



# B.C. RANDONNEUR Marathon Bicycling



Founding Member 1983

The Newsletter of the CBC Randonneur Committee  
June - July (Issue #4)

## 1993 EXECUTIVE

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Judy Morrison (Vancouver) ..... 879-3661

#### 200K -

Ian Faris (Coquitlam) ..... 438-4022

& Doug Cho (Coquitlam) ..... 942-0300

300K - Your name here

#### 400K -

Dave Charnock & Judy Dwyer (Burnaby) ..... 433-7549

#### 600K -

Manfred Kuchenmuller (Vancouver) ..... 253-4858

#### 1000K -

Stephen Hinde (Chemainus) ..... 246-2097

& Ted Milner (Burnaby) ..... 421-0371

## STRESS BY CHOICE

(Sabrina Shea)

If you read the last Randonneur Newsletter you will remember Judy's comments about my reaction to the Fleche Pacifique and the question I asked was: What is it with these randos? Why do people keep doing them over and over again? The next day when my sanity had returned I found myself pondering these questions and these are my thoughts:

The randonnee is an out-of-the-ordinary experience where one thrusts oneself into an unusual amount of stress by choice and can put a stop to it at any time. Whereas, in comparison, in a real-life situation, we can be put into an equally stressful experience and have no control - no control and no feelings of accomplishment or the euphoria that come with completing a rando ride. A randonnee is a unique experience where a kaleidoscope of mini dramas unfolds. In the end one realizes one has transported to another dimension and transcended the normal physical and psychological barriers. Even if you are wondering why anyone would want to put themselves through one of these rides, the accomplishment will be guaranteed to give you a psychological high. When feeling this high your mind will keep drifting back to the experience and in no time at all you will be planning your next fix! And I am too . . .

## BARB'S CABLE STOP

Bob and Barb, regarding the Kootenay 300, I thank you for a ride extremely well organized. Thanks Barb for your potential van support, and Bob, thanks for making the event fun, because if it ain't fun, I ain't doing it!

While I'm at it, thanks to all who have organized and helped out with the rides so far this season. It takes an awful lot of work, and those who do the work deserve all the credit in the world.

Now is the time to start thinking about which rides you'd like to organize for next season. Plan ahead for ease of organizing later on. Now is also the time to think about taking an executive position on the committee. The rides especially need some new faces in the organizing role; we can't expect the same people to continue on year after year.

If you have an article for submission, please send it to me, Barbara Lepsoe, 4720 Quebec Street, Vancouver, B.C. V5V 3M1.

## DEAR DAN

(Anne Huntzicker)

April 6th. Well I suppose that you are well into the riding season whereas here we are still into snow. It does make putting any miles in pretty tough. The weekend before it did get into the 50's, so I headed south in to the "flatlands" and got in about 60 miles before my rear derailleur broke, and I was left stranded in my "funny" (cleated) shoes. I couldn't ride because the cog wheels had become separated from the rest of the derailleur and were hanging unceremoniously from the bottom of the chain. I thought I might be able to pedal home in one gear but the wheels kept flipping up into my spokes causing instant cessation of motion other than me lurching over the handlebars. So for the very first time ever, I had to "call home" for help, a rather unglorious way to end the first long ride of the season! I was still all ready to go when the snow hit, and I can only hope that this weekend brings better results. I am trying to prepare for a duathlon in June, 150 miles bike and 32 miles run. Thank goodness the ride is in Iowa and therefore flat; I only hope that it's not too windy as pushing too hard a gear really makes my back flare up.

Anne goes on to say that she is moving to Colorado in June, and may possibly move even further west, closer to the coast. She plans on doing the 1995 Paris-Brest-Paris, and is keen on keeping in touch with all that our group is doing.

## QUOTABLE QUOTES

"Within 16kms it had started to rain, and not a fine, gentle rain either, but an unrelenting downpour which bedevilled us for 19 of the 28 hours in the saddle." (Jimmy Vallance)

"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." (David Pulfrey)

"We created a stir at the McDonalds - I guess not too many dishevelled madmen in soiled lycra arrive every day brandishing strange little booklets they'd like autographed." (Gary Fraser)

"During the second night I had dropped into the road-side grass for a sleep. I was in such a deep sleep when I got disturbed by the sound of a diesel and French voices. I opened my eyes in the glare of headlamps of a truck and three concerned citizens looking down at me. With an "excuser", I got up and departed." (Harold Bridge)

"I see many of the riders sitting down to huge plates of food and bottles of wine and beer. I go to the bar for water where I see a choice of two different waters, a couple of different kinds of pop, and about twenty selections of beer and wine." (Pat Rodden)

"Awhile later we came upon the big climb, and, coincidentally, upon a group of English riders who were

singing nursery rhymes. This was far too attractive to pass up, so we geared down and joined in." (Ged McLean)

"At the bottom of a dip into a valley, a crew was repairing a bridge. I felt like stopping and finding out how good they were; I knew of another Bridge in need of some rebuilding!" (Harold Bridge)

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

"We climbed without knowing it, spurred on by silly jokes and some semi-serious discussion about the best cure for a sore bum being to insert a peeled banana in the afflicted area." (Ged McLean)

"Unlike Stary who found the PBP to be an Orgasmatron of complete pleasure, I was quite tired for the rest of my tour through the French countryside which, quite frankly, I am sick of looking at!" (Dave Cambon)

## FLECHE PACIFIQUE

(Eric Nadin)

On April 24th, Bill Donner, Darren MacDonald, Peter Perren and Bill van der Meer and I from the Rocky Mountain Randonneurs travelled to Kamloops B.C. to participate in the Fleche Pacifique organized by Harold Bridge.

Of the eight teams entered, we picked a difficult route (so we were told) over mountainous terrain to Harrison Hot Springs near Hope. One hundred kilometres out of Kamloops near Merritt, Darren broke a spoke on the free wheel side - (where else!) While replacing the spoke, it was apparent that quite a few spokes were loose on the other side of the wheel. Another job for the roadside mechanic and crew.

Our 368 kilometre course took its toll on us as we continually battled brisk head winds, rain and lack of sleep. In the early hours of the morning Bill Donner, Darren and I reached Hope only to make a wrong turn and bypass the town altogether. I soon realized having planned the route that we were on the wrong side of the Fraser. Back tracking the extra five kilometres or so, we regrouped with Bill van der Meer and Peter who had been wondering what had happened to us. The time was now after 5:30am and 50 kilometres still to go. Feeling famished, the three of us refuelled on fast food and hot chocolate at the local convenience store. In the meantime, Bill van der Meer took a power nap and passed as a door mat. Customers had to step over him to enter the store.

Time was against us as we headed out of Hope on Highway 1. The pace picked up over 30kph as we made a final surge. Bill Donner and I heard a whoosh of air from his back tire. Pulling over on the roadside the noise suddenly stopped. The tire seemed a bit soft but okay. As Bill and I pushed on, Bill began to get slower and slower. With only 14 kilometres to the finish, we averted near failure when Bill's rear tire finally wouldn't hold air. With pit-stop

precision, the team had Bill's flat fixed and back on the road in less than four minutes. Soaking wet but intact, we all rode into Harrison Hot Springs with 15 minutes to spare.

After a shower and brief sleep we met up with the rest of the Fleche teams for lunch before heading back to Alberta. I think we did extremely well considering most of us had less than 200km of training prior to the ride.

Congratulations to the team for a fine effort! A special thanks to Amro Hamza for the long hours of volunteer driving and to Harold Bridge for the great job of organizing the Fleche Pacifique!

## A SOUTHEAST 200

*(Jimmy Vallance)*

For close to a century, our family has quietly noted the passing of May Day, originally with great optimism, but over the last two or three decades with increasing trepidation. And so, in an entirely different area of activity, but with similar conflicting emotions, I drove to Cranbrook on May 1 to meet up with Norman Batisse and to begin our 1993 season; optimistic because, despite the sleet, snow, hail and rain which had bedevilled April, I had still managed to get some miles in, but with trepidation because the scars of last year's 200 and 300 were still fresh; experiences to be remembered, but not, by any stretch of the imagination, to be savoured.

We left the Cranbrook Husky for Jaffray on the first 47k leg, part of an out and back, and uneventful. It was clear, barely above freezing, but early enough in the day that the prevailing southerly wind caused us no inconvenience.

We checked in at Jaffray and, on the way back, turned on to the Bull River Road which brought us on to a section of September's Rocky Mountain Trench Cench course and much quieter than the highway, taking us along the Steeples Range resplendent still in winter finery, and finally to the banks of a frigid Wild Horse Creek and Fort Steele. On this leg, Norman experienced a bit of trouble with his rear tyre, riding as he does those narrow-section Mavic rims which make for ease of tyre removal, but which sometimes encourage the tyre to remove itself; however, nothing desperately untoward developed.

Turning north, we fled before a rising wind, headed for Wasa, making the bridge over the Kootenay in jigtime. We added an out and back of about 5k to a control point at the Clubhouse Cafe on Highway 93/95 because this was a new route to us, and we felt we might be a few k's shy of the 200.

We turned south from there and began the series of short climbs which would take us from the Columbia Valley up and over to Kimberley, and from there we turned south-east for Cranbrook, with the wind, which had been rising steadily all day and in our faces for the previous 30kms., now in our starboard quarter, so to speak, and at last helping rather than hindering us.

The long entry into Cranbrook from the north is an ugly strip of fluttering tinsel and buildings sitting on unkempt lots, styled after the Stucco Anonymous School of Architecture. Just as we turned into it, it seemed that the wind

reached peak velocity for the day and we suffered it for a tawdry and seemingly endless 3kms.

Fortunately we turned around at our control point at Gerick's Cycles and with the wind at our backs headed straight for Fort Steele, our last 18kms. Eyeballs out, we had to cover this in under 30 minutes, aiming as we were for less than 9 hours.

Norman had experienced some discomfort earlier, starting on the climbs over to Kimberley from Ta-Ta Creek, but it was he who led out of Cranbrook on the last rush and, without him digging, it's doubtful if we would have made the time.

(It would be nice to relate that we were going so fast at the end that we overshot our last control point by .7k, but the truth of the matter is that we needed the 1.4k to finish our ride. After all, as Yogi Berra, might have said, "No Randonnee is complete without you finish it.")

## SIX PUNCTURES?

*(Doug Cho)*

It's a rainy Saturday morning on April 17th as 47 bicyclists leave the Burnaby Lake Sports Complex at 0700 hours on the start of their 200km Randonnee. Mechanics from Carleton Cycles and PoCo Cycles have declared roadworthy this assortment of racing bicycles, touring bicycles, mountain bicycles, one tandem and one single-gear bicycle during the bike check preceding the ride. The route would take them down the King George Highway to 40th., then zig-zag to Zero Avenue and the Aldergrove border crossing. From there, they would make their way to Matsqui, over the bridge to Mission, east on Highway 7 to Hatzic, north on Sylvester Road and west via a very hilly route over the Stave Lake Dam and Dewdney Trunk Road.

Even before the hills, many riders had trouble with flat tires (tyres?). One couple said that they had six punctures between them. One rider fell off his bike and suffered scraped knees. At least one rider relied on memory instead of reading the route sheet thereby taking a wrong turn before realizing that a stretch of Peardonville was closed due to a rockslide. By now the rain had stopped and the sun peeked out between the clouds.

Ted Milner and Keith Fraser were well ahead of the pack finishing in 7 hours and 1 minute. At the finish, Manfred read us the figure from his cycle computer which measures total meters of climbing for the trip. It said 1,672 meters. Some were overgeared for the hills and resorted to walking, but by 2030 hours, all but one had finished (the single gear bike rider did indeed complete the ride within the time limit, so guess again!). The lone drop out had only 4km to go before abandoning when time ran out. We will probably see this rider try again at the next Lower Mainland 200km ride in June.

The scenery was great, the weather not too bad and all the volunteers were excellent. I hope all the riders had a good time and that they will come to our other rides. Thanks to everyone who made the ride a success.

## THE FLESHING OF WHO

*(Tim Pollock)*

At 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, April 22nd I left 264th and Fraser Highway in the company of Dan Aleman, Ryan Austman and Peter Lysne. Bonded as a team we were to ride a 369km route through the Fraser Valley and end in Harrison Hot Springs at 10am the following morning. Buddy riding was the order of the day with Peter and Ryan as buddies and Dan and I together.

Rain and turbulent cross winds from the south kept us company to Ladner. It was no better as we turned and headed east through the valley. At 85km my inexperience as a Randonneur became more evident than the April showers. Showing self-reliance gained on many a previous Randonnee, the experienced member and his buddy rode on at full tilt rather than waste time waiting at our pre-determined meeting place. At that point, Dan and I should have shown self-reliance of our own and ridden on instead of trying to locate the others, an exercise that resulted in our being separated from each other.

Dan was travelling alone trying to find me and the other team members when he was searched at the Aldergrove Border Crossing as he used the pay phone. Unable to locate other members of the team and ordered to leave the area in a hailstorm, Dan realized he was no longer enjoying the experience and withdrew.

Light traffic, rain, wind, solitude, darkness and a blown generator were my companions from Langley to Hope. Despite the elements, there was a comfort in the solitary ride that allowed time for quiet reflection. I had the feeling of being at peace with the world around me. It was both a fulfilling and an enjoyable experience.

At Hope, Peter and Ryan joined me for the ride back as far as Popkum where they made a brief stop to check with Ryan's dad. Although solitude is rewarding, it is great to have riding companions to share interests of the moment with.

More solitude, rain, wind and darkness till the morning light caught me just before Abbotsford. Heavy rain out of a very dark sky, not knowing if I was still part of a team and the fatigue of 300 plus kilometres were the reality as I neared the Mission bridge. The cold light of day found new thoughts running through the mind and with them came the realization that I was no longer enjoying the ride.

There is a side of marathon cycling which I believe is very important - it must be enjoyable. At that moment my obligation was to listen to me and withdraw. I turned back to Abbotsford to call Rita, wish her a Happy Birthday and extend a plea, "Please come and take me home".

Nearing Abbotsford I met Peter and Ryan who were still gung ho for completing, a goal they each personally achieved. For me, the magic was gone and I remained firm in my decision to withdraw allowing who to be Fleshed from the Fleche. > > >

Will I Randonnee again? Of course I will! Another day, another ride, another challenge and the mystique of marathon cycling will be rekindled.

## KAMLOOPS 300

*(Bob Boonstra)*

On Thursday night the phone rings to let me know that Anna Bonga and Mike Hagen are coming to Kamloops. Mike plans to ride the Kamloops 300. Great . . . I've done the rides for some years now and it will be fun to have some new faces on the route. Besides, my tandem partner has hurt his knee and will be out of action for a short while but no . . . Mike would rather ride his single on this occasion.

Three of us depart at 05:00 in cool dampish weather and pedal off towards Salmon Arm: Irvin Hoover, Mike and I, churning easily along at an almost 30 kph average. At Salmon Arm, Irvin drops off to "dine" at home while Mike and I keep up the pace to Sicamous.

Southbound to Grindrod along the exposed shores of Mara Lake we encounter a stiff headwind from the south and I elect Mike to break through the turbulent air just so that I can keep up. We cover the 30 km section in just over an hour.

At Grindrod I wander about in Chuck's General Store looking for something to eat (Chuck recognizes me from previous randonnees). I let Chuck know that I'm just hanging on and it won't be long before I'm all alone. Just then Mike wanders discreetly back in to find out why I'm so slow. Upon finding me having difficulty making a food choice he pulls down a package of ju-jubes. "Just what you need", he says, "sugar and water." So on up the hill we go on a difficult leg to Falkland. With already more than 170 km in the saddle before lunch, it is turning out to be a good ride indeed. I struggle to keep pace. Fortunately, Mike is willing to slow things up just a bit as I manage to build my reserves eating ju-jubes from my newly acquired cache. "If you want to go faster you just go on ahead", I say to Mike. "Is this where you are going to slow down?" he questions. "No . . . I'm just not going to go any faster, that's all." "Well, if we can keep the speed around 25 or so, that'll be OK", he replies. I secretly hope that I can keep up the brisk pace.

I watched closely to see when Mike would drop onto the aero bars. As soon as this happened I could increase my effort to match the speed which would always increase by 3 - 5kph on the flats or into the wind.

Mike's style is quite different from many other randonneurs. Stand at the beginning of a hill but only turn the crank arms about ten times then sit. Accelerate before the hill and attack it! Over the crest - keep the cranks turning over hard and accelerate!! Onto the aero bars and fly. Then pedal hard on the flats and keep it going - fast. This is not my usual style but it is a good formula and definitely allows us a respectable time of 12:15 for 300 kms. This is a personal best for me for this course, my usual times being in the 15 - 16 hour range.

At Falkland, I got Mike to agree to a short stop for

soup and drink - 20 minutes exactly. All other control stops were short and just long enough for replenishment and necessities - again a plan which will yield the largest benefits in time.

Irvin Hoover finished the course a few hours later that evening having taken some longer stops, and enjoying his first 300 km completion.

It has been a pleasure to join up with some Lower Mainland randonneurs on the Interior Routes. I am hopeful that with some increased exposure these areas will be visited more frequently.

### THE BOMBI...

... is the summit on the road from Castlegar to Salmo and featured in last year's West Kootenay 300. It is not the longest climb in the province, nor is it the steepest; however, for 18 kms of unrelieved bloodymindedness, the Bombi is hard to beat. (*Jimmy Vallance*) > > >

### ADDRESS TO THE BOMBI SUMMIT

(With apologies to Robert Burns)

Amang B.C.'s summits may ye be curst,  
Your grade and aspect are the worst,  
Ask a randonneur who durst  
Toil up your slope.  
And even those who would be first -  
Abandon hope!

A blinding, unrelenting slog  
Where randonneurs their psyches flog  
In hazy, pain-induced fog,  
(To tell the truth,  
Reduced to counting every cog  
And every tooth).

An so ... may men wi' draglines find ye,  
Let hard-rock miners undermine ye,  
Let graders gouge, serrate and line ye  
Wi' metal fangs,  
And randonneurs fore'er malign ye  
In heartfelt sangs.

So let your shoulders sluff and slide  
Right down the mountain's steepy side,  
Great chunks, a hunder' metres wide  
And forty deep.  
And knowing how it was ye died  
I thus could sleep.

Alas! Alack! This won't transpire  
As each year passes ye'll just get higher,  
And to your summit we'll a' perspire  
In granny gear,  
Returning each - 'spite prospects dire -  
Succeeding year.

On arriving in Nelson on May 22, I discovered that Bob Boonstra had, to his everlasting credit, reverted to the original Nakusp 300 route, thereby excising the dreaded Bombi. The above verses will hopefully serve as an epitaph - the following as a eulogy for a man of compassion and vision.

Man, Bob, in Heav'n ye'll get your Thanks  
Where Randonneurs in Serried ranks  
'Midst Synchron stems and Campag cranks  
Their voices raise,  
Exorcising rando Angst  
In songs of Praise.

Let your Name be carried Far and Wide  
(You should, in fact, be Sanctified)  
Thanks from us all who on't near Died  
But ne'ermore will -  
For ye Struck from the Kootenay 300 Ride  
The Bombi Hill.

### VAN ISLAND 400 KM

(*Gord Cook*)

Harold and I left my place at about 7:15pm - lots of time to catch the mid-island express from Tsawwassen to Nanaimo. As luck would have it the ferry was about 40 minutes late which meant we didn't get to bed 'til after midnight. At 4:45 the alarm sounded and it was roll-out time. Harold went to Bino's and I ate my special high-fibre brekky at the motel. I heard that fibre really makes you go! Unfortunately it doesn't make you go fast on the bike - it's getting off and getting behind a tree that you have to be quick at.

At 5:50 or so, Carol, Stephen, Dan Wood from Seattle and I met at the 7-11. Cards passed out and it's off to Campbell River. Stephen didn't ride so Carol and Harold paired up, Dan took off (on his single-speed mountain bike) like he was shot out of a canon and I tried to follow him - but not for long. I thought surely I must have a soft tire so stopped to check. Sure enough it was down about 3lbs, so it's no wonder I can't stay with him (that excuse is much flatter than the tire but it's the best I can dream up). I settled into what I thought was a good pace. Let Dan burn himself up and I'll blow past him in 75 or 80km. The temperature was quite cool and because of this my nose wouldn't stop running; however, I've learned Anna's trick of blowing "no hands" - works great and keeps the gloves clean and dry, although sometimes it hits my glasses and shoulder. I'll have to work on the technique a bit more I guess.

Just south of Parksville I spotted another cyclist ahead. Could it be that Dan has burned up already? Sure enough it's him. Am I smart or what eh? North of town I caught him. I think I kinda surprised him, so, after pleasantries were passed he put the hammer down and I didn't see him

again until about 10 minutes before reaching Campbell River - he was going the other way, so was about 20 minutes plus control-point-time ahead. Oh well, so it takes him 200km to blow up - I can wait. At this point I had an average speed of just over 28kph, and, like so many times before when I have been doing well my brain went into calculator mode (read "self-destruct mode"). If I can just keep this pace I can do a sub 15 hour 400 - wow! Won't this look good in the stat sheet in the next newsletter! Bring on the Milners, Frasers, Bonners, Lapps, and the other fast guys! Like I said, I've been here before and I could hear logic trying to be heard in the background, but, maybe, just maybe, this will be my 15 minutes of fame.

The ride from Campbell River back to Courtenay was wet, windy and cold. A big black storm cloud stretched from just south of Campbell River to just north of Qualicum. It seemed to be coming from the south-east and it was dropping lots of the wet stuff. The wind was strong and capricious - sometimes following but mostly not. I slowed considerably. By Courtenay I was tired, so wisely decided to rest for 15 minutes or so (oh! come on - cut the "bovinus excrementus" - wisdom had nothing to do with it, I had to rest - I had no choice) Courtenay is approximately the 200km point and I was 7:20 out of Nanaimo. This was the fastest 200 I've done.

The ride to Qualicum was more of the same kind of weather. Another rest there and it's off to catch Dan. Nanaimo and no Dan in sight. I must have passed him while he rested in a cafe. But I need another rest too. This time for about 30 minutes. The tough thing about the last part of this ride is that I'm at the finish point but I still have 100km to go and I'm bagged and the wind is still in my face. At least it's not raining. But in true Rando spirit, I leave and head south for Duncan. After a tough 1 1/2 hours I saw Dan on his way back. Well, he could get off his bike and walk back to Nanaimo and I wouldn't be able to catch him. I arrived in Duncan about 2 hours after leaving Nanaimo and rested again for about 30 or so minutes. The teenage girls at the control were very amiable - made a fresh pot of coffee and produced a chair to rest my weary bones. They then stepped outside and lit up. What do you do? Chew them out, try nicely to explain the dangers in smoking, or just smack 'em a good one? I'm sure many people have tried to reason with them so I decided to keep my mouth shut and my hands in my pockets.

Actually the ride from Duncan back to Nanaimo was not too bad since the wind was at my back. I met Carol and Harold for the second time (the first being after I left Campbell River) at Ladysmith. Chatted for a couple of minutes and carried on. Seems like they saw Dan just before he arrived at the final control so he was way ahead. There are a couple of places on the Island Highway north of Ladysmith that the paved shoulder comes to an abrupt end and carries on in gravel - and so did I. This isn't much of a problem during daylight hours but, when it's dark it's scary. Fortunately I didn't take a dump (my bike that is, or the other kind either

for that matter). I'll bet my cussin' could be heard for quite a distance - not in Victoria of course, they only hear what they want to.

I made it to the finish at Nanaimo for a total time of 16:55 - not too bad for an old fart. I think Dan did it in about 15:30 or so, but then he is a much younger man than I so should be able to beat me (at least that's my excuse). Please, don't anybody tell him they make gears for bikes. Just think of the times he would turn in with a good road bike! Seriously, that was a heck of a ride Dan, well done.

## HOMETOWN NOSTALGIA

*(Barbara Lepsoe)*

Say, it's Bob and Deirdre upon "the tandem". It's the Kaslo checkpoint and our motley crew arrives in time to see "the tandem" depart. We won't see them again I think to myself.

A glacier-fed creek rushes below. Huckleberry bushes are in abundance at the road's edge. We're up high and the vegetation is changed. My eyes search for adits and dumps from old workings.

A porcupine crossed the road in front of my 700 x 23C tires, then, as the rest of the group caught up, the porcupine couldn't decide whether to go north or south, making route-finding somewhat challenging and, no doubt, stressful for my comrades.

*"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrances of times past."*

The Kootenays bring back the first five years of my life when my family lived in New Denver, actually, Silverton first, and then New Denver. We had a small log house across the road from the lake, from where we watched the barges go up and down the Slocan. As a child the town seemed large; it was a long walk to the Post Office and to Thrings Supermarket. I learned to ride a two-wheeler on the gravel road past our house; the newspaper boy taught me how.

Unseen by my comrades, tears welled up behind my shades as we approached the New Denver descent, beginning with the spectacular sight of the New Denver Glacier. The fond memories of my short time there will always remain dear to my heart. Anna kindly took a photo of me and my Marinoni in front of the "old home", and another photo was taken (from the saddle) of the "old home" in Silverton. The Japanese shacks remain - history from years gone by.

Hmm, a rest stop at South Slocan Golf Club. Think I'll have a banana, or wait, perhaps an applesauce, or maybe even an almond butter soda-bread sandwich! What are you guys eating?, I ask Norman and Jimmy. "My wife's famous rice pudding", is the reply. Mmm boy, sounds good.

Towards Nakusp we battle a slight incline and a headwind. "Hills" says the road sign ahead. "Hills Unincorporated". "No kidding Bob!", exclaims Judy.

Another food stop at Nakusp. Hmm, think I'll have a nice V-8 juice, another sandwich, and a cookie. What're you guys having?, I ask the Kootenay boys. I needn't have asked. "Rice pudding." > > >

On the climb out of Silverton, (sometimes I wonder why hills bother ending at all!) a beautifully-coloured cinnamon bear looked up at us looking down at him. "We wouldn't have been treated to this from a car," someone points out.

At Winlaw we opt for the corner store where Judy and I have dinner for two. We are thankful for the clerk who opened a can of spaghetti and tomato sauce for us. Cold spag, truly a gorging's delight!

There sits Jimmy on the cement railing, with both shoes off, head in his hands, and his tub of rice pudding beside him. "I'm knackered!", says he with that lovely Scottish accent.

Our pace remained constant throughout the ride with Glen catapulting ahead now and then only to be reeled back in moments later. I wondered if beans had been his fuel of choice. Actually, we women wondered if we'd grossed him out with certain conversations and/or certain nose blowing techniques! Norman and Jimmy pulled us like steam engines, truly a delightful pair to ride with. "They're just like an old married couple!", I hear someone comment, as they natter on at each other.

To finish before dark means we've made good time. We're nearly the last, but we've enjoyed a day of spectacular scenery, little traffic, good road surfaces and most importantly of all, good companionship. The support we give each other, both moral and physical is what keeps a randonneur randonneuring.

## MEMORIES OF A RIDE

*(Harold Bridge)*

I have been back from Nelson and the Kootenays for over 36 hours and still the images of the Kootenay 300 fill my mind: a pace-line with five identical BC Randonneur uniforms heading north toward Nakusp; numerous deer and, I'm told, bears, and even a confused porcupine surrounded by six descending bikes; above all, snow-capped peaks jutting into the crystal clear air and below them, rich green forests, and roaring, tumbling creeks rushing to the lakes below; the privilege of being able to ride amongst this idyllic scene whilst alongside two or three others carrying on a conversation seldom interrupted by motor vehicles - and those that did come, respected our space as they saw us sprinting into line-ahead formation to facilitate their passing.

When Pat Taddy lived near Nakusp he did many of the standard brevets by himself and his 300 route was from Nakusp south on Highway 6 to South Slocan, east on #3 to Nelson, north to Kaslo, west to New Denver and so back to home. In 1989 he invited us there for the Victoria Day weekend so we could benefit from the locale, peace and tranquility. Pat no longer lives there but in 1991, Bob Boonstra took on the job of organising a Victoria Day weekend 300 on an adaptation of the Nakusp-based route. The start was in Nelson, cutting out the bit to Nakusp, and inserting a loop to Castlegar and Salmo. The climb out of

Castlegar on a relatively busy main road with a shocking pea-gravel surface proved to be unpopular with all concerned, including the Albertans who came to that event.

This year Bob reverted to Nakusp and so it was at 0600 on the Sunday morning we left the forecourt of the North Shore Motel in Nelson and headed north. Within three hours all 12 "300" riders were clear of Kaslo and heading up the nicest part of the ride on the gentle climb that uses an old railway grade for much of the way. Still too early for most folk, this proved to be the most spectacular of the many memorable sections of this route.

At 116kms we called in at the Slocan Golf Club for control #2. The old man at the back who hates wasting time at controls was about to leave when he discovered the others were wasting their superior speed on the hills by sitting enjoying the sunshine round the corner. He left ahead of them, was quickly caught and joined their paceline for a few kilometres. Two of the seven ahead, and two others, including the old man were off the back. The remorseless trio of females setting a relentless pace up hill and down dale put them quickly out of sight.

At 135kms Glen and the old man saw Ted heading south at 12:15. A quick bit of calculator-less mental arithmetic showed Ted to be taking 6 1/4 hours for 180 kms. With the wind at his back it seemed possible he would beat ten hours and he looked comfortable and flying. At 139 kms the old man suffered a thump-thump-thump-BANG from the back wheel. Changing the tube took about ten minutes and Glen, anxious to regain the shelter of the pack pressed on. It seemed prudent to turn the tube-change stop into a rest stop and so 20 minutes went by before the old man resumed.

Soon after the stop, Mike with Gordon in tow, were seen heading south and seemed to be on a 12-hour pace. Then the Boonstra tandem with Deirdre stoking went the other way with shouts of encouragement. The remaining half dozen were still at the Nakusp control when the old man arrived but they were long gone by the time he had had his card signed, filled his bottles and been to the can. From then on the old man had a solo ride for the remaining 150 kms. But perhaps it's just as well. In such terrain, keeping company can create a lot of stress, and by oneself it is possible to choose when and where one increases or decreases speed. The 200km point occurred right at the Slocan Golf course and with the tough 7km climb out of Silverton just 7 kms down the road, the old man felt it worth turning his 9hrs43mins. "200" into a 10:20 with soup and a sandwich. Thus fortified, he tackled the Silverton monster with judicious use of the 45 inch and 37 inch bottom 2 gears (39 x 23 & 28). This allowed him to maintain a fairly constant 12kph without having to, like several of the others, stop for a rest at the top. Non-stop to the Winlaw control at about 256 kms., and he was getting anxious about his 15 hour aim. Although the minimum speed qualification gives one 20 hours, he wasn't anxious to finish at 0200; 21:00 that evening seemed to make more sense.

By South Slocan it was apparent that the 15 hours idea wasn't on. But, with an extra 8 kms on the route perhaps

a 20kph average was on if he could finish by 21:24. He couldn't. The deceptive hills on Highway 3 proved to be his undoing and he finished at 21:30 for a time of 15 1/2 hours.

A little rain at the start gave Ted some road rash at a plank bridge into Kaslo, but most of the day was hot sun, tempered by some scudding clouds and a fresh breeze. Total elevation gain was about 3,000. metres.

Rumour has it the "peloton" had to keep waiting for Jimmy Vallance while he disentangled his kilt from his back wheel!

## KOOTENAY 200/300

*(Bob Boonstra)*

For the second year in a row, the weather was perfect for the start of this magnificent tour. Seventeen riders arrived in Nelson to test their will and their machines for either a 200 km loop or a 300 km course which has a 43 km extension westward to Nakusp.

The start proved to be quick with Ted Milner soon disappearing from sight. Three sets of cycle tracks leading from wet onto dry pavement sections indicate our relative position, as Deirdre and I pedal at warp speed on the tandem from Nelson northward towards Balfour. Soon we have a rider in sight - great - somebody to catch. Eventually we reel in Gord Cook who happily settles in to draft. We pound along together in the brisk early morning coolness eventually making contact with Mike Hagen. Upon seeing us pull up alongside, Mike comments that he isn't felling too well. "I don't know what's the matter with me today," he says. "It's your chain Mike... it's squeaking... making too much noise... takes energy...". I reply. "Anyway, you're not going slowly at all... We had to go 40-45 to catch you." "What?" questions Mike, not hearing us. "Your chain, your chain" calls Deirdre making gestures toward the rear of Mike's cycle. Mike looks around... no flat... no squeaks... still too slow... no reason... Puzzled, he gives up and pedals alongside, making himself content to push buttons on the computer. A few minutes later... "Hey, I'm not doing too badly at all" as he reflects on his average speed". Right Mike!

Upon reaching Balfour we let the others go on ahead and settle into a pace which we hope will save both halves of our 'engine' from collapse.

The climbs to Kaslo pass quickly in the early morning sunlight and by 8:30 a.m. we are on our way up to Retallick with white water stream runoff roaring alongside the roadway. Traffic remains light with only the occasional car or truck passing. Mining towns pass, old mine workings come and go, little wooden bridges over the spring melt pass under our wheels as we climb steadily towards the pass with the backdrop of the snow-clad peaks filling the horizon.

On the descent from Fish Lake we hurtle downward towards New Denver reaching speeds of over 80 kph at times. The distant Valhalla peaks loom closer as we descend.

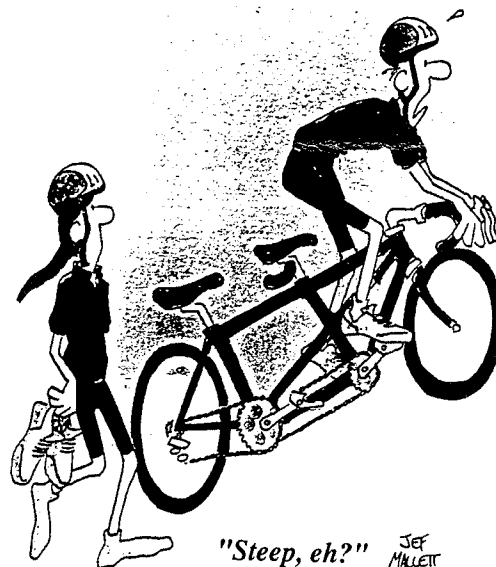
A bike race has just concluded at New Denver as we

pass through on our way to Nakusp. After a visit to the Slocan Lake Golf Club for replenishment we are on our way. The landscape here must be invisibly tilted. Norman Batisse says that you don't really go any slower uphill, it's just some law of physics that makes it LOOK like you are going more slowly. Figure THAT one out! The only visual clue to the fact that we are climbing is when we reach the sign that indicates the "town" of "Hills". It goes on and on and on. "When does this hill level off?" queries Deirdre. "Don't know for sure, looks like it might level off just ahead." I reply. Again we are held in suspense until we see the top... a signpost indicating Summit Lake. So obvious... how could we not know? Ted is soon seen pedalling strongly on the return having just reached the mid-point of this out-and-back section. Way to go Ted!

At Carsons Corner (just east of Nakusp) we relax and are caught up by the 'group' which will eventually become a sixpack by the finish. Harold is not far behind, pedalling very steadily on his own.

Further along, with rests, power bars and borscht (the Kootenays, remember?) we eventually find ourselves at the infamous Hubby's Burgers. From Hubby's it is an easy downhill stretch to Nelson. God I must have Alzheimers!! I told everyone this was all downhill! It's all uphill! Anyway not a bad stretch, considering the ingestion of a chocolate power bar thoughtfully supplied by Deirdre. We cruise strongly into Nelson without needing our lights at all. The sixpack is an hour behind and Harold rides sweep soon after. A strong finish by all and a great solo for Catharine Hume who persevered alone to complete her first-ever 200 km randonnee.

The Kootenay classic is sure to be a hit again. We had a lot of fun. Nobody complained. I like that. Got some good pictures too.







RIDER	(Days)	(Eves)	200 KM	Rt	300 KM	Rt	400 KM	Rt	600 KM	Rt	1000 KM	Rt	Fleche	Longest
Lysne, Peter	877-2469	980-6231	10:13	VA	15:15	VA	25:15	VA					DNF-WH	0600/8007
MacDonald, Darren	-403-	743-8479											367km-AL	0367/9304
Marsh, Robert	434-4262	325-7617	13:10	VA										0200/9304
Maundrell, Ralph	-	538-2737	9:53	VI										1200/9108
McGuire, Dan	293-8478	942-3235	10:13	VA									364km-H5	1200/8708
+ McGuire, Dan			10:58	KA										
McLean, Ged	721-8922	477-4839	7:14	VI	11:31	VI	14:14	VI						1200/9108
McPoland, Kathleen	-206-	463-2820											367km-TW	1200/9108
McPoland, Richard	-206-	463-2820											367km-TW	1200/9108
Milner, Ted	291-3499	936-3519	7:01	VA	10:48	NK	14:59	VA					DNF-HB	1200/9108
Minter, Phil	325-5158	263-7477	9:00	VA	11:12	VA	17:59	VA						0400/9305
Morrison, Judy		879-3661	10:45	VA	14:45	NK							360km-BW	0600/9106
Mossman, Wayne	485-6255	485-5464	11:10	VI										0200/9304
Mynett, Gary		738-4395	11:20	VA	16:15	VA								0300/9305
Nadin, Eric	-403-	791-3895											367km-AL	1200/9108
Neifer, Roy	877-6000	534-2407	9:34	VA										0200/9304
Orser, Marion	-	737-8483	10:43	VI									368km-SS	0600/9106
Patterson, Dave	438-3434	597-2177	10:31	VA										0200/9304
Perren, Peter	-403-	678-4618											367km-AL	0367/9304
Philcox, Nigel	722-2831	722-2329	9:56	VI	16:42	VI								1200/9108
Pollock, Tim		939-8166	13:30	VA									DNF-WH	0400/9105
Prefontaine, Real	853-6474	853-9594											364km-H5	0600/9207
Pulfrey, David	822-3876	263-6780			11:02	VA	17:59	VA						0400/9305
Putoto, Tina		372-3753	11:45	KA										0200/9305
Robb, Ron	-206-	633-2238											367km-TW	1200/9108
Roberts, Alan	261-6334	451-0453	11:20	VA	16:15	VA								0300/9305
Roberts, Mark	-206-	391-9436	9:17	VA										1200/9108
Rodden, Pat	-206-	568-8714	9:42	SE									DNF-XS	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	15:20	VA	21:40	VA						0600/9106
Slivecko, Mick	664-6526	731-8552	13:15	VA										0200/9304
Springle, Glen	942-5223	467-8346	10:50	VA	14:45	NK								0300/9205
Stary, Peter	873-7335	291-2621	7:50	VA	11:02	VA	15:35	VA					DNF-HB	1200/9108
Stenning, George	-	245-2414	10:18	VI										0300/8505
Street, Roger	687-8808		11:20	VA										0200/9304
Thornton, Mike L.	-206-	863-7730			15:16	VA								0600/8406
Towe, Alan	758-9916	758-9916	8:57	VI	16:42	VI	18:50	VI						0400/9305
Vallance, Jimmy	423-4471	423-6473	8:57	SE	14:45	NK	19:40	SE						0600/9206
Van der Meer, Bill	-403-	434-2314											367km-AL	0367/9304
Wagner, John	-206-	782-8965	8:44	VA	12:13	VA							DNF-XS	0368/9204
+ Wagner, John			8:42	SE										
Wasik, Larry	664-4246	299-6115			13:56	VA								0600/9207
Wazik, Larry		299-6115	10:13	VA										0200/9304
Weingartner, Ernst		589-4572	13:10	VA	15:42	VA	21:50	VA	33:55	VA				0600/9306
Weingartner, Linda		589-4572	13:10	VA	15:42	VA								0300/9305
Wood, Dan	-206-	525-1290	8:39	VA	14:33	VI	15:26	VI					DNF-XS	0400/9305
+ Wood, Dan			7:51	VI	11:02	VA	17:27	VA						
Zarhal, Terry	-203-	869-BIKE			11:02	VA	17:27	VA	36:26	VA				0600/9306

(STARTERS) 93 56 35 10 0 34  
(PINISHERS=Men+Women) (88=74+14) (56=50+6) (35=32+3) (10=7+3) (23=15+8)

SUPER RANDONNEURS to date: 7. This report includes information received to Jun 17/93. 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).