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British Columbia

Randonneur

Marathon Cycling

The B.C.Randonneurs' Most Popular Event- Be There!

Harold Bridge

It is a sad fact that the summer's end in sight when it is time to advertise the Annual General Meeting again. There are not too many organisations where the AGM is attended by more members than any of the other events held during the season. But that is what happens to us.

The venue, Fort Langley's Bedford House, is the same. The price is the same, \$13.95 plus 6% GST & 15% gratuity. That adds up to \$17.01. Our generous treasurer, Roger Street, is happy to subsidize to the tune of \$2.01 a head. Therefore have \$15.00 ready for each person you are paying for when you turn up. Children 12 & under are to be charged \$10.

The undersigned will need to know how many will be attending. Sometime around September 17/20 he will be 'phoning those who don't voluntarily contact him.

For those who havn't been before the routine is:

Sunday Sept 23:

09:30 Meet in Marina Park, north end of Church Street and immediately east of the Bedford House. Park in Marina Park, not B.H. parking lot.

10:00 With route map provided set out on a ride that will see you back by 13:00 (Routes for all tastes, 19 km to about 70 km).

13:15 Enter the B.H. and pay your \$15.00 at the door. Enjoy the buffet type meal.

15:00 A Brief business meeting where we welcome the new executive and/or plead for someone to volunteer for a job (Usually, it is all pre-arranged).

16:00 Go home

Come & enjoy the season's wrap up. Harold Bridge, (604)-941-3448 or, harold_bridge@telus.net)



Spinning

Karen Smith

Studio spinning will start for the winter on Friday October 12. Start is 7:30 pm, Place is Cameron Rec. Centre (near Lougheed Mall). Price is \$5. To reserve your bike, or for more information call Karen at 604-732-0212.

New Year's Day Populaire

Mike Poplawski

Since I've heard from the club exec that it should be possible, I would like to put forward the idea of a BC Randonneurs New Year's Populaire.

I will organize it, and plan to ride along.

It'll be here in Victoria; you realize that Victoria is the self-proclaimed cycling capital of Canada, although Ottawa grumbles about that. (I have my doubts that Ottawa is planning any metric century rides for January 1, though).

There will be a New Year's Eve party of some kind here, a great time to meet up with some other riders and make some resolutions, such as "I'm going to ride 35,000 km in 2002!", but you need not have that many drinks.

The ride will be 100 km, starting at 10:00 AM in the Oak Bay area. The route will be the 100 km Victoria Populaire route that's normally run in

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July--lots of waterfront riding. The ride will finish at a nice cozy spot.

Let me know if you'd be interested in making Victoria a New Year's destination, and remember, you'll be on an annual pace of 36,500 km after the ride!

London-Edinburgh-London

Cheryl Lynch

It was sweet. The route sheet was accurate, the roads were quiet and scenic for the most part, great people both on and off bikes, food at controls was always cheap and delicious and even the weather was favourable (tailwind back to Thorne from Harlow, Harlow starters mightn't agree with me!). Relatively flat route, a few rollers around Yorkshire, some gradual climbing in Scotland, bit of a climb out of Dalkeith but the view at the top was well worth it. I loved the roads ("lanes"), swooping through small towns, some cobbles in one, whizzing around roundabouts. Riding on the wrong side of the road was quite exciting, like doing something you aren't supposed to? Rode for a few hours with fellow on fixed gear, which I found amusing on the descents. Now I'm inspired to commute on fixed and see how it goes! [tested this possibility this morning using one gear and pedalling like crazy. I have now realized how hilly my route to work is!!]

There was an Irish fellow in the lead trio until his BB started to fall apart. Paul somebody or other, Danelle knew him. I rode with the leaders for ~20 km (at ~700 km for me and 1000 for them) until I realized I was going to be paying for it later so dropped off. Watching Hubertus's wonky wheel rub against his rear brakes while the Frenchman pulled through at 28 or 30 kph. Guess Hubertus crashed in first leg out from Harlow.

Highly recommend the route, even if you're not riding the event. Roughly 5000 feet of climbing between Carlisle and Edinburgh

British Columbia Randonneur Marathon Cycling is the hardcopy newsletter of the BC Randonneurs Cycling Club. The BC Randonneurs are a founding member of the Randonneurs Mondiaux (1983). The club is affiliated with Cycling BC and the Canadian Cycling Association.

The opinions expressed in the newsletter are those of the article authors and do not necessarily reflect those of the editor, club executive, Cycling BC, the CCA, or Randonneurs Mondiaux.

The newsletter is published in hardcopy form approximately every six weeks. Articles and notices are posted to the club webletter at www.randonneurs.bc.ca as received (or a little later if work or riding get in the way) and subsequently edited and formatted into this newsletter. If you are happy with the html or pdf version on the web and do not wish to receive further paper newsletters please send me an email at stoker@telus.net. I email the data reports as pdf.

Editor: Susan Allen

Submissions: Please send articles to me. My preference is plain text files or Word and digital photos in JPEG format to stoker@telus.net. Or mail (preferable a diskette) to Susan Allen, 2356 W 6th Ave, Vancouver, BC V6K 1V9

Next publication deadline is November 1, 2001.

(in 130 km) - "relatively flat?"... well, maybe a bit hilly there, and some wind! 160 km took me 10 hours.

Canada 600 km Brevet

Maya Ide

A group of six Japanese cyclists including this writer visited Vancouver B.C. from June 14 to June 20 to participate in a 600 km, qualifying Brevet. We were kindly invited to participate by the sponsoring organization, the B.C. Randonneur Club yet though none of us had participated in the 200, 300 or 400 km brevets.

Our visit to Canada was to be the first step towards organizing a series of brevets in Japan which would qualify Japanese cyclists for the 2003 PBP. As of today, brevets that would qualify under the PBP rules are non-existent in Japan, though we have several long distance cycling events throughout the year. Thus, our objective for visiting Canada, was to observe first hand how a qualifying brevet was organized, as well as to ascertain the level of bicycling skill required to complete the longest of the qualifying brevets.

The Japanese delegation was comprised of Mr. Ishimaru and Ms Yuko Kato, representing Brevet Japon (also representing Star Bike Japan, organizers of many long distance events in Japan) and, Mr. Kusano a writer from Cycle Sports, one of our major cycling magazines, Mr. Sudo, Ms. Sawada and myself, Maya Ide.

Background

Last fall I received a phone call from Ms. Kato of Brevet Japon asking me to help her in her correspondence with the World Randonneur Association or Randonneurs Mondiaux. Since 1994, Ms. Kato and members of Star Bike Japan had been organizing a long distance cycling event known as the Route N. Mr. Ishimaru and Ms. Kato had visited France to observe the PBP in 1999, and had been negotiating unsuccessfully with the Audax Club Parisien to have the Route N designated as a qualifying brevet. Mr. Real PreFontaine, the new president of les Randonneurs Mondiaux, had been most supportive of our hopes to send Japanese cyclists to the PBP in his correspondence with Star Bike Japan. From around January 2001, I began to exchange e-mail with Real on behalf of Ms. Kato.

It became increasingly evident that we needed to revamp the Route N and start from scratch if we were to organize the series of qualifying brevets. Route N for one thing was not administered as a group ride, and therefore there were no control points. Usually ridden on an individual basis, the rider applies for a 350 km, 500 km or 750 km badge. Though Star Bike designates many Route N routes throughout Japan, the rider can also plan his or her own route, or combine several of the designated routes. The rider collects either train tickets or convenience store receipts imprinted with a date and time every 30 to 50 km to be mailed later as evidence. At the goal, the rider must get a signature of a third person as proof that the ride has been completed.

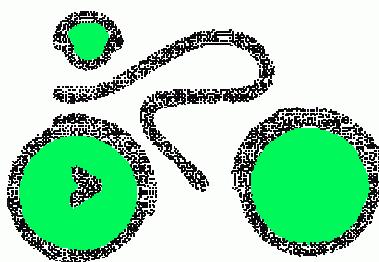
I also started exchanging e-mails with Mr. Yonemitsu, a very active member of the BC Randonneur Club and a Japanese, and

Mr. Harold Bridge, the organizer for the August Haney ride. Both Real and Mr. Yonemitsu in the mail repeatedly encouraged us to participate in a 600 km brevet, so that it would serve as a model to be applied in Japan.

Mr. Ishimaru, Ms. Kato and myself spent several hours at the Star Bike office discussing whether we should go. Could we get riders who would be able to successfully ride a 600 km brevet, and who would be willing to travel all the way to Canada? I argued that we should invite only a handful of very strong riders. Mr. Ishimaru, with his many years of experience as a bicycle event organizer insisted that we should broadly advertise the event and solicit the participation of as many cyclists as possible. He argued that it was important to garner wide support among Japanese cyclists. As a result of those discussions, in April we posted an advertisement for a bicycle trip to Canada in August for the Haney 600 km ride. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Harold Bridge for mailing me maps and other pertinent information for the advertisement.

From around March, I had been contacting our local clubs and the organizers of an annual 300 km ride from Tokyo to Niigata Prefecture on the Japan Sea Coast side, but was not getting any encouraging responses. Many seasoned long-distance cyclists seemed to balk at the thought of traveling to Canada to ride 600 km in 40 hours. Since the ride we were initially planning to do was in August, normally summer vacation time in Japan, I had actually been worried that too many cyclists might apply for the tour. That not being the case, I decided to ask Mr. Niwa, a mountain bike tour guide to introduce me to anybody who had the ability to ride 600 km. He at once took out his cell phone and called Mr. Kusano at Cycle Sports Magazine. Mr. Kusano had ridden 500 km at a stretch, and immediately agreed to accompany us. I was so relieved. Now I could mail Real, Mr. Yonemitsu and Harold that we were coming to Canada.

In April Mr. Sudo, another long-distance mountain bicyclist also signed up, and along with Ms. Sawada who was making her own arrangements with Mr. Yonemitsu, we were able to gather a team of four riders, including myself. Ms. Kato and Mr. Ishimaru would drive the support van for the benefit of the Japanese cyclists. By this time, we had decided to heed Mr. Yonemitsu's suggestion that we do the June Cache Creek 600 km ride to take advantage of the long daylight in Canada.



Coming Events

AGM Ride/Brunch – Sep 23
Fort Langley, Bedford House
Harold Bridge 604-941-3448

Spinning Friday Start Oct 12
Cameron Rec. Ctr. 7:30pm
Karen Smith 604-732-0212

New Years Ride – Jan 1
100 km, Victoria BC
Mike Poplawski 250-882-1239

A Japanese impression of the roads in Canada

Since the readers of this translation will be familiar with the Cache Creek route, in this section, I will only summarize my impression of the route..

Coming from Japan where 98% of the land area is mountainous, I was surprised to learn that the first 120 km was flat except for a short but steep climb near the Slough McCallum right before the turn off to Harrison Springs. On top of this hill, I found a site that is very common in Japan. A historic fountain of natural water, surrounded by people filling up their water tanks or bottles. The roads ran straight for stretches of several kilometers, and with a strong tail wind, it was an easy ride up to the first checkpoint, Sea Bird Island Cafe. The lack of traffic signals, and the wide side lanes allowed me to cycle with a sense of safety, yet the traffic was at times fairly heavy with an endless stream of trucks.

Though the average gradient beyond Hope was 7%, because of the width of the lanes, the size of the trees, and the variegated contours of the mountains that hemmed in the canyon, and perhaps thanks to a strong tailwind, the climb did not seem to be as steep as most Japanese mountain roads. I particularly loved the route beyond Yale leading up to Boston Bar, not only because of the spectacular scenery, but because the roads were so well designed, faithfully following the natural contours of the hills.

Beyond Yale, the road traversed the mountain side high above the river, winding around huge overhanging crags with barely a side fence to keep the cars from plunging down the cliffs. Up and down and zigzagging from one crag to another, oh was I envious, because in Japan, our mountain roads are becoming increasingly straight. Many historic routes that used to travel across mountain passes are disappearing, and are being replaced by long tunnels. Left to Japanese road builders, the Fraser Canyon route would surely have been a series of tunnels, depriving the cyclist of those wonderful views.

The quaint little towns enroute were a joy to pass through. I had to chuckle at the sign that appeared before every settlement. "Don't use engine brakes in urban areas". Obviously my definition of the term urban was a bit different.

Beyond the point where the Fraser and Thompson rivers diverge I enjoyed the barren landscape, devoid of human settlements for a stretch of nearly 70 km, yet a 20 km long road construction right before Spencer's Bridge was agonizing. By the time I reached the Acacia Grove Motel at Spencer's Bridge, it was raining, the temperature had plunged, and I was thoroughly soaked. I was on the point of giving up, but after changing into winter attire, I set off towards Cache Creek. As the sun set, it became pitch dark, but the sweet scent of sage brush, the serenity of the night, and the stars that appeared among the clouds kept me going on. It was not until nearly midnight that I reached Cache Creek. I was tired, ravenously hungry,

but had enjoyed every inch of the ride.

Perhaps because of the wind factor, I had to peddle on nearly every descent, which actually came as a surprise. In Japan, many mountain routes have a road gradient of at least 10%. Though the climb is steep, usually you are rewarded by an exhilarating descent. This is probably due to the fact that the Japanese mountains are young and steep, and we are geographically much smaller than Canada. A 300 km ride in Japan would take you clear across the width of Japan, from the Pacific Coast side to the Japan Sea Coast side.

When we organize qualifying brevets in Japan the number of traffic signals might prove to be a hindrance. For example, on a 300 km route between Tokyo and Itoigawa, on the Sea of Japan Coast there are 234 traffic signals as opposed to only 10 traffic signals between Pitts Meadows and Cache Creek. On the other hand, because convenience stores are so ubiquitous even in rural areas, we do not have to carry provisions, even on long rides. The Ministry of Construction also operates so-called Road Stations (as opposed to railway stations) along most country roads. These road stations have restaurants and clean restrooms, as well as stores that sell local produce. They cater to traffic on general roads, as opposed to major highway traffic, and would serve as wonderful control points for a qualifying brevet.

Results of the Japanese cyclists

Mr. Kusano and Mr. Sudo successfully completed the 600 km ride in 37 hours 45 minutes. Ms. Sawada rode for 450 km and retired. Being visually impaired, she was able to ride the distance only because of the strong support given by Mr. Yonemitsu who guided her. I retired at Cache Creek, the 300 km point, partly out of fear that Ms. Kato and Mr. Ishimaru would find it difficult to support both the front runner, Mr. Kusano, and myself, the last cyclist among the participants.

Lessons learned

The event was an eye opener for all of the Japanese participants. All of the Japanese participants were impressed with the simple and yet thorough manner in which the brevet was managed, with the cooperation of many volunteers and the local community. We learned much about how to use the control cards, and how to manage control points such as Spencer's Bridge. Most of all, we were able to experience the level of skill required to complete a 600 km ride within 40 hours. All in all, we returned from Canada confident that we too could organize the series of qualifying brevets in Japan. This July upon our return from Canada, we held our first Randonneur Japan meeting. We have since decided to hold our first trial 200 km brevet on September 30. Next year, we plan to organize the first series of Brevets in preparation for the 2003 PBP.

On behalf of the Japanese visitors, I would like to express our sincerest appreciation to the B.C. Randonneur Club, to Mr. Real PreFontaine and Mr. Noboru Yonemitsu for their strong support and guidance. We hope that we can reciprocate by inviting BC Randonneur members to come out to Japan. There are many wonderful routes in rural Japan that we would like to show you. On the Japan Sea coast side, as well in the northern parts of the

country, the scenery is beautiful, traffic is minimal, and the roads are wide. If there are any interested members, please contact Ms. Kato or myself.

Tour of Victoria 200 km Brevet--August 4

Mike Poplawski

About the Tour of Victoria route:

I devised this route based on the traditional "waterfront" cycling route used for the 100 km Victoria Populaire, but ran it clockwise for the first half of the ride. The second half of the ride starts with some urban riding in Esquimalt, along the Gorge and through Victoria West before a 2.5 km stretch of the Galloping Goose. (The ride uses the Galloping Goose and Lochside Trail system one other time by following Lochside Road for 2.3 km.) The route winds its last 80 km through Saanich, Colwood and Metchosin farm country (including a side tour of Ocean Boulevard) before hitting Sooke, Humpback, Glen Lake and Helmcken. The route is definitely not for a rider trying to set a personal best for a 200 km brevet, but it does fit its title quite well--a great little Tour.

Local fact: Roy Road between Carey and Wilkinson Roads features some cobbles, a little touch of France which 1991 PBP finisher Stephen Hinde appreciated.

Local fact: The Galloping Goose trail is a busy cycling commuter and recreational corridor reclaimed from an abandoned railroad bed in the 1990s; the section used in this brevet features two bridges--one of wood over the now-swimmable Gorge at Selkirk Waters, and the other of concrete over the Trans-Canada Highway.

About the August 4th ride:

The 200 km Tour of Victoria started under gray skies and on wet roads. The day had promised some sunshine, but the six riders on this new route would have to wait as they set out into a downpour along the west coast of the Saanich Peninsula.

By the time the riders arrived at the first control in Sidney, they had put themselves in the order that they would ride the rest of the now dry day. Mike Ball arrived first, with Steve Lonergan and Phil Jones coming in about 10 minutes later. Phil was over from Bellingham, and appreciated riding with a local on this "Tour" and its well over 100 cues. Steve also promised to take some of the nastiness out of the route...hmmm, I knew I had to keep my eyes on these two! Barry Allan followed soon thereafter and joined in the little feast we ran off our tailgate before heading off his own. Stephen Hinde flatlined early in the wet, but he arrived with his wife Carol in good spirits about 30 minutes later.

The next control at Cadboro Bay allowed for some exploration of the area. I've ridden past many times, but never had a chance to really see what was there. My intrepid assistant Bev Shaw (who has now spent more time volunteering on Randonneur events than actually riding, bless her heart) and I watched as Steve and Phil were the first to come in, with no sign of Mike Ball, who had a flat tire on the way. The tragic call came in a few moments later from Mike that he had to abandon due to two flats and a cut

sidewall that really wouldn't take to booting. Poor guy--a 2001 Super Randonneur but also finding his way into a second DNF of the season. Fortunately, he was able to find a lift home. Barry was still soloing and stopped to chat briefly. Stephen and Carol kept their pace up and enjoyed some more food which we had on hand before proceeding through the tweed curtain (or are they the stone gates?) of the Uplands.

The next control at Colquitz (Wilkinson Plaza) gave Bev and I the chance to look at her new copy of Lonely Planet's Cycling France, a very comprehensive guide to you-know-what, and it covered a lot of the randonneur action, organized and not. Pretty inspiring stuff!

Steve and Phil were the first to roll in, and finished their Subway sandwiches just before Barry, Carol and Stephen did the same. Carol had flatlined on Wharf Street, which gave the Hindes a chance to mix in with many other tourists to Victoria on the day. The energy boost would be needed for many short climbs the rest of the day, starting less than 1 km from this control. I knew I had a good chance to take a photo or two just before the riders got to Hastings Road.

Local fact: Colquitz is a native word for "say goodbye to your camera equipment". At the 2000 Victoria Populaire, Shaw TV's Cam McLean left his video tripod by the side of the road on Interurban Road; I left my camera bag, including a lens, by the side of North Road this year.

After taking a few more photos on Charlton (Stephen doubled back to thank me for finding a Victoria road he hadn't ridden before), it was off to the Western Communities to find out how Steve and Phil were doing. They were right on schedule as we found them climbing (another photo op) into Sooke after riding through Metchosin and over the Lindholm/Kangaroo grind. After stopping in for a quick refresher in Sooke, with Phil asking how his Mariners had done earlier in the day, and Steve boasting of how they could shave an hour off the last 50 km (hmmmm....), they headed for home. Little did they know they would receive some of the most intense secret control scrutiny of their lives!

We spotted Barry, Carol and Stephen riding together (as they would the rest of the day) 15 minutes out of Sooke, just like clockwork before Bev and I laid low in the weeds on Humpback. However, we couldn't catch Phil and Steve missing the turn. "Did you think we'd really skip this beautiful road?", Steve shouted as they rode by, about to enter what really is a very scenic bit of coastal rain forest.

Bev and I were famished to the point of needing some Dairy Queen, so we set up another secret control at the DQ at Ledsham and Highway 14, you know, just in case Steve diabolically took Phil away from the chance to ride up Wishart Road. We had just finished our treats when Steve and Phil rode by, wearing what could actually be described as smiles of honesty!

The last challenge of the route was a combination of climbs up Helmcken Road, and once again Phil and Steve passed our secret control in good spirits, knowing their day would be done soon.

The waiting game began at Tim Horton's, with Steve and Phil finishing at around 6:45 PM, in a time of 10:30. Barry, Carol and

Stephen arrived just before 8:00 PM, in 11:42. Everyone was more than pleased at receiving their pins and for the great service during the day. You were all very welcome, and good luck on your future rides!

Stephen and Carol invited Bev and I for a generous post-ride meal at Moxie's, riders and organizers showing just what kinds of appetites they can build up during a long day.

Thanks to Stephen Hinde for some pre-ride technical advice on brevet organization and Bev Shaw for driving the randomobile and the company during a long but enjoyable day. See you all, and some more new faces in 2002!

Hubris

Tom Hocking

hu-bris- exaggerated pride or self-confidence often resulting in retribution...

Every brevet I've ridden has resulted in some new experience or lesson that I am able to add to the sum total of my randonneuring knowledge, but the August 18 Vancouver Island 200 was one of the most eventful one day rides I have ever done. As some of you know, Janice and I had made the momentous decision to get into tandeming this season and acquired a beautiful new Burley in May. We've been having a fantastic time learning about this new aspect of cycling and had a wonderful trip riding 300 km of the Kettle Valley in June. I returned feeling like an experienced "captain" and wanted to find out how the Burley would go with my son-in-law, the young, athletic and always 'game for anything' Kevin Strong working from the backseat. What better way to learn than to jump in at the deep end by doing a 200 for our first ride? We had arranged that I would take the first driving shift for 100 km, then swap and allow Kevin to get some experience as pilot while I sat in the navigator/observer's seat for the second half.

Our first minor mishap occurred while we were showing off for the amazement of Stephen and Carole Hinde our newly learned trick of standing up in unison to climb a major hill. The tandem wobbled disconcertingly, Kevin put out a distress call, and we came to an embarrassingly abrupt halt. One of the fixing bolts for the stoker's stem had earlier stripped, allowing those handlebars to yaw alarmingly the first time Kevin applied his youthful strength to them. Somewhat humbled, we decided that standing was a no-no for the rest of the day and all climbing would be done in our lowest gears.

The next noteworthy incident occurred while I was showing off the Burley's forte: high-speed downhill screamers. We had spun out the 130" top gear and were both curled up into the racers' aero tuck position when I ran over something I couldn't see. I knew we were in for trouble as whatever it was we hit gave off a loud metallic CLINK like the sound of flying shrapnel. Immediately my brave observer began calling, "Flat, flat!" We discovered the rear tyre mortally wounded by a slash on either side of a dent to the rim. Half an hour later, with the rim trued and some rather troubling bulges in the sidewall where we'd applied boots, we moved on with little hope of catching other riders. We were

indeed surprised when we met the rest of the group at the 55 km control just as they were preparing to leave.

It is said that bad things happen in threes but I've never been much of a superstitious person. We proceeded on in good spirits and all was well again: We were back on the road and still in contention, having overcome adversity and emerged victorious. We proudly began chatting about our prowess and anticipating a happy outcome. As one proceeds south past the mill at Crofton, there is a sharp left turn followed by a high-speed downhill and a sharp right turn onto the main drag of the village. Increasing age is supposed to bring wisdom, but along with it comes impaired short-term memory. With visions of a course record and an image of crossing the line with four arms raised in salute I sped down that hill toward the right hander I'd negotiated dozens of times before. The Walter Mitty in me must have had thoughts of Lance and Jan bombing downhill together on a tandem. I braked hard, picked my line and leaned into the turn going 25 or 30. At the apex something, as they say, "went terribly wrong" because the world suddenly went all wonky. I can't say that my life flashed before my eyes, but time definitely slowed down. My first thought was that the front tyre had rolled off the rim as we'd lost all steering. My next impression was of the tarmac coming up to meet us at a high rate of speed as our controlled lean was rapidly changing into an uncontrolled one while the angle increased alarmingly. I recall thinking, "Hey...we're going down...." Just as quickly we were upright again and wobbling to the left side of the road while somebody somewhere, screamed, "Oil slick! Oil slick!". The insanity ended as it had begun. We were stopped in a cloud of dust. It was Carole who had been shouting as she'd just clipped the edge of the oil that we'd gone through the centre of. Stephen was farther behind and had the best view of the incident. He said he saw us move sideways some three to four feet in a perfect two wheel drift until we emerged from the far side of the oil spill and the dry pavement tossed us back upright in the knick of time. Kevin had immediately unclipped during the manoeuvre and was holding his legs out to either side like a pair of outriggers while I struggled mightily to steer in the direction of the skid. During our mini debriefing session he congratulated me on my driving skill (i.e. saving our butts) but I assured him that the actions performed were due to survival instinct reflex, possibly augmented by some experience. There was no conscious thought process involved.

At Genoa Bay the halfway control came and it was time to switch roles. Kevin adapted quickly to his pilot's job. I recall him saying something about a "steep learning curve" (?). I found my new job as observer refreshing as I'd abrogated the driving decisions and discovered I was able to sit up and take in views as never before. Navigation also becomes less of a chore when one is not preoccupied by driving. The night before we had installed a computer on the navigator/observer's handlebar and I began to notice our average speed dropping off as the distance wore on. Unable to push the uphills (bad stem) and unwilling to let loose on the downhills (bad tyre and at least one case of the willies), we hadn't many options left as this route contains no flat roads. I began to encourage Kevin to up the pace. "C'mon, Kev, Push it, Push it!" to which he'd respond, "Hey, no more incidents. Not on MY watch." Attempts to reassure him that bad things always

came in threes were met by his impeccably logical engineering mind. "OK, if they happen in threes," he reasoned, "we've just had three during the first 100 km. So now we're eligible for three more in the second 100." I couldn't argue with that.

The rest of the day passed rather routinely. I promised Kevin that he'd earn his pilot's licence on this day if he could bring us in for a landing that we could both walk away from. We finished in something over twelve hours, including a half-hour stop at the Duncan Tim Horton's.

After I'd gotten home, showered and eaten, I reached for my copy of Webster's and looked up the word *Hubris*.

Make-ups 2001

Harold Bridge

We used the nested routes from 2 years ago so that all riders started off riding the same route to Sedro Woolley. Then the 200 km riders turn back. Another 50 km to Rockport and the 300 km riders retrace. The 400 and 600 km riders do a loop through Darrington, Arlington, Mount Vernon and Bellingham and after that the former head for home and the latter turn east at Huntingdon to get in their extra 200 km before completion.

It had been found that heading up to Yale, as in the past, was not a good idea as there was nothing open for a control in the middle of the night. On top of that, the Seabird Island Café is no longer a 24 hour facility. So Hwy 7/Hwy 1 is no good. Therefore, once across the border at Huntingdon the 600 route follows well known roads through Yarrow and Sardis to join Hwy 1 at Annis Rd. After turning at Hope and retracing to Exit 138 (remember, Roger?) they get controls in Chilliwack and East Mission before heading back to Maple Ridge and a finish.

It is difficult to assess numbers and I prepared 30 route sheets and 30 control cards for each of the 4 distances. As it turned out we had a total of 22 riders, including 2 new members. There were 6 200 riders on 5 bicycles; 3 300 riders on 2 bicycles, One brave young Lady, Ali Holt, was tackling her first 400 by herself (although her 600 riding husband slowed down enough to spend part of the night with her). The remaining 6 were riding the 600 of which 5 were successful.

Barb Henniger drove from Calgary to Port Coquitlam on Friday and rode the 600 on Saturday/Sunday! Then, after leaving PoCo at about 11:00 Monday she got a speeding ticket near Chase and a warning to stop and have some sleep. Not surprisingly, she quit at Revelstoke and got to work late Tuesday.

It is quite lonely up the front for Henry Berkenbos. At least Eric Fergusson has Henry as a carrot. Those 2 were way ahead of everyone else and I wanted to make sure I got to the motel control in Bellingham before them. I also wanted to check the route out again. The previous week when I inquired about a room I was told that Bellingham was booked solid due to the football tournament. But our salvation came in the form of defeated teams canceling their reservations.

It was a long night in which I managed about 2 hours sleep. I made the mistake of assuming Jim Kirby has desisted as we never

saw him at the control. As the Bellingham Inn was a last minute arrangement we relied on word of mouth to tell people at the start and I think he got missed. He got his control at the Horseshoe Café, within sight of the Room at the Inn.

Departing at 5:15, just after control closed I ran into patches of fog that at times was quite thick. Once across the border the fog was downright nasty and I gave up chasing Roger Holt eastward and returned to check on his wife. Just as well I did. It seems that Roger was trying to sleep in the foyer of the Customs building, while waiting for other 600 riders. The Holts had left B'ham about 03:30 so that Ali had company through the rest of the night, as far as the border anyway.

My aim was to find Ali and stay close. It seems that while I was following a van through patches of fog west of Mission Ali had stopped to don her jacket. I just didn't see her, not until she called to pick up their drop bag from the truck.

Eric Fergusson doesn't mess with the mundane. When I arrived at Nugent's Corner (63km) Craig Premack was truing Eric's rear wheel. No broken spokes for Eric, broken hub flange that cost 2 spokes. The flange looked like a hungry Eric had taken a bite out of it. Eric was chasing Henry toward the end, but in vain. Henry had slumped and actually finished after Eric.

"Fool's Luck" or "Fortune Favours the Brave"? Whichever, the weather clerk stayed on our side, except for the fog.

Unfortunately for Keith Fletcher, he was unable to complete the 600. Perhaps 400, 400, and 600 on consecutive weekends ain't good. Especially when the first 400 was that Manning Park Murderer run off in 35 C conditions.

Island Off-Road Populaire August 26, 2001

Stephen Hinde

Well, I admit that I didn't think much of the idea. I'm a road guy. My forays into off-road have been less than successful, like the time I ended up dead last (by a good 20 minutes) in a Boxing Day mudfest of a cross-country race. Like the time I ended up 5 feet up in a tree, head down, with my bike rolling down the cliff below. Like the time...well, you get the idea.

"Hey, it's only the Galloping Goose", organizer Mike Poplawski pointed out. "It's flat, firm, and not too rocky."

"But it's only 75 km," I pointed out.

"No problem," said Mike. "I'll add on another 25 km on the paved section of the Goose, to bring it up to 100 km."

"Now, if I finish the Goose, and then do the Flatlander as planned, I'd have my Rando 1000 for the year," I mused. "Sold."

So now I had to find my mountain bike, a 1987 Specialized Expedition, friction-shift 15 speed, no shocks, and no toe clips. I haven't ridden it in 3 years. Still air in the tires? A good sign, so I did a quick tune up. (Well, I mounted a speedometer, put a little more air in, and went for 2 loops of the garage.)

Sunday morning was promising nice weather as 9 riders, organizer Mike Poplawski, checkpoint man (er woman) Carol Hinde gathered at Thetis Lake. Rob Fraser and I are doing the full

100-the rest have opted for the original 75 option. Off on time (a miracle in itself), we headed for the Goose. As I left the pavement and headed for the dirt, that annoying hum of knobbies was replaced by the squishing of gravel. (For those of you who don't know the Galloping Goose, it's a converted railbed turned into a Regional Park, running about 55 km from downtown Victoria to Leechtown, an old gold-mining town between Sooke and Duncan. The route meanders through some wonderful scenery in Metchosin, along the Sooke Basin, and then turns inland to follow the Sooke River into the Victoria watershed. We were only going as far as the Sooke Potholes, a wonderful park and swimming hole-beyond that the route was closed for fire season. For more information on the Goose, go to the website <http://www.crd.bc.ca/parks/parkgse.htm>). Soon I was feeling pretty good. 7 of us in a paceline, 25 km/hr, and the day is magnificent. Lots of trees and shade, and it's pretty quiet. I worked my way to the front of the line, just in time for our first gully crossing. A quick little down, cross the bridge, and then up...Wait a minute. Up? This is a flat ride! Down I shift and start spinning like crazy, and stop moving. I've thrown my chain. After avoiding being run over by the pack, I walk to the top, fix the chain (great tune-up, there) and sprint off in hot pursuit. After a small section of highway construction, we're back together on the Goose. Now, for those Effective Cyclists who avoid cycle paths like the plague, I can tell you that's a wise thing. Road crossings? Slow down? You've got to be kidding! We shortly have the system worked out, with everyone shouting "Clear," so I'm happy again.

By now, we've broken into 2 groups: 7 together at the front, with 3 riders off the back. 7 plus 3 equals 9? Organizer Mike is riding with us. "A roving secret control," he says with a grin. Our group has 5 mountain bikes, one almost hybrid bike, and a racing bike. "I don't have a mountain bike", says Marianne. Our pace has risen somewhat. Rob is at the front, having an "easy" time. We're doing 29 on the up grades, and 34 on the downs. Jeez, with these knobbies, I can't even ride that fast on the road.

The route really is very pleasant (what little I got to see). Matheson Lake and Roche Cove are particularly wonderful. As we cross to Sooke Basin (another little uphill), I drop my chain for the 3rd time, so now I'm sprinting the upgrade at 34 to catch the gang. Just in time, we have another little gully crossing, with a Kayaker and his boat in the middle of the bridge. Isn't he supposed to be in the water? Ha, now I know why I'm riding my knobbies, as I pass Marianne spinning her wheel in the gravel. We now turn up along the river. The maples lining the route are glistening in the sun, which is directly behind us. Maybe I've given up on this off-road stuff too soon? I could go on like this...oh, we're back on the road down to Sooke Potholes Park, and the welcome sight of Carol with food and water. We've just done 37 km at an average of 26 km/hr. Not fast by road standards, but too fast for me to keep up. So, after a brief discussion with Rob, we head out at a more leisurely pace of 24, retracing our route to Thetis Lake. The trail is becoming a little busier, as we pass hikers, runners, walkers, dogs, and, yes, other cyclists. Yes, we're passing them-except for the blur of the 2 younger riders in our group. Back at Roche Cove, I'm following Rob, admiring the view, when...that's right, I run into the back of him. A few

seconds of terror as I head for the Salal. Fortunately, I stay up and pull back onto the trail.

"Halfway," Rob informs me. "I need to slow down." Fine with me. We meander back to the start at Thetis Lake (there's Carol doing a secret check-the front 2 are about 10 minutes ahead). I stuff in a sandwich and we're off. Now, I know that Mike trained on routes that I designed, so I was really pleased to see the next section of trail. Through Thetis Lake Park, with its really steep (but short) ups, and hair-raising descents (not because of the terrain, but because of the horses and dogs and humans wandering about). A short stretch of road brings us back to the Goose, where Rob and I head for downtown Victoria, while the others head for the finish at 6 Mile Pub. From here, the Goose is paved, and even has a centre line. Rob and I quickly reach the famous Selkirk Trestle across the Inner Harbour, and on to our next checkpoint at Tyee Rd. A quick stop and we're back on the trail, now heading up the Saanich Peninsula towards Sidney. The Goose up to Sidney joins with the Lochside Trail (another old rail line), but this section is not yet complete. Fortunately, we have another checkpoint where the Goose exits onto the road, and we turn back for the finish.

Rob and I roll into the 6 Mile after 5 1/2 hours of wonderful cycling. Wait, where's the official control? Well, the officials, and the rest of the riders, were inside, enjoying some well-earned food.

My thanks to Mike Poplawski for convincing me to ride this wonderful route. Put this on your calendars for next year. I'm going back.

A Lumpy Flatlander

Harold Bridge

What's with this Tim Pollock guy? For years I have turned up at brevets, collected control card and route sheet, stuffed the latter away and never looked at it, 'cause I know where I'm going. Then this year, I turn up to find there is an optional route over the hills instead of around them. But I had to waste time reading the route sheet! Seriously though, Tim has done a grand job of introducing some fresh roads into our catalog. That coupled with the almost perfect conditions (the wind swung from east to west a bit too soon) made for a spectacular wynde-up (mustn't have the same word twice in one sentence) to our 2001 activities.

A broken bracket on my front mudguard had caused me to use another guard. It was a wider one and caused an irritating rattle on the underside of the brake bolt mounted head lamp. We were promised good conditions for the day of the event, so I decided to remove the 'guards altogether. Besides, after the spring series 'guards are optional anyway. Aren't they? (Editor Note: Not this year). So, a first; 'Arold riding a brevet sans 'guards!

I had bought some expensive Continental 3000 700Cx25 tyres. Over the Labour Day weekend, with loaded Carradice saddlebag, I had been happy to use them. But, in comparison to my Michelin Axial Pros they felt "dead". So I changed the tyres ready for the Flatlander. After a frustrated season due to running a yellow light on Easter Monday, I wanted to feel the final 200 was worth

getting up early for.

Well hydrated, well fed and well slept I turned up at Albion Hall c/w \$15.00 cheque and a Waiver form already filled out. Got there in time to see the double arrival of Bob Marsh, second time after he had been home for the Hall key!

The damp mist made it advisable to start in tights. Before long my specs were down on the end of my nose. I have learnt that when fog seems to be getting thicker and thicker and I am having to go slower and slower it is worth using the windscreens wipers or putting the specs down one's nose! Those unfortunates who can't see with out specs are in trouble at such times. Wayne Harrington fell foul of the situation at the intersection of Riverside and Townshipline when the stop sign suddenly appeared out of the fog. He rode the rest the way with a bloodied knee.

The word "GO", more or less on time at 07:02, found me at the front and ready to drag myself up that deceptive climb of Albion Hill. No worries, heart rate up to 148 straight away. I felt I was moving along quite smartly but all the same there was a steady stream of the other 60 or so riders whipping past at a great rate of knots.

A fast ride to Mission is a good news/bad news thing. One always has to consider the return trip when the wind has built up. But the fog through Matsqui was the worst restriction and I was glad I had chosen the "Highlander" option as it took me over Sumas Mountain thus avoiding that nasty stretch of Hwy 11 and the Abbotsford mess. Neither of these are pleasant at the best of times and certainly not in the fog.

At this point I seemed to be on the same average speed as Derek Shackleford and Frances Caton, although we had different ways of maintaining it. Thus we were passing and re-passing each other. But not on the 4 km climb up to Straiton (where you turn right!). Frances is a very nice person, very pleasant to ride and talk with. But get her on a relatively long climb and then her true colours are shown. It's evil the way she just glides away from one and disappears up the hill!

Once over the top I found them shedding clothes (not all of them) and a brisk 75 kph down to Kilgard was exhilarating. I too felt it time to stop and disrobe. But my brevet format is to keep stops to an absolute minimum and if I could stay over-dressed until the first control at Popkum then so much the better.

Where the route sheet came in useful was in turning off Industrial Way onto Old Orchard Rd. This was a brand new set of roads to me. From turning off Keith Wilson at Chadsey Rd through to turning onto Schweyey Rd enroute to Chilliwack, I was in unknown territory for about 14 km. Although much of Industrial Way is right alongside Hwy 1 it is a very quiet road at weekends. As I knew Chilliwack Mountain Road where it goes north from Lickman I had assumed that Old Orchard Road was some sort of connector at that end of Chilliwack Mtn Road. Luckily, I was keeping my eyes open and saw the sign "Old Orchard Road" pointing to the left and north. It is a delightful road that goes round the back of Chilliwack Mountain to join the latter road close by the River. But, when the road is unknown the series of false summits can create some frustration for an over geared (39x28=37") OAP! Add to that the Caton's precise timing in

coming along as we hit the climb and doing her disappearing trick again and you can understand I was happy get into Chilliwack.

As I turned off First Av onto Broadway Gordy Cook appeared from nowhere (late start due to Albion ferry) and accused me of going off route. I had to explain the Highlander thing to him. A group of us got together for that pleasant ride along Hope and Camp River Roads where we were looking for Bustin Road. But both Gordy and I were "Bustin" and that led to a break up of the group. I came across them disrobing. But being about 10 km from the control I pressed on. Arrived at Popkum Market with Lyle Beaulac to find my Nemisis wasting time there. I removed tights, undershirt and socks and left them in Sharon Street's Volvo.

I got away in about 10 minutes with Derek and Frances. It had been a delightful struggle up that gentle slope to the control. I say delightful because it meant we had a tail wind for much of the return and so it proved. Straight into the 90" (48x14) top gear and up to about 40 kph with no trouble. But a mental block prevented me from hanging onto their back wheels as we headed down Annis Road. My legs were trying to tell me something. The inside 4 hours for 89 km had had some detrimental effect on my legs and it seemed the next 29.4 km to Pointe Vista should be used for recovery and they took about 70 minutes, about 25 kph.

Peter Lysne gave me a 12:24 at Pointe Vista and I felt that with a riding average of 21.5 kph I could afford some apple pie and ice cream. When I came out of the café the average was down to 20.5, time to go! But with the unknown quantity of Majuba I was reluctant to try and make up too much time. As it turned out, tackled from the east, Majuba isn't too bad at all. It ascends in a series of steps and so recovery between the grunts is possible. But it is a swift descent to a nasty rail crossing and a stop sign where it rejoins our more usual route.

By 2nd Av in Huntingdon I felt a sit down in the grass while I ate half my emergency sandwich of Dempster bread, peanut butter, honey and cheese would be worthwhile. Another 5 minutes gone. Along Huntingdon Road I passed Rita and Tim Pollock doing their "Lung Trek" as they do every year. It was a chance for me to complain about having to read route sheets!

The ride along Zero Av was tough enough to be respected and I did, in a 64" gear. Another stop just before Hwy 13 for the rest of my sandwich and I faced that wearying drag up to Aldergrove. Along there I came across Derek and Frances changing a punctured tube. Otherwise I doubt I would have seen them again before the finish.

My progress over the final 25 km was erratic as I tried to make use of every fast bit and struggled to deal with my dying legs on the inclines. My sights had been lowered to 9 hours 30 minutes and from 72nd Av I could see that was not on. Even so, it was a bit of a surprise when Neil Jorgenson appeared from nowhere and glided past on River Road, under the Fort.

Bob Marsh gave us a finishing time of 9:37, my fastest since an 8:55 in 1991. The 9:37 included an exceptional amount of time off the bike by my usual standards. About 50 minutes I think, twice the usual. Bob also gave me a "pin". That was the main reason for riding. The committee decided to use my design this year and I wanted one.

When I got off my bike the first thing I had to do was remove my wooden soled sprinters' shoes. Although the shoes were beautifully comfortable throughout the ride, as soon as I stood outside the "Fort" I suffered extreme pain in my foot.

Of the 48 entries in the 200 only 6 chose the "Highlander": Eric Fergusson, John Bates and Danelle Laidlaw ont' tandem, Frances, Derek and me. Apparently David Blanche had intended (He says?) to ride the Highlander but was with a group (He says?) that were doing the little girls' ride!

I feel very fortunate to be able to ride an event like this. Surprisingly, the 26 days I spent in Royal Columbian Hospital, April 16 -May 12 did me a lot of good. The food, by comparison with the popular concepts, was good and gave my system a chance to get purified. I dropped at least 10 lbs and quickly put about 5 back on as I got some strength back.

Randonneur wins 24 Hr Adrenalin

Ray Wagner

Just a note to my Randonneur friends saying thanks for all the experiences and skills I have learned from them which helped me win the solo division of the 24 hours of Adrenalin mountain bike race at Silver Star BC this past Labour Day weekend. I managed 18 laps or 300.6K in 24.5 hrs.

A 3500 km Randonnee

Harold Bridge and Mike Poplawski

Harold wrote:

For the first time in my life, & I'm a 74 year old life long cyclist, I have had the opportunity to watch every stage of the Tour de France. It meant getting up early as I felt that waiting for the evening show was a risk. Despite the heavy dose of purile commercials OLN (Outdoor Life Network) were forced to push onto us, it was worth it. It was an awesome display of the many facets of bike racing.

Without knowing the precise time the first stage started or the last stage finished I can only guess at the total time the race took. But it would seem that the 3,500 kms took at least 500 hours, an average speed of 7 kph!

Mike replies:

The last control closed at approximately 5 PM, July 29, some 529 hours later. The average speed for the 3,454 km was 6.5 km/h.

If we make an adjustment for Lance Armstrong being the last rider out of the first control (not really his fault, is it?), he finished the route in 526 hours, or 6.6 km/h, the lowest time of any rider. A true champion, indeed!

I hope they had some suitable pins for this brave, albeit slow bunch of randonneurs. The spirit of the group was good as they essentially stuck together the whole time, often dining and finding sleeping arrangements together.

We should give the organizers of the Dunkirk-Paris "Tour de

France" randonnee some barbs about making the riders ride the same piece of busy Parisian road 10 times just before the finish. That was poor planning, for sure.

The Olympic Makeup Event??

Roger Street

Sometimes, in our humble lives, important events occur. Usually, they take planning, organization, decision making, skill, training and execution. Take the Olympics, for example. Years of history go into determining where an event will be held, what it will entail, when it will start, how it will be managed and how the results will be tallied. Someone will determine why certain rules or restrictions will or will not apply and will set the standards for eligibility. Often, if the right people are known, various decisions that will affect a particular event can be influenced. The event requires planning by the on-site organizers and training by the athletes. When the fireworks fire and the opening ceremonies and instructions are underway, it is time to determine if the preparations have been adequate by organizer and athlete. When the gun goes to start the marathon or the sprint, time has run out.

The marathon preparation.

Deciding to participate in a marathon event requires preparation and training, usually starting months in advance of the event. Strength and stamina routines, basic skill reviews, equipment overhauls, nutrition needs, personal needs - some of the things that are mandatory in the preparation for a marathon event.

The marathon start.

Whether it is the marathon or the sprint, time always seems to slip away fastest just before the appointed start. Corollary #22 states that the effect of the law of jam-side-down strengthens, the shorter the time to the start.

The marathon event.

Can go wrong, will go wrong, etc. etc. Neither rain nor hail nor sleet nor storm, etc. etc. Adversity, just like in the sports interviews. Sometimes it seems you can't get there from here. The bonk and the recovery. Drink and eat, drink and eat, repeat.

The marathon end.

The end of the event is the finish line. If the end of the event for the athlete is not the finish line, the next Olympics will be held again in four years.

Brevets are a lot like an Olympic event, and just as important to our organizing committees and athletes. We hold the events more often than every four years. But if you are the athlete who finishes before the finish line, it is not very likely that we will plan another Olympic-style event just for you to attend. Who will perform the opening ceremonies, who will check the fairness of the competition, manage the results and hand out the "well-done"? The stadium is silent, the event has been run, the athletes are home.

Good luck at the next scheduled event!!

Canadian Kilometre Achievement Program (C-KAP)

Mike Poplawski

I thought I would pass along to club members who just might be thinking about 2002 already and setting some goals for themselves...

We randonneurs, being an honest bunch who are interested in riding a lot of kilometres, might be interested in joining the Canadian Kilometre Achievement Program, or C-KAP.

Riders are provided with a log each year which is submitted at year's end. Kilometre logs are entered on the honour system.

There are C-KAP honours for achieving different distances during a calendar year. Riders can request certificates and either a badge or medal for reaching the milestones.

The program provides an excellent incentive for riders to ride as many kilometres as they can--racing, training, randonneuring, commuting and touring all count towards your total!

Milestones are as follows:

- ◆ 1,000 km Bronze Badge and Certificate
- ◆ 2,500 km Silver Badge and Certificate
- ◆ 5,000 km Gold Badge and Certificate
- ◆ 10,000 km Bronze Medal and Certificate
- ◆ 15,000 km Silver Medal and Certificate
- ◆ 25,000 km Gold Medal and Certificate

There are other single-season and lifetime honours for C-KAP members. There is also a competition between clubs (Hewes Trophy)--it would be great to see a group of BC Randonneurs take on another club! (The Hewes Trophy record set in 2000 is 61,564 km, well within reach of a team of 10 or so Randonneurs!)

There is a lifetime membership fee of \$25; awards are sold to riders at cost. If you're interested, visit

<http://www.mondenet.com/~jimckap/>, or send an e-mail to jimckap@mondenet.com I've been a member since 2000; I earned a bronze medal last year and am looking to repeat that this year, but have bumped my distance goal up to 11,000 km, and with any luck, 12,000 in 2002. (Ugh, now I really will have to ride the Rocky Mountain 1200...)

Another BC Randonneur, Larry Voth, joined C-KAP this year; I hope what I've written and the C-KAP page inspire you to join, too!

