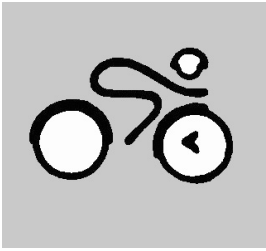


Randonneur

Marathon Cycling



Contacts

<i>President and VP Rand Cyc. BC.</i>	
Ian Stephen	576-4425
<i>Vice-President</i>	
Francis Caton	839-3801
<i>Secretary</i>	
Larry Wasik	299-6115
<i>Treasurer, RM 1200</i>	
Roger Street	228-1525
<i>Past President, Clothing, Rm 1200</i>	
Danelle Laidlaw	291-2508
<i>Pres. Randonneur Mondiaux</i>	
Réal Prefontaine	853-9594
<i>Newsletter Editor</i>	
Susan Allen	734-2504
<i>Social Coordinator</i>	
Rainy Kent	298-3580
<i>Web Guy</i>	
Eric Fergusson	733-6657
<i>Brochure</i>	
Gerry Nicol	931-2655
<i>Awards Coordinator</i>	
Karen Smith	732-0212
<i>Lower Mainland Route Coordinator</i>	
John Bates	291-2508
<i>Mid-Island Route Coordinator</i>	
Stephen Hinde	250-245-4751
<i>Interior Route Coordinator</i>	
Bob Boonstra	250-828-2869
<i>Peace Region Route Coordinator</i>	
Wim Kok	250-785-4589
<i>500/1000 Series Coordinator</i>	
Bob Marsh	467-7065
<i>South Island Route Coordinator</i>	
Mike Poplawski	250-882-1239
<i>Database Manage, Randonneur Mondiaux, Canada Rep.</i>	
Cheryl Lynch	872-8761



Prez Sez

Ian Stephen

While Lance rode to victory on the Champs-Elysées, heroes of another kind were riding to victory in Kamloops at the conclusion of our Rocky Mountain 1200.

If you were unable to ride or volunteer for this event, you missed an awe-inspiring journey. I had the privilege of working at the Jasper and Golden controls and as luck would have it, got to drive the sweep van from Golden on.

The rewards for volunteering were many and varied. I got to meet riders from other parts of Canada and from Austria, Germany, Denmark, Italy, England, and USA. There were many fun moments such as Winfried's delight over an ice-cream cone in Sicamous "In Germany, four dollars for so much ice!"

For gear-heads the event was a thing of wonder! There was every manner of carbon fibre, titanium, aluminium, and steel. A half dozen or so recumbents, each unique...one so unique that the police pulled it over in Kamloops! Several tandems, two fixed-gears (they both finished!). The range of lighting systems and accessories seemed never ending. There were things I had heard of but never seen before and things I never heard of but want now!

The scenery was incredible and left me with a renewed desire to ride the event, as did watching Vancouver's Michel Richard ride the climb up to Roger's pass. Heck, if it's that easy...!

On top of all that volunteers got great free food and a mat on the floor to sleep on...when there was time.

Consider volunteering for the next Rocky Mountain in 2004. We'll need at least one more volunteer for that one 'cause I'm going to be riding it!



Database Notes

Cheryl Lynch

As the end of the season approaches it is important for riders to ensure that:

1) The database manager has all your out-of-province brevets, if you want them considered for the John Hathaway trophy for most mileage.

AND

2) That all your in-province brevets and/or short rides have been entered correctly into the database.

Please check to make sure your rides are all in the ride report and if not let me know. (Note: check the ride reports inclosed or emailed with this newsletter, results on the web are separately maintained.)

Out of province rides will not be published in the newsletter so an email confirming that I have them might be a good idea.

Winding Up 2002

Harold Bridge

Oh dear! It's that time of year again. The BC Randonneurs most popular event, the AGM, is due to take place on September 29.

The Place:

Bedford House Restaurant, on Glover Road, Fort

Inside

My First 600 km	2
Volunteers Pshaw	3
Cariboo Loop 1000	4
Switchback 1000	4
Vancouver Island 1000	5
Happy Birthday Canada	5
Rocky Mountain 1200	6
Thoughts on the Rocky 1200	8
One More "Sr" – The Last	8
Challenge Cycling – A History	10
An Experiment	12

Langley, twixt Rail and River on the east side of the road opposite the Fort Pub.

The Programme:

Meet in Marina Park, north end of Church Street, (Park in municipal parking lot, not Bedford House) at 09:30 for a 10:00 start to the morning's ride. Maps and route sheets will be issued but you can go where the hell you please provided you are back at the Bedford House for 13:00 with your money in your hot little hand.

After enjoying the buffet we will hold a brief business meeting with, hopefully, all the positions to be filled having eager novices ready to take up the reins. (That's how it normally happens anyway).

We are then free to go, although there is so much to say to all the people we normally only get to "Hi" or "Everything alright?" to during events that it takes a while to clear the floor.

The buffet costs \$13.95 – But we like to have the staff on side and so we calculate a price including the 7% GST and a 15% gratuity. That works out to \$17.02. We don't like the idea of trying to collect that sort of sum so our generous treasurer subsidizes the cost so we pay \$15.00 or \$10.00 for juniors less than 12 years of age.

This year we ran out of pins and Karen Smith is frantically trying to decide how many to order. I hope she has them in time for the AGM; it's an ideal opportunity to present pins.

We do not require pre-payment BUT we do need to notify the Bedford House "How many" and I do that during the week before. At present we have the place booked for 40 to 80! SO, if you intend to be at the brunch please let me know:

Harold Bridge, 604-941-3448 or: harold_bridge@telus.net. See yer!

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 (1993). 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 probably end of October.

My First 600 km

Susan Barr

Introduction

Although I've been a dues-paying member of the B.C. Randonneurs for five years or so, I recently discovered that I was not a "bone fide BC Randonneur" -- not only had I never done a full series, I'd never done a single 600 km. So it was time to aspire to join this elite group. And, suspecting that readers of my debut article in this newsletter had been clamouring for more, I decided to write about the experience. (That debut article, written several years ago, had the inspiring and imaginative title of "My first 400 km", so an article on "My first 600 km" was a natural.)

The Route

The Southern Interior 600 km route from Kamloops to Valemount and back seemed perfect for a wannabe BC Randonneur. The scenery promised to be spectacular, the amount of climbing was modest, and the route was straightforward (so straightforward that a route sheet wasn't necessary - begin at Heffley Creek, go to Valemount, turn around, and return to Heffley Creek). Most important, however, was that a certain tandem was doing the route, and I'd previously discovered that hanging out behind a tandem was a very pleasant way to complete a longish ride. So Deirdre Arscott, Bob LePage (the tandem), Richard Blair and I made plans to complete the 600, with an overnight in Blue River.

This is a *great* route. The scenery is magnificent, with lots of snow still on the mountains; there's a good paved shoulder for all but about 10 km; the traffic was minimal; and the truckers were unfailingly generous in the amount of room they gave us when passing.

Food

The one possible downside of the route is that there are few opportunities for gourmet dining between Kamloops and Valemount. Deidre and Bob remedied this by bringing their own: salmon and egg salad sandwiches, date squares, banana bread, pudding and God-only-knows-what-else were stashed in their panniers. Richard's solution was to develop a peanut butter fixation, while I managed to survive on gas station offerings (the cinnamon rolls at the Blue River Husky are almost worth a return trip!). We'd been anticipating a real meal in Valemount, but when we arrived the power was out, and there was at least a half-hour wait for the buffet at the only restaurant in town serving food. So it was another mini-mart meal, made memorable by cruising the aisles in the dark.

Wildlife Sightings (or reasonable facsimiles thereof):

We saw an osprey nest, a beaver dam, a beaver, several deer, two moose, and three bears. One bear ran across the road some distance ahead of us, and the other two (mama and cub) were eating by the side of the road. When I noticed that junior was some distance from mom, my heart went into overdrive, my two fast twitch muscle fibres kicked in, and I actually sprinted for a meter or two, figuring that the rear of the paceline was not the

most opportune place to be. But we were ignored. Fortunately, we didn't see the mother grizzly and her cubs that had been sighted just south of Valemount - the rumour was the she was quite aggressive, and enjoyed chasing cars. But perhaps cyclists wouldn't have been enough of a challenge.

Other wildlife included four B.C. Randonneurs. We met Michel Richard and Henry Berkenbos at the Clearwater control. They'd started in Blue River and were heading south to Heffley Creek, then north to Valemount and back to Blue River. We saw Mike Eder when we were heading south from Valemount. He'd started from there Friday afternoon, and was completing the home stretch. And then there was Ken Bonner: We actually rode with him to the first control! (O.K., so it was a secret control at the 4 km mark; we still had our cards signed at the same time). He then dropped us in short order, but before too long we passed him, and made it into the Clearwater control some time ahead of him. (O.K., so he had a flat or two...). He finally passed us while we were stopped at a gas station in Avola, but we saw him again at Blue River - we pulled in as he was leaving. After that, however, one might say that "our times diverged".

And finally, there were two Bobs: Bob Marsh had started from Blue River with Michel and Henry, but his back wasn't up for the ride. He turned around after 30 km or so, traded his bike for his car, and kept us company at the Blue River Husky and the Valemount mini-mart. Bob Boonstra showed up on his Honda Sunday morning just north of Clearwater - it was only a bit depressing to realize that he'd be home in an hour (averaging 130 km/hr, which wasn't far off the truth) AND he had a comfortable seat to sit on.

Weather

It was warm and clear on Saturday morning and the forecast was benign, so I made the mistake of leaving Big Blue (goretex jacket) behind. Warm and clear in Kamloops changed to toasty warm by Clearwater (yes, I rode with bare arms and legs), which morphed into hail in Blue River (coinciding perfectly with our arrival at the Husky station, and leading to a longer-than-anticipated meal break!). Other highlights were thunderheads and WIND (of the tailwind variety) on the way to Valemount (you can guess what that meant when we turned around), and a cold foggy Sunday morning in Blue River. The moral? Don't leave Big Blue behind next time, even if the route goes through a

desert and the forecast calls for record highs.

Thanks

I had a huge amount of fun on this ride! We finished in 32:15, with just over 21 hours of riding and ample time to eat and sleep. Thanks to Bob, Deirdre and Richard for great company and great pulls, Bob Marsh for lending me his rain jacket (see above: DO NOT LEAVE BIG BLUE BEHIND), and Bob and Barb Boonstra for their warm hospitality.

P.S.

I was out-of-town for the 200 and 300 km rides this year, so I'm still not a bona fide BC Randonneur. I am, however, aspiring to become one by the end of the season.

Volunteers Pshaw!

Roger Street

Tour de France! Paris-Brest-Paris! World Cup! The Olympics!

What would an event be without the lowly volunteer? Preparation begins long before athletic training. Team spirit pales in comparison to the combined efforts of those who help just for the love of the sport. Organizational skills, culinary skills, dealing with people, crowd control, sleep management and 20/20 foresight. The 'athlete', purported star, trains for one event, one purpose, one shot at the golden ring. The volunteer deals with a seemingly endless stream of goal driven (but often wayward) athletes. The volunteer doesn't have the luxury of focusing in only one direction.

In advance, let's cheer for the volunteers who will make the Rocky Mountain 1200 Randonnee a proud Club event.

Starting 400K from home, our true volunteer star, Volly, will be asked to do much. Additionally, much will simply be thrust upon Volly. And, of course, much will be done because Volly is Volly.

Physically, Volly will be asked to arrive at one or more places on a 1200K course at a predetermined time, using transportation as available. Over the next four days, Volly will meet each of the riders, review the suitability of their preparation, promise to deliver their luggage more reliably than an airline, give them detailed routes and itineraries that Volly has laboured to prepare for the preceding year, send the riders on their way, monitor their progress

Coming Events

Peace Region 200 – Sep 7
 Quiche Series: Fort St. John
 75, 150 km also available
 Wim Kok 250-785-4589

Seattle 1000 – Sep 12-15
 9 am (or Sep 14-17 6:30 am)
 13543 160th Ave NE, Redmond
 Mark Thomas 206-612-4700

L. Mainland 200 – Sep 15
 Fall Flatlander: 7 am: Maple Ridge
 Keith Fletcher 530-9273

L. Mainland Shorts – Sep 15
 150: 7:30 am Maple Ridge
 100, 50: 9 am Maple Ridge
 Bob March 467-7065

Off-road 200 – Sep 21
 100 Mile House
 Adrian Messner 250-791-5742

Seattle Mnt. 100 – Sep 21
 Mountain 100: Issaquah Park
 & Ride parking lot
www.seattlerandonneur.org

Annual General Meeting and Ride – Sep 29
 10ish: Bedford House, Fort Langley
 Harold Bridge 941-3448

Seattle 600 – Oct 5
 6:30 am: Kingston Ferry
 Terminal Parking Lot
 Mark Thomas 206-612-4700



and magically appear in front to meet and greet with open arms, encouragement and offers of food, drink and accommodation. The rider gladly accepts all. Volly likely accepts queries on five-star service at a wilderness motel. The rider heads for a place to rest. Volly waits for the next rider. Volly waves the final rider on his way, and, magically again appears in front to meet and greet, etc., etc.

Volly will hug smelly sweaty riders, will mix concoctions, will fill bottles, bags and pockets, will send to sleep and will awaken, will serve dinner at breakfast time and breakfast at dinner time, will collect soggy clothes, will shout 'allez, allez, bon route, bon route', will cheer all finishers and will console the broken in spirit or machine.

Volly pays attention to the individual. Volly will 'follow' each rider throughout the event, recording times into and out of each control. Information will be passed ahead to be used in estimating where and when Volly will again see action. The unfolding details will be centralized and become a story of places, distances and times to be avidly read by riders, friends and Volly alike. The event is the plot, the riders are the actors and Volly is always on the main stage.

A rider is a simple machine. Feed the engine, watch him go. But Volly?

Just a volunteer? Pshaw!!

Cariboo Loop 1000

John Bates

The 'Cariboo Loop' had been on the 'to do' list for a number of years, the route having evolved from a training ride over the Duffey Lake Road in '98. This year the time seemed right, so with Bob Marsh driving SAG, Danelle and I decided to give it a try. We embarked from the Chevron at Lougheed and Sperling in Burnaby at 0500hr. The first section of our route took us to Squamish via 2nd Narrows/Marine/Taylor Way/Upper Levels/Hwy.#99. We were overtaken just south of Lion's Bay by Keith Fraser. He was on a training ride to Whistler. We chatted with him later while watering-up at the Whistler Creekside Petrocan. Noon found us in Pemberton with the temperature rising (30C). During our re-fuelling there, Keith and Ross Nichol pulled in. They were riding the Switchback 1000, following the same route as us as far as Lillooet.

My memories of the 14km/1060m climb to Cayoosh Pass were still vivid and, as it turned out, quite accurate. With the cycle computer showing a pitiful 5-6 km/hr all too often, it was a grueling 2 hrs from Lillooet Lake at the bottom, to the Joffre Lake Rec. site, just below the pass, where we had another scheduled control. The heat on the climb took its toll on me as I began to feel slightly nauseous and get leg cramps near the top. We thought of Eric, and the even hotter temperatures he would likely endure on this climb later in the afternoon, during his attempt at the Switchback.

We had departed Pemberton ahead of Ross and Keith, but decided to wait for them at Joffre Lake thinking they might appreciate a

secret control. They did. They were out of water and were able to refill from the supply that Bob 'Support Slut' Marsh was carrying along for us. Although the climb from Pemberton is cruel, the descent to Lillooet is a blast. We had a picnic on the grass beside Lightfoot Gas before parting ways with the Nichol Bros. I'm not sure which of us had the tougher route from there - them descending into a headwind or us climbing (again) with the same breeze at our backs. Although the temperature was beginning to drop by this time, the climb out of the Fraser up to Pavillion was a slog.

The crux of the 'Cariboo Loop' lies in reaching Clinton (370 km) the first day. The route to that point has 5000m+ of ascent. We had included a control at Marble Canyon thinking that it might serve as a strategic waypoint. We arrived there at 2200hr with the intention of resting for a bit before resuming. The remaining 70 km /500 m ascent to Clinton was starting to seem quite daunting, and during our Marble Canyon repose we were overcome by the siren song of SAG and decided life doesn't have to be a forced march to the sea.

So, the Cariboo Loop remains on the 'to do' list. Maybe next year.....unsupported.

Switchback 1000

Eric Fergusson

Peter Stary decided not to ride but I left as planned at 8 am, three hours after Keith and Ross Nichol. I guess I knew the climb up Cayoosh Pass was coming, but I don't think that helped - I thought about John and Danelle struggling with the tandem on those steep sections in the bottom third. My speed clock was also saying 6 ...5 km/hr. By the top I had consumed two of my three water bottles, and that was after superhydrating at Pemberton. I could have used that secret control at the top.

Still, I made it to Lillooet - went into the town for control, though Lightfoot gas was still open. Jone's market is a/the social hub of the community - great fun with chatty locals...this was a highlight for me. The tail winds from earlier in the day though diminished, continued for me as I turned down to Lytton. Very unexpected, but welcome.

I had phoned the Canyon Alpine earlier in the week, and the owner, Carl, actually stayed up for me to deliver a food package which was to be left on the door step. The Spain Korea match had just ended (2:00??) - we rehashed some of our favorite world cup moments. I stayed for over an hour. Carl and I are now very tight. Meanwhile Keith and Ross are asleep in the motel. Despite the coffee, I can't seem to stay awake much past Boston Bar and I sleep for an indeterminate time in a bus shelter ...Hope by 8 a.m.

It turns out that the water at the Coquihalla toll booths is "not fit for human consumption" ...I have to beg for fluids ...people were very generous. I napped again before the fabulous plunge into Merritt. Coldwater Road was again a real treat, and it wasn't just the brisk tailwind - it's a lovely road.

I finally ran into Keith on my return from Logan Lake. After a few unpleasant route-inspired personal comments, he filled me in

on the Ross situation. An IT band injury worsened and Ross had to abandon in Hope - they were running pretty close to the limit anyway. It turned out that Keith and I were in both Hope and Merrit at the same time, without realizing it. We made vague plans about sleeping in Princeton...

I found myself on the Merritt - Princeton stretch as darkness descended. After close encounter with a nasty dog, I became a little spooked - I was tense and I think I over-strained a bit. For the first time in the ride my hip started to act up. I was expecting not only vicious dogs, but cougars, bears and orks to spring from the ditch at any moment. But I wasn't expecting the deer that I just about hit - it just stood there in the middle of the road as I barreled straight at it. Then it moved in front of me as I tried to swerve around it... another near miss.

The next morning Keith and I left Princeton together to do Hope - Princeton 'the easy way'. The climb itself was indeed no big deal, but after Sunday Summit the headwinds became a nightmare. After a longish meal at the lodge Keith went ahead and I had a nap. There was no question, when we met up later, that for both of us this was by far the toughest stretch. The storm force headwinds meant that there was no advantage to the first portion of the decent. In the flat middle section I was pushing hard to hit 11-12-13 km/hr - and my hip started to ache again. For both Keith and I the bottom part of the decent was worst of all - the winds were so strong that controlling the bike was all that mattered. What a relief to reach Hope - from then on the winds were still there, but normal strength.

I briefly thought I was delusional as I passed Johnston Slough. I kept hearing my name in the wind Eric...Eric...ERIC..." It was Cheryl... Keith and Cheryl were waiting for me at Seabird. ...a few words of encouragement from Coach Cheryl and Keith and I left...separately. He claimed to be in slow and steady mode, and I was in a plow-through fast mind set. I sprinted to Mission. I was there for no more than a minute when Keith was suddenly there too at Tim Horton's - he hadn't been doing the 'slow' part of the slow and steady routine.

From there the ride together was a real pleasure. We repeatedly congratulated ourselves on having conquered a truly formidable course. You'd be surprised at how many ways you can express the full depths of your personal sufferings and how extraordinary you are for having overcome them. We were still discussing how hard the ride was, and how wonderful we both were, when I dropped Keith at his finish control, the Clark Road Petrocan. He was heading home to his Guinness, and I to a frosty home-brew (and to our chicks too, of course.) In the end my time was 64:05 (my slowest by over five hours), and Keith would have been about 66:30 I guess. Never mind, we survived. I e-mailed Nobo Yonemitsu yesterday to hint that conditioning might be kinda important on this one... he's determined to ride this weekend regardless. If anyone can make it on guts alone it would be Nobo. We'll see. As for my hip ...I'm optimistic. The 600 was problematic. On the 1000 however the climbing was no problem - the hip acted up only with other sorts of strains ...At last I can say Rocky 12, here I come.

The Cariboo Loop sounds like a must to me - but not this Labour day. ...next June.

Vancouver Island 1000

Ken Carter

Thanks to Stephen and Carol Hinde for putting on the 1000k on the 21-23 of June. The ride was well organized and everybody seemed pleased with the number and location of controls. I expected to be at Port Hardy by midnight, but we beat that time by an hour. I tried to get people to slow down, but riding as a team we just couldn't hold back (ha ha). The stretch of highway from Sayward Junction to Woss had two climbs that were easier riding northward. I am curious if the second climb has a name? It had a 7% descent on the north side that ended on a long straight with a rest stop 1 or 2 km off the main highway. The Woss stop allowed us to break up the long (170kms) run out to Port Hardy and stop to enjoy the scenery. I must admit I took advantage of it for an hour going each way. The Seattle International Randonneurs group decided to stay longer than I had planned but it worked out fine. We got a chance to see Port Hardy with the morning sunrise and the surprising part was that all the downhill into town was not that hard to climb out. The North Island section of the route is excellent for training with all the rollers that keep a rider pushing up the next hill, just like doing intervals.

At Willow Point I left the control just after Mark and Peter arrived. I didn't ever see Pete Liekio, so my guess is he stopped to eat or sleep someplace while I rode thru to Nanaimo.

The Southern Island part of the route was pleasant going out. Smooth roads and small resorts like Cowichan Bay broke up the monotony of the highway. The Malahat was deceiving with the false summits going south. And the bike trail was again a pleasant opportunity to escape the high-speed traffic of the highway. I do have a preference to go down to the waterfront in Victoria to see the beautiful Motels and buildings. The ride back after the Malahat was exciting due to the pockets of no wind or tailwinds. This allowed the average speed for 2 to 5 mile segments to reach 23 to 25 mph. After showering at Mark's room, I got to wait a lovely two hours in the ferry line to reach Horseshoe Bay by 9:35pm for the drive home.

For the distance we traveled, this ride had the greatest variety of terrain, traffic, and scenery than any other 1000k I've ridden. It was all pleasant and you couldn't have done any better with the weather. This was a surprise window of weather compared to other weekends I had heard about for doing this brevet in June.

Happy Birthday Canada!

Ian Stephen

Eighty riders braved the menacing morning sky on July first to attend the Canada Day Populaire. Their courage was rewarded with a pretty nice day and a very nice ride. The route was slightly changed from last year's, replacing one sketchy piece of road with a scenic and more interesting alternative thanks to previous organizer Harold, who did all the work of preparing the route, route sheet and map.

I should have thought to put a special warning on the route sheet

about the rail crossing on River Road as I am still riding a dinged rim from going over it at last year's AGM ride. True to form, that rail crossing ate a few tires on Canada Day too. Still the day went smoothly for almost everyone involved, especially for the organizer! Registration on the day was handled competently and almost single-handedly by my partner Cary, who asked as we left the house "Do you think I'll be useful there?" Baked goods by Sharon received many appreciative comments from happy riders. [Sharon's baking also allowed me to talk here about the food without mentioning the bananas, which were just fine this year by the way ;-)]. Danelle and John, Sharon and David, Francis and Derek handled controls with aplomb.

Even Roger the Treasurer had a hand in the day's success by recommending that the entry be dropped to \$15 from last year's \$20, a popular move among riders. Of course that meant that Roger had to pay less too... hmmm, there's a name for that sort of thing isn't there?

Thanks all you riders, without you the whole thing would be pointless, and thanks all who helped out, without you the organizer wouldn't have had a day to just relax in the sun!

See ya next year!

The Rocky Mountain 1200

Gord Cook

As I sit here in front of the computer confused (my usual state) by the many memories that flood my mind and rather than have some clever opening paragraph I guess I'll just plunge in and hope that it all makes sense.

My ride with Manfred Kuchenmuller on his tandem started with the withdrawal from the event by another BC rando due to recent back surgery - obviously a valid reason. Manfred also had a valid reason to withdraw but those who know him also know he would have to be close to death to turn down the RM 1200. I was asked to accompany him on the tandem several months ago and I have to admit I vacillated between yes and no many times, although my communications with Manfred it was "maybe and probably". Since I could find no valid reason say no I said yes I finally said, "yes". And now, on reflecting, I'm glad I did.

The ride started at Kamloops going North on Hwy #5 to Tete Jaune Cache turning east on Hwy #16 to Jasper then South on Hwy #93 to Lake Louise. At Lake Louise we turned West on Hwy #1 to Salmon Arm then, via back roads South to Vernon. The final leg from Vernon to Kamloops was on back roads and Hwy #97 and back onto Hwy #1 to Kamloops for a total distance of 1204.3 km.

We decided to take the 10:00 PM start to take advantage of a longer period of cooler temperatures at that hour rather than the 4:00 AM start. It also gave us 90 hours rather than 84 to complete the course. With the sign in and the bike check complete we shoved off. Within a stones throw of the start we had our first flat tire. With the new tube in place we found the pump didn't work so Bob Boonstra went back to the start and borrowed a floor pump and got a small pump from Alex Whitfield to take with us which,

thankfully, we didn't have to use. Luckily this all happened within the control boundary so support to the riders is legal according to ACP rules. Since we were last we would have been in big trouble if it had happened at, say, the 25 km mark. We then would have to wait about six hours for the 4:00 am riders to give us assistance.

The first 50 km or so went uneventfully but since Manfred is about 30 lbs. heavier than I it was difficult for me to properly captain the bike so he did the honours and I was to be the stoker for the remainder of the event. Our original plan was to swap ends every 100 km or so.

The first control was at Birch Island, about 10 km North of Clearwater on Hwy #5 and because it was called Clearwater control we were a little concerned that we had missed it when we had traveled well beyond Clearwater. It did, however, show up and needless to say we were relieved since I hate retracing my steps to find a control particularly on a long ride.

All went fairly well for the 443km to the control at Jasper but while trying to eat, Manfred felt very ill and the services of Dr. R. Prefontaine were put to use and I went to sleep for about three hours. Last rites for Manfred were not required and he subsequently recovered with a little sleep and nutrition and we carried on. We foolishly decided, because the weather at Jasper was good, we wouldn't need our rain gear. How wrong we were. About 25 km from the Columbia Ice Fields the rain was coming down rather hard and it was cold. We huddled at a trailhead in a small shelter for a while waiting for the rain to abate. The problem was that it was not abating and we were getting colder just sitting there. We made the decision to carry on to the Ice Fields Control and decide then if we should continue with the ride. Several years previously Manfred had been caught in a similar situation at this point in the ride and had suffered hypothermia, as had many others, and he was not willingly going to go through that pain again. This was probably his low point of the ride. My low point was yet to come.

The control at the Ice Fields was reached after a very steep climb up Sunwapta Pass. After eating and drying out our clothes under the hand dryers in the men's washroom (Randos are a resourceful bunch) we carried on in relatively clear weather. There were a few drops of rain but nothing serious. Saskatchewan River Crossing was reached and beyond that the serious climbing began. The climb out of S.R.C. is rather severe and according to Manfred there were a few more tough ones before we were to reach Bow Summit, the highest point on the ride at 2068 meters, about 6800 ft. While pushing forever up one of these smaller hills I ventured that maybe this was Bow, but Manfred didn't think so. Depressing to be struggling on a smaller climb with a larger one just around the corner. I spotted a glacier to the right and suggested it looked like the Bow Glacier and Manfred agreed it did. Maybe, just maybe, this is Bow Summit ascent. Michel Richard passed us a few moments later and confirmed that, "yes, this is the Bow", what relief for both of us. When we get to the top of this we have mostly down hill to Lake Louise. At Lake Louise we ate and departed for Golden. After a fast down hill past the spiral tunnels and across the Field flats it was into moderate ups and downs to the most dangerous part of Hwy #1, Kicking

Horse Canyon. A rather fast descent ended with a grunt up hill and another descent then into Golden and food and a three hour sleep. We were 328 km from Jasper, our last sleep stop.

The next section to Revelstoke meant going up Rogers Pass and through snow sheds that are not the most pleasant places for a cyclist. We ate at the summit and had a pleasant descent into Revelstoke where it was VERY HOT! More food and an hour or so of sleep and it's off to Salmon Arm. A few km's out of Salmon Arm my left leg just above my knee started to give me trouble. By the time we reached the control I wasn't using it at all. More food and an hour of sleep and it was off to Vernon, a short 70 km leg via back roads. And speaking of legs, my left one was feeling not too bad, to start, but later started to give me pain again. These back roads very were pleasant to start with since there was little traffic, but when it got dark approaching vehicle high beams made it very difficult to see and my leg got very painful. This was my low point. I didn't see how I was going to make it to Kamloops from Vernon. So close yet so far. We had about four hours of sleep at Vernon, which is about 310 km from our last major sleep stop at Golden

I have learned from my years in Randonneuring that the later stages of a ride when late at night, tired and in pain things look bleaker than they really are and with this in mind I decided a go/no go decision after sleeping would be much better. And it was a go.

It took about 10 km along the route to Kamloops from Vernon for my left leg to go into pain again but with only 105 km to go I couldn't see letting Manfred down by quitting at this point nor letting myself down for that matter. We stopped at a small café in Falkland for more fuel and found that the Bag Balm we were using for sore bums had soaked right through our cycling shorts and when we sat on their upholstered chairs we left a grease spot. Oh well.

What is Bag Balm you ask? It's a preparation that is used on cow's udders to keep them soft and free from infection and it has the same effect on cyclist's posteriors. It doesn't, however, prevent soreness and even now, three days later, I'm careful how and where I sit down.

With the sore leg, sore butt, the ride to Kamloops was a long slog but it was brightened considerably by Bob Boonstra giving us encouragement while taking photos of the riders along this section. A few km's from the finish a car was parked along the highway and as we approached four people jumped out. It was Joe, Rainy, Sarah and John. What a lift. A municipal celebration was going on at Riverside Park where our ride terminated and the members of Kamloops Fire Dept. were greeting all who were attending. They were made aware of our presence and what we had done so were greeting all the riders as they came in - a nice touch. What a relief to be finished and because it was on three legs and two wheels it was a greater relief. Because Manfred donated two legs of those aforementioned three legs to the effort and me only one it's only fair to thank him for getting us to Kamloops.

I have a ritual that I do after a ride, it's not superstition, religious, however it can be called spiritual I suppose. I park my bike, dig

out my control card, get it signed then open the back of my van and sit down and take off those damn cycling shoes I've worn for the past umpteen dozen hours and sit back, relax and savour the moment. I wasn't able to do that after this ride, but no matter, I was able to savour the moment with many others who had completed the ride also.

After a shower and a snooze at the Boonstra's we attended the wrap-up banquet and left for home. We were shown great hospitality at the Boonstra's both before the event and after and for this we say a heartfelt thank you.

The volunteers. What a great job they did! Typically, we would walk in the door; they would take our cards, sit us down at the table and ask us what we wanted to eat. They would then return with our cards all signed and deliver the food we had asked for. After eating they would show us where to sleep and as when we wanted to be awakened, then wake us at that hour and attend to our needs so we could depart. I take my hat off to the volunteers, without their willingness to help the ride would have been much more difficult. They did their job with as little sleep as the riders got, especially those at the later controls.

A ride of this magnitude doesn't happen without great organization either. My thanks to Danelle Laidlaw and her team of organizers for job done close to perfection.

Now, a note on tandem riding, I'm glad I did it even if our original plan of splitting the captains job 50/50 didn't work out, but would I do it again - no. There is little freedom to move around on the bike to relieve butt soreness - it increases the work of the captain. Since we had only about an hour together on the bike before the big one we had little time to practice standing while pedaling so again little relief for the posterior. When we did try to pedal standing I found it was additional pressure on the quads and after just a few meters they would load up on lactic acid and burn. It was also after only a few meters of standing we would be out of synch and we would be like a couple of drunken sailors staggering all over the place.

The following is a poem by Ted Milner who rode the back seat on a record breaking ride with this brother across Canada a number of years ago. This, fortunately, is not my experience riding with Manfred but could well be the result if the captain and stoker are not as well matched.

SHOVELLING COAL

(Ted Milner)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thoughts and Feedback on the Rocky Mountain 1200

Harold Bridge

Talking to riders and other helpers during and after the event I have been given some ideas for the future. They are mostly concerned with what MacLean's Magazine once described as Canada's worst stretch of road; Kicking Horse Pass. We can't avoid it and maintain the current route with the major attraction of the Ice Fields Parkway. But it is possible that with a change of start location and time as well as a counter clockwise route we could get everyone to Lake Louise in daylight.

By using that stretch of TCH east bound the riders would miss most of the fallen rock, as it is the north side of the Highway that has the greatest amount of cliff face. Also, as it is mostly uphill going east the riders will be going slower and are less likely to run into rocks on't road.

The other matter is the excessively long ride from Golden to Revelstoke. It was suggested there should be a control at Roger's Pass. Ice Fields Centre is run by the same sort of shopkeeper mentality we have now in Victoria. Would we be better off at Saskatchewan River Crossing and Sunwapta Falls? That too is a rather long stretch.

Tour of Greater Victoria

Michael Poplawski

200 km brevet, Saturday, August 3, 2002 Tour of Greater Victoria.
Weather: Overcast and warm – i.e. perfect riding weather

The intricate route tested the riders, with its many cues especially during the mid-ride urban interlude (with all its cues, I call this route my "Dutch" brevet). The riders all passed the secret controls with flying colours. There is no truth to the rumour that next year's route will have checkpoints at all 19 changes in district, city or municipality along the route!

Our first duos on the route were Ken Bonner and Sylvan Smyth; Ken was fresh off the Rocky Mountain 1200 the previous weekend, and Sylvan is a fresh new BC Randonneurs member-- his first brevet, in fact. Ken and Sylvan made excellent time during the day on their way to establishing a record for the course in a brisk 7 hours and 46 minutes. Perhaps they were motivated by their social lives – Ken had his anniversary to celebrate and Sylvan had a dance to go to in the evening. Full days for those two!

Our other duo on the road were Rob Hodder and Don Munro, who got more riding time for their money but turned in very respectable finishing times of 10:08 and 10:24, respectively. Rob is on his way to earning a Randonneur 500 medal for his first season of riding, and I believe this was his first brevet. I believe Don earned his Randonneur 1000 medal on this ride, if he hadn't reached the milestone already.

Congratulations to everyone, especially to the 200 km virgins – welcome to the club!

Volunteers: Pia Grönqvist – Start, Sidney, Wilkinson Plaza, secret controls, Finish; Stephen Hinde – Wilkinson Plaza, Sooke, secret controls, Finish; Sam Macey – Wilkinson Plaza; Linda Saunders – Cadboro Bay

One More "Sr" - The Last!

Harold Bridge

Today, Monday August 26 at about 10:30 I was taking my bike out of the truck having just got home from my Daughter's place where I spent the night close to the finish of the 600. A delivery van turned up and I burst out laughing, I knew what he was delivering -tyres for the 600!

I have been riding 25 mm Continental GP 3000s. But for events I replace them with tyres that I feel are more reliable, 23 mm Michelin Axial Pros. I like the slightly bigger tyre but was told locally that Michelin don't make 25 mm APs. So I tried Nashbar and their estimate was "Thursday or Friday next week". Good, I thought, just in time for the 600. But the roads on that route are not too bad and 23 mm would see me through.

Age doesn't come alone; it brings with it a few other things, arthritis and diminishing eye quality being the ones that affect this Rando part of life. For the benefit of newer folk, and at the risk of

boring the others, let me explain.

In 1994, on the weekend of my 67th birthday, I completed a 600 that brought me my 12th consecutive "Super Randonneur" medal from Audax Club Parisien. Then toward the end of 1994 I started to creak with arthritis. 1995-January I quit cycling altogether when I had to lay the bike down to get on and off. A very good rheumatologist spent about 18 months working me through this period. In June 1996 I found I could ride quite comfortably and entered the Heart and Lung Trek, 200 km two day pledge ride in September. That set me to thinking that if I could manage 200 km in two days perhaps the following weekend I could manage the Flatlander 200 in one day. I did, albeit with a time of about 12 hours. But, I was back!

Since 1997 I have been trying to obtain one more "SR" series just as a way of saying "Screw You Arthritis!" Various things have gone wrong and the "Been There, Done That" syndrome had an effect too. Of course, last year when I used my body and bicycle to vandalise a car to the tune of \$ 4,000 on Easter Monday that put me out of contention. It nullified my entry in London-Edinburgh-London as well. But still I managed to get inside 10 hours for the new option to the Flatlander, the Highlander, in September.

This year I felt would be my last chance at the Rocky Mountain 1200. But, I needed a 600 to qualify. That came to naught when I couldn't face up to going out to Hope again and felt that quitting at Abbotsford made more sense than at Hope. There was one more chance to wrap up this 13th SR quest this year, Ted Milner's 600.

Ten riders gathered at Lougheed Mall for the 06:00 start. An eleventh, Darrin, started late. I had company until the first hill, Maryhill ByPass, 7 km. From then on it was a solo ride. Anxiety about having company can destroy a ride if the intended company is going too fast. While I am capable of sprinting up a short steep rise such effort takes a lot out of me and I don't do it too often. I accept that I climb hills slowly these days and that means, very often, riding alone.

I always try to ride non-stop between controls, avoid "Phaffing". Each stop wastes time and it is much more economical to do all the various things that have to be done at compulsory stops. Apart from anointing a couple of bushes, I managed to get to Mission Control, 48 km, without any serious stops. It was time to remove the polypropylene undershirt, the day was warming up, even at 8:06, the time on my card.

The route through Abbotsford that Dan McGuire originated a couple of years ago is an improvement, I think, over the trafficky morass on Sumas Way and I think we should use it as standard when possible. I dutifully entered the US Customs office to display my ID and was told to go without a chance to show the beautiful picture.

A blustery wind was an improvement on the constant dead ahead blast I have suffered on the long flat stretch of Hwy 9 between Van Zandt and Acme. Just as my computer acknowledged 100 km Craig Premack, tucked down on his aero bars, blasted past. Obviously he had 6-hour 200 time intent going by the fact the time was 10:40 and he was at about 132 km in 4 hours 40 minutes! A little way down the road Acme Café was calling and

40 minutes went by while I had second breakfast. It was a long time between seeing Craig and second rider on the road, Bob Marsh. And sometime after Bob an unidentified female went north.

Just before Sedro Woolley late 600 starter Darrin introduced himself as he glided up alongside and then he was a speck in the distance. At the intersection a large bunch of "200" riders looked as if they were about to get going north while Stephen Hinde helped Don Munro with a flat tyre. I saw Darrin disappear into the Dairy Queen as I went across to the store by the Esso station for my card to be signed.

The 50 km of tedium along Hwy 20 to Rockport were brightened to a certain extent by warm greetings from the 300 riders, lead by Real Prefontaine. In that heat I was struggling to keep going. I kept on saying to myself; "Get this 600 done and your don't ever have to do it again!" My plan to ride non-stop came to naught at Rockport when I had to stop and have a "coke" and spray my painful feet with a Body Shop product my Daughter had given me.

The ride to Darrington was, as usual, a pleasure. Lots of tree cover, no great hills and with sunlight filtering through the foliage. That was accomplished non-stop to the Backwoods Café, on the west end of town, where I had a big, delicious bowl of Navy Bean soup. I left at 17:00 after about 40 minutes and patiently peddled modest gears into the headwind to Arlington. Without stopping, I found my way down Burn Road (I drove the route two days before) and onto Granite Falls. I went into the café across from the Tom Thumb Store control and asked what soup they had, "Navy Bean!" Great, I thought. What I got was a pathetic looking group of beans drowning in a tea like liquid. But it tasted all right and I set out to get to Carnation non-stop. I put all my lights on, slung my reflective Sam Browne belt over my shoulder and set off into the night.

I have tried to make do with ordinary little commercial lamps. But the aging of the optics demands something more. I had re-installed my 2 - 6 volt systems, this time with 3-watt halogen bulbs in the 10 cm diameter Union headlamps. I needed them. Between Granite Falls and Monroe the hilly, winding, tree enshrouded route needs automotive levels of illumination and I felt fairly secure in letting the bike have its way down and round those bends. I was also using my Cateye LED light with new batteries and at slow speeds on a flat road it is good enough. Up hill I would disengage the generator and, where possible, conserve the 4 D-cells in the tube under the bike frame by switching off the battery system. Unfortunately I only had the Cateye switched on when I met Eric, Michel and Ken along this stretch. They could have given me the sort of blast usually reserved for drivers who don't "dip"!

This route of Ted's is good. If there is a problem with it, it is a psychological one. At 309 km the route arrives in Monroe, the "sleep" control town. However, before we get to the sleep control we have to ride south another 32 km and retrace. By adding a detour further north, say along Hwy 20 to Newhalem, (in what is known as the American Alps) we could ride to Monroe knowing that is the southern terminus. Also the route between Monroe and Carnation is devious and a good deal longer than straight down

Hwy 203. I admit that when Ted first ran his Fort Langley - Enumclaw and return 600 I didn't bother to read the route instruction between Monroe and Fall City because I knew Hwy 203. Luckily I had to quit that 600 in the early 1990s, OOPs!

I went through Monroe at 23:00, so I knew it was going to be at least 02:00 before I got to bed. A few kilometers out of town I met Manfred who had his usual cheery greeting. About 9 km before the Carnation Control I met the Hinde bunch. Let me see, er, Hinde and Hinde, Munro, Jones, Lewis and possibly Darrin.

I arrived at the "QFC", allegedly a 24-hour store at 00:25. They had closed at 23:00! A group of youths that tipped out of a car might have signed after they had finished banging on the store doors, but I didn't fancy turning the card over to them. Anyway I had to get there to find out it was closed, so I signed my own card. I dug into my energy bar reserve and pressed on. I gave Ted my card at about 02:45 whereupon he asked, "Have you seen Manfred?" (Manfred says he will write about his Tremendous experience). He never turned up? When I got to Monroe my average was down to 18.7 kph. I had kept it above 20 for most of the first 300, 9:48 at the 200 mark and about 16:00 at 300.

By the time I had had 2 hours sleep, got dressed and gone to Denny's for breaky the average was down to 15.3 kph and the others were long gone. It was time to press on. It is a 100 km from Monroe to the next control at Sedro Woolley and I was doubtful about doing that non-stop.

Apparently the sight of "Old Arold" ploughing through Granite Falls past McDonald's was enough to spur the bunch into action, tipping tables over and spilling coffee over the other patrons in their rush to get to their bikes and put me where I'm supposed to be - out the back. But Phil Jones got there first and we had a couple of kilometers of conversation. Then they were gone.

I didn't make it to Sedro Woolley non-stop. The day was warming up, my feet were getting painful and at Big Lake I spotted a comfy looking piece of grass. Ten minutes nap, removal of undershirt and cooling spray on feet made me feel better and that was re-enforced by a coffee at Big Rock Store, 11.9 km from the SW control. I was beginning to feel I had it in the bag. But that is dangerous and I kept in the back of my mind the wind direction would make the ride from Mission to the finish slow, miserably slow.

If there's anything wrong with my Mariposa it is the triple chainring. But I think the after market 26 inner ring may be the problem and it suggests the reason that Campagnolo only provide a 30 as smallest. I had a 28 hanging on hook and I thought I would try it. I haven't unshipped the chain with the 28. But my bottom gear is a 28" instead of a 26". But that's good enough on this route with minimal luggage.

Now I had a problem. I was down to \$4.00US and Acme Café doesn't take credit cards. But we worked out a deal with Canadian currency that cost me a bundle. But I couldn't have stayed long enough to eat all the monster omelette and big pile of hash browns. Pity! Even at this approximately 500 km point I wasn't able to make it to the border non-stop.

Just by the rail crossing that creates a big curve at the foot of a

hill Larry Voth and Wayne Harrington stopped for a chat enroute home from a Seattle 300. Then, on Hwy 9 just north of Nugent's Corner there was a big tree throwing shade across the mowed grass of the church. Another 10 minutes snooze got me to the border at just on 17:00, 5 hours left for 63 kms. I assumed an hour for the ride to Mission. But I revised that when I went sailing north with a tailwind. But it worked out right in the end, I was very slow crossing the Bridge on the side walk, I was too tottery to tackle the traffic.

I was signed in at, I think 5.55 pm. The short west facing bits I had done were into a stiff wind and suggested I would be struggling to beat the 22:00 deadline at Denny's. But I got out onto Hwy 7 to find the wind had shifted to the southeast! Someone was being very kind to me. Thank you Ted for your influence in high places!

I dragged myself up that slope into Silverdale to find a secret control awaiting me. Keith Fletcher, currently "batching it", was free to drive his new S10 over the Albion Ferry and come looking for me. I asked him to phone Vanessa and give her some idea when I would be finished.

It had to happen eventually. As I crossed the Ruskin bridge I hit a rock with the back wheel. I cursed and waited but I seemed to have got away with it. The brutal little lump west of Ruskin had me out of the saddle and when I sat down at the top I realised the back tyre was flat. But 10 minutes and 80 strokes of the Zefal pump had me on the way again.

I had to stop a couple of times to eat more energy bars. I was wondering about the left turn off Pitt River Bridge onto Maryhill By Pass but I got there at the right time and had a gap in the traffic. I could see no purpose in struggling on the slopes, I went as low as I needed. But with a suitable run at a hill I could get a fair way up in top gear provided I got out the saddle and kept the bike rolling. The miserable hill across Brunette and Blue Mountain called for 28" as did the climb up North Road to Denny's. I was finished, in more ways than one!

The time was 20:30 on my watch which means, I think that would be 20:28 on Ted's watch but 38:30 is good enough! A fairly accurate assessment of "Off Bike" time suggests my riding time was about 29:00. Despite 2 computers, one giving event time and one giving riding time, I don't have an accurate figure. The auto computer re-set itself during the ride.

It just remained to struggle up onto the top of Coquitlam to my Daughter's place where my truck was parked. A glass of Jameson's, a shower and a bed awaited me. These were provided as an alternative to driving my truck home; "In that state".

Thanks are due to Keith Fletcher and Ian Stephen for taking over the "Make-Up" rides starting in Haney and leaving me free to start the 600 from Lougheed Mall. As usual my neighbours, Glen and Julie helped out by feeding OOP, the cat. He and I are both grateful.

PS. It doesn't bear thinking about; but if I hadn't have finished this I would have to do it all again next year. In itself not bad, but it would leave me open to entering BBP and I'm stupid enough to do that!

Challenge Cycling – A History

Harold Bridge

It is generally accepted that “Audax” Cycling (where rides proceed “en peloton” under the guidance of Captains who maintain the pace, traditionally 22.5 kph) originated in Italy in 1897. Records show that on June 12, 1897 a group of 12 cyclists left Rome for Naples, a distance of 230 km. Nine of the 12 cyclists succeeded in reaching their destination in the interval allowed.

Communication of the day was limited and the Italians were not to know that in 1891 on June 20th the first “York Run” was held in England. Organised by the North Road Cycling Club, the event required the participants to ride from the General Post Office in London, starting at midnight, to the GPO in York within 21 hours 30 minutes, a distance of 200 miles (320 km) north on the Great North Road. It is believed to be the first recorded occasion where an organised non-competitive ride of this nature took place. Post Offices were important for such endeavours as they possessed the only reliable clocks on display.

I quote from “Fifty Years of Road Riding” The book is the History of the North Road Cycling Club from its origin in 1885 to 1935:

The first York Run was held in 1891, and it gave rise to a remarkable amount of interest not only in the cycling world, but amongst the general public as well. Bennet Burleigh, a famous war correspondent for the Daily Telegraph, took a great and active interest in the event, and a long description of the event from his pen appeared in that paper. Burleigh rode a “full roadster” with the 25 starters as far as Grantham (about half way) where mechanical problems forced him onto a train so he could get to York and record the 10 survivors arrival in York.

The event continued every year until 1916 when the conditions created by World War 1 made it impractical to continue the ride. It was re-introduced in the late thirties as the beginning of the Easter Tour. That was ended in 1973 when the 3 riders were wiped out by a sleeping truck driver.

Later in 1891, in September, Parisien journalist Pierre Giffard organised a ride that was intended to show that the bicycle was more than a toy to be ridden round the park and that it had serious travel capability. He chose to have the participants ride from Paris to Brest on the Northwest Coast of France and back again, a distance of about 1200 km (750 miles). (See separate PBP history)

In the 2002 handbook of Audax UK, a couple of pages are devoted to: “The Origins and History of AUK”. The first part is universal and I quote:

1904: Henri Desgranges (known as the father of the Tour de France) produced Audax regulations. These were the property of his magazine; Auto and formed cyclists into groups, each with a Captain, which stayed together for the entire 200km ride. Today this method is known as “Euraudax”. Cyclists who had gained the Brevet d’Audax formed the Audax Club Parisien (ACP) and

organised events for Auto throughout France.

1920: ACP upset Desgranges by assisting in an event sponsored by a rival newspaper. He withdrew the Club’s right to organise Audax events.

1921: ACP created the Brevets de Randonneurs to enable them to carry on their programme of events without infringing the Brevets d’Audax. These events differ from Euraudax in that cyclists do not have to ride as a group. Each individual can go at their own pace – “allure libre” – and stop at will for refreshment.

To prevent racing, time checks were established at controls with minimum and maximum time limits. ACP has kept records of all Brevets de Randonneurs Français (now Brevets de Randonneurs Mondiaux) from this date. It is the ACP regulations which were later adopted by Audax UK (and in fact, by all Audax-Randonneur groups around the world).

1976. Audax UK formed.

That year British Columbia’s late resident, ex-Brit John Hathaway (1924 – 1997), completed the Paris-Brest-Paris Audax ride during his Guinness Book of Records 50,000 cycling miles in a 100 weeks round the World Map. That includes all the time waiting for visas, or travelling in planes, boats or trains (including the Trans Siberian Railway). When, in October 1976, he returned to B.C. his stories of PBP Audax prompted 3 of his friends, Gerry Pareja, Wayne Phillips and Dan McGuire to consider riding the next PBP Randonnee.

1979: The 4 of them, Hathaway, Pareja, Phillips and McGuire, completed a 200, 300, 400, 600 km PBP qualifying series as well as a 1000 for good measure. They all were successful in France and thus became the pioneer BC Randonneurs.

About this time the International Randonneurs were being organised out of Syracuse, NY and a few years ago Randonneurs USA (RUSA) superseded that organisation.

Paris-Brest-Paris

1886: Britain’s first long distance Bike Race, the North Road CC’s 24-hour event produced a winning distance of 227 miles under difficult conditions. The winner, G.P. Mills, rode an ordinary (penny farthing/high wheeler). The event continued on an annual basis (except for 2 World Wars) until 1999 when the first fatality and dreadful traffic conditions caused the end of the event, at its 101st promotion.

(I put this in to counter that oft quoted mistake that PBP was the oldest. It is since 1999, but up to then the NR 24 was the oldest).

1891: In May 5 Englishmen went to France to ride the inaugural Bordeaux-Paris 600 km race:

- ◆ G.P. Mills, North Road; 1st in 26 hours 34 min 57 sec,
- ◆ Monty Holbein, North Road, 2nd at 1 hour 14 min,
- ◆ T.A. Edge, North Road and J. Bates equal third at 3 hours 37 min.

The Brits went to “Show the Frenchmen how to ride”. Apparently the locals learnt the lesson very well, it was about 70 years before another Brit had any success on French roads!

On September 6 207 cyclists left Paris to ride to Brest on the Northwest Coast of France and return to Paris, a distance of about 1200 km (750 miles). The originator, journalist Pierre Giffard, wished to demonstrate the bicycle as more than a toy to be ridden around the park. With no precedent by which to judge he set a time limit of 10 days. But the winner, Charles Terront, finished in 71 hours 22 minutes and 99 riders completed.

1901: The stress of riding such an event as PBP caused the organisers to set a 10-year interval. This second PBP race produced a winning time of 52:11. The winner, Maurice Garin, was to earn eternal fame 2 years later by winning the inaugural Tour de France. The field was split into 2 categories; "coureurs de vitesse" and "touristes routiers", professional road racers and hard riding tourists

1903: After witnessing the success of 2 PBP races Henri Desranges planned a similar event that would travel round France. Thus PBP can be considered the progenitor of the Tour de France.

1911: 13 "CdV" and 120 "TR" riders started. Georget first back with a time of 50:13.

1921: 43 pros and 63 touristes started. Mottiat won with 55:07. Previous pro rider Ernest Paul was first tourist back with a time of 62 hours.

1931: Hubert Oppermann, the great Australian rider, completed by outwitting the Belgian and French riders in the sprint for the line on the velodrome and finished with a time of 49:23. TR riders Tranchart, Cottard and Ruard completed in 68:30.

1941: WW2

1948: A "Make Up" ride. Of eleven finishers Belgian Hendrickx won in 41:36:42

1951: 41 pros started, Diot set an all time record of 38:55 to win. First tourists back were Coutelier and Chetiveau. Four women completed on mixed tandems and Mlle Vassard became the first woman to complete PBP.

1956: A reduction of the interval from 10 to 5 years was decided upon. But the pro race was cancelled through lack of entries. Baumann was first back with 52:19.

1961: Pro race cancelled again. Fouace first back with 49:15

1966: Now a randonné only. The first back, Belgian Herman de Munck: 44:21

1971: For the last time until centenary 1991, the Audax and randonné events coincided. 330 audax riders and 328 randonneurs started. The audax started 4 days before the randonnee. Seven riders rode both! Hermann de Munck was first back again with 45:39. The first woman, Simone Astie, took 79:38.

1975: The gap for the Randonnee was now down to 4 years, while the Audax retained the 5-year interval. Last PBP run on main roads due to 2 fatalities. 714 starters. First back, de Munck, Cohen and Truchi in 43:27. The first women were Chantal de la Cruz and Nicole Chabriand inside 58 hours.

1979: A full Super Randonneur series became the qualification

requirement. 1766 starters, 1573 finishers. First back Piguet and Baleydiere inside 45 hours

1983: The 10th PBP randonné. 2106 starters, 1903 finishers. First back; de Munck and Piguet inside 44 hours, American Susan Notorangelo (Mrs Lon Haldemann) set the women's record at 54:40.

1987: 2597 starters and 2117 finished. First back; American Scott Dickson in 44hours. Brit woman, the late Fliss Beard, completed on trike inside 70 hours.

1991: The Centenary. 3281 started and about 2500 finished. Scott Dickson again first back with 43:42 and Nicole Chabriand first female back with 59:43.

1995: About 3000 starters. Tri-bars banned for safety reasons and mudguards become optional due to the inadequate design of bikes being sold. A group of 9 were the first finishers in 43:20 and the first woman back, Brigit Kerlouet, was within an hour of them with a time of 44:14.

1999: The ACP's maximum entry was reached with 3573 from 28 countries of which 17% abandoned. First back, 2 Frenchmen in 44:22. First Woman; American Melinda Lyon inside 54 hours.

2003: Are you going?

An experiment

Harold Bridge

Some 6V3W halogen bulbs arrived from CTC yesterday, Friday, June 28. I wondered what improvement in illumination they would give over the normal 2.4W. I also wondered if a camera light meter would pick up the difference. But that required a light tight cone that would fit both the 9cm dia Union headlamp and the 6 cm camera lens. At the second go I allowed a bit more paper and glued the black plastic to the lay out before cutting out and rolling the paper into a cone.

The 85 mm lens was no good, the light was too bright for f16 at 1/1000th sec. Put the 28 mm lens on as it has an f22 setting. Something weird there, it required f22 at 1/30th. I then changed the bulb and the light meter needle was up toward the "+", but not enough for one whole stop. At 1/60th it was toward the "-". So, the difference between the 2.4W and the 3.0W bulbs would appear to be about half a stop.

Possible inaccuracies due to briefly shorting out the battery while dicking about with the connections. Other than that only a finer graduation of light meter would improve upon the experiment.

Now, who's clever enough to convert this info into real-on-the-road terms?

