. I needed to stop for a rest. I informed Gord that if we did not see the top by the next corner I was going to stop for a rest. At the next corner, there was no top, but there was a grey van parked on the side of the road. Gord convinced me to get to this van. Debbie came out, and gave us a bit of water, and talked to us while I got the rest I so desperately needed. That hill was something like a 900m climb, and 18km long. Down the other side . . . what a scream! Mike and I were slingshotting off each other, while Gord sat just far enough behind us to draft without getting close enough to us to participate in the excitement. Eric was behind on the hill, but caught up in Salmo.

Out of Salmo was a deceptively long gradual uphill that made us feel like we were totally knackered. At least we can thank Bob for arranging to have the last 10km downhill!

The scenery was fantastic, the weather was hot, and a great time was had by all. Mike, Gord, and I were the first ones in, followed a couple of minutes later by Eric. We made it in just before dark. Deirdre and company came in just after, and the tandem duo of Margaret and Manfred came in around 11:00pm, happily. We all gathered the next morning at the Sugar Mill for a pancake breakfast. Bob had awards, and I got my first Randonnee prize! It was the closest to 10 hours prize. It was the luck of the draw . . . a colouring book . . . as I have lots of time for colouring while waiting for the rest to

show up (or so Bob says). Eric got the closest to 15 hours prize, and Margaret got the closest to 20 hours prize. There were lots of other prizes, but I don't remember what they were or who they went to. 'Arold got one too.

So what does the 3368 mean? There are hills in the Kootenays, lots of them. The Kootenay 300km randonnee had 3368 meters of climbing.

## THE "NAKUSP" 300 WHICH BECAME THE KOOTENAY 300

(by Bob Boonstra)

Sixteen participants arrived in Nelson from afar to challenge the course on the beautiful May long weekend. The organizer was stricken with mild food poisoning at approximately 2:00am and had serious considerations about starting the event on Sunday morning. The organizer did not tell the participants that the source of this food problem was a recommended stop along the way but this turned out to be okay as the restaurant was full when we arrived anyway, forcing us to go elsewhere or carry on. The day turned out to be beautiful. No wind and clear sunny conditions prevailed. The temperature rose during the afternoon so that the climb above Slocan Lake proved to be quite a challenge. I rode with Stephen Hinde for the first leg of the journey and was only able to keep up because of Stephen's patience. As the day continued, things improved and I was able to join a group consisting of Deirdre, Stephen, Carol, and Anna until Kaslo. At this point Anna jumped ahead to ride with a faster group. Our group continued on, meeting Manfred and Margaret on the tandem on the climb out of Kaslo. We later joined with the tandem couple and Dan MacGuire at the Slocan Golf Club for a lunch overlooking Slocan Lake. The ride continued in a leisurely touring fashion until the 2300 foot vertical climb out of Castlegar at about the 230km mark. This proved to be a most challenging part of the ride and I watched rather despairingly as Deirdre's slender form diminished in the uphill direction. Oh well... I'll just go my own speed. Stop for water. Stop for walk. Stop to look at scenery, etc. At Bombi Summit (aptly named) we clothed for the quick descent into Salmo and evening darkness. The final leg north to Nelson was completed in darkness and I was thankful to have my double 6-watt system. It functioned safely at speeds of 60kph on the winding descent into Nelson. The majority of participants completed the ride and had a good time by all accounts. One rather shy participant decided to attempt the hill up the Salmo Creston section and continued eastbound for an undetermined distance before returning. A friendly group emerged (thankfully) on Sunday morning for breakfast. Suggestions for repeating the event were offered - the two most notable of which, were to have a 200km course, and to eliminate the climb out of Castlegar. Thanks to all those who turned out and persevered to make the weekend a success.

## SECOND SOCK RIDES AGAIN!

Mark September 13, 1992 on your calendar of events as the Vancouver Bicycle Club presents its second annual Second Sock Century, the companion "sock" of the Single Sock Century, held May 24th this year. The second leg of the "SSS" events encompasses distances of either 60, 100, or 160km in and around Greater Vancouver. These are social rides geared to promote the bicycle as an enjoyable form of transportation and recreation. Location of the start is Burrardview Park at the north end of Slocan Street at Yale (near the P.N.E.) Rides set off in staggered intervals: 160K at 8:00am; 100K at 8:30am; 60K at 9:00am. Registration and check-in is between 7:30 - 8:45am.

Riders travel at their own desired pace, taking in the sunshine and company of fellow cyclists as they roll towards the holy grail, (souvenir sock upon ride completion, a match to the other "SSS" sock, or a welcome addition to the sock drawer!) Riders should be self-sufficient (patch kits, 1st aid kits, etc) with water bottle and approved bicycle helmet being mandatory. Snacks and refreshments will be available at rest stops along the way. Social festivities, food, and music to follow in the park. Early registration is \$10. with day of event registration being \$15. Contact either Peter Oechsler at 540-9635, or Stephen Jordan at 929-6567. (P.S. Singing while going up hills is optional. . . .!)

## GETTING THERE IS 99 PERCENT OF THE FUN!

(by Harold Bridge)

In May '89 I got a very reproachful "You are the first abandonment we have had" from Pat Taddy after failing to finish the Nakusp 300 he had arranged from his home. But, I had never been through the region before, the weather was good and I had my camera with me, the OM-1 with i/c lenses and all that. Then, Carol was at Ainsworth control with the car and my knee was painful. I had also qualified at 300 the previous week.

1992, Kamloops Boonstra was putting on the Kootenay 300 with a course change that removed the out-and-home bit to Nakusp and replaced it with a loop to the south, Castlegar, Salmo and back to Nelson. I felt the urge to try that one again. I also wanted a week off, so I decided to ride to Nelson as part of my plan to spend more time touring BC.

Leaving home a bit after noon on Sunday the 10th, I wondered if I would see the Greater Vancouver 300K entrants sailing along the #7 on their way back to Burnaby Lake. Sure enough, as I flew along with that big chuff wind, I had the pleasure of waving and shouting encouragement at the happy throng making their way home.

I had taken the precaution of spreading my gear range so that a 28 sprocket gave me a 32" gear behind the 38" gear I normally use as bottom. It soon proved its value as I spent about five hours getting to Manning Park Lodge for a late lunch after an encounter with a snow shower. I was

loaded with a Carradice Long Flap Camper saddle bag and a Rhode Gear front bag as camera storage. I wasn't camping and therefore couldn't see the need of putting on panniers. The time of year and the altitudes one was ascending to, suggested caution in the selection of clothing and so there was a lot of extras that, as it happened, I didn't need.

Sunday Summit, at about 1200 metres, isn't very much lower than Alison Pass in Manning Park and I found that one to be difficult, coming as it does toward the end of a tough day. There I got a refreshing shower of hail as I started the descent into Princeton.

On Tuesday morning, it was about 10:00am before I got going and I enjoyed a wind-assisted ride on a lightly travelled Highway 3 that had good shoulders most of the way. Around Hedley, where I lunched, the shoulders are not in good shape, but as I said, the traffic was light and the terrain as far as Keremeos is quite gentle. Then there is Richter Pass. At the top I stopped to speak to a young Langley fellow touring on an ATB. He seemed disheartened. Why people use ATB for that sort of riding I fail to understand.

Another late start from Osoyoos so that most of the day was taken up with Anachist. In a motor vehicle you forget there is a hill beyond the viewpoint. On a bicycle you find otherwise. Who was the wise person who said, "A driver doesn't know a road until he has been the engine"?

Different from the classical mountain passes such as the Stelvio and the Garvia, British Columbia's mountain roads are able to wind more gently as they don't have such steep terrain to conquer. But they go on for ages so that for a poor hill climber such as I they become an exercise in patience more than strength. But, once you reach the summit the rewards are correspondingly greater with 20 or 30kms of relentless descent that passes all too quickly. So it was, I dropped into the first cafe I came to in Rock Creek and had lunch. At the bottom of a dip into a valley, a crew was repairing a bridge. I felt like stopping and finding out how good they were; I knew of another Bridge in need of some rebuilding! Whilst sitting outside a grocery store, a local asked me where I was from, where I was going etc. I told him I was going to Grand Forks which I thought to be about 50kms distant. He advised me to go south, across the line and follow the Kettle River Valley to Danfield, just short of Grand Forks. Upon looking at a map I realised that the main road not only climbs over some high ground but goes in a big loop as well. I was glad I took the old chap's advice, the Valley was a pleasure, quiet and scenic. I stopped by the river for a photo, laid the bike down, took specs off, put them on the saddlebag, took my photos, put on helmet, picked up bike and rode off. In 20 metres I remembered my specs. I spent about an hour looking for them knowing they couldn't have gone far. I was about to give up when I spotted them in the gravel, my new, \$374. specs. I had evidently trodden on them before I saw them - the frames were broken. Fortunately, things weren't as bad as they looked and an optical lab in Nelson had them fixed within the hour for the princely sum

of \$7! Such stupid people don't deserve such luck.

The road from Grand Forks to Christina Lake was pleasant and gentle, but I knew that the high point of the whole ride, Paulsen Summit at 1535 metres, followed right on. I climbed away from the lake trying to reserve the 32" gear for later. Some hopes! It was a grunt from the start. Paulsen Summit to Castlegar is, I think, 26 kilometres. If I pedalled at all it was just to break the stiffening knees. The drop gets quite steep at the entrance to the town.

It was amazing to watch a rush hour traffic line-up, creep past the motel in a small town such as Castlegar. I doubt anyone lives far enough from the mill that they have to drive. One or two were on bikes, but not many. Leaving for Nelson the next day, I saw the sign pointing to the Doukhobor Village and Museum and went. The Doukhobors seemed to have an excellent social structure, it is a pity that the need for conformity did much to destroy their way of life. Of course they had troubles within; the original wooden village was torched by their own "Sons of Freedom".

The Kootenay River Valley is pleasant cycling as indeed had been most of this ride. Arriving in Nelson was the icing on the cake - what a nice town. Much effort has been made to preserve the heritage buildings; the hillside killed my legs on my walking photographic tour.

That evening a crowd assembled from all around, Fort McMurray, Edmonton, Fernie, Cranbrook, Kamloops, as well as Nanaimo, and the usual crowd from the Lower Mainland, 16 riders in all. At 0600 on Sunday morning organiser Bob Boonstra from Kamloops set us off after signing our Brevet cards and he himself, setting off a few minutes later, soon to pass us slow pokes on the road to Ainsworth and Kaslo. He had for company, Stephen Hinde, chairperson of the Randonneur Committee.

The ride to Kaslo in superbe weather and with such quiet conditions was an experience that we in the Lower Mainland forget exists. The lake and the mountains were crystal clear, the road was almost deserted. It was the sort of ride one should do with a camera, not a control card with time limits on it.

Not getting a proper breakfast before the start I insisted on stopping in the Treehouse in Kaslo for breaky. The penalty was, I lost the companionship of teacher Jimmy Vallance from Fernie and Norm Battise who is a BC Tel supervisor in Cranbrook, but without the food stop I would probably lose them later anyway. I also lost the guiding wheel tracks and I left Kaslo on the wrong road. It also involved climbing the steepest hill of the whole trip! I got onto the old, pre-landslide, New Denver road and had to turn round at the slide-come-garbage dump. It was fun that cost me about 45 minutes.

The New Denver road makes use for much of the way of an old railway grade and as such, gives a very gentle climb over the height of land. However, there are one or two places the road diverges from the rail route and there is a steep grade near the summit. This, too, is a delightful ride, especially as at this time of year the green is very green, the

rivers are full and playful, and the mountains still have a covering of snow. At cycling speed one can admire this without running out of road or without stopping. After a swoosh into New Denver we had to go up the Nakusp road for a few kilometres to get a control stamp at the Golf Club where I had a light lunch as well. I was well behind everyone by this time but had seen Clifford from Edmonton going south as I made my way to the Golf Club. The Slokan Valley is beautiful, but involves a tough climb out of Silverton.

Beyond that, the new road created by the landslide of a year or two back was a pleasure to ride but the south wind was making itself felt, and the heat of the day called for water stops as the bottles got emptied. At the south end of this stretch was iron-will time. A left turn would take you, in 23 kilometres, back to Nelson. A right turn per the route instructions would take you, eventually, back to Nelson but only after an arduous 100 kilometres to Castlegar, over the monster climb to Salmo and north to Nelson. Most were iron-willed enough to complete - only one, who has nothing to prove, succumbed.

By this time I had caught up with Clifford and we had a "Last Supper" at Hubby's Burgers at South Slokan before tackling the last third of this ride. We left at about 1800 and enjoyed a relatively easy ride to Castlegar before tackling the brute enroute to Salmo. Not only is it about 20 kilometres long, but the surface is pea gravel making for a rough ride. It was now dark and Clifford found that his lighting system was no good and he was dependent on me for illumination. I was short on light too. I usually have two 6-volt systems, one on the generator and one on batteries. I failed to get the four "D" cells for the latter. It was a very slow ride for the final 40 kilometres into Nelson. It took us almost three hours and we arrived at 12:58 for my slowest 300 ever of 18 hours 58 minutes.

At breakfast the following morning, Bob Boonstra handed out the mementos and awards with me getting the 20 hour (maximum limit) award. We enjoyed ourselves; I think we will do this again.

## **DUMB - SUNDAY, JULY 26, 1992**

(submitted by Harold Bridge)

The Mt. Baker Bicycle Club presents Down and Up Mount Baker. This ride is for those who didn't get into RAMROD, or for those who want a final warm-up. Do the DUMB Century. It begins and ends atop Mt. Baker!

Distances are 100 miles and 200 kilometres, with an optional timed final 8 mile climb. The ride is limited to 250 riders by pre-registration only. Map, route sheet, sag, food, and drinks are included. Each entrant will receive a commemorative photo at the Finish Line and a special T-Shirt.

Entry deadline is Friday, July 10, 1992. Call the Mt. Baker Bike Club at (206) 647-5913 for details.

## **THE 400 THAT WOULDN'T**

(by Bob Boonstra)

I have had my share of defaults on rides and surprisingly had these abandonments on some of the shorter distances. This has always been due to one or more of the following factors: poor mental preparation (no problem - I can do this!!); and/or lack of preparation regarding food and supplies. This turned out to be the case again on June 6th on my own Kamloops 400. At 4:30am sharp (well, so it was 4:40) Richard and I rolled out of Kamloops to repeat the Kamloops 400 course. I might add at this point that this course is a very difficult one which can also involve continued exposure to headwinds. The course has many sustained climbs and has proven to be very challenging for the few who have attempted it. I have yet to complete the course in under 20 hours. This was my objective on this beautiful warm day. (Windless conditions)

Kamloops to Cache Creek was eaten up at an average speed of 29kph which is well above my average riding speed. Oh well, I felt good and I felt like going hard on every hill. Just push on up... never miss a beat... crank it... all that stuff!... Breakfast in Cache Creek - a 45 minute stop. Oh well, I'll make up the time later - no problem! On to 100 Mile House (200km) in 9 hours. Still not bad. Then on the eastbound leg to Little Fort, things began to slow down considerably. Richard had not agreed with his food and bailed out as he was becoming ill. At about 6:00pm I began to lose confidence in the pace, as indeed it had dropped considerably and it had dropped to below 20kph on the eastbound leg. On the last stretch to Kamloops my old nemesis (heartburn) started to set in. Without any simple remedies to settle things down, my power output failed miserably. Although I attempted to drink water and continue to eat food, my body did not accept it very well. I ended up taking breaks on picnic tables in the darkness and ultimately had to abandon just 40km north of Kamloops; I phoned for assistance and was rescued by a good friend. When he picked me up, I was lying on an embankment and managed to announce my whereabouts by switching on my lightset (fortunately battery powered) as he approached in the mid-night darkness to take me home.

The message here is to prepare carefully for these rides. The pacing is important as is the mental preparation. I could not have completed the last 40km comfortably and certainly not within the usual two hours or so it would have taken. I abandoned not because of physical exhaustion but because of incapacitation. Be as self-reliant as possible, know your requirements for food supplies and medications and be as prepared as possible in the event you need to ask for help. (And thanks to the friendly dog at the campground who didn't attempt to chew me when I used the public phone!! I'll give you a bone the next time I'm by your way).

## NANAIMO-TOFINO-NANAIMO,

### 400 K

(Carol Hinde)

Five people of dubious sanity started the ride: Nigel Philcox at 4am; and Deirdre Arscott, John Shelbourne, Stephen Hinde and I at 6am. Ken Bonner, who started just north of Victoria at 3am, was also going to Tofino but was doing his 600km. I wondered where he would pass us.

Deirdre and I rode together. We weren't to see Stephen and John until we were leaving Tofino - not even a kiss goodbye we were so eager to start.

Deirdre is a riot to ride with; she takes such pleasure from little things such as one of my shoulders being lower than the other, and the sight of "GOATS' BUTTS" on the roof of a building at Coombs. It was pleasant and cool cycling around Cameron Lake. The lake's surface was calm and I enjoyed the reflections of the green mountains on the smooth surface. Even after living on the Island for many years I am still awed by the trees of Cathedral Grove. And then there was the hump: only a 375 metre climb but . . . I hate hills, gasp, cough, pant. Where's Deirdre? With slightly higher gears she took off. She did, however, wait for me at the top of every climb. As I said, I enjoy riding with Deirdre. The descent into Port Alberni was euphoric except for Deirdre's comments that it would be awful to climb on the return.

Port Alberni: we'd been there about 10 minutes when Ken Bonner pulled in. We ate, drank, attended to wants of nature, moaned, groaned and stretched a bit, then continued on our merry way. Ken overtook us about 5km later on the Sproat River bridge, pursued by a mad dog - they're all mad when they're on your wheel. That was the last we saw of him until 8km south of Tofino where he was Victoria bound.

Sutton Pass, our next obstacle, is only 175 metres, but it feels harder than the hump. The last climb is steep and I always feel that I have climbed much more than that before I get there. Somebody near Port Alberni had asked if we were having fun yet. I had answered, "Of course", but I was beginning to have my doubts.

The scenery is spectacular. The Kennedy River is very clear with white water raging around massive boulders.

Deirdre regaled me with dirty jokes and tales of her and her brother's misadventures on PBP. Yes, on the narrow winding and steep bit around Kennedy Lake I appreciated the reminder that I had finished the PBP, a much more difficult ride.

Cliffs rose abruptly from the side of the road, views into pristine, clear water welcomed our thirsty eyes. We were thrilled by a few exhilarating 8% descents; one was posted as 18% but I'm sure that's done to intimidate motorists. (Rationalization, maybe, but we had to climb it on the way back!)

After the Kennedy Lake section it was an easy ride to the junction where you either turn to Tofino or to Ucluelet. Not far from there we met Nigel, also on his way out, and

having a great time in the tailwind. He and Deirdre compared equipment and Nigel's comments brought Deirdre amusement for a few hours thereafter. I guess I'm going to have to develop my sense of humour as well as my speed.

The last 30km into Tofino were relatively easy. The sight of the blue ocean with waves crashing onto the sand was most inviting, but dinner awaited us in Tofino at the Alleyway Cafe. There is good food, but service is slow. Maybe next year (I can't believe I'm saying this), I'll try the Common Loaf Bakery where Deirdre bought me a heavenly peanut butter chocolate square and where, it is rumoured, lasagne is served.

An hour later we were on our way again, much refreshed. We couldn't waste such a wonderful tailwind.

Just south of Tofino, we met Stephen and John, and I got some chiropractic treatment on my back. Stephen "cracks" it in the most wonderful way! Only a quick embrace so as not to disgust Deirdre and we were on our way. We wanted to be past Kennedy Lake and Sutton Pass before dark. We succeeded, but barely.

Just after we had descended from Sutton Pass, we were overtaken by a white Hyundai with bikes on the back. John had decided it was not safe to ride the Kennedy Lake stretch in the dark and Stephen, knowing he was a few hours behind us, joined him. We plodded steadily onward knowing the hardest part of the ride was behind us.

Traffic did not bother us very much. Only one group of yahoos yelled something which we could not make out.

The 7-11 in Port Alberni was a hotbed of activity though. It seems to be the entertainment hotspot of Port Alberni. After a half hour rest, a cold childidog and coke, we were on our way. It took us an hour to climb out of Port Alberni, but it was not hard, just tedious. If I have to climb I prefer to do it in the dark when I can't see how far I have left to go.

Riding through Cathedral Grove and beside Cameron Lake was very idyllic. Deirdre, who had been worried about the absence of white lines on the side of the road, seemed relieved to find her fears unwarranted.

Except for almost falling asleep at the handlebars and running over a large patch of glass at the top of the Nanoose hill, the last 50kms were uneventful. Stephen was parked at strategic spots to shout encouragement - "faster, faster". The last 10km were almost completely downhill. We finished just in time - a headwind was brewing. If Dot's coffee stop had been open, Deirdre was going to force me to stop but I was lucky, it was closed and we finished at just after three in the morning. Sorry, Deirdre, no pie for you on this ride.

Thanks to John's "wife" Dalphine for being there to provide us with water, moral support, and more conversational gambits for Deirdre.

## A SOUTHEAST 400

(by Jimmy Vallance)

"So . . . you and Norman Batisse rode the first 300 in sixteen hours and it took you EIGHT hours to ride the last 107. How come?"

"Well, you have to approach these things in a leisurely manner, y'know."

"But you did very nearly the same route last year in two hours less. And last year's route was 14.5K longer, 421.7 instead of 407.2."

"Ah, yes, but last year was different. See, both years we started from Elko, which is 32K south of Fernie. We headed south, 32K to the border, on to Eureka, Montana, and turned west to Lake Koochanusa, formed when the U.S. Corps of Engineers built the Libby Dam in the late 60's. Last year we cycled on the west side of the lake because the wind was from the south and the road snakes and jinks among the trees and rockcuts and this protected us not only from the headwind, but also from the sight of all those raw banks and shoals of gravel which appear when the pondage is low. Very ugly. And it's really low this year - ten metres below normal. I heard that on the C.B.C. news, so it must be true."

"So this year you stayed on the main highway down the east side of the lake. Shorter distance - and gentler grades, no doubt."

"Right on. And for another thing we didn't need protection from the wind because this year it was from the north, and furthermore it was a much more scenic route. Next to no traffic either. Friendly, though. More than one motorcyclist gave us a wave in two-wheeled camaraderie; even one complete with bedroll and bandanna on a semi-chopped bike; straight out of 'Easy Rider'."

"What about weather and wind? Did they cooperate?"

"Couldn't have been better. Sunny, cloudy and no fierce heat, and with the exception of the K's from Marion through Kalispell and into Whitefish, a tailwind followed us right round the route. We did feel some heat I suppose, in the late afternoon on the grind over the Salish Mountains between Libby and Kalispell. The roads on this stretch hadn't changed much from last year either. Depending on whether you were in Flathead or Lincoln County you would be cycling on late twentieth-century highway or in mediaeval Nuremburg."

"So nothing of great moment occurred?"

"Well, Norman took a daft turn along that part of the Kootenay River valley from the base of the Dam into Libby itself, and it was eyeballs out and away we go. I took a couple of pulls, but less from altruism or cycling ethics than from self-preservation; it tended to slow things down a bit."

"But other than that?"

"Nothing much. We took lots of stops, stretched, ate, scratched, yawned, adjusted our clothing. Like that. We did see some wildlife, but not as much as we might have expected - only one whitetail deer, a bald eagle, an osprey in its nest, and other birds of prey which Norman identified as

buzzards (?). Personally, I didn't look up in case they were circling over us to some purpose. And then there was the 8K of road construction, just south of Eureka, which slowed our pace to a leisurely crawl sometime around 2:30am and about 30K from the finish. Other than this, nothing untoward. Oh . . . except the stars."

"The stars?"

"Right. When we were between Olney and Stryker. I don't think I've ever seen so many stars. They were so thick in the sky, you could have walked on them. And two more good things: at the end of the ride my son Keir was waiting at the border for us with the van, so there was no necessity to phone and wait an hour for a ride home; and secondly, I cycled to work on Monday morning and didn't have to take a pillow to sit on as I did last year."

"This is all well and good, but you haven't really answered my original question."

"I know."

## RAMROD'S TRAINING RIDE

SUNDAY, JULY 19

Meet Barry Monaghan at 8am at the Highway Department Building - North end of the Lions Gate Bridge.

The ride will take in Cypress, Grouse, and Mt Seymour. Call Barry at 879-9048 for details and to let him know how many are going.

## VANCOUVER (BLUB, BLUB) 600

(by Mike Hagen)

At 5:45 am, Saturday June 13, eight hardy (or foolhardy) randonneurs gathered with their machines at the Denny's on Broadway for the Vancouver 600km randonnee. It was raining. It was to rain for 15 and a half hours, until 9:30pm, time enough for Keith and Gary Fraser to get to 400km, and for the remaining trio of me, Anna, and Manfred Kuchenmuller to get to Sultan and the motel room where we had a break. Three others abandoned at Sedro Woolley, partly due to the unrelenting rain. Reportedly, Duhane said, "I'd rather ride my exercise bike in the shower, then I could turn it off and quit when I wanted to. Let's go home."

Keith, Gary, Anna, Duhane, Selena, and I had got to the Aldergrove control together. There we split into three pairs, Anna and I being the last off as I fixed a tire that was going soft. We shortly caught Duhane and Selena, as it was Duhane's turn to fix a flat. Keith and Gary weren't seen again until past Marysville where they were on their way back. They eventually finished in something over 25 hours.

Riding in the rain wasn't that bad once you got used to it. And Lord knows we had enough time to get used to it. Besides, there were good things about the ride . . . hot drinks and sympathy from Pat Weingartner, and Jim and Faye Lee at the Sedro Woolley control . . . early blackberries near Acme found during some business in the bushes . . . hot chocolate in Darrington . . . the way the water squirted from my gloves when I squeezed . . .

Things almost turned tragic on a lonely stretch of road half way from Darrington to Arlington. A GMC Tracker sped by us at the top of a right-curving hill. We watched in horror as he drifted across the center line, fishtailed, almost got it back, and then lost it. The truck caught the left shoulder, hit the bank, flipped around, and literally catapulted the driver completely across the road to the right-side shoulder. It was unreal to see this guy flying through the air like some rag doll, bouncing and flopping onto the gravel. Miraculously, he suffered no more than superficial injuries, and had staggered to his feet within a minute, in spite of our pleas for him to stay down, and stay still. A small crowd gathered, with fire, police, and ambulance there within ten minutes. We left our names as we were the only witnesses and were on our way again after a half hour.

At the Marysville exit from the I-5, while the rain had mercifully paused for a short time, I had another flat. It fixed, we went on the next kilometer into the control at Marysville. It was there that Manfred caught up to us, having soloed from Sedro Woolley where Ernie had abandoned. We were to spend the rest of the ride together. (Manfred said later that he had had some trepidation about riding with me and Anna, but on Sunday, I wasn't getting enough food, Anna had a sore butt, and Manfred was doing all the pulling, and he loved it too!)

We finally reached the Sultan control at 9:40pm, 344km into the ride. It was raining. Pat and Ernie had a nice warm, dry room booked, with nice warm food, and with promise of nice warm showers and nice warm beds. It wasn't hard to resist - we made no attempt to do so. We took a break, agreeing on a 2:30am wake-up call.

On our way again at 3:00am, it was dark, but the moon was out and stars could be seen between the clouds. A nicer day appeared to be assured. We were in no hurry, and stopped at Monroe so Manfred could plug in his walkman, stopped at Marysville so Manfred could oil his chain, stopped in Mt. Vernon for breakfast, and took long stops in Bellingham and Mission.

I have never been so hungry during a randonnee. Perhaps the relatively easy pace meant that blood was not shuttled away from my stomach to my legs, my digestive tract did not shrink to the bare necessity as usual, and my stomach had the luxury of sending pangs, "feed me . . . feed me." Maybe. All I know is that I ate more than I normally would, and it didn't help. At least I didn't gain three pounds like Anna did.

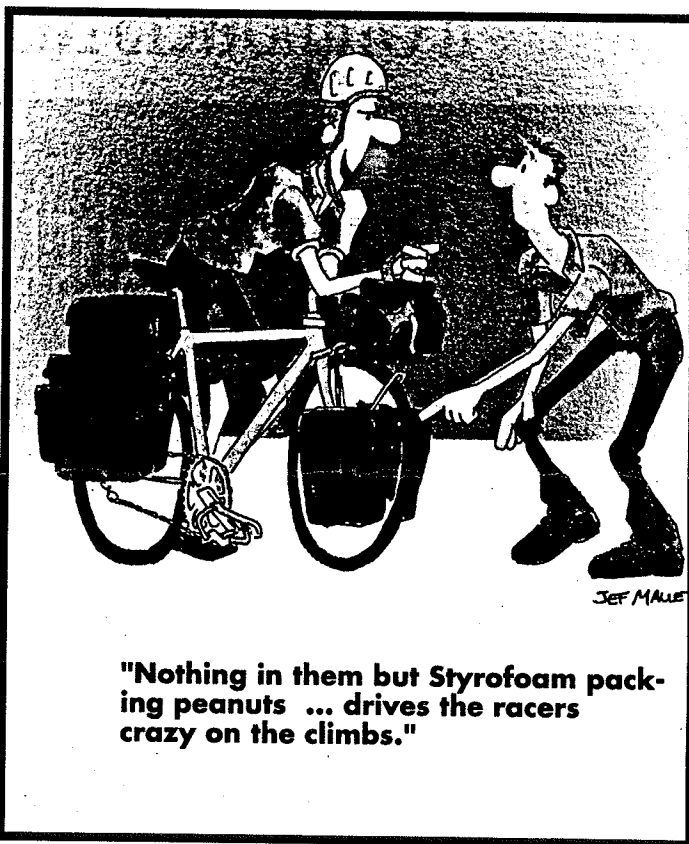
At Mission, I dug out my gauge and put the full 120lbs into my rear tire, the tube apparently having a very slow leak. On starting out, I could feel an ominous thumping. The sidewall was deteriorating, and the bead was separating, though not enough for the tube to protrude. I decided it would hold until the finish, and so it did. We had a headwind the last 60km from Mission, but it was a nice day, the sun was warm, no complaints.

The finish! That is what is so good about this sport. It feels so good when you stop. And I don't have to look at

a banana for another week! You unfortunate souls who skipped the ride on account of inclement weather (wimps), missed out on a homecoming feast (pizza, pizza, and more pizza), and missed out on bragging rights. We'll be milking this one for years!

The aftermath: having cleaned the dirt off the old Trek, I see that it is not standing up to the randonneur rigors as well as I am. Anna and I are planning to do the Island 300 on the 27th of June. That will bring me to 3000km, two series, though the second 600 is actually two 300's.

The front tire I started with, bit the dust during the Fraser Valley 300 when my front fender disintegrated and took chunks of rubber out of it. My rear tire is getting deep-sixed next weekend. My rear light burned out. No matter, I'm mounting a Vista Lite - no one follows me at night anyhow. My rear derailleur tickles the spokes in low gear, a spoke is broken on my rear wheel, my cleat is broken - but worst of all, I have tape-gap on my handlebars! Thank God I have a weekend off, coming up. Time to visit my favourite bike shop, buy a load of parts and stimulate the economy. All you suckers riding the Island 1000 next weekend, eat your hearts out!



**"Nothing in them but Styrofoam packing peanuts ... drives the racers crazy on the climbs."**



BICYCLING ASSOCIATION OF B.C. -- 1992 RANDONNEUR REPORT (to Jun 28/92)

RIDER	(Days)	(Eves)	200 KM	Rt	300 KM	Rt	400 KM	Rt	600 KM	Rt	1000 KM	Rt	Fleche	Longest
Allis, Linda		873-3463	11:05	FV										0200/9204
Arcott, Deirdre		325-2954	8:18	FV	16:18	NK	21:10	VI					368km-BW	1200/9108
+ Arcott, Deirdre		-	12:19	KA										
Atkins, Tom	-206-												557km-BD	0557/9204
Aulakh, Paul		581-4477	11:20	VA										0200/9204
Barnett, Clifford					18:58	NK								0300/9205
Batisse, Norman	426-6365	489-2884	10:05	VA	17:40	NK	23:50	VA	36:24	VA				0600/9206
Bentall, Barney		986-0008	6:30	FV										0600/8606
Berg, Linda	666-3283	327-0584	9:39	FV										0200/9204
Bisaro, Gordon	683-9621	263-4646	8:19	VA	12:40	FV	20:02	FV					462km-UN	1200/9108
Bjorklund, Erik	689-3278	734-7270	9:50	VA										0200/9004
Blair, Richard	374-3161	376-4071	8:54	FV	16:07	NK								0600/9006
Bodkin, Lori	853-4221	859-6173	13:13	VA	DNF	VA								0200/9204
Bonga, Anna	875-4796	420-9509	8:09	FV	13:45	NK	15:50	VA	34:26	VA			368km-SS	0600/9206
Bonner, Ken	387-4499	598-4135	7:08	VI	11:18	VI	16:31	VI	25:34	VI	43:47	VI	415km-IS	1200/9108
Boonstra, Bob		828-2869	8:21	FV	16:18	NK							403km-RT	1200/8708
+ Boonstra, Bob			12:19	KA										
Brain, Geoff	-206-													
Bridge, Harold	942-5223	941-3448	11:02	FV	16:25	FV	25:00	VA					557km-BD	0600/9106
+ Bridge, Harold					18:58	NK								1200/9108
Brodie, Norm	590-7468	522-6726	8:54	FV	14:00	FV	25:00	VA					368km-P5	1200/9108
Buzzee, David			8:12	FV	12:55	FV								1200/9108
Cambon, David	736-9112	732-7153											462km-UN	1200/9108
Cave, Jim	684-8081	987-8262	8:47	FV										0506/9105
Chapman, Josephine		727-2684	10:16	VI										0200/9204
Charnock, David	433-7549	433-7549	12:19	FV	18:13	FV	26:48	FV			59:37	VI	403km-RT	1200/9108
Charnock, Judy		433-7549	12:19	FV	18:13	FV	26:48	FV						0400/9206
Cho, Doug	660-0500	942-0300	9:39	FV	14:46	FV	23:30	FV						0400/9206
Cook, Gord		594-4644	8:09	FV	13:45	NK	17:00	FV			59:20	VI	403km-RT	1200/9108
Dalton, Tom		270-8864	10:15	VA										0200/9204
Driver, Arn	527-5010	594-4974	11:05	FV	14:50	FV							368km-P5	1000/8907
Duke, John		589-9092	9:33	FV										0200/9204
Duncan, Bill	469-8816	939-1214	8:54	FV	15:56	VA								0300/9205
Elmitt, Garry		737-7441	8:45	VI										0600/8506
Enzweiler, John	-206-	861-1766	8:30	VI										0200/9204
Evans, Andy	736-3203	736-3831	8:09	FV	12:54	VA	18:07	FV						0600/9106
+ Evans, Andy			9:37	VA										
Faris, Ian	666-2328	438-4022	9:20	FV	17:11	VA	22:20	FV						0400/9206
+ Faris, Ian			9:45	VA	14:15	FV								
Faubert, Steve		748-0443	9:27	VI										0200/9204
Fergusson, Eric		266-8202	10:00	VA	13:37	VA								0300/9205
Fong, Steven	657-8555	436-3369	9:58	VA										0200/9204
Fraser, Gary		980-0928	6:30	FV	10:20	FV	14:47	VA	25:14	VA				0600/9206
+ Fraser, Gary			7:15	VA										
Fraser, Keith	732-2078	731-8834	6:30	FV	10:20	FV	14:47	VA	25:14	VA				1200/9108
+ Fraser, Keith			7:03	VA										
Gallagher, June		942-3235	10:51	FV										0600/8807
Green, Cliff	438-6371	420-7577											381km-LM	0381/9204
Hacker, Chris	261-8164	733-7501	8:15	FV	13:37	VA							381km-LM	1200/9108
Hagen, Mike		420-9509	7:24	FV	12:26	VA	15:43	FV	34:26	VA				0600/9206
+ Hagen, Mike			7:05	VA	10:20	FV	14:47	VA						
+ Hagen, Mike					13:45	NK								
Hainer, Bruce		298-7060					19:55	VA			59:20	VI	403km-RT	1000/9206
Hinde, Carol	363-3710	246-2097	9:42	VI	16:18	NK	21:10	VI					368km-SS	1200/9108
Hinde, Stephen	246-6181	246-2097	9:27	VI	16:18	NK							415km-IS	1200/9108
Hippe, Rich	-206-												557km-BD	0557/9204
Hoover, Irvin	832-1924		12:19	KA										0200/9205
Irving, Todd		753-1734	10:42	VI										0200/9204
Jamieson, John		376-5147	12:19	KA										0400/8806
Johnston, David	291-5055	521-2628	8:18	FV										1200/8708
Kilburn, Brad		271-4952	8:09	FV	12:55	FV	18:52	FV						0400/9206
Kingsbury, John	-206-	527-1935	8:19	VA										0200/9204
Klingner, Antonia		469-0322	9:27	VI										0200/9204
Kuchemuller, Manfred	736-3664	253-4858	8:57	FV	13:04	VA	18:52	FV	34:26	VA	59:20	VI	403km-RT	1200/9108

RIDER	(Days)	(Eves)	200 KM	Rt	300 KM	Rt	400 KM	Rt	600 KM	Rt	1000 KM	Rt	Fleche	Longest
+ Kuchenmuller, Manfr					14:27	FV								
+ Kuchenmuller, Manfr					16:55	NK								
Lai, Walter	324-8889	879-1521	10:00	VA										0200/9204
Lam, Duhane		737-1835	9:43	VA	13:50	VA	18:50	VA	DNF	VA			368km-SS	0400/9205
Lam, Selena		737-1835	9:43	VA	13:50	VA	18:50	VA	DNF	VA				0600/9106
Lapointe, Michael	684-8081	327-0584	9:39	FV										0200/9204
Lapp, Ralph	384-4121	595-5881	7:08	VI									415km-IS	1200/9108
Larche, Tony		478-3091	10:27	VI	14:21	VI								0300/9204
Lawrence, Thomas	-206-	789-9271											368km-U1	1200/9108
LePage, Bob		325-2954	12:19	KA										0300/8805
Lysne, Peter	879-5711	589-2209	10:24	FV	15:56	VA	24:43	VA						0600/8007
Martinick, Garry	461-1411	437-5454	11:05	FV									368km-P5	0600/8906
McGuire, Dan	293-8478	942-3235	10:51	FV	14:00	FV								1200/8708
McKenzie, Bruce	663-6380	572-0803	9:33	FV										0200/9204
McPoland, Kathleen	-206-	463-2820					23:03	FV					373km-RH	1200/9108
McPoland, Richard	-206-	463-2820					23:05	FV					373km-RH	1200/9108
Minter, Paul			8:02	VA										0200/9204
Monaghan, Barry	-	879-9048	8:40	VI									462km-UN	1200/9108
Moreau, Margaret		253-4858	8:57	FV	14:27	FV								0300/9205
+ Moreau, Margaret					16:55	NK								
Morrison, Judy		879-3661											368km-BW	0600/9106
Morton, David	689-3334	926-4633	7:16	VA										0600/8607
Nadin, Eric	Alberta				13:47	NK								1200/9108
Neifer, Roy	877-6000	534-2407	9:23	FV										0200/9104
Northrop, Al		853-8678	8:02	VA	DNF	VA								0600/8906
Oechsler, Peter		540-9635	10:10	FV	18:32	VA								0600/8807
Orser, Marion	737-6334	737-8483	11:50	VI	17:11	VA							368km-BW	0600/9106
Philcox, Nigel	722-2831	722-2329	8:38	VI			18:17	VI					415km-IS	1200/9108
Pollock, Tim		939-8166	13:12	VA	19:09	FV								0400/9105
Prefontaine, Real	853-7464	853-9594	9:16	FV	14:40	FV	23:58	VA						0400/9205
Pringle, Les		465-5483	10:12	VA										0300/9105
Pulfrey, David	822-3876	263-6780	6:57	FV	12:54	VA								0300/9205
Robb, Ron	-206-	633-2238					23:05	FV					373km-RH	1200/9108
Rodden, Pat	-206-	568-8714											368km-U1	1200/9108
Scott, Randy		474-2197	7:36	VI										0300/9004
Sharkey, Jack		253-8873	11:10	FV										0400/8806
Shelbourn, John	756-7016	758-81KE	12:14	VI	18:19	VI								0400/9105
Siudut, George	591-4449	589-5242	8:54	FV										0600/9106
Smith, Karen		873-3397												368km-BW
Sneed, Gil	-206-	825-1604												0600/9106
Solski, Rose	372-1309													557km-BD
Springle, Glen	942-5223	944-7715	8:54	FV	14:15	FV								368km-SS
Stary, Peter	873-7335	291-2621	8:47	VI	11:24	FV	15:50	VA						0300/9205
+ Stary, Peter			6:57	FV										462km-UN
Thornton, Mike L.	-206-	863-7730	8:54	FV	16:25	FV								0600/8406
Towe, Alan	758-9916	758-9916	9:42	VI										0200/8805
Ungar, Cliff		941-3486	8:54	FV	16:07	VA								0600/9106
Vallance, Jimmy	423-4471	423-6473	10:05	VA	17:40	NK	23:50	VA	36:24	VA				0600/9206
Wagner, John	-206-													368km-U1
Walford, Alan		731-0703	10:13	VA										0368/9204
Wallace, Bill	266-5433	732-3004			13:37	VA								0200/9204
Wasik, Larry	664-4246	299-6115	12:50	VA	17:11	VA	22:20	FV						0300/9205
Weingartner, Ernst		589-4572	9:14	FV	13:15	FV			DNF	VA				0400/9206
Weir, Robert	876-5501	734-8363	8:15	FV										0600/9106
Wintjes, Mark	822-9000	736-1596	9:22	VA										381km-LM
Yancey, Dan	-	465-8595	8:14	FV										1000/9008
														0300/9105

(STARTERS) 99 58 32 11 5 37  
(FINISHERS=Men+Women) (96=82+14) (56=48+8) (32=26+6) (8=7+1) (5=5+0) (37=28+9)

SUPER RANDONNEURS to date: 8. This report includes reports received to Jun 28/92. 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. Report by Gerry Pareja (874-5229).