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Randonneur

Marathon Cycling

Editorial

Susan Allen

In this edition a year ends (with nearly final results and a list of medal winners) and a new year starts (with the schedule). As I look back on 2002 I am well satisfied with my riding (if not with the promptness of my newsletters). I have a nice set of six matched pins (200, 300, 400, 600, 1000 and not least, the volunteer pin). I did my first 1000 km, my fastest 200 and generally had a great time. Similarly I think the club had a great year. The most 200's, 300's, 400's, 600's, 1000's and I'd guess the most volunteers. We ran a Rocky Mountain that should make us all proud. Next year is PBP 2003 and I predict another record year with a record number of riders completing PBP. I plan to be one! See you on the road.

Organizers Needed

Susan Allen

The minutes of the latest Executive meeting noted that we need organizers for a number of events/items. I enclose below a brief description of each position and a contact name to find out more (often the person who last held the position). If you can take on one of these positions please contact Frances Caton 839-3801.

- ◆ LM400-2: Second Lower Mainland 400 km ride (August 1-2): contact Harold Bridge 941-3448
- ◆ Canada Day Populaire: 136 km this year, about 75 riders, controls with food, July 1: contact Harold Bridge 941-3448
- ◆ Flèche: check riders routes (and keep them secret), secret controls, wrap-up party: contact Harold Bridge 941-3448
- ◆ Short Routes Coordinator: Help ride organizers set up short routes, run (or find someone to run) short ride day (May 25) act as an information source for riders interested in short rides (50, 100, 150 km)



Personal Best at 75? You've Gotta Be Kiddin'!

Harold Bridge

No, it's a fact! Of course, I have only ridden randonnees since my mid-fifties and there is no true comparison with the two decades of time trialling, 1944 through 1964. Nonetheless, to put things in perspective, it would be appropriate to compare a 200 km randonnee with a 100-mile (161.026 km @ the RTTC standard of 1761 yards to the mile) time trial. My best "100", in 1950-August, was 4:47:12 and amounts to 33.64 kph. Apply that to a "200" randonnee and you have a time of 5:57:43. That is a bit different from the 8:40 I was very happy to record in yesterday's 200. I knocked 15 minutes off my previous fastest 200. As time trials were, traditionally, run on relatively flat courses there is a correlation with a "Flatlander" randonnee.

In 2001 I arrived at the start of the Flatlander to find a new option; "The Highlander". It goes over, not round, the bigger lumps. That is a much more interesting route and I enjoyed it and was happy to get round that in about 9:40. However, this year I wanted to test the limits and see how close to 9 hours I could get. Given my diminishing climbing abilities I felt the Flatlander would provide a better proving ground for a "fast" ride. For more than a year my 'fast' bike has been equipped with a Sachs 7 block; 14,15,16,17,19,23,28. I also have a virtually unused block with 13,14,15,16,17,19,23 and felt that would be appropriate for the Flatlander's miniscule lumps. I also took the time to put my best tyres on. It was worthwhile going to all this trouble; I didn't need my spare tubes and tyre

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levers. I didn't need the 28 sprocket either but know full well that if it had been there I would have used it!

An intended training ride the previous Tuesday got foreshortened when I discovered that my right cleat was falling off the shoe. So the Fort Langley-Glacier-Bellingham Lyndon loop I planned became an out and back turning at Zero Av. I was annoyed. But I was lucky it happened when it did, it would have been a disaster during the 200. I had time to get some small nails and re-attach the metal plate and install new cleats. The old ones were worn to breaking point.

Consternation Saturday night at 21:30! Phone call from Keith Fletcher. He was unable to contact the man with the key to Albion Hall. I got to the Hall at about 05:50 Sunday morn and promptly had to drive to the Ferry to use the facilities. Got back to find Don Munro had alighted from the ferry whilst I was in the can. He had good news. Keith was also ont' ferry and was at that moment heading into the hills north of Webster's Corner to pick up the key from the man who had had to work all day Saturday.

At 06:40 there were very few riders around. Then, like magic, ten minutes to start time the hordes arrived. The Holts were threatening to organise events from Ladner just to redress the balance in the commuting stakes!

I seemed to remember everything, including to start my computer as the "off" was sounded. The traffic light saw me coming and went to green so I got a run at that drag up Albion hill. A very sedate Craig Premack rode to the top with me saying he likes to warm up before putting the hammer down. Then he was gone and I didn't see him for the rest of the day.

The cloud cover was welcome, although it carried with it the chance of rain. The ride to Mission was easy and the 97" top gear was a benefit on the down grades. By the time I got to Hwy 11 most of the other riders had passed me, including two lawyers. On Cyril Street I found them at the side of the road. I later learnt that

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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 Early next year..

the heavy one had knocked the light one off his bike. That makes for an interesting legal point!

Traffic in Abbotsford was still light and the left turn onto Delair proved easy. But the traffic light did cause my first stop of the ride. Soon after, the Bates / Laidlaw tandem drifted past just in time to help out on the rather tedious few km on North Parallel Road. As a born again time triallist I always feel that if one wishes to "see how fast I can go" then one should do it unaided by wheel sucking. But, the 4 or 5 extra kph of the tandem are like the Sirens to Ulysses and I didn't have my earplugs! It was fun and the heavy lawyer didn't knock me off in his attempt to get attached, he made do with my back wheel. (Thanx Gary)

At No 3 Rd I let the tandem and the crowd go. I know the devastation that can be caused by hanging on too long early in a ride, and anyway, I was well ahead of my intended schedule. Steady cruising was made a bit uncomfortable by the need of a comfort station. Esso on Luckacuck Way provided the facility and as I parked the bike a nice young man came out and asked if he could help me. He pointed the way to the appropriate door.

The back route that avoids the centre of Chilliwack is easy to follow, although there seemed to be more traffic lights than there used to be. Hope River Road and Camp River Road were as delightful as ever but do form an uncontrolled loop as we cross Old Yale and have to return to it due to the Native blockade. Late starter Andreas caught me hereabouts and we rode into Bob Bose's 88 km control at Popkum Country Market together.

Arold's Rando Rule #1: Don't waste time! I had food and drink with me and had seen to the other problem already and so got my card signed at about 10:30 without getting off the bike. I was away and eating, drinking on the fast run west on Old Yale leaving the hares behind. They did of course pass by soon after. The tandem was the first and I resisted the temptation to hang on. But they suffered a snake bite shortly after and so they took awhile to sort that out – no tyre levers!?

Chilliwack Prairie provides several roads set on a one-mile grid so that which ones you use doesn't change the distance. But all the same it's best to stick to the stipulated route as one never knows where a 'secret' might pop up.

The 29 km to Pointa Vista were non-stop thanks to cooperative Sardis traffic lights. Sean Williams was dishing out surplus packs of goodies Tim Pollock had put together for the Rocky Mountain 1200. A brief visit to the washroom and when I came out there was the tandem. The rider I was with at Popkum, Andreas, was the only one I didn't see again until the finish. We wondered why.

Once I crossed the Vedder Bridge I stuck the gear onto 39x16 (64") and decided to peddle that economically @ 22/23kph in the face of a rising wind. Instead of the clouds dumping on us as per TV weather forecast the sun shone. As a result the thermals brought in ocean breezes that tended to hamper progress. But it wasn't too bad and that delightful, but uncontrolled, Arnold loop was ridden in sunshine. At the south end of Marion Rd I found the two lawyers lying int' grass. I wondered whether I should call for an ambulance or a hearse! But I was assured they were all right.

Whatcom Road into Huntingdon is preferable to Vye Road and

that nasty climb alongside busy traffic. Climbing Farmer Road is much preferred, even though it's proximity to the Frosty Mug makes for a dangerous temptation. I had emptied my bottle by this time and I planned to stop at the store on Huntingdon Road to get liquid. But I was sailing along there much better than anticipated and passed by the store before I could say "Coke"! Just after turning off Huntingdon onto Townline a young lady went by on a mudguardless bike and I thought she was a local rider out training. She was riding far too easily and fast to have been very far I thought. Then she stopped to pop into the bushes and before long she once more made me feel I was plodding as she glided past. At the finish I found she was one of our riders!

Upon reaching Hwy 13 I made a detour to get water at the Canada Customs facility and assume that is where Andreas passed me by. Knowing the long drag up to Aldergrove causes difficulties toward the end of a day's ride I took the opportunity to eat my emergency rations, multigrain bread sandwich with honey and cheese. There was enough south in the wind that the ride up to Aldergrove wasn't too bad. But even so I was reduced to the 45" gear for some of it. Kevin Bruce and Alard Malek both put the tortoise persona on me as they disappeared north.

But once over the dreaded drag I felt it was time to put the hammer down as I could see an exceptional ride resulting barring any trouble. Alard was still in sight and I started to gain on him and I was really looking forward to that lovely 75 kph swoop down the hill on 264th Rd to River Road. Then, I saw Alard turn left. "Where the hell is he going?" I asked myself and felt I should read the route sheet! Yes, in fact we were to turn left at 62nd Av to 256th, 72nd and 240th. Disappointment, we weren't given the privilege of the swoop on 264, we would have make do with the little swoop down 240. I caught Alard at 80th Av just at the top of the hill and was looking forward to a bold finish. But once on the flat Alard came up alongside and my legs were telling me; "No More". We finished together at 15:40.

My Vetta HR computer is automatic and as such gives riding time. It showed 8:21. That suggests 19 minutes off bike time. I should get that down to under 10 minutes!

Thanx to Keith Fletcher, Bob and Patti Marsh, Bob Bose, Sean Williams and Ian Stephen for making this opportunity possible.

Wishing Tom Hocking a Speedy Recover

Susan Allen edited from Emails by Tom

In January of this year, Tom Hocking, randonneur from Nanaimo, came down with a flu-bug. He was out of action and off the bike for nearly two months. When he began feeling better he hopped on the bike to see how much edge he had lost. As soon as he hit the first hill his lungs had a burning pain. After an electrocardiogram a walk-in clinic surmised a heart attack. A Vancouver cardiologist ordered an angiogram, which showed Coronary Artery Disease (CAD) with 100% blockages in two of the main branches and 90% in the third. It was not caused by the flu but genetics. Tom is alive because of the many thousands of km of aerobic training he put in over the years that promoted the growth of collateral arteries, which have formed many smaller natural bypasses around the blocked main arteries. On July 22 he had a quadruple bypass procedure. His recovery started with brisk walking and by September 3 he had permission to start riding. His last email: "400 km total biking for September Hard to keep a good man down or...? IMHO we have a GREAT health care system. I' m "living proof" of that."

All the best Tom. See you at the Nanaimo Populaire?

2002 Award Recipients

Susan Allen

Please report any errors to the database manager: Cheryl Lynch

Randonneur 500

- ◆ Kevin Bruce ◆ Eric Caton ◆ Gary Fraser
- ◆ June Gallagher ◆ Neil Jorgensen
- ◆ Loraine Kless Proctor ◆ Jerome Marburg
- ◆ Dan McGuire ◆ Jim Mckay ◆ Carol Peters
- ◆ Alexander Pope ◆ Réal Préfontaine
- ◆ Craig Premack ◆ Jack Sharkey
- ◆ Doreen Smith ◆ Mike Vetterli
- ◆ Larry Wasik ◆ Juergen Wendland

Randonneur 1000

- ◆ Wendy Amirault ◆ Ivan Andrews
- ◆ Jacques Bilinski ◆ Bob Boonstra
- ◆ Bob Bose ◆ Frances Caton ◆ Gord Cook
- ◆ Keith Fraser ◆ Barb Henniger
- ◆ Kevin Jardine ◆ Wim Kok

Coming Events

New Years Day Populaire – January 1

10 am: Victoria

Mike Poplawski 250-882-1239

PBP Seminar – February

Date/time TBA

Réal Préfontaine 853-9594

Seattle Populaire – March 1

Details to come.

www.seattlerandonneur.org

Spring Social – March 15

7:00 pm: Moose's Down

Under 830 West Pender St

www.tradeswest.ca/tw/index.html

Seattle 200 – March 15

Details to come

www.seattlerandonneur.org

Nanaimo Populaire – Mar 23

(50, 100 km) 10 am: Tim

Horton' s at Tenth & Lawlor

(Southgate Mall Highway 1)

Stephen Hinde 250-245-4751

Island 200 – Mar 29

50, 100, 150 also available

Stephen Hinde 250-245-4751

Seattle 300 - Apr 5

Details to come

www.seattlerandonneur.org

Pacific Populaire – Apr 6

9 am: Riley Park

TBA. You?

Peace Populaires I – Apr 6

50km : Fort St. John

Wim Kok 250-785-4589

L. Mainland 200 – Apr 12

7 am: Surrey Sports & L.C.

16555 Fraser Highway also

150 km at 7:30 am and

100, 50 km at 9:00 am

Dan McGuire 942-3235

Peace Populaires II – Apr 12

100 km: Fort St. John

Wim Kok 250-785-4589

Fleche Northwest -Apr 18-19

Details to come

www.seattlerandonneur.org

Kamloops 200 – Apr 19

Kamloops

Bob Boonstra 250-828-2869

- ◆ Manfred Kuchenmuller ◆ Paul Lee ◆ Alard Malek
- ◆ Bob Marsh ◆ Jefferson Massie ◆ Roger Street
- ◆ Valerie White

Super Randonneur

- ◆ Susan Allen ◆ Deirdre Arscott ◆ Bob Bailey ◆ Susan Barr ◆ John Bates ◆ Henry Berkenbos ◆ Richard Blair ◆ David Blanche
- ◆ Ken Bonner ◆ Harold Bridge ◆ Ken Carter ◆ Barry Chase ◆ Mike Eder ◆ Eric Fergusson ◆ Keith Fletcher ◆ Jim Giles
- ◆ Wayne Harrington ◆ Ron Himschoot
- ◆ Carol Hinde ◆ Stephen Hinde ◆ Ali Holt
- ◆ Roger Holt ◆ Darren Inouye ◆ Phil Jones
- ◆ Jim Kirby ◆ Danelle Laidlaw
- ◆ Doug Latornell ◆ Bob Lepage
- ◆ Benjamin Lewis ◆ Cheryl Lynch
- ◆ Don Munro ◆ Keith Nichol ◆ Ross Nichol
- ◆ Mike Poplawski ◆ Michel Richard
- ◆ Karen Smith ◆ Peter Stary ◆ Larry Voth
- ◆ Sean Williams

Pin Designs Requested

Susan Allen

A design for the 2003 pin is needed. If you have any ideas get them down (paper or electronic), phone Karen Smith 732-0212 and arrange how to get your design to her. She can also give you ideas on basic design criteria. New ideas from new members especially welcome.

Galloping Goose Offroad Populaire Sunday, September 1

Mike Poplawski

Seven riders took part in this year's edition on the Labour Day weekend, with a surprising six of seven riders choosing the 100 km option and its urban sights, and one rider taking the almost entirely off-road route. Both routes are the same up to the 75 km mark.

The conditions were perfect, with a cool start before the sun warmed up a very dry trail.

My favourite moment of the ride was when a crisp red and orange maple leaf descended from the canopy and glanced off the Gordon's helmet, Andrea's shoulder and then against my bike before coming to rest on the ground. Beautiful stuff!

In the future, this ride will take place after the Labour Day weekend to allow more riders to take part, and the trail will be all the more colourful.

Thanks to the riders and control volunteer Carol Hinde for making this a great ride. See you in 2003!



2003 Draft Ride Schedule

Susan Allen (from web page)

Misc Events:

- ◆ **PBP Workshop**, February ?
- ◆ **Spring Social**, March 15, 7 p.m. Moose's Down Under, 830 West Pender St., Vancouver
- ◆ **Triple Mountain Challenge**, June 14, 8:00, Grouse Mt. Parking Lot, N. Vancouver
- ◆ **Paris Brest Paris** - August 18 -22
- ◆ **Annual General Meeting**, September 28, 10ish, Bedford House, Ft. Langley

Lower Mainland:

(Route Coordinator: Harold Bridge, 941-3448)

- ◆ **Pacific Populaire** (25, 50, 100 km), April 6, 9:00, Riley Park Community Centre, Vancouver
- ◆ **200 km** April 12 200 km (7:00), 150 km (7:30), 100 & 50 km (9:00), Surrey Sports & L.C., 16555 Fraser Highway
- ◆ **300 km** April 26, 6:00
- ◆ **400 km** May 10, 6:00
- ◆ **Flèche Pacifique** May 16 – 18, Entry Deadline is April 26
- ◆ **Shorts** (50, 100, 150 km) May 25, 9:00,
- ◆ **600 km** May 31- June 1
- ◆ **1000 km** June 20 - 22
- ◆ **Canada Day 136** Populaire (136 km) July 1 8:00-9:30, Fort Langley
- ◆ **200 km** July 6 200 km (7:00), 150 km (7:30), 100 & 50 km (9:00)
- ◆ **300 km** July 19, 6:00
- ◆ **400 km**, August 1, 21:00 (9 pm!)
- ◆ **1000 km**, August 2-4
- ◆ **600 km**, August 9-10, 6:00
- ◆ **Make-ups** 200, 300, 400, 600 km, August 23, 6:00, Haney
- ◆ **1000 km** August 30-September 1
- ◆ **Fall Flatlander** September 14, 200 km (7:00), 150 km (7:30), 100 & 50 km (9:00) Maple Ridge: Albion Hall (Hwy #7 @ 240 Street)

Peace Region (Start Fort St. John)

(Route Coordinator: Wim Kok, (250) 785-4589)

- ◆ **50 km** April 6
- ◆ **100 km** April 12
- ◆ **150 km** April 19
- ◆ **Signs of Spring** 200 km April 26
- ◆ **Le petit tour de Peace** (300, 200 km) May 3
- ◆ **Le grand tour de Peace** (400, 300 km) May 17
- ◆ **Le grand tour de Peace Deux** 400 km May 24
- ◆ **Foothills Randonnée** (600, 400 km) June 7-8
- ◆ **Summer Solstice Millenium Tour** 1000 km June 20-22
- ◆ **Border Randonnée** 600 km June 28-29
- ◆ **The Dam Brevet** 200 km August 2
- ◆ **Quiche Brevet** (75, 150, 200 km) September 6

Southern Interior

(Route Coordinator Bob Boonstra 250-828-2869)

- ◆ 200 km April 19
- ◆ 300 km May 3
- ◆ 400 km May 24
- ◆ 600 km June 7-8
- ◆ 1000 km June 20-22
- ◆ 1000 km August 2-4
- ◆ 1000 km August 30-September 1
- ◆ Off-road 200 km September 20 100 Mile House

Vancouver Island

(Route Coordinator Stephen Hinde 250-245-4751)

- ◆ **New Year's Day Populaire:** 100 km January 1, 10:00 Victoria
- ◆ **Nanaimo Populaire** 100, 50 km March 23, 10:00, Tim Horton's at Tenth & Lawlor (Southgate Mall on Highway #1)
- ◆ **200, 150, 100, 50 km** March 29
- ◆ **300 km** April 19
- ◆ **400, 300 km** May 3
- ◆ **600, 400 km** May 24-25
- ◆ **1000 km** June 20-22
- ◆ **Victoria Populaire:** 150, 100, 50 km, June 29, 9:00 Oak Bay Beach Hotel (1175 Beach Drive)
- ◆ **Victoria 200 km** July 12, 8:00, Tim Horton's, Gateway Village (Ravine Way at Blanshard, Saanich)
- ◆ **300, 200, 150, 100, 50 km** July 26
- ◆ 1000 km August 30-September 1
- ◆ **Galloping Goose Populaire** 100, 75 km September 7, 9:00 Thetis Lake Park

2003 PBP Workshop

Frances Caton

In January 2003, the 2003 PBP Journal(plaquette) will arrive with all the information required to register in the 2003 PBP.

Réal Préfontaine, President of Les Randonneurs Mondiaux, has offered to hold a workshop in February for aspiring participants.

His proposed course outline is as follows:

1. How to qualify and register
 2. Once registration is confirmed
 - ◆ When to arrive and lodging
 - ◆ Sunday, August 17: Bicycle check & issue of Control Card
 - ◆ Monday, August 18: Prologue? Pre-departure meal AKA The Last Supper
 - ◆ Departures: 80 hrs (20:00); 90 hrs (22:00) and 84 hrs (05:00)
 - ◆ Course profile
 - ◆ Control points and Secret Controls
 - ◆ The FINISH
 - ◆ How to prepare for the PBP
 - ◆ The Randonneur 5000 awards
 - ◆ How much will it cost me?
- Workshop Organizer: Réal Préfontaine , 604-853-9594

Riders who plan to attend the Workshop are asked to let Réal know at rprefontaine@shaw.ca or 604-853-9594. Riders who plan to participate in PBP but not in workshop are also asked to inform Réal. The latter request is to give an idea of the number of rooms that will be required. Twenty-five rooms have been tentatively reserved at "Les Gatines" a small hotel in Plaisir some 10 km from the start point.

Annual General Meeting – 2002 September 29

Harold Bridge

I had planned to notify the Bedford House Restaurant "How Many?" on Wednesday, 25th. However, on the evening of Tuesday 24th I received a phone call from them saying the Chef was anxious to know the number to prepare for.

At that point I had a list 59 long, so I said; "About 60". On Wednesday I upped that to 62 and on Friday I increased the number again to 65. Sunday morning I asked them to revise the number to "70". In the end 58 turned up!

There were those who had relied on my ageing brain to remember they had told me they were coming, (I have a very good memory of 40 years ago, not necessarily of 40 minutes ago!). There were those who turned up believing I had been notified, but the e-mail never arrived (or did I delete it somehow?) and a couple who planned to book but forgot to until Saturday evening! Then there were eleven who were sick, busy or plain forgetful. One poor guy was making amends for forgetting his wedding anniversary!

The star turn of the event was the retiring Treasurer, Roger Street, when he announced that the Club had had a good year and the whole deal was "ON THE CLUB". That after I had taken the precaution of turning up with a big bunch of fives too! (Try collecting \$15 off people without change available) The \$5 bills weren't needed.

After a week of glorious autumn weather the forecast for rain on the Sunday was a disappointment and contrary to our history of normally good weather for the "AGM Social Rides". As I had promoted the idea of turning the main ride route of 54 km into a "50" brevet for some who were in line for a "500" medal I was stuck with looking after the event and didn't bother to take a bike with me.

We set the four of them, Jack Sharkey, Robert Irvine, Brad and Loraine Kless Proctor, on their way at 09:00. I dashed over to Derby Reach to sign their cards on the western loop before heading over to Glen Valley to make sure they came down Graham Crescent and turned east off Lefevre onto Marsh McCormack and not short cut the route. No one thinks they would cheat, but without controls there is no proof they didn't. "Not only must justice be done, it must be seen to be done".

In the meantime, the retiring President, Ian Stephen, graciously agreed to help out by handing out the route sheet/map to the people turning up between 09:30 and 10:00 for the social rides.

Although the skies looked ready to dump rain on us, it almost didn't happen. I felt one or two spots and was actually driving home before there was any amount of rain, and then it wasn't much. Our luck held for another year.

The BC Randonneurs' Cycling Club seems to have automatic transmission, power brakes and power steering; it is so easy to drive. As a result, Ian's telephone canvassing had quickly dug up a new executive who were applauded with enthusiasm. (relief?) and we thanked the retiring executive; Ian Stephen, Roger Street and Larry Wasik.

Roger Street issued every member a financial sheet to show the comfortable situation he was handing over.

Awards secretary Karen Smith flew around the room delivering pins while the new VP checked off the list. Karen's task was made somewhat bigger by the fact there were 104 volunteers who all had the appropriate pins to receive in person or by proxy.

Data Base Manager Cheryl Lynch read off an impressive list of statistics in which the name of Bonner seemed to figure prominently. Hopefully Madam Editor can get that information from Cheryl and insert it in here? (Editor Note: will publish when final statistics are available).

As we have come to expect, the Bedford House staff looked after us pretty well and the food is always enjoyed. The "West Wing" seems to serve our purposes much better than the "East Wing" that we have used for the last several years.

I don't remember using the West Wing since 1987. Yes, our association with the Bedford House goes back away. We have on a few occasions strayed elsewhere but I think we know where we are well off.

The new Executive is:

- ◆ President: Frances Caton
- ◆ Vice President: Michel Richard
- ◆ Treasurer; Wayne Harrington
- ◆ Secretary: Eric Ferguson

Rocky Mountain High - Memories of the 1200

Phil Piltch

Having successfully completed PBP in 1999, I was looking forward to other challenges, and the thought of doing a PBP type ride through the Canadian Rockies seemed to me an interesting challenge. The fact that it was practically in my own backyard did it even better.

I had heard about the ride through Ken Dobb, a fellow Randonneurs Ontario member, who had encouraged me last year to consider doing this ride. When I checked the details of the ride on the BC Randonneurs web site and noted the fifty-rider limit I decided to send the entry form with my cheque in January to ensure a spot on the ride. I noticed that my completion the Super Randonneur series for PBP in 1999 and again last year automatically qualified me for RM1200. Not one to sit on one's Laurels; I did complete a number of brevets in the months before RM1200, including a 1000 around Lake Ontario.

Perhaps against better judgment, I decided on the 84-hour start. Based on how I was doing on earlier brevets, I figured I was fast enough to make the 84-hour limit, and in any case, getting full night's sleep before the ride was too good to pass up. I also estimated that this start time would give me the best chance to

ride most of the route in daylight.

I arrived in Kamloops around 12:30 pm on Tuesday July 23rd, on a tiny Dash 8 turboprop. As the plane was descending I could see the area around Kamloops looked dry and desert like. As I was waiting to retrieve my checked in bag, I found another fellow who was doing the ride was on the same flight. We shared a cab ride to the city centre, stopping first at the HI hostel where he was staying and then on to the Sagebrush motel.

I was somewhat troubled that the cab was climbing a rather large hill to get to the motel; the thought of climbing it after completing the 1200 was something I was not looking forward to. The cab driver suggested I could take a city bus back up, since they all had bike racks. When I checked in at the motel office, the proprietor said that David McCaw, a fellow Randonneurs Ontario member, had left me a message with the room he and Marc Pritchard, another R.O. club member, were staying. After settling in my room, I went over to their room, and found that they were reassembling their bikes. A short while later, my bike, which I had shipped on ahead, had arrived. I checked it over and reassembled it, noting some minor damage; although I had padded the end of the handlebar stem with bubble wrap, the bubble wrap had moved and the stem's end had broken the cable stop on the left side and scratched the paint around the shifter boss. But it still seems to shift okay. David, Marc and I later went to Boston Pizza for some pasta dinner. I also discovered the Great Canadian Super Store, which proved a great source for extra stuff. That evening I watched a stage of the Tour du France in my room.

The next morning when I woke, I started the day watching the Tour live. Later after breakfast, David, Marc and I did a short tour to test our legs and the bikes. We went down the hill to Riverside Park, where the ride was to start. With out the benefit of a route sheet, we tried to figure where the ride would go from the park. Marc asked someone for directions, and we were pointed back up the hill - oye! Marc wanted to get his camera, which he left at the motel, so we returned the way we came, grinding up the very hill we sailed down. At the motel, we looked at a map and discovered we were given wrong directions. We improvised a route out, taking a different way this time, going further up the hill on Colombia and then over to the Trans-Canada. It looked like a freeway, but there were no signs prohibiting bikes and we sailed down the hill and to the off ramp for Hwy 5, then continued along north to about 10 km past the town of Rayleigh. We discovered a bit of road construction on the way, getting tar on our bikes. We headed back to the city to beat the heat of the day.

We somehow got all of our stuff on our bikes for the ride down to the Heritage Centre (Marc looked truly scary with his three drop bags hanging from his shoulders). We dropped our bags off, signed in, and had our bikes checked. During my bike check, my bell, with its distinctive clapper attracted attention. I was handed my number plate and zip ties to attach it. Real Prefontaine, the president of BRM no less, did the final check and clipping of the zip tie ends. Much as I wanted to see the 90-hour start off, I returned to the motel and ate at the restaurant next door before it closed (should have eaten before going to the bike check). After dinner I got set for the morning start, then finally went to sleep around 10:45, a bit later than I had expected.

I awoke at 3 am the next day and got ready. Dave, Marc and I rode down the hill and arrived at the Heritage Centre around 3:45.

While the 84-hour group was much smaller than the 90-hour group that left 6 hours earlier, we were still an impressive number. There was anticipation, as the 4 am start time got closer. At exactly 4 am, we sped down dark streets and across a rough bridge over the river and were quickly out of town. The group quickly split into smaller groups as we zipped north. The group that David, Marc and I were in was moving quite fast. A tandem was leading our group. While I couldn't see my cyclometer in the dark, the gentle vibrations of my Shimano hub generator told me we were moving around 35 kph. I got to know a few of my fellow travellers. As we continued northward, the false dawn of the early morning brightened, and I could see the silhouettes of the mountains on either side of us. I chatted a bit with Foster, a fellow from Minneapolis. We began hitting the first of many stretches of construction along the early part of the route. Shortly afterwards I lost sight of Marc and David as they raced on ahead. Foster, another fellow and I formed a little pace line taking turns pulling. This worked for a short time, but after a few climbs, I fell behind - the pace and hills began to take their toll. I regretted not doing enough hill work. We regrouped not far from the first control and rode together to the control. The control was not actually in the town of Clearwater, but a few kilometers past it at a B&B owned by members of the BC Randonneurs. For the grand sum of \$3 I stocked up on some food, including some bananas and a bag of home baked cookies. I ate a couple and put the bag with the rest in my jersey pocket.

Soon after the control, I found I could not keep the pace of the Foster and the others and was soon on my own. I decided at that point to take an easier pace. Since this was my first time riding through the mountains, I decided to play "cyclo-tourist" and ride a more relaxed pace to enjoy the sights. I noticed the highway got quite close to the river and stopped at a pullout to enjoy the view of the rushing North Thompson River. A young couple in a car offered to take a picture of me by the river. I carried on and caught up to another cyclist. At first I thought it might be another RM1200 rider, but after seeing the single-wheeled trailer and cycling cap, decided otherwise. I found out he was from Montreal and had started out from Vancouver on his way back home by bike. He said he had budgeted himself \$10 a day for expenses, something that I found quite amazing, and unbelievable. He was equally stunned that I was going straight on to Jasper, biking over 400 km in one day. He could not believe that anyone could do that. He went as far as Avola, while I continued on to Blue River.

It is just after Avola that I hit the first really big hill on the ride; a little hump called Messiter Summit. As I slowly climbed this little mountain, I saw two other cyclists with loaded mountain bikes, walking them up the hill. At the top I stopped for a quick break, and noticed my altimeter was off by only one meter from the 765 m elevation of the summit. There is road construction here that killed much of the speed of the descent. Just before Blue River I hit some of the worst of the construction, with a lot of dust and tar. At the control I noticed swarms of hungry mosquitoes. Yikes! I took refuge from the heat and mosquitoes in the convenience store at the Husky and decided to stop for some lunch in the restaurant. After a lunch of chili, I refilled my bottles with water and mixed a new batch of Cytomax in one of them.

Back on the road I soon hooked up with a rider from near

Winnipeg named Peter McAdams, and we more or less kept together to Jasper. He was riding a recumbent and was slower than me on the climbs, but much faster on the descents. He mentioned that he seemed to have less energy that expected - perhaps it was the heat? We make a quick water/rest stop at a convenience store at Valemount. I catch sight of Kent Peterson rolling away as we roll in. We arrived late in the day at the control in Tete Jaune Cache, at a motel. David, one of the volunteers manning the sweep van, was looking for one of his hearing aids, which he lost track of after taking a nap. As we left, he was still looking for it. I found out later that he did find it, accidentally placed in one of the trash bags in the room.

As we left Tete Jaune Cache, the road began to climb, and Peter fell back behind me. At the top of the long climb I stopped at the Mt. Terry Fox rest stop for a quick break and took photos of Mt. Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. We had a long gradual descent toward Mt. Robson and past the Provincial Park of the same name, and the view of the mighty mountain got even better as the road moved past the base of this mighty peak. Soon after we hit the long climb up Yellow Head Pass. Just after ascending it, I decided to stop just after the top to put on my night gear and waited a bit for Peter to catch up. I could have sped along, but since it was soon quite dark I decided it is wisest to stay with Peter. Our progress was hindered somewhat - Peter's rear tube expired on two separate occasions, and he had to fix it in the dark. I found it hard to ignore the hungry mosquitoes. As we continued along we were passed by the sweep van and at one point I flagged it down to get some more water. We finally arrived in Jasper just before 2 am, much later than I had expected, but still well ahead of the control closing. Sadly the shower I was expecting was not to be - the place with the showers closed much earlier in the night. I had to suffice with a towel bath to remove the grime of the day. The food selection was not that great either, but I managed to eat a good dinner. After my dinner and towel bath, I laid down around 2:30 for some sleep, asking to awaken at 5, but could only sleep until 4:30. Unable to sleep any more, I decided to get up and push on to the next control.

Most of those I had seen when I arrived at the control had already left. I had some breakfast before getting set to move on. Peter was still there and we set out around 5:30. I noticed that it was wet and cold and that a light rain was falling. I'm now quite glad I put my polypro tights and waterproof jacket in the drop bag for Jasper. As we rolled out of Jasper I saw what at first looked like a sculpture, but then it moved. I thought it might be a moose, but as we passed it, saw it was a female elk. It was my first sighting of large wildlife. And it was to be my only sighting - no bear, moose, big horn, or mountain goat. The elk watched us as we rolled past. In the growing light I could see the sky was quite cloudy, and to the southeast, quite threatening. I was worried that my entire ride along the Icefields Parkway would be obscured in clouds and rain, but miraculously as we continued south the weather improved. It was never the less quite cool, and there were brief sprinkles of rain.

On each of the hills, Peter got further back, and eventually I was well ahead of him. As I went south on the Ice Fields Parkway, I saw cyclists going the other way, and the occasional bus/truck with bike racks, which I assumed were the support vehicles that brought them there. I also noted HI hostels along the

Parkway, making a mental note that I might pay them a visit on a future visit. I stopped at a couple of places to take pictures, the second of which was a bit off the road. While at the second stop, Peter had passed me and was quite surprised to see me pass him from behind.

Somewhere after Sunwapta Falls, I noticed other cyclists ahead, and this time they were RM1200 riders, including a tandem with organiser Danelle Laidlaw stoking away. I passed them when they stopped to put rain gear on, but soon enough they caught me and sailed past on a downhill. After Sunwapta Falls the road flattened out for several kilometers, while the mountains on either side grew larger. With about 10 km to go to the next control, the flat terrain began to sharply rise. Sunwapta Pass proved to be the most difficult climb so far and I had to stop at a couple of pullouts to catch my breath and enjoy the view. At the first one, I chatted with a Scottish family about my ride. They offered me coffee and a bun with jam as I sat in their rented RV. They took my picture in front of Mt Kitchener. I thanked them for the refreshments and continued up the last steep pitch, getting a friendly beep as the family in the RV passed me. Just before the top I stopped to look back at the steep climb I just completed, and took a few shots with my digital camera. As I neared the Ice Fields Centre, I noted that I would have to climb just a bit more past the Centre to the bus entrance to get to the control entrance. By this point my legs were quite dead, but I was able to ride across the bridge to the entrance of the centre. After getting my control card stamped, I headed to the cafeteria to get some lunch. The meal was okay, but far from great and overpriced. I stopped on the balcony to take a picture of the famous ice field across the road, then got on my way. I rode for bit with another rider from California, but let him move on ahead on the descent after Sunwapta Pass. It was truly spectacular, and at a turnout near the bottom I stopped briefly to enjoy the view and take a picture of the valley. At the bottom of the valley it was much warmer, and I made another quick stop to shed my jacket and tights.

I took a short break by the gift shop at Saskatchewan River Crossing, and found David and Derek with the sweep van. They told me there were only a few other riders behind me, but said I was doing very well. They warned me not to take too much time here. I topped my bottles with more water from the van, and then enjoyed a Coke and ice cream. Soon after leaving town, the road began to climb. I found I had very little climb left in my legs and took it easy, enjoying views of glacial lakes. I had noticed many of lakes near the road had a distinct greenish blue colour, an effect that comes from rock particles eroded by the glaciers. While not that steep, the Bow Summit climb was long, and I was grinding up very slowly in my 30x26. As I neared the summit it became chilly, and I stopped at the crest to put on my tights and jacket. I had expected as dramatic a descent as Sunwapta, but was disappointed to find it a gradual one. After a rather long time, I finally reached the Trans Canada and the turn for Lake Louise. As I was heading east to the village, I saw a couple of riders heading west. When I arrived at the control, I found it nearly empty. The volunteers there served a very delicious pasta dinner. Soon after I set off for the next control at Golden.

The approach to Kicking Horse Pass was a slight rise, and the climb seemed anticlimactic. The descent, however, was quite spectacular, and I was also beginning to feel some strength

returning to my legs. About halfway to Golden I caught up to the two cyclists I had seen earlier, one of them Barb, who I remember seeing in France at PBP. They were having some mechanical problems, which had slowed them down. We rode the last stretch together. The last few kilometers to Golden were a bit hairy, since the road was under construction and quite narrow and windy. Most of the truckers passing us were surprising patient, but there were at least a few who weren't. We arrived at the control at around midnight. At the control, I ate quite heartily. I was also looking forward to a good shower, but unfortunately they had no hot water, so I had to suffice with a splash of cold water. Oh well, so much for showers. Then it was off to get some sleep. Many thanks go to the volunteers, especially Karen, who gave me a set of foam earplugs and placed me in a dark, quiet area of the gym, where I got nearly 5 hours of deep sleep.

I was awoken at around 5, feeling a bit groggy but well rested. I got ready, and had some of the liquid food I had packed in drop bag and ate some more food from the control before setting out. I rode out together with another rider, also named Phil (Philippe Andre) who was from Portland Or. We seemed to be well matched in speed and climbing-wise and worked well together. This was the going to be the longest stretch between controls at 152 km, and was also to prove the section with the most climbing. We encountered a couple of large climbs before we hit Rogers Pass. On the top of the first climb, we stopped to have a good stretch and make a quick pee stop. At one point as we were riding through Glacier National Park, Phil pointed out the strong odour of pine in the air. I filled my lungs several times with this wonderful mountain air. I suggested that we should bottle and sell it. Soon enough we began the long climb up Rogers Pass. We stopped briefly at a rest stop, and chatted with a fellow travelling with his young son in a camper. He offered us some fresh strawberries, which were a nice treat. Phil tried to lessen the effects of a nasty saddle sore. We continued the long steady climb, and reached the first of several snow sheds. Each one had a name, and the first had what appeared to be an elevated sidewalk. We saw another rider named Kevin, who was walking on this "sidewalk". Phil was just ahead of me and asked him how he was doing. "Not well" is what he said. After we exited the tunnel, we stopped and waited for him. Kevin said he had no climb left in his legs and was looking for the sweep van. Phil and I managed to coax him to continue to on. We all stopped at the store near the summit and got more water and food. I bought a bag of "bits and bites" - I had a craving for "junk". Phil looked in the store for something to cushion a nasty saddle sore and bought a package of sanitary napkins. Before we left we took some photos. About a kilometer from the store we reached the summit, marked by an unusual monument, which was partially obscured by snow fence, marring what might have been an interesting picture. The descent was a bit of a disappointment. There were strong head winds and we made slower progress than expected. Phil had to stop periodically to try to adjust the improvised padding and to apply a bit of salve on his tender spots. We finally reached the turn for Revelstoke, after what seemed a very long day and arrive to cheers at the control at 2:30 pm. I had a great lunch, which included corn soup, chili and fruit. Phil found his solution to the saddle discomfort was not working and spent some time trying another. A rider gave him some Bag Balm to try.

Almost an hour after arriving we set off to Salmon Arm. I made a quick stop by the railway museum to take a picture. It took me several kilometers to catch Phil. It didn't help that I had to climb a long hill out of the valley after crossing the Columbia River.

As we rode past a lake in the Three Valleys Gap, I admired the landscape, but found the resort overwhelming the scene. Just before the road turned sharply to the right, I noticed someone was selling black cherries from a truck and stopped to investigate. The chap selling them said he had picked them from his farm near Salmon Arm earlier in the day, and offered me some to taste. Wow - they were absolutely scrumptious and a nice break from bananas. What a treat! I bought a small bag of them and offered some to Phil, who was resting nearby under the shade of a tree. We stopped again at the little park at the bend in the road, where Phil used one of the washrooms to apply more Bag Balm. I noticed a rider was sleeping on one of the tables down the hill; he looked a bit like Kevin.

We continued on our way, but the road was quite rough and Phil was in increasing discomfort. The day was hot but luckily it was late in the afternoon and the heat of the day had already past. We both pondered what those ahead of us would have felt earlier in the day. Just before Sicamous, we stopped to get water. As we got nearer to Salmon Arm, we hit some good climbs. The sun was quite low in the sky when we finally reached the outskirts of Salmon Arm but it still seemed quite a ways before arriving at the control. Among the volunteers was Phil's girl friend Carmon, and he reluctantly decided to abandon here, since his car was also here. The volunteers were quite helpful, especially Noboru, who was bringing me food and drink. I still had a few cherries left and offered them to the volunteers. Phil had suggested I stop for some sleep at the Vernon control, something I had already considered. Phil thanked me for riding with him and helping make it this far. He offered to meet me in Kamloops and drive my stuff and me to the motel. We agreed to meet at 12 noon the next day.

The volunteers had given me verbal directions on how to follow the route, but I still found the way out of Salmon somewhat confusing and stopped a few times to consult my route sheet. Just a few blocks from the control, I had a nice warm up with a very steep climb, but the route soon went down hill. After a few more turns I caught sight of some red lights off in the distance, and soon was riding with four others, Chris and Rob from Britain, and Grant and Charlene (who I had met at my motel), a couple of fellow Canadians. (I found out after returning home that Rob was riding a fixed gear bike!) We stopped a few more times to consult our route sheets, but after a while the road straightened out. All of it was smooth fresh pavement, and quite nice to ride on, especially at night. As we reached our next turn, we came upon the secret control. The volunteers there offered us food and drink, including some potato chips - yum! Charlene took a quick nap while the rest of us chatted and ate more chips. After leaving the control, we climbed a large hill. My climbing strength was returning and I found the hill easy, but the others lagged a bit and I eased off after the top to let them catch up. The road was flatter after this hill but still rolling. While I wished I could have seen it during the day, I appreciated that it was much cooler riding at night. We passed through a few small towns before reaching Vernon. As we entered the outskirts of Vernon, I was feeling eager to get to the control and sped up, pulling out ahead. Grant

stayed behind me for a bit, but soon I was alone. The road meandered as I kept an eye out for the next turn for the control. Finally, I found the control, which was at an HI hostel. After getting my card signed, I ate a bit of food, washed up and then slept for an hour on a bed in one of the rooms upstairs.

I awoke after an hour's sleep and jettisoned some stuff to my drop bag. I rode off with some others, deciding to wait a bit before eating. I stopped briefly to make some adjustments with the stuff on my bike while the others continued on. I soon paid for not eating more at the control and found I was crawling along. I began to wonder if I would make the 12 noon meeting time I promised Phil. I saw the sweep van and asked if there would be any services open in Falkland and was told there should be. I found a convenience store by a Petro Can and bought a Starbucks Frappicino, a small bag of potato chips and a package of butter tarts. I consumed them rapidly and after a short rest and stretch, continued through the town. I saw a few other riders leaving a restaurant, among them one on a recumbent, and a tandem team. The recumbent was soon off the front, and I rode with a couple of others who were going at about my pace. The caffeine from the Frap was taking effect and I soon pulled ahead of them. I caught the tandem team and we rode together for a while. There was a pretty strong head wind, and it was overcast, which fortunately kept things on the cool side. As we began the final climb before Kamloops, I passed the tandem team. I didn't see them again until just past the town of Monte Lake. I saw a brown station wagon with a bike on top pass me and recognised it was Don the official photographer behind the wheel. He stopped to take a shot of me speeding down the road. Soon after the tandem team passed me. The final descent was quite fun. I saw a cyclist walking his bike up the hill, and was thankful we were going the other way. At the bottom of the hill the highway merged with the Trans-Canada. Now I had a stiff head wind to fight and no more downhill. I still had a good chance of breaking 80 hours. Unfortunately, my progress was slowed by the head wind and after I entered Kamloops I hit a few red lights; so much for beating 80 hours. Amazingly though, I managed to make it to the finish at 12:10 pm, roughly the time I had estimated to meet Phil. Phil and Carmon were waiting at the control, happy to see I'd made it. Indeed, I received quite a few cheers. Almost like at France! Dave, one of the fellows in the sweep van wanted a picture taken with me. I gathered my three drop bags and with generous assistance got everything packed up in Phil's car. I was thankful that I didn't have to ride up the hill. After a shower and some sleep, I met Phil and Carmon and we went to the BBQ gathering at the Sport Centre to celebrate with the others. After, Phil and Carmon dropped me off at the motel and left for Portland.

I managed to meet most of my goals on this brevet. I rode only a few hours a night (Salmon Arm to Vernon being the longest stint of night riding at 5 hours). I saw the entire section of the Icefields Parkway in daylight. And most importantly, I rode at a relaxed pace, never pushing myself too hard or turning the ride in to a "death march". I was able to enjoy the ride and stop occasionally to "smell the roses". And yet I beat the completion time of my first PBP in 1999 by over 10 hours! I felt tired at the end of the ride, but not exhausted, nor did I suffer from numb hands, toes or other body parts. My only real disappointments were not getting a decent shower at any of my sleep spots, and not seeing much wild life. (Perhaps next time, but not too close).