

BARB'S CABLE STOP

I have great admiration for those who belong to Randonneurs (friends and relatives) who provide such wonderful support to the riders, by providing rides, support on the rides, and by showing up to all the events. You're a wonderful bunch of people, thank you.

This Newsletter is a bit late, but it has allowed a few Fleche Pacifique articles to be printed. For those who did the Fleche, you must send me your stories because I want to know how the ride was for you.

Please send articles preferably typed to Barbara Lepsoe, 4720 Quebec Street, Vancouver, B.C. V5V 3M1

CHAINRINGS AND THINGS

(Harold Bridge)

It is evident that the Japanese bike component industry has been very successful in brainwashing people into thinking that triple chainrings are mandatory if one wishes to use low gears. Two instances: 1. At the end of February, three of us rode down to Seattle for the Bike Expo and the Chilly Hilly. On the Saturday morning we were riding along the dockside and, faced with a No Exit sign, had to turn left to scale the very steep bank we had only just descended. I was a little way behind the other two but close enough to hear one ask the other, "Does Harold have a Granny?" The answer was, "I doubt it." Actually, not very many people my age still have Grannies. I had two once, one died in 1934 and the other in 1960!

While I sat down and pedalled my 31" bottom gear up the steep bank I watched the others clamber all over their bikes in an effort to keep their not-low-enough bottom gears turning on the grade. I asked what the bottom gear was on that bike, it was a 34". Twenty one gears and still not low enough? I had 12 gears, 92" top (too big really) to 31" bottom. Admittedly they are, or were, rather, spread out but the bike had been prepared for touring and thus the precise requirements of more intense types of riding were not a factor. The fact the tour never took place (intended enroute back from Senior Games in Dawson Creek) is neither here nor there. 2. At the ANZA club the other night, I was asked if I felt I might have fared better in PBP91 if I had had a third chainring. Putting ones foot down into grass that hides a ditch is not something one can counter by adding components to ones bike. Which chainring did Manfred mean? Perhaps he meant the 52 or 53 which most bikes seem to be equipped with and which I quit using back in the mid-seventies. To have used a chainring that size would have meant riding myself into the ground quite early on.

I used 44 and 34 chainrings. The latter is the smallest second ring that is made for my chainset. The bike had a triple when I bought it from a neighbour in 1988. I tried a triple on my tour of New Zealand and got very frustrated by

losing momentum at the foot of a climb when the chain would slide between the big and middle rings. The remedy I found was to slam it all the way over to the 28 ring and find myself under geared for that particular climb. I decided then that commonsense should prevail and I should replace the 46/42 rings with a 44, but I was restricted to a 34 small ring.

If European chainsets were more readily available, such as Stronglite and TA (very popular with French Randonneurs) I could use something like 44/28. But the Japanese industry is not too well versed in these matters.

The Stronglite and TA chainsets are a product of more gentle days and Man-Mountain McGuire tells me he has broken a few. However, when in 1988, Tracy Horsman passed through Vancouver during his round the world ride, I saw he was riding a very heavily laden bike with TA chainset that had two rings, 44 and 32. With a 14 to 28 6-block he had an excellent gear range for that type of riding, 84" top to 33".

Since my disaffection with triples I have learnt that my problem may have been the four-tooth difference between the two bigger rings, the cage wants the chain to have equal increments. That would also explain the hesitancy in changing across a 47/45 double I used when riding the North Road 24-hour time trial in 1985. It never used to be a problem in the old days.

Triples do have one benefit, especially now that seven or eight sprockets are de-rigueur Chain-alignment. By using the three rings as three different gear ranges, say three five-speeds, one can reduce the amount of misalignment that is the bane of any self-respecting engineer.

The big disadvantage, though, remains - whereas with a double, there is a very positive big ring/small ring gear change, with the triple one still has to sort out the middle one and if one fumbles at the foot of a climb one loses momentum when it is most critical. So, no Manfred, I don't think I would have fared better in PBP91 by using a triple. I know what my gears are and I select the ones I want for a particular event. If people who don't learn what their gears are or don't wish to select specific gear ranges for particular events may feel exposed to a cadence/pressure problem then by all means use a triple. But changing sprockets and chainrings isn't a very difficult job and it allows the relative simplicity of a double chainring.

Don't accept what the bike shop wants to give you. Ted Milner, fastest Canadian in PBP91, admits he spends most of the time on his small chainring. That is only because he uses an off-the-peg chainset which almost always comes with 53/42 rings. With a 47 or 48 or perhaps a 49, the gear range becomes more use.

Racing cyclists have to be prepared to ride a 60kph paceline for long stretches at a time and gears up in the 100+ inch range have a use. We Randonneurs don't normally ride like that and the 53-12 (116") is just so much added weight. If an aging and unsupple old crock like me can pedal an 89" or 90" gear at up to 50kph, I don't see what use monster gears are to you young 'uns.

SHOVELLING COAL

(Ted Milner)

There are those who think the tandem is the instrument sublime
For the serious cycle tourist and the man concerned with time
It has drive and goes much faster as it gobbles up the track
But it's quite another matter for the guy who sits in back.
Shovelling coal, shovelling coal.

Just think of the advantages with twice the power at hand
And half the wind resistance as it travels o'er the land
The weight is less than double - this alone gives peace of mind
But it ain't no bed of roses for the guy who sits behind.
Shovelling coal, shovelling coal.

It's just like a locomotive with the front man engineer
He sits and shouts his orders to the fireman in the rear
It's the way to run a railroad, with a bike it's not so sweet.
To the sweating, swearing fellow on the secondary seat.
Shovelling coal, shovelling coal.

The pilots work the throttles while their partners work the flaps
They are barely more than slaves, a society of saps
Co-pilots do the labour they are not supposed to feel
It's likewise with the suckers above the rearward wheel.
Shovelling coal, shovelling coal.

The man up front is master, it is he who shifts the gears
He decides when brakes are needed and on top of this he steers
He can go the wrong direction and wind up in Timbuktu
But refuses any protest from the guy who's number two.
Shovelling coal, shovelling coal.

The view ahead is blank and to peek would be a sin
So he can't see where he's going, only places where he's been
He would love to lean to starboard when to port they make a turn
But such pleasure is verboten to the crewman in the stern.
Shovelling coal, shovelling coal.

Yet there will be retribution on some future day in hell
When all tandem frames have melted and the tandem leaders yell
In agony they writhe and some mercy they request
But the backmen just keep doing the thing they've done the best
Shovelling coal, shovelling coal.



PACIFIC POPULAIRE 1993

(Judy Morrison)

Sitting here in the early evening after the annual Pacific Populaire, I am revelling at the good fortune we experienced for the event this year. Where to begin? The logical starting point as I gaze out my window at a fantastic sunset, is the elements. Did we have good weather, or what? While the day commenced with threats of downpours: either of visiting presidents or torrential rain, neither prevailed to any serious detriment. With so many people involved in such an event, it is hard - indeed impossible - to capture the true essence of the ride; however, from what I saw, there was a lot of good fun happening out there.

I would like to first acknowledge the many, many volunteers who put time and energy into making this event happen. It sounds cliché, but without their generous assistance, this event simply could not take place. Given that the Populaire is typically the largest of our rides, it requires copious amounts of organization. I hope that others will join in and offer their assistance in upcoming events this year: it's a painless and much-needed form of giving back to an organization that offers much to you, the long-distance cyclist/randonneur.

Additionally, I would like to recognize Deirdre Arscott: first among equals in her volunteer contributions to this event! She deserves much credit for pulling all sorts of stuff and people together and for doing a lot of the less glamorous work.

I am constantly amazed at the diversity of people who come out for these events: all ages, all styles, all personalities. Many of you will recall seeing Vicky Nicholson along the route as she hand-pedalled her way around the 50km course on her 18 speed velo. Still others will remember cyclists Christopher Gough (who is but 6 years old) and brother Bobbie (8 years). They have all the makings of true randonneurs! While his father, Martin, was loading up on fuel at the checkpoint, Christopher was reported to have been impatiently wheeling his steed in circles. Maybe next time he can ride with Deirdre who seems to abhor spending any more than 30 seconds at the checkpoints! Phil and Norah (12 years) White, made an impressive father-daughter team as they wheeled their way around the 25km route. Finally, let us recognize those speedster couriers who managed to express their way about the 100K route in an impressive 7:10:45 (mention no names...)!!

These are but a few riders who stood out in my mind as really *making* this ride. There were many others (about 320) who also gave me cause to smile and laugh and think that these events are a big part of what cycling is all about. Sure, we all come to cycling from different backgrounds and with different visions of what constitutes a challenge: be it getting around the course in record time or just getting our fannies in the saddle at all. But the common ground lies in spinning the wheels which carry one to all sorts of wonderful places. > > >

VOLUNTEERS EXTRAORDINAIRE FOR THE 1993

POPULAIRE

(apologies for any unintended oversights)

Deirdre Arscott, Gordon Bisaro, Anna Bonga, Arold Bridge, Lois Brodie, Vernie Brown, Doug Cho, Gord Cook, Cycling B.C. Staff, David Douglas, Ian Faris, Chris Hacker, Bruce Hainer, Catharine Hume, Bob LePage, Barbara Lepsoe, Peter Lysne, Gino Morena, Judy Morrison, Marion Orser, Gerry Pareja, Gloria Prescott, Anne Ribey, Karen Smith, Anna Solidum, Barry Tranquada, Marty Wanless, Helen Warn, Laurie Watt.

DEATH'S DOOR

(Doug Cho)

Living by the Mary Hill Bypass is like living next to death's door. It is the site of many motor vehicle fatalities, the latest of which occurred on April 12th, the night of the Anza Club Social. While on our way home, the police had set up a road block, redirecting traffic around this section of the highway. Next day, I rode by the site on my bicycle to and from the fitness workshop at Simon Fraser University. There were large pieces of car strewn on the side of the road and I noticed blood splattered on the asphalt with chalk circles drawn around them. Two days later a truck and clean-up crew arrived to remove the debris, and rain eventually washed the blood and chalk marks away. Out of sight and out of mind until the next tragedy.

Such senseless carnage makes me grateful for the fragile life that we all possess and riding my bicycle is one of the things I do which makes me feel alive. It's not only being close to the environment and feeling the sun, wind or rain on my skin, but also feeling the effort of my body conquer hills and distances. Being able to experience both the joy and the pain meant that I was still alive.

This isn't to say that bicycling will solve all the world's problems. Each of us must find our own solutions. I'd just like to think that if the speedsters on the Mary Hill Bypass were pedalling bicycles instead of driving automobiles, then perhaps their innocent victims might still be alive today.

SINGLE SOCK SENTURY

(Bruce Hainer)

The Vancouver Bicycle Club presents its Single Sock Sentury. Choose the 160K, 100K, or 60K event on May 9th. The 160K would be a good choice for those preparing for the 400K the following weekend. Remember **MAY 9th** and add a sock to your collection of water bottles and tee shirts.

Contact Judy Morrison or Catharine Hume at 879-3661 and Bruce Hainer at 298-7060.

ISLAND 200, 3 APRIL 1993

(Mike Hagen)

Sunday, 28 March:

Now, I am not a Gary Fraser type, cleaning my bike before every ride. I should, Lord knows a clean bike looks nice and goes faster, but I don't. So, this is an annual event before the first randonnéé of the season, taking the old Trek down from the hook in the storage room to give it a once-over.

A few swipes with a damp rag has no effect on the bullet-proof dirt, oil, and sugar substance coating the bottom bracket area. "Hmm," I think, "it has sort of an interesting texture, maybe I could just leave it?" Don't be ridiculous! An attack with industrial-strength cleanser, HOT water, and a plastic scouring pad, and the bike is clean! Sure looks nice, I should do this more often.

Friday, 2 April:

Ride to work in North Vancouver. Then ride to Horseshoe Bay where I join Anna and Marion Orser. Ride from Departure Bay to my sister's place in Nanaimo where we have arranged rooms for the night and the loan of a vehicle to get us to Chemainus on Saturday. It rains. Haven't even gotten to the start of the first randonnéé and my bike is already dirty. Think about how unfair life is.

Supper is a store-bought pizza that Anna picked up in Vancouver and brought along folded in half in her backpack. It is quite good in spite of the abuse.

Saturday, 3 April:

The start is at Carol and Stephen Hinde's place in Chemainus. Twenty-three randonneurs—more than expected—have gathered during a light drizzle. Besides Marion, Anna, and myself, Vancouver representatives include Ralph Maundrell, David Charnock, and Judy Dwyer. Others have come from as far away as Seattle. I notice that Ged McLean and Ralph Lapp—two of the Island's strongest riders—are together on a tandem. This could be interesting.

At 7:10, we are away. Anna and Sabrina Shea are the first to experience the power of the tandem. I know that they want to ride with the leaders, but barely 200 meters from the start, still shaking down, the tandem is pulling away. I jump on their wheel, along with Ken Bonner and Steve Faubert, everyone else falls back into the mist.

Then starts a wild ride. I've heard tandems were slower on the uphills, but not these guys. They rarely come out of the saddle, but they rarely slow down either. And on the downhills, they rocket. Miss the draft from the tandem on the downhill and you are off the back. And where are you going to catch up? On an uphill? Not likely. It means working like hell on the flats, and with the wet road sucking at your wheels it is not easy, not easy at all.

An hour and 33 kilometers into the ride, the pace is too hot for Steve. Following the first control at Shawnigan Lake, Ken and I find the pace too hot as well. Only a secret control staffed by Carol on the far side of Shawnigan Lake allows a regroup. Ken and I leave ahead of Ged and Ralph, but they have their tandem flying and soon catch us. We

jump as they blow by, and it is then that, as he is sprinting like a madman, Ken's spare tire pops out of his seat bag. At 45 kph, I'm not about to stop and pick it up for him, but they disappear ahead of me anyway.

So if you found a spare tire on the road, a kilometer or so past Carol's first secret control, it's Ken's. I'm sure he'd like it back.

Now I am alone. But the route is nice, it has stopped raining, the sun is out, and I celebrate with a banana. I am 2:22:22 into my ride, and I am on the wrong road. I'm still fiddling with the route sheet to figure out if I had, indeed, gone wrong, when, in rapid succession, the center line disappears, the road narrows, and the surface turns to gravel. Whups! The sign says, "Watch for logging trucks next 50 km." That isn't going to be necessary, I turn and get back on track.

I figure I've lost 10 - 15 minutes on my sidetrip, so I am quite surprised to see Ged and Ralph at the side of the road a little later. When they catch me again, they explain it was their second flat, and invite me to drop in behind. I try, but can't hold the pace. I am cruising the flats at close to 35 kph, so I know it isn't me—those guys are fast!

Ged and Ralph are just leaving the second control at the Glenora Store, 96 km into the ride, as I arrive. Ken is still by himself up front. It is getting quite warm and the sky is mostly blue, so I shed my booties, tights, and rain shell. Through Duncan and north up to the Old Cowichan Lake Road, the weather remains pleasant.

On Old Cowichan Lake Road, however, the clouds sock in, and the rain showers return. Blue sky can still be seen behind. It seems that storm front and rider are both moving westward up the valley, sometimes the front moves faster, sometimes slower. Approaching the third control at Youbou, however, it is again raining steadily. Eight minutes from the Youbou turnaround, Ken passes going the other way. Where, I wonder, is the tandem? They are still in Youbou, fiddling with Ralph's seat, and had suffered their third flat on OCL Road.

My 2 minute turnaround is not quite quick enough to get in on the tandem's draft. So I climb alone to the summit on Highway 18. The weather has cleared again for the decent towards Duncan, and the last 40 km to the finish go quickly. Ged and Ralph catch Ken with a couple of kilometers to go, but cannot drop him as they finished in 7:14. I come in at 7:34, not unhappy with the time considering virtually the only riding I've done this year is mountain bike commutes to and from work.

Seattle's Dan Wood rides a single-g geared mountain bike to a 7:51 time, rather a mind-boggling performance. Most other riders come in over the next three hours, many with stories to tell. "Where is Anna?", I wonder, "I want to go home."

Anna, Sabrina, and Sabrina's friend Nigel have run into flat trouble. They have so many flats, they run out of spare tubes. They decide to have a patching party just before Glenora. In Sabrina's only other randonneé—the Island 200 last August—she got around in an excellent 7:12, plus a 30

minute time penalty for riding without fenders. Today, she experiences the flip side . . . sometimes it rains, sometimes you get flat after flat after flat, sometimes At least she finishes, Nigel is forced to withdraw with knee problems. Anna and Sabrina finish in 10:36, just ahead of Marion.

On the way back to Nanaimo, to the ferry, and home, I reflect: This is a pleasant course on mostly rural backroads, very little on highways. It is challenging, because of the almost constant rolling hills, and because of the need to maintain vigilance with your route sheet. There is another Island 200 scheduled for August 21, I plan to be there.

MAY 23 - NELSON 300

Please note the correct date for this event. The ride takes place on Sunday. There is an optional 200K route, and Bob assures me the big hill has been taken out of the 300K route. Please phone Bob Boonstra for complete details on this popular event, at (604) 828-2869.

WANTED - ONE WHEEL

Judy Morrison is looking for a front wheel in Rando condition. Please phone her at 879-3661 for details.

RAMROD ACCOMMODATION

If you need a place to stay for RAMROD, Gil Sneed has been extremely generous in offering whatever floor space he has. This generosity will, of course, be subject to reciprocation. Give him a call at (206) 825-1604.

ANNA BONKA AND THE FLESHY FLECHETTES

(Judy Morrison)

Another year, another Fleche.

I can't say that with the rain and the winds we went "straight like an arrow" but, what? What was the consolation? I guess when speaking for our team: Anna, Barbara, Sabrina and Myself; we had each other to pull (or push, as the case may be) us through.

We pulled out of Harrison at a spritely pace and cruised out to Hope in a time that made us puff up and think that this fleche thing wasn't going to be so bad after all. The sun finally succeeded in pushing through the morning veil of clouds prompting Anna and I to peel down to our shorts. By about 125 km, neither the oncoming rain nor a minor accident were able to douse our spirits.

It was somewhere along the road heading south from Sumas that we were provided with an opportunity to indoctrinate Sabrina, our rookie randonneur, to the ways of long-distance cycling. "You guys," she bellowed "I'm going to have to find some facilities soon!" Anna chuckled and pointed to the ditch. Sabrina gave us a disdainful look and said she'd hold it. We three seasoned randonneurs looked

knowingly at each other and smugly shrugged our shoulders: time would erode these delicacies. Well, wasn't it five minutes later that Sabrina was hopping off her steed and jaunting over to a Johnny-on-the-Spot that could only have been there by divine intervention. As Barbara's bladder was bellowing as well, she took advantage of this stop time to reaffirm to Anna and I that a rando still knows best: she executed the deed in full view, before Sabrina could say "Portapotty."

The kilometres continued to be whittled away as they typically do in these events (slowly). By Whatcom Lake, we had Anna to regale us with a litany of prophetic truths. As we would be coming back through some of these rolling hills, she was describing to Sabrina how it would be in the evening; when you couldn't see: "It's hard to tell if you're going uphill unless it's obvious." she counselled.

Indeed, as darkness befell us, Sabrina's bewildered voice would call out on numerous occasions: "What's going on? Is my chain on the big ring? Are my brakes on? Why is it so hard; why am I going so slow?" "It's a hill ... but it's not obvious, is it?" Anna proudly replied.

About five minutes into my first nighttime spell at the front, I realized my lights just didn't seem to be strong enough to see very well. I asked somebody else to take over for fear that I would lead us into a ditch (something I have a proclivity to do, as you P-B-Pers may recall). From my position in 3rd, I tinkered with my light, not quite believing it could be so ineffectual. Well, hallelujah! With one deft tilt of the lamp, suddenly the road was illuminated instead of the treetops! This high-tech equipment sometimes gets to me.

"So why do you guys do this?" Sabrina asked this question at least five times from her reposed position on the bed. It was about 1:45 on Sunday morning and we had just completed the first 300+ km of our route. To say she (not to mention the rest of us) was a little punchy - after a full day of rain, wind and, what was the other thing....cycling, that's it, - was an understatement. "No, really, why do you do it? I mean, I know why people race ... that's *normal*. But why would anybody subject themselves *willingly* to this?" She was not impressed with the situation. Anna, Barb and I looked at each other and then back to Sabrina; not quite knowing how to respond. Finally, I attempted: "It's like pregnancy," (these were sage words, given that none of the women in the room had actually produced any progeny) "once you've had the baby, you forget what the labour was like." "But wait," Sabrina retorted "when you're pregnant and give birth you get something: there's a reward. With this...." she faltered.

So, why *do* we do it?

QUOTABLE QUOTES

"In a motor vehicle you forget there is a hill beyond the view point. On a bicycle you find otherwise. Someone once said, "A driver doesn't know a road until he has been the engine." (*Harold Bridge*)

"After the usual bottle-filling, body-relieving, pocket-stuffing routine we were back on the road again." (*Gary Fraser*)

"The difference in personalities and the unpredictability of some of our real characters makes each event a unique experience." (*David Johnston*)

"I watched rather despairingly as Deirdre's slender form diminished in the uphill direction." (*Bob Boonstra*)

"My friend and I stagger to the control table for our time stamps. Minutes later we fall asleep on the floor ten feet inside the open front door. An hour later we are awoken by the chattering of our own teeth. After we achieve some form of consciousness, we realize that had we walked two feet further before falling asleep we would have had a warm cot and blankets." (*Pat Rodden*)

"We almost talked the clerk at the control point into becoming a randonneur when we told her we would burn about 20,000 calories or 5 1/2 lbs of body fat during the ride." (*Gord Cook*)

"I was face-to-face with the steepest part of the Seaside Bike Route. Halfway up the hill my recollections of the Roc Trevezel and the Stelvio were interrupted by the need to shift from my 42-26 to a 42-28. I didn't have a 28 so I made do with the 26." (*Dave Cambon*)

"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!" (*David Pulfrey*)

"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 over and ask him what's up. He tells me he stopped there so I would go on the other side of it and not get chased by the bear in the ditch." (*Ken Bonner*)

"The front tire I started with, bit the dust when my front fender disintegrated and took chunks of rubber out of it. My rear light burned out. 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!" (*Mike Hagen*)

FLECHE PACIFIQUE - 1993

(Harold Bridge)

If you take on the job of organising something as complicated as a "Fleche" event, it pays to ensure you are aware of the rules before you start. Becoming aware as time passes isn't the way to go. I told those to whom it mattered that the various routes had to finish in Harrison Hot Springs, our usual "Arrivee". Wrong - the teams had to have at least three members at the function at which the trophy would be presented. Other than that they were free to start and finish wherever it suited them. Correcting that took up some telephone time. There was some confusion too about how and when one can invoke the 10% rule. My apologies to all concerned for my assumption I knew what I was doing! That having been said, I think the social aspects of the gathering at Harrison and the luncheon at Siggis in the Kent Hotel went off quite well.

We started off with 10 teams. Tim Pollock had put together a team of largely untried novice randonneurs. Then he got a sixth and they broke into two teams. But as some of them failed to put in the required riding at the 200km randonnee stage, he dissuaded the untried riders and finished up with one four-rider team. Then there were 9!

The teams, in order of ambition:	Planned	Actual
"X-S" John Wagner, Kevin Hodge, Pat Rodden, Tom & Joel Lawrence, Dan Wood & John Enweiler (2 tandems)	628	352
"Retyred" Manfred Kuchenmuller, Gord Cook, Mike Hagen	445	403
"Has-Beens" Gord Bisaro, Peter Stary, Ted Milner	436	DNF*1
"The Tweenie Weenies + One" Rich and Kath McPoland, Ron Robb	392	367
"The Real Team" Dan McGuire, Norm Brodie, Ian Faris, Doug Cho, Real Prefontaine	372	364
"Who" Tim Pollock, Ryan Austman, Peter Lysne, Dan Aleman	369	DNF*2
"Singing Speedsters" Deirdre Arscott, Marion Orser, Carol Hinde	368	368
"Boogie Woogie Bikers" Barbara Lepsoe, Judy Morrison, Anna Bonga, Sabrina Franks	368	360
"Albertans In The Fleche" Eric Nadin, Bill Donner, Darren MacDonald, Bill Van der Meer, Peter Perrens	367	367

About 0800 Sunday morning I got a call from John Wagner. He was in Seattle. Despite the two tandems and the fast start from the top of Snoqualmie Pass and the no-nonsense route, 190, they had had enough in Spokane. Then there were 8!

By that time "Retyred" had finished just about within the 90% minimum of their intended route. While we were round the corner at breakfast the "Singing Speedsters" came in, got their cards signed and went to bed, and I was wondering what had happened to them! Hearing my melodious tones, Marion put a coat over her nightie and barefoot in the rain, came out to hand in the cards. Then there were 6!

Word came through that the "Has-Beens" had been put out as #3 on their team, Gordon Bisaro, had slid down Woodside Mountain having come off at 70kph; the other two continued for what would otherwise have taken the trophy. Not seriously hurt and able to ride another 11kms, I'm unsure why Gordon didn't struggle on to finish. Then there were 5! (see *1)

Right on schedule, a bit before 0800, a complete formation of Albertans arrived after a tough headwind ride from Kamloops having, like the "Singing Speedsters", completed what they set out to do. If there was a prize for logistics the Albertans would win hands down. Three from Fort McMurray, one from Edmonton and one from Canmore, they brought two vehicles to Kamloops, took one on to Hope and returned to Kamloops. They road to Harrison, went back to Hope to pick up vehicle #2 (a driver came with them), came back to the lunch and then set off to drive home! Then there were 4!

Whilst waiting for the "Boogie Girls," and wondering where they were, the "Real Team" appeared having finished their 24 hours in Aggasiz, thereby losing 8 kms. Then shortly after, the "Boogie Girls" arrived having done the same, putting themselves very close to the 360km minimum. Then there were 2!

A tired Peter Lysne and Ryan Austman turned up just before their 0900 limit. Aleman had disappeared early on, then Tim Pollock found he needed sleep and was unable to continue, leaving Peter and Ryan unteamed (see*2). Tim is a recent convert to cycling and to tackle these long rides at 68 or 69 is very courageous. Then there was 1!

Kathleen McPoland had expressed a wish to ride the Fleche but was unable to do so at Easter. She was one who was pleased with the change. But the weekend we chose, was the weekend she had a wedding to go to! So, we extended the time frame so that the "Tweenie Weenies Plus One" could do their ride on Friday, attend the wedding on Saturday and come to the lunch on Sunday. We met in the pool at Harrison and they seemed very pleased to be there. Then there were none!

The future of the Fleche Pacifique is, I think, assured, but does it need some revitalisation? Harrison Hot Springs in many respects is an ideal venue to finish such an event, but routes are limited and many are getting stale. A fresh location could provide new ground for us to cover. This

is a pity in that Siggis' Restaurant in the Kent Hotel, Aggasiz gave us a good luncheon venue with our own room, not mixed up with the regular restaurant patrons, all at a reasonable price. I don't think the hotel does any great business and it might pay to book rooms there in future and resign ourselves to driving up to the Hot Springs for a soak.

Should the event be at Easter as per the French tradition? Certainly, those who have to book their time off a long time in advance can be upset when they find the date has been changed after they booked Easter off. Perhaps the way to go is to reserve a fixed weekend in the calendar for the Fleche. If it happens on some years to be Easter, so be it. One aspect of that I hadn't considered was that longweekends bring out the Yahoos, and when one is riding at night that can get at least tedious and at worst, downright dangerous.

Whoever organises the Fleche next year should: know the rules; get all teams to submit their routes well in advance, checking them out can take a long time; make sure they all have a copy of the rules.

Whatever, the outcome of the Fleche Pacifique '93, after some discussion, is that the "Retyred" team gets the trophy with 403 kms. It should be pointed out that Gord Bisaro didn't do the minimum of 25 kms in the last two hours.

THE FAR SIDE by Gary Larson



At Slow Cheetahs Anonymous

12 STUPID WAYS TO MAKE YOUR BICYCLE LIGHTER AND FASTER

(?)

(Doug Cho)

- 1.Fill your tires' inner tubes with helium.
- 2.Remove half the spokes from your wheels.
- 3.Ride without a saddle and seatpost. Remember not to sit.
- 4.Ride without water bottles and cages but pull into a gas station every fifteen minutes for a drink of water.
- 5.Cover your body with grease instead of taking along rain gear which would add to unwanted weight. This is also why you don't need a saddle since you would be constantly sliding off. A second benefit is increased aerodynamics. You could ride completely naked for maximum benefit but unfortunately people would get the wrong idea, police cars would chase you and it would be difficult to get service at food stops.
- 6.Mount a penlight on your bike's fork blade. Any other lighting system is too heavy.
- 7.Get rid of one of your brake sets. It's dead weight when climbing hills and you certainly don't want to use them coming down the other side. One brake should be adequate.
- 8.Take off your handlebar tape or foam grips. Anyone who needs that padding is a wimp.
- 9.Remove all but one cog from your rear wheel and all but one chainring from your crankset.
- 10.Now that you've only got one gear, you can dispose of your derailleurs, shift levers and cables, all dead weight now.
- 11.Win the lottery and spend it all on anything titanium.
- 12.This last one is the most outrageous of all. You could lose a few excess pounds from your body, but I don't know of anyone who would go to that extreme!

SEEMINGLY HARVY REALIZED THAT HIS FRIENDS HADN'T BEEN REFERRING TO AN ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE!

Cycling
British
Columbia

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



RIDER	(Days)	(Eves)	200 KM	Rt	300 KM	Rt	400 KM	Rt	600 KM	Rt	1000 KM	Rt	Fleche	Longest
Mynette, Gary		738-4395	11:20	VA										0200/9304
Neifer, Roy	877-6000	534-2407	9:34	VA										0200/9304
Orser, Marion	-	737-8483	10:43	VI										0600/9106
Patterson, Dave	438-3434	597-2177	10:31	VA										0200/9304
Philcox, Nigel	722-2831	722-2329	9:56	VI	16:42	VI								1200/9108
Pollock, Tim		939-8166	13:30	VA										0400/9105
Roberts, Alan	261-6334	451-0453	11:20	VA										0200/9304
Roberts, Mark	-206-	391-9436	9:17	VA										1200/9108
Shea, Sabrina		380-9315	10:36	VI										0200/9304
Shiffer, Brett	-206-	525-1290	10:12	VI										0200/9304
Siudut, George	591-4449	589-5242	9:34	VA										0600/9106
Slivecko, Mick	664-6526	731-8552	13:15	VA										0200/9304
Springle, Glen	942-5223	467-8346	10:50	VA										0300/9205
Stary, Peter	873-7335	291-2621	7:50	VA										1200/9108
Stenning, George	-	245-2414	10:18	VI										0300/8505
Street, Roger	687-8808		11:20	VA										0200/9304
Towe, Alan	752-9916	758-9916	8:57	VI	16:42	VI								0300/9304
Wagner, John	-206-	782-8965	8:44	VA										0368/9204
Wazik, Larry		299-6115	10:13	VA										0200/9304
Weingartner, Ernst		589-4572	13:10	VA										0600/9106
Weingartner, Linda		589-4572	13:10	VA										0200/9304
Wood, Dan	-206-	525-1290	8:39	VA	14:33	VI								0200/9304
+ Wood, Dan			7:51	VI										

(STARTERS)

81

12

(FINISHERS=Men+Women)

(76=66+10) (12=11+1)

This report includes information received to May 04/93. 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).