

B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling



Founding Member 1983

The Newsletter of the BABC Randonneur Committee
November-December 1992 (Issue #1)

1993 EXECUTIVE

Chair:

Manfred Kuchenmuller 253-4858
2205 Parker St. Vancouver, B.C. V5L 2L8

Vice Chair:

Judy Morrison (Vancouver) 879-3661

Secretary:

Gordon Cook (Surrey) 594-4644

Treasurer:

✓ Peter Lysne (North Vancouver) 980-6231

ACP Liaison, VP Brevets Randonneur Mondiaux:

✓ Gerry Pareja (Vancouver) 874-5229

Newsletter Editor:

✓ Barbara Lepsoe (Vancouver) 876-5228

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Interior Route Coordinator:

Bob Boonstra (Kamloops) 828-2869

Vancouver Island Route Coordinator:

Stephen Hinde (Chemainus) 246-2097

Fraser Valley Route Coordinator &

Fleche Pacifique Coordinator:

✓ Harold Bridge (Port Coquitlam) 941-3448

Vancouver Route Coordinator:

✓ Norm Brodie (New Westminster) 522-6726

Policy Manual:

Dan McGuire (Port Coquitlam) 942-3235

Route Archivist:

Carol Hinde (Chemainus) 246-2097

Lower Mainland Brevet Coordinators:

Pacific Populaire -

Judy Morrison (Vancouver) 879-3661

200K -

Ian Faris (Coquitlam) 438-4022

Doug Cho (Coquitlam) 942-0300

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Dave Charnock & Judy Dwyer (Burnaby) 433-7549

600K -

Manfred Kuchenmuller (Vancouver) 253-4858

1000K -

✓ Stephen Hinde (Chemainus) 246-2097

✓ Ted Milner (Burnaby) 421-0371

FROM THE CHAIR

(Stephen Hinde)

The 1992 season is now over, but there is still a lot going on. As you can see, a new executive has been selected, and dates for next season's rides have been set. I would like to thank everyone who helped make the rides successful, especially my fellow executive.

In 1992, the wheels were put in motion to set up the Randonneurs as a separate sector within the BABC. This move has been taken to raise the profile of Randonneuring in B.C. A motion to proceed with this course was passed at the Bedford House AGM, and a motion was proposed but tabled at the BABC's AGM, as this requires a bylaw change. A full motion will be presented prior to the 1993 AGM.

The other change you may see in 1993 is that there are no longer a Fraser Valley and a Vancouver series of rides, but rather, two consecutive Lower Mainland series. This change was made to provide rides later in the season. Hopefully this will attract people who are not quite ready to tackle a long ride in April.

As always, all these events only happen with a lot of hard work. If you are not already involved, please contact an executive member and ask how YOU can contribute. Remember, "many hands make light work."

Best wishes to the 1993 executive, and merry Christmas to everyone.

RANDONNEUR PROPOSAL TO THE BABC

(Dan McGuire)

A proposal has been made for the Randonneurs to become a full sector of the Bicycling Association of B.C.

We're hoping to improve the operation of the Randonneurs and our status within the Bicycling Association. The BABC currently comprises four sectors: Racing; Off-road; Education; and Recreation and Transportation. The Randonneurs are currently operating as a committee of Recreation and Transportation (R & T).

We believe there would be benefits to us also being a sector and participating in BABC activities at the Board of Directors level. We think there would be: better communication and understanding with the other sectors, and with the administration of the BABC; better recognition at Provincial and National cycling discussions; and better positioning to discuss the possibility of a national Randonneuring

organization.

The current association with the R & T sector is amiable but does not substantially benefit either party; Randonneur activities are of a different nature to the main activities and interests of R & T, and contacts are mainly formalities. There doesn't seem to be any disadvantage to separation from R & T.

So, we gave notice at the AGM of the BABC of our application for full sector status. Over the next year we'll be working on matters pertaining to acceptance and organization of the Randonneurs as a full sector, for ratification at the 1993 Annual General Meeting of the BABC.

If you have comments, ideas, or would like to help with this work, please call Dan McGuire at 942-3235.

EDITORIAL

(Barbara Lepsoe)

It's newsletter time, and you've got me for another term! Thank you everyone for sending me such great reading material - can't tell you how much I've appreciated all the articles sent to me. If you'll continue to feed me with your literary works of art, I'll continue to pump out the newsletters. I also appreciate your compliments, but I need your suggestions, criticism, etc., as well. Some people have requested a gossip column, but it's hard enough as it is to stay away from gossip, so I hesitate to spread it - I could get into a bit of strife if I spread stories like the one about all the relationships, for example, that were formed over the last few years, especially this last one!

Congratulations to Mike Hagen for having his design chosen as the 1993 Randonneur Logo.

The Social is planned for March 13th, 1993, at the Anza Club. Start thinking about how you are going to entertain us and let Dan McGuire or Manfred Kuchenmuller know. We've had some great slide shows, skits, poems, etc., in the past. For those new to Randonneuring, our Social is a great way to meet new people, and to find out what we're all about. The date for this event will be confirmed in January's newsletter.

Send your articles to me at:

4720 Quebec Street

Vancouver, B.C.

V5V 3M1 (604) 876-5228

Or fax me in care of Cycling B.C. (604) 738-7175

"YOU'RE GOING WHERE?"

Looking Back at the 1992 Randonneur Season

(Mike Hagen)

The Randonneur AGM and ride was earlier today with a good turnout at the Bedford House in Fort Langley. Had a wonderful time, but it's kind of sad to think that it'll be four or five months before seeing most of you people again, and riding these long rides again. Though "long" doesn't really describe it, does it?

Barb wasn't there but I know she'll be happy to get something for the newsletter. Enough people* complimented me on my earlier efforts so I'm encouraged to write again. (*One or two)

Has anybody ever asked you what you think about when you're riding? This year I covered 4,200 kilometres in 11 randonnees, taking 196 hours. That's over eight days, right? Well, sure enough, somebody asked, and I couldn't think of anything to say except the hoary old standby: "same thing as when I'm not riding." How do you explain what you think about? ... is it time for another banana ... hey, look at the birds! ... am I drinking enough ... when's it going to stop raining ... should I pee now or wait for the next control ... etc ... etc ... Profound stuff like that. Well, what do YOU think about?

As the summer wore on, and the rides got longer, I became increasingly more reluctant to tell friends and acquaintances how far I was riding. You know how it goes:

"So, Mike, any plans for the weekend?"

"Yeah, going for a bit of a ride."

"Oh? Where're you going?"

Well, on Friday we're riding up to Port Hardy, and on Saturday we're riding back to Nanaimo."

"You're going where?"

Yeah, then on Sunday ... oh, never mind."

Like we're strange or something. How do you respond to someone who finds out about your randonneuring, and asks, "WHY do you DO this?"

There are several approaches:

(1) A shrug and a sheepish look.
(2) The self-depreciative approach - "Well, you see, I had minor surgery a while back ... they removed my brain."

(3) The fanatic approach - grab the questioner by the lapels and say "POTENTIAL!" Then, with a fevered gleam in your eye, explain, "the line between success and failure is very fine, and it draws our current limitations! Without knowing our limitations, we cannot know our potential! When we find our limitations, we must make the adjustments, adapt, try again - only this way will we discover

our ultimate capabilities!" (I actually know someone like this, but he was talking about Ironman triathlons.)

(4) But in the final analysis, it's fun. It's addictive and just keeps drawing us back for more. It fulfills some need. Maybe you can think about this on your rides next year.

Even if it rains. Though, out of my 4,200 randonnee kilometres I got rained on for only 700. Problem is, they were all Vancouver rides, and most of it was during the 600. Actually, I don't really think it rained THAT hard. I was saying to Anna:

"You know, it didn't really rain that hard in the 600."

"Mike, it was pouring."

"Like, where that guy had the accident and we were standing around, it wasn't really raining that hard."

"Mike! It was POURING!"

"Oh, okay."

I read Jimmy Vallance's great account of the 600 he did with Norm Batisse. Sounds like it rained a bit then too. I can understand the shaking uncontrollably bit, having been through the same thing at the Rosedale control of the Vancouver 300. Mind you, fixing two flats in pouring rain doesn't do a heck of a lot for the core temperature. There I was, huddled under a blanket in the Lee's van, thankful for the hot drink Faye had handed me, wondering what it was, it was so energetic it was jumping out of the cup.

When I read Gord Cook's account of his 1000 and the "light rain shower . . . first rain I have ridden in this year," I'm thinking, "right, Gord, break out the sun hat and the SPF 30, but weren't you bored? Where's the variety?"

Then there is the other extreme. Sunny. Sunny and HOT. Like the Nelson 300, the Vancouver 400, the Fraser Valley 400 to Manning Park, the 1000s. In fact, the weather this year was generally good and that meant more rides than usual were sunny and hot. Right, Gord?

The other unusual thing about the weather this year was the winds, or rather, the direction of the wind early on. During the Fraser Valley 200 and 300, the wind was at our backs once we were west-bound on the Lougheed Highway. It's nice to get blown back to the finish rather than fight into that familiar headwind.

By the Fraser Valley 400, though, things were back to normal - unfortunately. Now, I like hills. I figure the climbing just sets up the downhill, and I love going downhill fast. But for the second year in a row the long climb up to Allison Pass went to waste due to headwinds on the way back.

Speaking of hills, Stephen Hinde is a genius for finding hills for the Island routes. There were over 2,800

metres of climbing on the Island 300 - almost as much as the Nelson 300. The 200 had hills, and the 1000 . . . you think the Malahat is a hill? Try going north of Campbell River. And I still have fond memories of the 17% grade encountered on the way back from Tofino during last year's Island 600.

I rode over 1000 kilometres with Stephen this year, and I am forced to admit - he descends faster than I do. Then, on the first descent on 264th during the AGM ride, Ralph Lapp streaks by me. Later, I make some discreet enquiries:

"Stephen, does Ralph descend faster than you?"

"Oh yes, he's a madman on the hills."

Fine. It must be all the practice.

This year was a great bungee cord year for me. Perhaps you've seen abandoned bungee cords at the side of the road in years past. This year, you didn't see any. That's because I'm usually ahead of you and this year I stopped and picked them up. If anybody needs a bungee cord, I have plenty!

THE GASTROBIKE

(David Pulfrey)

Le Raid Pyreneen is, I believe, a blinkered thrash along the spine of the Pyrenees, with the necessary quest for speed guaranteeing malnutrition and hairy, night-time descents. But there is an alternate way of cycling among these majestic mountain passes. A way which allows one time to appreciate the splendour of the scenery and to savour the gastronomic delights of France. So closely linked are the exertion in the saddle and the revitalisation at the table that I will go so far as to coin a term for this appealing activity - Gastrobiking!

Roger and I were planning to dip our rear wheels into the Atlantic at St. Jean de Luz, but the blustery weather of July 5th, 1992 deterred us from carrying our bikes across the wet sand. Instead, a photograph from the promenade of two brightly-dressed 47 year-olds had to suffice. So began the 14km prologue to our trip. Twenty minutes later we were on our first col, grand title as it was only 169 metres high. It did, however, signify the beginning of the climb away from the coast towards the peaks, and it led us into Sare in plenty of time to study the restaurant menus and to decide where to eat. The Hotel Arrazy, opposite the Hotel de la Poste in which we were staying, gained our favour because it boasted a plate of beef kidneys and had a good selection of irouleguy, the local red wine.

Next day, a perfunctory nod from the Customs official saw us into Spain and the first real col, the 692m Col d'Ispeguy. We chugged up it to encouraging shouts from the cheering crowds who had just witnessed the slightly-faster passage of the peloton in the second stage of the Tour de France. Being Basque Country, exhortative signs to "Uppe Miguel" were everywhere. Support even extended to the

local nuns, proudly returning to their convents carrying Coca-Cola bags and Z hats. The first of many leisurely cheese and baguette lunches whetted our appetites for the rustic Col d'Aphinaze. In the mist and rain, at the 1035m summit of the narrow, hors-de-categorie road, barely wide enough for an intrepid cyclist to pass ferociously-horned cows and their unpredictable calves, I waited anxiously for Roger. This was his first experience of the Pyrenees and I did not want him to be intimidated at such an early stage. Shivering and thinking of supper, I was glad of the news from a lady in a passing VW Bug that he was not far behind; at least that was how I deciphered her barely-understandable accent. When Roger serenely emerged from the mist, I expressed my concern for him and recounted my conversation with the motorist. His reply was to launch into a cheery story about someone he'd once met in Bergerac, who seemingly spoke mediaeval French. And so we coin another term - a bergeracism, namely, a reply so casual and ignorant of the surrounding dire conditions (cold, wet and hunger, in this case), that one is immediately reassured. Our wives were already well into the aperitifs when we arrived at the hotel Pont d'Abense in Abense-de-Haut, after a suitable eventful 115km. To arrive at a hotel in France by bicycle is to arrive at a palace in a golden carriage. Immediately the steeds were safely stabled in a dry garage and interested inquiries were made about the day's route and what we wanted for dinner. We agreed that woodpigeon and a full-bodied Irouleguy, and, later down the menu, Marquise de chocolat with creme anglaise and a heady Jurancon, would be just fine. And so it was.

Over coffee and croissants next morning, the owner showed us pictures of Andy Hampsten, who had stayed there several weeks earlier while preparing for the Tour. He urged us to add the 1035m Col de Marie Blanche to a day already full with Aubisque, Soulor and half of Tourmalet. Anyway, his advice was taken and, as I strained, out-of-the-saddle, in my 39X26 bottom gear, I realised why LeMond had fared so badly there on the previous day. It was the only time on the entire trip that I had real need of such a low gear; 39X23 was otherwise quite adequate. As the descent flattened-out on the other side, I passed through a tiny village square and heard a child shout to his mother "Maman, regarde le dernier coureur!" Being 24 hours behind the riders in the Tour would have made me a poor racer, but to be mistaken for one surely meant that I looked like a pro. The shops were closed for lunch, but a jovial farmer's wife obliged with sheep's cheese and fresh water, so the inexorable Aubisque, which climbs for 16km to its 1709m summit, was approached in the right frame of mind. My only puncture of the trip occurred at the foot of this col, but was no inconvenience as it enabled me to sample fresh bread and honey from a roadside stall. Mist on the top, and more bell-ringing cows in the trough between Aubisque and the Col de Soulor (1474m), before a swooping descent to just before Luz St. Saveur, and the start of Tourmalet's 24km approach. Fortunately, our plans called for a stop half-way up at Bareges. 133km and three and a half

cols is, after all, quite enough for one day. The Hotel Richelieu has deep baths in the rooms and is doubly-blessed as it resides in the heart of Madiran country. With wine of such character so bountiful, it dominates my memory of that evening's meal, but I do also recollect a wholesome vegetable soup (garbure) and a tender faux filet.

Misty yet again in the morning, but still easily combatted by adding only arm warmers to my regular summer apparel. On climbing Tourmalet one feels as though one is ascending slowly to heaven, doing a bit of honest penance on the way. 12km at a grade of 9 - 10% took 73 minutes - worthy of an espresso at the 2115m summit in the fabled cafe, with its walls lined with photos of many historic passages of the Tour. Outside, on the craggy peak, the ethereal mist swirled about this Valhalla of cyclists. Cold hands, tiring of applying the brakes on the initially steep and tortuous descent, got some respite as the last 10km of downhill became an exhilarating, free-running sleigh ride into Ste. Marie de Campan. One hardly seemed to need to pedal again before commencing the wooded climb to Aspin's benign and pastoral peak at 1488m. The 14km descent to Arreau is a delight, with the straights between the hairpins offering stunning views of the Louron valley. Arreau itself will always be remembered for the coconut buns which Roger bought to fortify us for Peyresourde. The steady climb to this col's 1563m summit was punctuated by the arrival of Eileen and Nan, and some amusing photo-taking as my wife experimented with the multiple-exposure setting. We were climbing so sedately that the result was like a too slowly-flipped cartoon. We all enjoyed a second lunch on the summit, and were entertained by a French cyclist being towelled by his wife, who then rummaged in her car and produced a clean, dry shirt for her erstwhile-sweaty beau. No such luxuries for us. If the markets, cafes, cathedrals, chateaux and mountain walks allowed, we might meet up with our ladies en route; if not, it would be at the hotel at day's end. Some loose gravel, masquerading as road maintenance, made for a cautious first 5km of descent, but the remaining 10km was a sheer delight as we zipped through ancient villages, throwing a knee to the right, then to the left, playing it up a bit lest any aged crone be pecking through the shutters. And so, after 88km, to Luchon in time for a promenade through this bustling spa town, and a boulevard beer or two before doing justice to the fare at the Hotel de Deux Nations: salade de gesiers, cassoulet de calamar, lamb cutlets, complemented first by a Jurancon Sec of pristine freshness, then a more soporific Madiran. Oh, I forgot - capped by profiteroles in hot chocolate sauce.

We wheeled the bikes out of the garage into full sunshine and barely felt the climb to the 797m peak of the Col des Ares, before settling down to the serious stint of the day - the 1069m Col de Portet d'Aspet. As we were emptying our back pockets of cheese and bread at the summit, the ladies arrived, the rug was spread out among the alpine flowers and snack became feast. Again some entertainment, this time in the form of two vans bearing signs of a counter-directional

Pyrenean traverse by a team of relay runners. The vans disgorged the recuperating members of the team, just in time for them to exhort Phillipe to new heights as he passed over the col. Then it was back into the vans to speed ahead to the next change-over place. They were attempting the trip in six days, one fewer than us - but who has ever heard of gastrorunning? The 31km descent to St. Girons became an idyllic glide through fields of amber sunshine. We started to realise that the domain of the spartan mountain gods was now being left behind, and was yielding to a more gentle spirit. The day's ride of 117km finished with a barely-perceptible uphill of 35km, along the river Garbet. The serenity of the pastoral scene just managed to stop one dwelling too much on the reasons behind the large number of derelict farms and houses in this peaceful valley. Soon the bikes were in another garage, this one belonging to the Hotel de France at Aulus-les-Bains. The other guests here were families from Northern France, bent on taking the local waters at the restored baths. The hotel catered for them with a no-choice menu which imposed no restriction because it had everything! I recall enormous helpings of vegetable soup, macaroni cheese and a plateful of roti de boeuf so tender that they melted in ones mouth. The wine was no-choice also, and served with an unceremonious slapping of the bottle on the table. It was a robust house-red, well-suited to our hearty conviviality.

Being rather far from anywhere, Aulus' solution to the left-over bread problem was to toast it for breakfast, and very good it was too with raspberry jam and coffee. We lunched in the garage with the bikes and a family of hens, while waiting for the rain to cease. It didn't, so my son Simon, who'd cycled over the 1569m Col d'Agnes earlier in the day to join us, repeated the inverse trip and got another cold soaking. In the dip between Agnes and the 1517m Port de Massat there's a little cafe by a lake. More coffee there, and a little pizza, raised my temperature a bit, as we chuckled over the sight of the proprietor at his telescope, making sure that his clients on the stocked lake did not exceed their quota of fish. Out into the wind and rain again, with the bleak pastures reminding us that we were, after all, still in the lap of the mountain gods. The rain eased a bit on the short portion of Route Nationale which had to be endured for the run into Ax-les-Thermes, so bringing the trip's shortest, and wettest, day to a close after 66km. The dinner at le Castelet was the most expensive we had. The rabbit was succulent and went well with our final Madiran, but the trout amandine was drowned in sauce and the rather pretentious ambience will ensure that we miss out this hotel next time.

The next day dawned fine and sunny and so, with back pockets sprouting baguettes and bananas, we tackled the 700m climb to the 1431m summit of the Col de Chioula. Simon passed us in his car on his way home to Carcassonne, but he couldn't resist lingering awhile with us at the top, gazing over the immense table-top of the Plateau de Sault which stretched before us. We rolled along on the top of the world, among the fields of poppies and cornflowers, and the ruins of Cathare chateaux. This high pastoral plain is a place

to return to. Eventually it ends as one descends to the river Aude, only to present yet another climb, this one through dappled forest to the 1513m summit of the Col de Jau. Here we enjoyed another fortuitous meeting with our four-wheeled adventuresses, who reported the spotting of a chameleon. We accorded that 150 points on the I-Spy-France scale, judging the sighting to be five times rarer than a shorn sheep with a bell, of which we'd seen quite a few recently. A 19km descent, losing 1000m in altitude, but barely anything in brake linings, saw us wheeling our bikes into the victorian elegance of the Grand Hotel at Moliatg-les-Bains. 100km of memorable riding was relived in the hot water of yet another spa-town bath. Our worship to the gastronomic goddess of this region took place that night at the humble Hotel les Plantanes. We had to rouse the chef from his kitchen to call the maitre d'hotel from his television in order to get some attention. However, when all were duly assembled we, the only diners of the evening, were treated to a veritable feast of cuisine paysanne. The great rings of calamar and the medallions of sheep kidneys re-excite my palate as I write. There was a pitcher of white and several of red-origin unknown - but most efficacious. We bid personal adieu to the chef, and appreciated why his girth was about equal to his height.

We deigned to breakfast on the patio at the Grand Hotel. Each morceau de pain was individually wrapped in a yellow cloth napkin - 16 in all for the four of us! But we weren't doing the laundry. And so began the final day, and how beautiful it was to cycle through the orchards of Roussillon, with peaches and apricots being in abundance at that time. We found a little summit at 695m by the solitary Eglise de Fontcouverte, but, on the whole, it was a gentle descent through the fertile warmth to the Mediterranean, with many a backward glance to try and prolong our idyll. But soon the day's 81km were over and we were among the bustling crowds of Collioure. After celebratory beers at a beach-side cafe, Eileen and Nan embarrassed us a little, and amused the other imbibers a lot, by presenting Roger and me with large, gold-wrapped chocolate medals and decorating us with embroidered badges of a yellow-jerseyed, Eddie Merckx-like figure. I caused further general amusement by stepping daintily among the topless torsos, before standing triumphantly in the Med with my Pinarello held high and grinning like someone who'd just completed the ride of a lifetime.

Back at the Mas de Citronniers, one last surprise from the ladies was a bottle of Blanquette de Limoux, the doyen of sparkling wines. In the evening sunshine we offered toasts to the unrivalled magic and friendship of the 714km trip.

Vive le gastrobike!

25% PRICE INCREASE ON BIKES?

(Doug Cho)

Canadian bicycle manufacturers such as Velosport, Raleigh Canada and C.C.M., among others, have lobbied the federal government to impose a 25% duty on Taiwanese and Chinese-made bicycles effective January 1, 1993. Apparently, certain department stores and chain stores have been importing bicycles from these two countries at prices below what they sell for domestically.

While you and I may not ride such a bike, these childrens' and low-end adult bicycles account for a substantial part of the market. The unfortunate aspect is that this duty will apply equally to the higher-priced bicycles, even though there may not be an equivalent Canadian product (carbon fibre for example).

You may be thinking that if you don't buy a Giant bicycle you will avoid the duty. Not so. Regardless of the nationality of the parent company, much of the frame manufacturing is contracted out to Taiwan and China. Names of some bicycle companies which import their frames from these countries include Bridgestone, Marin, Nishiki and Norco. Others such as Rocky Mountain and Trek will avoid but not escape entirely, the full impact of the duty by doing some of the work on the frame themselves.

To make your view on this subject known to the government, write your local member of parliament or contact:

The Office of the Secretary
The Canadian International Trade Tribunal
365 Laurier Avenue West
Ottawa, Ontario
K1A 0G7
Tel. (613) 990-2452
Fax. (613) 990-2439

1000KM ISLAND STYLE

July 17 - 19, 1992

(Eric Naden, Rocky Mountain Randonneurs)

I left Fort McMurray, Alberta, Wednesday night on the 1600km trek to Vancouver after arranging with Mike Hagen to start the 1000km Vancouver Island ride on Friday morning. While waiting for the ferry at Horseshoe Bay in Vancouver, Anna Bonga and Mike Hagen showed up, so we crossed over to Nanaimo together.

The ferry ride gave us a chance to catch up on things since the Kootenay 300. Also, Anna decided to repair a slow leak in her front tire. A plastic insert used to cover a cut in the tire had worn a small hole in the inner tube. As for Mike, who has ridden his Trek to near destruction, he decided to try his luck one more time with a bottom bracket that was loosening every 20km or so and a broken cleat on his shoe. I began to wonder if the rides weren't challenging enough!

Thursday night was spent at Mike's sister's house in Nanaimo. We cooked up a mess of spaghetti and order-in

pizza for the pre-ride carbo load. Friday morning revealed a perfect day for riding. Stephen Hinde, the fourth rider on the randonnee, pedalled up from Chemainus and around 6:20am we were on our way. The ride out of Nanaimo was like a roller coaster as we set a fast pace over the hillside. The only exception was the numerous railroad tracks which cross the road diagonally. As the day started to warm up it was apparent we would be fighting a headwind.

Around the 65km mark, Mike had to stop to tighten his bottom bracket, so we took a break. A short time later, Stephen had a rear tire blowout. Mike and Anna decided to ride on to a bicycle shop in Courtenay to repair Mike's bottom bracket. Stephen's tire had to be replaced and in the course of forcing the stubborn tire onto the rim, we pinched the tube and had to start over again. We regrouped with Mike and Anna outside the bike shop only to discover that Anna's back tire was flat. A quick tube change and we were off again, or so we thought. On the way out to Courtenay, Stephen got another flat. While fixing the flat, Stephen's wife Carol drove up to help as support. The temperature was now quite hot and the cold melon Carol had brought along hit the spot.

Underway one more time, we travelled the remaining distance to Campbell River without incident but had only covered 153km in 7 1/2 hours. A local convenience store which was being renovated was scavenged for what little food and refreshments they had. The second check point was reached at four in the afternoon near Sayward. The roadside restaurant was the last food stop until Port Hardy, 171kms away. Hot and thirsty, we went through pitchers of water so quickly that I helped the waitress by refilling them myself. Equal amounts of food were consumed before we were ready for the next leg of our journey.

From Sayward, we entered the remote northern end of the island. I quickly learned that Vancouver Island is by no means flat. Sweat poured down my forehead and the salt burned my eyes as we tackled one climb which lasted about 11km. Then it was over picturesque passes and through valleys with names like Adam, Eve, and Nimpkish.

In the early evening as the heat subsided, I developed a slow leak in my back tire. I conveniently hoisted my bike up on a roadside marker pole and fixed the flat in short order. As darkness set in we made our way along to Port McNeil. From a roadside lookout, the twinkling lights of the town could be seen across the bay. We arrived at the hotel in Port Hardy around 1:20am having completed 391km. A shower was followed by a bite to eat, then welcomed sleep.

Day 2 started with Anna running over some glass just outside of Port Hardy. Mike stayed back with Anna to fix the flat, while Stephen and I carried on. Several hours later, Mike and Anna caught up and we rode together for a stretch. The heat and sweat from the day before had made my rear sore and constantly I had to shift in the saddle never really finding a comfortable position.

Since Mike had a hard time riding at night in traffic, he and Anna parted company in order to reach Nanaimo

sooner. So Stephen and I were left behind as Mike and Anna slowly rode away. We were nearing Sayward and as we worked our way up a pass, Stephen pointed to a road-side spring. Splashing the ice cold water on my face was very refreshing. We met Mike, Anna and Carol at the restaurant near Sayward and a repeat performance of the day before rejuvenated us for the next section.

Again Mike and Anna went ahead. At Campbell River both Stephen and I smiled when we passed by Mike and Anna. Anna had yet another flat. The next encounter with Mike and Anna was at Qualicum Beach where Anna had to replace her front tire. Just after midnight we reached Mike's sister's house in Nanaimo and feasted on leftover spaghetti and pizza.

With only 220km to go, we began Day 3 again at 6am. Carol parted company after doing a superb job of support. Rather than follow the Trans-Canada to Victoria we took several side roads. The first side-trip passed Stephen and Carol's town of Chemainus with murals depicting the valley's history on most of the buildings. A stop in Duncan, then on to the Malahat. Rather than climbing the Malahat we took a side road around Shawnigan Lake. The scenery was beautiful and the climb enjoyable. The road emerged near the top of the Malahat. On the steep descent, Anna got her final flat. Tired and hot, it took both of us to pry the tire off the rim. Once the tire was fixed we carried on to Victoria.

By the time we reached Victoria, I was exhausted and needed a meal. Mike wanted to keep going, so Anna, Stephen, and I searched for a restaurant. A full meal helped and we were ready for the final stretch. It was now mid-afternoon, and grinding gears, extreme heat and sweat, best describe the climb up the Malahat. Once at the top, we cruised down past Mill Bay and on to Duncan where we indulged in pop and ice cream bars.

Stephen started to pick up the pace as we neared Chemainus like horses heading for the open barn door. In Chemainus, Carol greeted us and after congratulating Stephen, Anna and I headed for Nanaimo. The late afternoon was pleasant as the mid-day heat subsided. The 34km to Nanaimo went quickly. We both decided to cut across town rather than travel on the busy Trans-Canada highway. Without a map, we stopped every couple of blocks to ask directions. One fellow who had wandered out onto a quiet back street imparted a profound statement (or so it seemed) that "All roads lead to Rome," when we asked for directions. After telling him about our ride, he clarified the remark with a series of lefts then rights. Well, eventually we reached Mike's sister's house some 61 1/2 hours later.

For Mike and Anna, their first successful 1000km randonnee, and for Stephen and I, the Randonneur 5000 award. I would like to thank Carol, Anna, Stephen and Mike for making my first 1000 a most enjoyable ride.

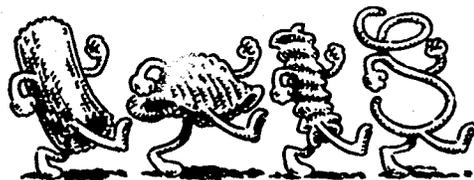
B.C. SENIOR GAMES - 1992 - DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

Some people are easily deterred - not our Harold Bridge! A character-building expedition to Dawson Creek saw Harold frantically arranging for vacation pay, discovering the bus had no room for his two bikes, having to drive the decrepit old truck (recently serviced) up to Dawson Creek, obtaining a new alternator in Prince George, searching for the dormitory at the Games, and missing the opening ceremonies. "Drat" his letter says!

Although the trip must have been trying, Harold returned with a Silver for the 4km hill climb with a time of 10:46. Gold was 10:39 and Bronze was 11:50. Leo Comeau got the Bronze in the 70-74 age group. In the 16km time trial Harold finished with a time of 30:10, or in English parlance "Outside Evens" (20mph), giving him the Gold. "Of course, as we all expected, Angelo blew everyone away with a 26:26", writes Harold. "He is only 10 months younger than me and next year will be in my age category. I believe I was 4th or 5th overall."

Harold's final event was the 54km road race (13.5km circuit). "As we started," Harold writes, "it was evident that someone would have to play 'provocateur', and I went to the front to put the speed up from the 25 kph the others seemed content with, to something in the 32-36kph category. But, I was dropped on the hill the first time and spent much of the second lap catching up. It was then I got involved with the organised system of the Dutchman, Pieter, and Angelo. But, on the third lap, I think, I went to the front and got told to slow down. I pointed out that we were supposed to be racing and that it wasn't a club run. When I got dropped on the hill the third time I didn't try to catch up as I was well ahead of my opposition. I think I finished 7th overall with a time of 1:40:19, about two minutes after the sprint between Angelo and Pieter. It would have been illuminating to have the likes of Dan McGuire, Norm Brodie, and Ron Johnson riding; it would have livened up the race, even if Angelo had still won."

"As well as the awards for the events themselves, there was another set of medals for best overall. I came home with a Silver and three Golds. I have never won anything before except handicap prizes and I suppose given the age category system, these can only be classed as a form of handicap prize."



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BOSTON-MONTEAL-BOSTON

(1200 km)

(Keith Fraser)

Boston was overcast and grey when I arrived on August 18. As I picked up my bike bag, I saw novelist John Updike strolling through Logan Airport. I jumped into a cab for a lift to my hotel and when he heard my plans, the cabbie told me he's an immigrant from "Sean Kelly country" in Ireland.

The retirement of Celtics star Larry Bird is the big news and the Boston Globe has an 18-page insert on him. Alas, nothing in the media on BMB. The weather has improved when I show up for the bike check in the Boston suburb of Newton the next day. Nearly 100 people have signed up, including riders from England, Ireland and France.

It's a bright sunny day when I get to the starting line at Newton South High School on Thursday, the 20th. About 90 riders have already taken advantage of the early start at 4 a.m. (90 hour time limit). Along with nine others, I've chosen the 10 a.m. (84 hour) option.

I meet Montrealer Ted Milner in the parking lot. Our small group is off to a brisk pace, set by Ted. Apparently he helped organize the route some years ago so we fall in line behind him.

By the first checkpoint at Putney (193 km), our lead group is down to four. We pass through the southern part of New Hampshire and over the Connecticut River. Now we're climbing the green, rolling hills of Vermont. Just outside the second checkpoint at Ludlow (273 km), we encounter "Mount Terrible" which has a 10% grade over the final two miles. I grab a quick plate of pasta at the small lodge that serves as the checkpoint. It's cold outside (in the low 40s) and I change into warmer clothing. I join another rider, Mitch Lesack of New Jersey. Ted is ahead, having left the checkpoint early. We can see his rear red light winking at us in the distance. It's a good hour before we catch him at the base of the Middlebury Gap, the ride's biggest ascent. Ted pulls away about 100 metres from the top. Behind me, Mitch suffers from knee pain, gets off his bike, and walks the final 50 metres. I'm not much better off and the two of us rejoin on the descent into checkpoint 3 at Middlebury. (380 kms)

It's about 1 a.m. and dozens of bikes are leaning against the walls of the corridor leading into a local gym. We can hear the snores of 4 a.m. riders sprawled out on gym mats. I wolf down a large plate of cold pasta and cookies and wash it down with fruit juice. Mitch and I continue along more rolling hills, but the steep climbing is over. I'm feeling drowsy. We catch another 10 a.m. starter, Richard Adolf from California. The other two pull away and, as it turns out, I'm on my own for the rest of the ride.

The sun rises at my back as I cycle alongside Lake Champlain. I'm doing a steady tempo but have developed a sore throat and fever. Arriving at Rouses Point, N.Y., (520 km) the two guys immediately ahead have left. Several peanut butter and jam sandwiches later, I'm back on the road

and across the U.S.-Canada border. There's a terrible stretch of road outside Montreal. Pass St. Lawrence River in the suburb of St. Lambert. I suffer my first bad bout of sleep deprivation. Imagining someone is chasing me, I fight it off. My feet are hot and sore so I pour cold water on them at the checkpoint. I reach the halfway point in 24 hours, 30 minutes.

A severe headwind slows me down on the way back to Rouses Point. A steady stream of riders is heading into Quebec. It's very, very hot. I eat a piece of pizza and some potato salad at the Rouses checkpoint, where a staffer tells me 15 have already abandoned, many because of malfunctioning light systems. Back on my bike, my eyelids are drooping and I struggle to stay awake. At one point I nearly go off the road for an unscheduled swim in the cool waters of Lake Champlain. The plan calls for a rest at Middlebury or Ludlow but I'm not sure I'll make it.

My left knee is hurting as the hills begin. Darkness falls and in my imagination (or hallucination) the shadows seem to take on the shapes of people. The longest, hardest stretch is over when I reach Middlebury by 9:30 p.m. Only John Hughes of California (who eventually finished with the fastest time of 52 hours, 35 minutes) has left the checkpoint. The others are asleep. I have a hot shower and as I'm drying off Ted comes into the changeroom. He's had a few hours of sleep and continues with a fellow from Iowa. I get about seven hours of sleep and leave at 5:30 a.m., still groggy but ready for the final push. It takes me an hour to grunt my way up the Middlebury Gap. I'm the only rider at Ludlow. My morale takes a plunge when I get lost for half an hour between the Ludlow and Brattleboro checkpoints. Just before the next checkpoint at Barre (1100 km) I come upon two 4 a.m. riders lying down in the grass for a rest by the side of the road. They look just shattered.

On the last stretch into Boston, I stop often to ensure I'm on course. Some rednecks in a pickup truck drive up beside me and grin like idiots. As I arrive in Newton, a sign on the back of a car parked in the school lot tells me to wake the organizers inside the vehicle or I won't get credit for the ride. Three comatose bodies are lying down inside the car and I knock on the window. They wake up and welcome me in at 2:17 a.m. My time is 64 hours 17 minutes, good for sixth. Ted has done a fantastic ride - 55:15, for second.

A total of 73 riders finish, 27 abandon. Comparisons with Paris-Brest-Paris? Can't make up my mind which is harder. They have about the same amount of climbing - BMB has approx. 31,000 feet. Otherwise it's a tossup.

NOTE: I'm planning to join six cyclists on a transcontinental tour of the U.S. in June. We intend to start at Huntingdon Beach, California and take a southern route across the country to finish on the coast of New Jersey. We'll be averaging 120-130 miles a day for 30 days, with a combination of camping and hosteling. Anyone interested in more details can call me at 737-7850.

“EL ‘N’ BACK”

(Harold Bridge)

Or, to use the official title, “London-Edinburgh-London” is more correctly described by: “Doncaster-Edinburgh-London-Doncaster”. To be very early in the season, the chosen start date is June 12th or 13th, 1993. A letter from Noel Simpson follows in part: “That LEL. The only starting point is Doncaster, South Yorkshire. Otherwise too complicated. Expect 50 - 70 riders this time. We have fixed the date of departure for June 12th or 13th, to finish mid-week, carefully chosen to correspond with the annual York Cycle Rally (run by the CTC), June 18-20., ie, three days to recover, then on to the international cycle meet, with racing, competitions, slide shows and bike equipment exhibition - many bargains in clothing and accessories. Accommodation - hotel, YHA, camping (he forgot to mention the tours that are normally a part of the whole deal).

For the LEL we can accommodate you all here in this area; we have many members. I also forgot - the real enthusiasts (or nuts) can ride a 24 hour “arrow” (surely he means Fleche?) or a 200km Audax to York if they wish and have the energy. York is a beautiful and historic city.”

Further info: At almost 1400kms, the time limit is based upon 12kph minimum. That pans out to about 115 hours. The southern end of the route is being changed from 1989 as they weren't too satisfied with Potters Bar as a turnaround. Much to the consternation of Robert Lepertel, the Brits do not operate a qualifying system and therefore we don't have to have a 600 in our legs before we go (if we go).

Doncaster is 150 miles north of London. Allowing for deviations from the direct, main road route, I suspect the distance to be about 260kms, leaving 440 or so to do from Doncaster to Edinburgh. According to some who have experience of both PBP and LEL the latter is tougher, not only being 150km longer, but the hills at the northern end are quite stiff and frequent.

During the fifties, I did on about four occasions, have a go at the North Road Club's Barnet (North London) to Doncaster and back. 1950: 18 hours 55 minutes for the 300 miles got me the cup that year. The other rider didn't finish! In 1951, I took 17:51 minutes but was about two hours or more slower than the cup winning ride. The other two occasions I didn't finish. But I doubt that LEL uses much of the Great North Road now; it is virtually a freeway. But I don't know the route or the country too well north of Yorkshire. I have toured the northeast but that was in 1960.

As Noel says, York is a beautiful and historic city. The York Run was our usual Easter tour. Straight up to York on Good Friday (300kms). Then we would spend three days touring back through the Peak District of Derbyshire, into Staffordshire to Warwick and back home through the Cotswolds and Chiltern Hills. But the reason for mentioning this was to say I have been to York many times and there is indeed a lot to see. It is worth more than snapshots; some real photography can produce memorable results. Any railway buffs should find the railway museum of interest. I should

like to go. It was built, I think, since I was last there.

As more information about control points, rest facilities and route, terrain, etc., becomes available I will keep you informed.

“It's 10pm in Vancouver, do you know where your bike is?”

TEAMWORK, CREAMSICLES & CHOCOLATE MILK!

(Ken Bonner)

It is 11:00pm, June 20th, 1992. I am sitting behind the steering wheel of my VW Westphalia in downtown Victoria. The traffic light stays red for an eternity, as my fried brain works in slow motion. Pedestrians cross the street laughing and cavorting, as if they are in a different world. My mind is having difficulty coping with adjusting to the real world, instead of the narrow perspective of 44 hours, cranking my bike from Victoria to Port Hardy and return.

Stephen Hinde and Randy Scott had seen me off a lifetime ago, at 3:00 am on Saturday morning. I was “up” for the ride, but it was still lonely when they honked the car horn, and passed by, tail-lights fading into the darkness. Twice on the way to Duncan, Stephen is waiting on the side of the road to record my passing (he must do this every 25 km.). I yell a loud “HI! !” as I am afraid he may have fallen asleep! (o ye of little faith!)

Spinning, feeling strong, . . . it gets light, brighter and I feel euphoric . . . this is going to be a great ride. Maybe I can catch the other Randonneurs who left Nanaimo at 6:00 am . . . how soon? ? . . . by Parksville (I wish!) . . . by myself (in my mind, I hope), I am rudely interrupted by Stephen coming by and informing me that the other riders know I am back here and are working together to put as much distance between themselves and me. Spin, spin, quads are starting to “red-line”, Stephen is back again telling me I am losing ground (I suspect he is telling the others that I am gaining - - oh, how I distrust the Machiavelian mind of the Engineer).

As I cruise through Campbell River, I finally catch the “peloton”; they have stopped to “lunch” at the FOUR STAR MACDONALD'S. Stopping to say “hello”, I actually crave a nice juicy BIG MAC. Instead, I have a gulp of my liquid food and psych myself for “the hill” (for those of you who did the PBP, it is similar to the hill coming out of Brest). At the top, dripping with perspiration, wobbly legs, and sore feet I spot my valiant support team . . . Carol is coming out of the lake after a cool swim, Stephen has been stuffing his mouth from a bottomless bag of fruit and other

goodies (why doesn't he get fat?). Randy, being a fitness addict, has distracted himself from a series of push-ups, to efficiently grab my bike and thrust pop, and other such nutritious goodies into my hand, while Stephen meticulously completes my route card.

Within minutes (quite a few minutes!) I fall onto my bike and leave the support team to their frolics. More hills, and then the headwind starts, I am starving . . . liquid food doesn't do it all. Hooray, there's the support team again . . . I gobble all the food I can find, and as I ride off I have a nagging feeling in my stomach that I should not have pigged out. As I roll into Port Hardy at 10:30pm, I KNOW pigging out was definitely not a good idea. Groan, groan, . . . after an official photograph at the Port Hardy City Hall, I fall into bed, falling asleep just before the alarm goes off. The "crew" follows me out of Port Hardy at 2:00 am; it is the local high school graduation night, and I hope that a following car will prevent a drunk student from hitting me. Stephen comes by and informs me that the "peloton" has just arrived in Port Hardy. We should have co-ordinated better, they could have climbed into the bed I just got out of! !

The crew leaves me by the Nitinat bridge and almost immediately I am back into a head-wind, my slow functioning brain marvels at how I can have a head-wind going into Port Hardy, and then have a head-wind coming back. I nearly "bonk", (should have eaten but my stomach hurt too much). An Exceed Bar to the rescue, and I brighten up in a few minutes . . . I may be brighter, but my speed into the headwind does not improve. At the next checkpoint, I eat a few grapes and take a short nap in the van. On the road again, I spot Randy in my van parked in the middle of the road. The van has broken down? He's had a heart attack? I ride up to the driver's side, and ask him what's up? He tells me he stopped the car so I would go on the other side of it, and not get chased by the bear in the ditch. I waste no time exiting the scene!

Finally, frustrated by the wind and the resulting slow time I am making, I scream down the final hill to Sayward. It is getting incredibly hot, my stomach does not want food, but I know I have to eat . . . Stephen told me so . . . 200 miles ago, he told me I was not getting enough calories, and from that point I have eaten even less. Randy brings out some creamsicles and some chocolate milk . . . it hits the spot, and is my main food on the return trip down the Island.

Generally, the ride down the island from Sayward was smooth, and exhilarating, (an incredible tailwind from Sayward to Nanaimo, and then no wind). However, the 90 degree temperature tempered my enthusiasm somewhat. While I wilted in the saddle, my intrepid crew was cavorting at the beach in Qualicum; however, as in all my mandatory stops, the crew was as efficient as ever, in spite of my fears that I would roll into town with no one to "check" me in.

It is becoming dusk as I struggle up the back-side of the Malahat. As I come around a corner, a welcoming "human wave" of three people "my crew" brighten my spirits

which provides momentum for the final 20 mile "dash" into Victoria.

At City Hall, pictures are taken, and we congratulate each other on a job well done. I am anxious to get home and have another creamsicle and chocolate milk!

P.S. Over the next several days, I am able to eat a lot of creamsicles and chocolate milk, as I shed 10 pounds on this ride. BONNER'S SUPER 44 HOUR DIET . . . RIDE 1000KMS AND EAT CREAMSICLES AND CHOCOLATE MILK. WILL IT SELL AS A BOOK??

RANDONNEURING - A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

(Terry Cleary - North Road Cycling Club, England)

Those unfamiliar with randonneur's territory may be put off by the terminology. One hears of AUK, ACP, LRM, Audax, brevets and other cycle sports, particularly road racing. A little history may, therefore, help to shed some of the mystery.

The idea of audax was first formulated in 1887 in Italy and was conceived to cover running, walking, cycling or swimming a set distance in 14 hours, approximately the time between sunrise and sunset. For cycling this was 200km. In 1904 the French took on the idea and produced audax regulations which required groups of cyclists to ride the full distance of events as teams. This method of riding is today known as Eurodax. That same year Audax Club Parisien (ACP) was formed as the controlling body in France.

In 1921 ACP introduced the Brevet de Randonneur (certificates for long-distance cyclists, the word 'randonnee' translating into 'long journey or tour') which permits cyclists to ride at their own pace (a allure libre), singly or in groups, and stop at will for refreshments. To prevent racing, a series of time checks (controls) was established with minimum and maximum time limits.

These latter regulations were adopted upon formation by Audax United Kingdom, and the name in the title comes from ACP, not the style of riding. AUK is responsible for the Brevets de Randonneur in the UK, not pure audax rides, which have declined in appeal in France and elsewhere.

AUK was formed in 1976 with affiliation to ACP in order to promote the 600K Windsor-Chester-Windsor randonnee as a qualifier for UK aspirants for the Paris-Brest-Paris cyclo held every fourth year. Hitherto, dispensation had been given to UK members of the 24 hour time trial. The following year 15 further events were added to the UK calendar at distances of 200, 300 and 400K.

Other European countries followed suit and the Brevets de Randonneur Francais (the certificating and award system) became Brevets de Randonneur Europeens. In 1983 the title was again changed to Brevets de Randonneur Mondiaux (worldwide) in response to the rapid growth of interest in the sport outside Europe and thus Les Randonneurs Mondiaux (LRM), the International Randonneurs was born.



Bicycling Association of British Columbia

332 - 1367 West Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. V6H 4A9

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B.C. RANDONNEURS -- 1993 SEASON

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REGION	DISTANCES (KM)						
	100	200	300	400	600	1000	FLECHE
GREATER VANCOUVER	04 Apr	17 Apr	02 May	15 May	05 Jun	19 Jun	23 Apr
GREATER VANCOUVER (2nd Series)		26 Jun	10 Jul	24 Jul	14 Aug	04 Sep	
VANCOUVER ISLAND	21 Mar 12 Jun	03 Apr	17 Apr	08 May	29 May	19 Jun	
KAMLOOPS		01 May	08 May	12 Jun	17 Jul		
NAKUSP			22 May				

The "Super Randonneur" medal is awarded to all who complete 200, 300, 400 and 600 km brevets in a single season. A randonneur who has completed any distance in previous seasons, under Brevets Randonneurs Mondiaux rules in any member country, may try the next distance in 1993.

The "Flèche Pacifique" being organized for 23 Apr 1993 qualifies as a substitute for the "Flèche Vélocio" organized in France every Easter, and leads to the "Randonneur 5000" distinction for riders who have accomplished one Paris-Brest-Paris Randonneurs 1200 brevet, one full "S.R." series plus one 1000 km, one "Flèche" plus enough other brevets adding to at least 5000 km in any four-year period.

List compiled by:
Gerry Pareja

2 November 1992

BICYCLING ASSOCIATION OF B.C. -- 1992 RANDONNEUR REPORT (to Nov 17/92)

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
Arscott, Deirdre		325-2954	8:18	FV	16:18	NK	21:10	VI					368km-BW	1200/9108
+ Arscott, 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	61:31	VI	368km-SS	1000/9207
+ Bonga, Anna			6:35	VA	13:14	VI								
+ Bonga, Anna			7:40	VI										
Bonner, Ken	953-3711	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-	-											557km-BD	0600/9106
Bridge, Harold	942-5223	941-3448	11:02	FV	16:25	FV	25:00	VA	32:43	FV				1200/9108
+ Bridge, Harold					18:58	NK								
Brodie, Norm	590-7468	522-6726	8:54	FV	14:00	FV	25:00	VA	28:05	FV	60:56	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	38:45	FV	59:37	VI	403km-RT	1200/9108
Charnock, Judy		433-7549	12:19	FV	18:13	FV	26:48	FV	38:45	FV				0600/9207
Cho, Doug	660-0500	942-0300	9:39	FV	14:46	FV	23:30	FV	30:50	FV				0600/9207
Chow, Glen		278-6847	10:55	VI										0200/9208
Cook, Doreen		594-4644	11:24	VI										0200/9208
Cook, Gord	-	594-4644	8:09	FV	13:45	NK	17:00	FV	26:45	FV	59:20	VI	403km-RT	1200/9108
+ Cook, Gord			11:24	VI										
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	464-6595	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	13:51	VI								0300/9206
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

RIDER	(Days)	(Eves)	200 KM	Rt	300 KM	Rt	400 KM	Rt	600 KM	Rt	1000 KM	Rt	Fleche	Longest
Shelbourn, John	756-7016	758-BIKE	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	0600/9106
Sneed, Gil	-206-	825-1604											557km-BD	0600/9106
Solski, Rose	372-1309												368km-SS	0368/9204
Springle, Glen	942-5223	944-7715	8:54	FV	14:15	FV								0300/9205
Stary, Peter	873-7335	291-2621	8:47	VI	11:24	FV	15:50	VA	26:45	FV			462km-UN	1200/9108
+ Stary, Peter			6:57	FV										
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-UI	0368/9204
Walford, Alan		731-0703	10:13	VA										0200/9204
Wallace, Bill	266-5433	732-3004			13:37	VA								0300/9205
Wasik, Larry	664-4246	299-6115	12:50	VA	17:11	VA	22:20	FV	34:30	FV				0600/9207
Weingartner, Ernst		589-4572	9:14	FV	13:15	FV			DNF	VA				0600/9106
Weir, Robert	876-5501	734-8363	8:15	FV									381km-LM	1200/9108
Wintjes, Mark	822-9000	736-1596	9:22	VA			19:56	VA						1000/9008
Yancey, Dan	-	465-8595	8:14	FV										0300/9105

(STARTERS)

110

61

34

22

10

37

(FINISHERS=Men+Women)

(107=88+19)

(58=49+9)

(34=28+6)

(19=16+3)

(10=9+1)

(37=28+9)

SUPER RANDONNEURS to date: 18. This report includes information received to Nov 17/92. 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).

