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# Randonneur

## Marathon Cycling

### Editorial

*Susan Allen*

I apologize that this newsletter is late getting to you. This qualifying for France and staying in shape takes a lot of time (okay and there were the house guests...) I realize I am not alone in being overly busy, forty BC Randonneurs qualified and registered for Paris-Brest-Paris in France!

Yesterday saw the start of the Lower Mainland Summer Series. Many starters were out for an interesting and hilly tour of Lower Mainland Tim Hortons. Yes, now one can do a Tim Horton's tour of the Fraser Valley as well as the Vancouver Island East Coast one. It was wonderful to see three of our injured back on the bikes: Henry Berkenbos, Ron Himschoot and David Blanche were all there.

The ride was good training for PBP. Lots of twists and turns and new roads. Climbing seemed high but at 5260 ft (from Keith Nichol's altimeter) it was a little less than the climbing density of Paris (which would be 5360 ft for 212 km). For comparison, Ken Bonner has measured the Fraser Canyon 600 km at 15,782 ft (PBP climbing density would be less at 15,270 ft).

### Vancouver Island Organizer's 400

*Stephen Hinde*

*1892 Pope Manufacturing Co. advertisement for a "Columbia Ladies Safety Bicycle"*

*"Why should I ride a bicycle?"*

*"The man of sedentary habits throws off the confinement of the office and seeks relief in an enjoyment of nature. To ride into the country with its ever-changing scenery and to breathe the healthy air is fraught with keen enjoyment. The nerves are relieved and sound health and sleep promoted."*

Several recent articles by enthusiastic riders have extolled the virtues of Island riding. The most prominent among those virtues are the hills--numerous, lengthy, steep. Obviously routes

designed by a sadist. Not true, I cry. The routes are selected for their ever-changing scenery, the wild ocean views, the tree-lined mountains, the quiet back roads, the wonderful blossoms, the buzz of the bees, and the chirp of the birds. Ah, healthful air, the enjoyment of nature.

Ok, I admit that the 300 is a might hilly, but it is wonderful training. So, in designing the season, I considered the difficulty of the 300 (only 10,500 feet of climbing, and there are even some flat stretches), also the difficulty of the upcoming 600 (only 18,000 feet, and some of the most magnificent scenery on the planet), and decided that an easy 400-a treat for the weary Randonneur-was in order. Hence the Duncan-Campbell River route was born-only 8500 feet of climbing, and almost impossible to get lost, as the route is simplicity itself-cycle north, turn around, cycle south. So the route is all highway riding (much improved since the new Island Highway has taken most of the traffic), but you can't have everything.

After a slow start to the season, (nearly 19 hours for the 300-Carol's worst time ever), we were looking forward to a nice fast run. In 1992, as part of the 600, we did the 400 route in 17 hours 30. That was not in the cards, as we haven't been training as much, but 20 hours seemed a reasonable target. Key to an enjoyable ride is good weather. Several hours of rain during the 200, and then the 300, had us longing for dry roads. What to do? For the spring social ride, Karen Smith performed a sun-dance, and what was predicted to be a wet and wild weekend turned out to be dry, at least during the planned hours of the ride. Discussions with Karen

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revealed the secret of the dance. Unfortunately for the reader, I have been threatened with rain on every ride if I reveal the details of this most arcane ritual, descended from ancient Druid tradition. So, use your imagination. Carol had a practice dance for the Island 300. After a couple of hours' rain in the morning, the skies cleared, and the rest of the ride was dry for the riders. Some fine-tuning was in order. (By the way, Karen, does wearing slippers affect the dance?) Carol decided to start the dance the night before. But wait-this is a 400. There is night riding involved. How can a sun-dance work? After careful deliberation, the chant was changed to be a dry-dance. Particular body positions were subtly changed. Timing was critical. Would it work?

Organizers Carol and Stephen, and volunteer Don Munro gathered at Tim Hortons in Chase River just before 6am. (Note: the official start will be at 5 am.) The sky was clear, and cold. I mean frost cold. But no rain. Donning cold weather gear, we headed south towards Duncan. Conditions were calm, and the first hill (one of the longer of the ride) did little to warm the toes. Near Fiddler's Green, only 5 km into the ride, the sun broke the distant horizon. Instant bliss. Things were looking up, and it appeared that the rituals had been correctly interpreted. So, under warming rays, we sped south. At the Red Rooster, just north of Duncan, the first signs of trouble appeared. Where did that head wind come from? How could that be-the skies were clear, not a storm cloud in sight. At least after the turn in Duncan, it was going to blow us to Campbell River. (Allow me a small digression into Island weather. Vancouver Island runs NW-SE. Good weather on the East Coast is nearly always accompanied by mild NW winds. SE winds usually mean a big storm is blowing in. So, headwinds south to Duncan didn't fit with clear skies.)

Just under 2 hours to the first control, 45 km under now sunny skies. A quick turn around, and back on the road heading north, searching for the tail wind. As we near Nanaimo, the weather is conforming to the normal pattern-clear skies, northwest wind.

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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](mailto:stoker@telus.net). Or mail (preferable a diskette) to Susan Allen, 2356 W 6<sup>th</sup> Ave, Vancouver, BC V6K 1V9

Next publication deadline is After PBP.

That putative tail wind is now a raging head wind, making flags stand out stiff as boards. Still, 90km in 4hours, so things are going well.

"Can I go home now? The car is just over there" asked Carol. "I don't want to ride into this wind all the way to Campbell River. We'll be slow."

All husbands know the response to this question. "Yes dear." Here at the first phase of an argument, reasonably agreeing to any unreasonable demand eliminates the possibility of dispute. "How can I get mad with him when he has agreed with me?" Thus, with no one to fight, the only option is take up battle with the elements.

The route follows the new highway bypassing Nanaimo. It's a long easy climb, and the shoulders are wide, and covered in glass. With the new highway policy of no-post barriers on the shoulder, and government cutbacks eliminating road sweeping, and the usual array of yahoos who love to toss items out the window, the lower Island highway is covered with glass. The good news is that the wind is keeping our speed down to 12 km/hr, so we have lots of time to avoid the hazards...

First flat, my rear. Don and I send Carol ahead, and then patch the glass damage. 20 minutes later, we take off in pursuit of Carol. We finally catch her near Nanoose, lying in the grass in the only sunny, dry, wind-free spot we've seen, munching on liverwurst sandwiches.

"I'm turning back."

We now move to the second phase of the argument. "You can't. There are concrete barriers in the middle of the road. You have to keep heading north to go south." Ah yes, masculine deviousness. I know that once Carol is riding north, she won't turn back. "Besides, the wind always changes north of Parksville."

The second checkpoint in Qualicum Beach has lovely ocean views, showing the nice waves and fluttering flags. Reality has caught up to phase 2. No change in wind direction, but it has eased somewhat. Credibility is lacking. It's time for phase 3.

"But how will I finish if you don't come with me? I need you." Well, it's a nice sentiment, but patently untrue in the context of a bicycle ride. But, love is not only blind, but dumb. So on we plod, under clear skies, cold winds, and quiet roads.

Descending the Costa Lotta hill (so named for the RV park at the bottom), we spy Sandy and Stella, heading home to Parksville. They have been out training, on their usual run for lunch in Deep Bay.

"You guys are lucky," says Sandy. "You have a tailwind. We have a headwind."

"Watch out for the nasty pothole, just at the white line, opposite the Shady Rest (in Qualicum Beach). We hit it last week. It wasn't good," adds Stella.

Crosswinds are headwinds in both directions. But fortunately, the trees offer shelter.

How many traffic lights between French Creek and Courtenay, a distance of 65 km? Answer: one. And it turned red just as we approached the Denman Island ferry. Bummer.

Rolling into Courtenay, the wind shifted. At last. Along the river flats, for an entire 400 metres, we enjoyed the assist. But hunger was looming. And Carol was ready to strike.

"Let's go to Tim Hortons. You said you were hungry. And I can get a motel. I've had it with this ride." Dangerous ground. Remember phase one? So, we headed to Tim Hortons. And that is where I made my fatal mistake. Honestly, I didn't do anything. But how could I ignore the 2 girls walking out the door? They practically ran me down. The short see-through dress on one, and the shrink-wrap jeans on the other had nothing to do with my inability to avoid objects. Honestly.

Man, having utterly failed in his mission to keep his spouse on the road, called up the big guns-out right begging. "Please, do it for me. You'll hate yourself if you give in now. What about Smith? She'll catch up. (Check the Super Rando standings if you don't understand that one.) I won't..."

Just in time to save me from making a complete fool of myself, Don Monro interjects a voice of reason. "Look at the flags on the RCMP station. Tailwind." Perhaps another votive offering when I next visit Notre Dame? Besides, the admiring older couple helped. "I can't imagine riding all that way. You must be so fit." Ha. Take that.

So we climbed out of Courtenay, past the church and graveyard. I was thinking of how I had narrowly missed visiting one of them, when disaster struck.

"My tire is flat. I guess I'll just go back."

The ever devoted, self-sacrificing spouse is on that one in a flash. "Take my wheel. I'll fix the flat and catch up." (The advantages of interchangeable parts.)

And that is how Don and I ended up sprinting 25 km to catch a flying Carol. A Carol with a big smile. "What took you so long? I've just been puttering along. Did you see the blue heron on the rock? How about that beautiful tree?"

So, what does the humble spouse do? I mean, is this some weird revenge? You know he made me ride when I didn't want to, so I'll make him pay-sort of scenario. The lack of oxygen to the brain prevents rational thought, so I resort to well-worn habit. Remember phase one.

After another meal at the Wendys attached to the control in Campbell River, we finally head south into the dying breeze. The 20 km south of CR is flat, and the views of the setting

sun on the distant mountains are magnificent. Approaching Black Creek, we stop to light up. Cateye 100. Nighthawk Dual. Photon Fusion. That's the front. Cateye Smart (2 each).

Nightrider universal. Photon 3 (2 each). That's the rear. Good thing I have shares in Duracell.

Coasting into Courtenay, I seem to be unable to keep up. Shortly, the reason is obvious. Carol's front wheel, on my bike since Courtenay northbound, has another flat. So, Don and Carol into Tim Hortons, while I brave the cold and replace the tire (broken belt) and the tube (too cold to care). We finally leave at 11 pm, only 110 km to go, and only one hour to meet our target of 20 hours. Not even Bonner would attempt that.

The old highway south from Courtenay is almost empty of traffic. We ride in the middle of the lane, cunningly avoiding the shoulder debris. I'm admiring the stars and the mild winds, when Carol asks "What is that? It feels like rain." The sky is clear. Carol did a dry-dance. Wait. What is that little black cloud hovering overhead, following our every move? Ah, hubris.

For once, the gods, having caught our attention, move on the more interesting play. (I later found out that it rained in CR only 2 hours before we arrived.) Wind. Howling through the trees of Qualicum Bay. Ha, that SW wind only knocks us about a couple of times, and we're into the shelter of Qualicum Beach. Watch for the pothole. Avoid the mudslide. (Yes, really). Dodge the police car. Into the checkpoint for a 2 am snack on Bean and Cheese Burritos.

Having blown our schedule, fatigue is setting in. We slowly plod back through Parksville and Nanoose, a ride that is reminiscent of our first 1000 (in '86) when I fell asleep while riding down the Nanoose hill. (That's another story). We stop for 1 minute "micro-naps" every 15 minutes. I'm at the back, doing most of my riding standing up. An old injury. Don decides to ride behind to make sure I don't fall asleep again. Carol is off the front looking for a comfy shoulder (mine was too prickly). Near Woodgrove Mall, only 15 km to go, I hear birds. 5 am already? Dawn is near, and the biorhythms switch to daylight mode. The last hill down to the finish is my fastest descent of the ride-at 56 km/hr. We swoop into the finish, only 23 hours 55 minutes after leaving. Thanks for your patience, Don.

The ride, while not one of our better results, is over. From hilly 300 to windy 400. It was excellent practice for the upcoming Fleche. And we are now three-fourths of the way to France.

## Coming Events

### *Island 200 – Jul 12*

8 am: Tim Horton's, Gateway Village (Ravine Way at Blanshard, Saanich)  
Mike Poplawski 250-882-1239

### *L. Mainland 300 – Jul 19*

6 am: Maple Ridge Petro Can 22799 Lougheed Hwy (Corner of 228th St)  
Barry Chase 266-4214

### *Island 300 – Jul 26*

50, 100, 150, 200 also available  
Stephen Hinde 250-245-4751

### *Seattle 300 – Jul 26*

6 am: Motel 6, I-5 at Exit 102, 400 W Lee St, Tumwater, WA  
Paul Johnson et al [rba@seattlera.ndonneur.org](mailto:rba@seattlera.ndonneur.org)

### *Seattle 200 – Jul 27*

6 am: Motel 6, I-5 at Exit 102, 400 W Lee St, Tumwater, WA  
Paul Johnson et al [rba@seattlera.ndonneur.org](mailto:rba@seattlera.ndonneur.org)

### *L. Mainland 400 – Aug 1*

9 pm (NIGHT START) Langley, 7-11 203 St. @ 56th Av.  
Bob Bailey and Phil Jones 534-4422

### *L. Mainland 1000- Aug 2-4*

5 am: Vancouver (Broadway and Granville)  
*Also Interior option*  
Michel Richard 732-0212

### *Peace 200 km – Aug 2*

Fort St. John  
Wim Kok 250-785-4589

### *L. Mainland 600 – Aug 9-10*

6 am  
Ted Milner 936-3519

### *Paris-Brest-Paris – Aug 18-22*

### *L. Mainland 200/300 -Aug 23*

6 am: Haney  
Harold Bridge 941-3448

### *L. Mainland 400/600-Aug 23-24*

6 am: Haney (if you plan to ride you must contact the organizer by Aug 17).  
Harold Bridge 941-3448

## Sadism, Masochism and Lower Mainland 300s.

*Harold Bridge*

What did the sadist answer when the masochist said "Hurt me!" - "NO"! I don't know who is worse; the sadists who put these routes together or the masochists who support their events by riding them. In 2002 Michel Richard, aided and abetted by Karen Smith, dreamed up a finish over Westwood Plateau through the new "British Properties". And to ensure we rode it there were friends in Anmore willing to host a control.

This year, John Bates and Danelle Laidlaw picked on a similarly torturous climb up to Ryder Lake. It's saving grace was that it came early enough in the event we all got to climbed it in daylight. The peaceful, pastoral scene in that remote Shangri-la was almost worth the 5 km of agony on Promontory and Thornton Roads.

Of course it must be said that I can claim some responsibility for the discovery of this elevated domain. Two or three years ago Sean Williams prodded a few of us in going for a "Social" ride. The plan was to meet in the industrial area of Huntingdon and go pedal some of those quiet, and flat, roads round Sumas Prairie and return to Huntingdon's "Frosty Mug" for lunch. Before long we found ourselves turning off Vedder Road onto Promontory Road, the westernmost kilometre of which we know well from past events. My inquisitive nature, that in my youth had me always wanting to see what was over the next hill, forced me to suggest we explore the rest of Promontory beyond Chilliwack River Road. Eventually, at the top, the other 6 were very good, they didn't beat me up or wreck my bike, they just moaned a lot!

But, that was just a social ride, there was no time constriction, we could stop and smell the roses and enjoy the beautiful day and the sweeping view across the Valley. Putting an event up there was cruel and unusual punishment.

Enough of the fly, what of the ointment? A chilly start from Burnaby Lake Sport Complex augured well for the rest of the day, and in fact it was delightful, especially if you were ignorant of the implications of a strong Sou-wester that would probably build up. A few minutes past 06:00 about 50 bodies on nearly as many bicycles charged off after the lecture from John on how to make sure we stayed on route near Ryder Lake and avoided the STEEP hill on Extrom Road.

It is my least favourite start, struggling up those early hills had my heart rate up toward 160, it's not very often I see that these days. An emergency use of the Chevron facilities in Sapperton ensured a solo ride to the first control at Crescent Beach where Bob Bose was in charge. Here I met a few stragglers just leaving and found Fletcher and Bailey and someone I can't place still there. We got under way just as the late Bogart arrived. I have cause to thank Barry for starting half hour late. Bob Bose and I had been so busy nattering; I forgot to retrieve my control card from him! But I didn't find this out until Barry caught me on 8th Av near Hwy 15, he let me have my card free of charge!

The long trek by the border was aided by the rising wind, and by Whatcom Mall we had made up some time. I stopped at Tim Horton's for a coffee and a muffin and watched Fletcher and Bailey take off, as did Madam Prez and Derek. Bogart, I thought,

was well on his way too. When I got out onto North Parallel I found a new lease of life and had the 94 and 88 turning over nicely. To me these days 36 clicks seems fast and before long I was passing Francis and Derek who appeared to riding in awe of what was to come. But I knew enough to know I would be walking the really difficult bits up to Ryder Lake.

Walking uses different muscles and is in effect an extremely low gear. Therefore I was enjoying "Making Hay while the Sun Shines". Thus, just before #3 Road I caught Barry who, like the Prez and escort, seemed to be conserving himself. Even when I stopped on #3 Road to check my route sheet, to make sure we weren't to use #2 Road, Barry didn't catch me.

Along Keith Wilson I had Fletcher and Bailey in sight for quite a while before I finally caught them just before Vedder Road. As soon as we got to the infamous Promontory Road they dived off to Tim Horton's. Fletcher was sleepy and wanted coffee. Harrington appeared at that point and proceeded to glide away up the first step as I clumped down into 28 for a short bit before dismounting. How many times I got off, got on I don't know. But 5.3 km was too long to walk the whole way and the fluctuations in the gradient were considerate enough to make probably 70% rideable for me.

I seemed to be too close to the control to stop and eat. But on Huston Road I had to get off to eat while I walked. At this point Bob Marsh drove by followed shortly by the Holts. It was quite a merry crowd at Val White's control. Her home made cookies and a banana improved my disposition and it was time to head off down Elk View Road for a delightful 6 km twisting swoop to the Valley floor.

At this point, around lunchtime, the wind was up and I felt some sympathy for the fast riders who by this time were heading west on #7. But at the same time I felt smug that by deliberately avoiding riding with them and instead hanging back (yeah, sure!) I could miss the fury of that wind when it died down in the evening. I was not afraid to use the tail wind to make up some time and was reasonably content with an event average speed of about 18kph.

Seabird Island Café would have been deserted but for David Blanche and the few of his clients still there. To me it seemed best to eat there; it would use less time than in Harrison. A BLT and apple pie seemed to work okay and by the time I was ready to leave the "Boys" turned up. As they intended to eat at Harrison they left with me and we all enjoyed the peaceful ride round the Wahleach and Seabird Roads loop to Lyle Beaulac's secret control just before rejoining the highway.

I left Harrison by myself and plodded gently into the wind via the back roads to the Highway. Here Paul Lee appeared and we tackled Woodside not quite in sight of each other. Bogart was at the water stop when we got there and that was the last I saw of him. But once off the mountain I suggested that Paul should go catch Barry, their riding speeds were more compatible.

The wind had not only died down but was backing so that some stretches of the Highway were tail-winded. I stopped at Deroche for a coffee as well as to drape my reflective belt over my shoulder and to install batteries bought that morning. But the Cateye wouldn't work. I had a spare in the bag and I used that. But that one is poorly focused and is more or less useless. I had my LED light on and used the generator as and when required.

Despite my stop there and again along Nicomen Island, no one caught me.

Tim Horton's at Mission looked inviting and I planned a 15-minute stop for a Danish and coffee. I was outside and about leave when Francis and Derek pulled up. They had me in sight on Nicomen Island and then had a puncture. So I decided to wait for them. The 3 of us were about to leave when Fletcher and Bailey turned up and we decided wait for them. My 15 minutes turned into an hour and we finally got away about 21:55.

It's not a nice time of day to ride that highway but we survived and got a control at the 7-11 at 228th St, in Haney at about 23:15. At that point there was no worries about time. Anything decent in the way of a performance went out the window early in the day and barring accidents we would finish inside 20 hours. My main consideration was schooling myself to go straight on past the bottom of Coast Meridian Road and not turn off and go to bed. Along that dogs breakfast of a highway through Maple Ridge a honking fool distracted Francis and she hit the curb and came off. But she seemed completely unfazed, got back on and carried on. But she does now have a very stiff and bruised arm.

I was dragging on the hills and it was a relief to get to the top of the hill by the Velodrome. Just to let us know how lucky we were the weatherman turned on the taps for the last 3 km through the back streets of Burnaby. But we survived and there was quite a party going on at Danelle's finish control.

Barry's altimeter suggested the total elevation gain on Promontory and Thornton was, I think, 565 metres, with an event total of about 2300 m. But how much the climatic changes affected that I don't know. I don't have to do a 400 now; 19:10 looks good enough for that!

## Fleche Pacifique - 2003-May-16/18

*Harold Bridge*

Despite the limitations imposed by my computer, despite my fading memory and despite the weather we had a successful event that almost all involved seemed to enjoy. The few exceptions were victims of fate. Eleven teams entered from a total of 50 riders. Everything from 600+ km down to almost the bare 360 were scheduled.

Gordon Cook, not feeling at his best, decided not to ride but a relatively new rider, 71 year old David Gillanders, agreed to take his place on Manfred's "Retro Riders". Manfred liked that change; it upped the team's average age and was a step further into the realm of "Most Mature" trophy collection. Thursday night a phone call from Stephen Hinde eliminated Don Munro from the "Harrison Hopefools". A smoking "Friend" had failed to stub out her butt completely when on the sundeck. Don's dog woke him up at 02:00 Thursday morning and he was able to save his house with some scorched fingers.

The Teams in Order of Start:

### **Axles of Evil**

They were the first team to start. Bonner, Fraser, Fergusson, Richard and Berkenbos left Harrison at 17:00 Friday evening with a 611 km trail in front of them. By 21:00 they were passing through Mission and had the first 100+ km behind them as they

headed east from Haney to Hope. After the Hope control things took a turn for the worst. Henry Berkenbos was fortunately at the back a little off the pace line when rumble strips on the entrance to Hwy #1 startled him and caused him to crash, breaking his collar bone. That cost the team about 90 minutes (good job it wasn't more than 2 hours, I might have had to disqualify them!?) and a team member.

They plugged on and endured, along with most other riders a wet, cold, miserable night and finished just short of Bridal Veil Falls with 529 km, well clear of the opposition and worthy of the Gordon Bisaro Memorial Trophy. As far as I remember that is the first broken collarbone since Norm Brodie's in the very first Fleche Pacifique in 1989. A big lump of truck retread on I-5 south of Bellingham caused that one.

### **Spinnin' All Nite**

The high hopes American team captained by Ken Carter chose a bad start in view of the weather. Top of Cayuse Pass (RAMROD riders know that all too well), was cold and it was snowing at 18:00, their start time! By Snoqualmie Falls (about 180 km) they were all too cold to continue.

### **Sins of the Fleche**

Also starting at 18:00, but from Redmond was Peter McKay's team. They seemed in good spirits when intercepted in Fairhaven and were conservative enough they were able to complete their full 381 km.

### **Pasty White Guys**

With Ron Himschoot in charge they were only 3 in number but completed the second greatest distance, 408 km from Seattle to Harrison between 19:00 Friday and 19:00 Saturday.

### **Fleche Pedallers**

The Holt's left Harrison at 19:00 and had plans to sleep at their Ladner home and to leave at 07:00. A phone call at about 06:30 found they had been there about 15 minutes and were busily putting all their clothes thru the dryer! Roger claimed it was the worst night ride he had ever experienced. But they ambition was only to qualify with just 6.5 km over the minimum 360 km.

### **Harrison Hopefools**

Without Don Munro Stephen Hinde's team was down to a bare bones threesome. They originally planned to start at 20:00 but requested an hour earlier. But as that would had them clashing with Fleche Pedallers I gave them 19:15 instead and from what I saw on Seabird Island their speeds were sufficiently similar they remained separated. They, like almost all the teams, completed what they set out to do, 404.5 km.

### **South Sound Sojourners**

New to us, this Olympia team set out from Washington's State Capital at 20:00 Friday evening and enjoyed the lee of the Olympic Mountains for a dry ride. Waiting for the Ferry at Port Townsend gave them time for a 30 minute cat nap. When intercepted during our lunch at the Rhododendron Café at Bow Junction, on the flat part of Chuckanut, they were in high spirits and very smug about their dry ride! They too completed their aim of 379 km. With one team member over 55 and another under 35 this team was a shoe-in for the Heart and Lung trophy.

### **Prime Movers**

With all the Saturday evening teams finishing by 20:00 hours and the last 3 expected at 07:00 or 08:00 Sunday morning it only took this one team to destroy a night's sleep! Doug Latornell's team started and finished at Harrison. Their 24 hours started at 03:00 Saturday although they didn't leave until just before 05:00. But they still finished at 03:00 Sunday morning with their intended 378.1 km completed.

### **Lunatic Fringe**

The Treasurer's (Wayne Harrington) team chose to start at Port Coquitlam at 07:00 Saturday in 4°C conditions! Their aim was to ride to Marblemount and back to Harrison for their 379.2 km. They made it despite the weather.

### **AARP**

Now he is 50 Duane Wright is a member of the American Association of Retired Persons, in case you wondered where the name comes from. They started from Enumclaw at 07:00 Saturday morning and were in good spirits when they arrived at Harrison - Coherent and standing after 365.1 km!

### **Retro Riders**

Manfred Kuchenmuller's team of olduns walked away with the "Most Mature" trophy with an average of 62.8 yr x 400 km = 25,120 km yr. They started from Guildford at 08:00 and finished comfortably with about 30 minutes to spare after trekking down to Oak Harbor.

## **Hot Stuff**

*Barry Bogart*

So here I am, lying on the beach at Larrabee State park, deliciously melting in the sun. It is hard to believe that yesterday I was cycling into driving, freezing rain on the way to Darrington, where we even saw an unmelted snowman by the side of the road. Then I couldn't have written about 'hot weather' cycling. But now I can.

I have lived in hot places, but never really cycled in them, so I was a little concerned about it when I decided to ride out rte. 3 through the Southern Okanogan in July, 2002. A randonneur had heat stroke on a route that started the same way, so it is no laughing matter. Most cyclists have had the experience of 'bonking' after running out of glucose, but running out of water or salt is far more serious.

### **Hydration**

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink". One of my most brilliant decisions was to get a Katadyne filtration bottle. It looks like a regular bike bottle, but has a 3-stage filtration system, and it costs over \$60. Money very well spent, if there is a chance you will run out of water. There are creeks, rivers and lakes everywhere in BC - and I bet every one can give you Giardia! I got it myself in the Seymour watershed, and I can tell you that diarrhea is not the best thing when you are dehydrated. I used this bottle several times on the OK trip, but it really paid for itself over Paulson Pass where it got me over a 40 km climb when it was 42 degrees (and no services for 70km).

Water is not enough when you run out of salt. All your nerves stop working - not just your muscles and brain as in when

you bonk. Normally this isn't a problem as most of the food you buy has too much of it. And your body doesn't store much of it. It comes out in your urine and sweat. I had a very graphic demonstration of the latter when I was cycling from Chartres to Versailles. I was wearing a navy nylon shirt on which appeared numerous deposits of pure salt as the day progressed. Too bad, because it was a pretty cool shirt!

Now you can get extra salt in lots of food-pretzels, peanuts, chips, pickles, olives, if you want to eat that sort of thing. But I wanted the quick-fix solution popular when I lived down South-salt tablets. But they seemed to be impossible to find in Vancouver, anyway. I did finally find some in Anacortes-(and coincidentally in Darrington). However I only took a few on that trip on those few occasions when I was many hours from the next store, and out of peanuts. Cheap insurance (although not as cheap as salt should be!) Editors Note: I get mine at Choices.

Other than salty stuff, I ate tons of fruit. It is a good source of water as well as sugar, and is easy to eat and digest no matter how hot it is. The fiber in fruit slows down digestion so you don't trigger the insulin response like you do with pure fruit juice. Pure fruit juice has too much sugar, so always cut it with water (I like carbonated). I don't drink 'sports drinks' any more - you can get the same amount of stuff cheaper in regular drinks. For example Clamato is loaded with glucose as well as salt and water.

### **Protection**

I won't talk about things like sun screen and lip balm - you know about them. But don't forget to cover everything exposed. I got a bad sunburn doing Paris-Brest-Paris just on my heels above my sock, where I guess I never thought to cover. And the back of your hands where the gloves don't cover is another neglected spot.

### **Comfort**

The first thing I discovered in the way of clothes is the wonderful UBC Trek Burnoose. I have no idea what an authentic burnoose is, but this one consists of a triangular piece of heavy navy cloth which attaches to the back of a helmet by Velcro at two corners, leaving the third corner to hang down. Its purpose is to just keep the sun from beating down on your neck. That this has that effect is not surprising, but what is, is that it makes such a difference. You do immediately feel cooler. But being navy, it does tend to show salt spots from the fling sweat (so don't wait until the end of the tour to wash it like I do). But I think the dark color is functional- having to do with UV or IR opacity. Ask UBC or some Bedouins.

I have always been a believer in sweat bands. You see, I have these bushy eyebrows, which collect about an ounce of water each, before releasing it all in a deluge onto my sunglasses, rendering me temporarily blind. Sweatbands prevent that by not only collecting the sweat, but also by presenting a surface to the wind to hasten evaporation. I carried two, and dried one on the handlebars alternately. Unfortunately that practice soon resulted in both bands being blown away! I was so desperate for a replacement that I fashioned one from one of those quick-dry towels and some safety pins. It worked but was so thick that it pushed my helmet up and my glasses down, causing me to grimace. And since it looked like a bandage, I must have looked like a brain-trauma case running away from some terrible accident. The right kind, as far as I am concerned are the thin



ones, but I have not seen them in BC. You can find them in Bellingham, though. If your glasses DO get sweat-covered, it is a good idea to carry a little absorbent microfiber cloth to clean them off. Sunglass Hut has them.

On the way back from Larrabee, I picked up something new - a combination skull-cap headband. I wore it home but it wasn't hot enough to tell if it works as well as a sweatband. But a skull cap is a good idea if you have a bald spot like me, and if one product replaces two - that's great. It just depends on if you want to look like a professional wrestler, or a tennis pro! Only problem is that it costs more than two products - \$18 US (sweatbands are about \$8 US, and you can get a skull cap at Taiga for \$6 Cdn.) It is Coolmax, which explains the price, so it should work. I CAN wait to find out!

As far as clothes, I usually just use cheap nylon shorts with Andiamo padded underwear under them. Keeps you dry and cool. Jerseys are a little more complicated. When it is just moderately hot, long sleeves are a good idea to minimize sunburn. It is a good idea to have a zipper that comes down as far as possible (from a guy's point of view, anyway). The lightest ones from the MEC are pretty good, short sleeve or long sleeve versions. But when it is REALLY hot, the MEC has a better solution - the Rapid- T shirts. These are pretty well the same poly material as the cycling shirts, but they transport much better. When the breeze came up on my back climbing up into Manning Park last July, my back actually felt cool because of the rapid evaporation. These shirts are truly amazing. Unfortunately I had mine fall off the bike along with a pair of Andiamos, on the ride down the hill to Kootenay Bay, and I didn't realize it until Creston. I found a very similar shirt in a bike store in Fernie, but it didn't work as well. But past there into the Rockies it wasn't that hot anymore, anyway.

Another thing I found useful, was a cooling neck thing I found at 3 Vets. It is a little hard to describe. It is packaged like a triangular scarf folded flat, about an inch wide and 15" long. But it is actually sewn in to a tube, and it contains some magic powder. The magic of the powder is that when you immerse it in water, it absorbs the water and creates a kind of gel, which takes at least a full day in the sun to dry out again. Until it does, it really helps keep your neck and the rest of you cool. Every time I passed a roadside creek I stopped and left it in the water for 5 minutes to fill up again. You just drape it around your neck and it comes with a brass ring to pass the two ends through to keep it on. Quite a fashion statement too. Too bad I don't have a picture of all my hot-weather regalia - Trek Burnoose, sweat band, skull cap, sun glasses, zinc oxide on the nose, neck thing. On second thought, that is just as well!

## Breaking New Ground On The Sunshine Coast

*Harold Bridge*

A bunch of keeners from the Sechelt region tasted randonneur delicacies last year for the first time. They were keen enough to want to organise their own events where others had to take ferry rides instead of them.

In the route coordinator's ignorance he assumed there was only room for "Short Rides" when in fact the 150, 100, and 50 km routes they devised left a lot of roads unused. Just as well, the

roads that were used included some miserable hills.

At the invitation of Loraine Proctor and Bob Irvine the Route Coordinator spent Thursday May 1 struggling round the 150 km route for almost 12 hours. They were very patient. That ride convinced the Route Coordinator that on the day of the events he would only tackle the 100.

Sunday, May 25 at 07:30 found a goodly crowd of Rando types, and non-rando types as well, heading out to sea on the good ship "Queen of Esquimalt". We feared for the security of the bikes as the old tub shuddered under the stress of turning. But every thing remained upright and we docked at Langdale on schedule at 08:20 with 40 minutes to get to the Gibsons start 5 km away.

The 3-distance format attracted 42 riders, a number that pleased Brad, Loraine, Dave Bates and Bob. Some careful navigation was required round the back streets of Gibsons but once on the highway the route was fairly straight forward. With all the detours on the seaward side of the highway it meant that left turns were required.

It would seem prudent to revise that so that the highway is used all the way to the top turns and use the detours on the way back to give right hand turns on and off the highway. However, there are reasons for the present lay out. They are to do with which hills we descend and which hills we climb and nobody wants that aspect to be any more severe than it is already!

As a poor hill climber the Route man was soon out the back with so many hills to climb. At Roberts Creek he found Madam Prez and Derek dealing with a flat tyre. On Flume Road the final pitch up to the Highway had him walking. A look back revealed the puncture victims about to start that climb and it was assumed they would catch him. But no, they didn't appear until "Routes" was having breakfast across the road from the Sechelt Control that was located at the "On the Edge" bike shop. Jack Sharkey was also pressing on at that time. All the others were long gone.

Approaching the climax of the 100 route "Routes" could see Frances and Derek further "UP" the road. At the left turn (for the 100 route) onto Mercer Road they were in deep consultation about the options; give up on the 150 and do the 100, or press on up the highway to Madeira Park and Garden Bay. As "Routes" made the left turn they had decided on the 100. Frances asked "Routes" what the rest of the 150 was like and learnt it was very nice. As they turned back "Routes" offered that the 21:00 ferry was a safeguard. That produced a rather sharp response from Madam Prez! But, back onto the highway they went, never to be seen again!

The delightful 2 or 3 km of Mercer Road ended back at the highway and the mid-point control staffed by Susan. "Routes" suggested that to return on Mercer Road would be nicer than the highway but was informed it would miss an uphill!

From there it was 21 km on the Highway back into Sechelt where a scrumptious feast awaited us, fruit, banana bread, cookies and coffee. I felt I deserved a rest and 15 minutes passed by very quickly. At that point, about 14:00, the "150" riders were catching me up and I left with Spicer, Richard et al and was near enough to see them glide away on the hill south out of town.

Life was becoming a struggle and the last 29 km into the back streets of Gibsons seemed to last too long. And were made longer by the sting in the tail; Gower Point Road, with but 5 km

to go. That was the one reason I was wearing my un-cleated Duegi touring shoes instead of my cleated wooden soled sprinters' Duegis.

I finished back at Molly's Reach (complete with the ghosts of Relic et al) where Loraine Proctor was sitting enjoying the sun and the breeze as she signed my card at 15:31, just a tad too late to catch the 16:00 ferry. But it gave Wayne and I an excuse to go to the Pub for a late lunch, early dinner.

It was a tough ride, but the change of scene, the ideal weather, and the efforts that had been made on our behalf as well as the camaraderie made it a worthwhile jaunt.

Our thanks to Loraine, Brad, Bob and Dave for their efforts.

## Lost and Found

*Tom Hocking*

1999 PBP water bottle found in Abbotsford area June 2001 seeks rightful owner. Persons with information leading to reunification of bottle/owner should contact randoman@shaw.ca.

## Henry Tumbles on the Rumbles

*Eric Fergusson*

On this year's Flèche Pacifique there was dramatic example of just how dangerous freeway 'rumble strips' (perpendicular grooves carved into the highway shoulders) are to cyclists. It was around midnight when our team left the Hope control. About a kilometer west of the highway #1 on-ramp, Keith, who was riding in front of me, seemed to hit something on the road and swerved right. Fortunately Keith caught himself and was able to stay vertical, and fortunately also, his unexpected swerve didn't take down anyone else... like, uh, me.

Seconds later, around the time we were realizing that Keith had hit rumble strips, Ken yelled from behind to stop. Henry was down. Like Keith, Henry had swerved right after hitting the strips, but was unable to control his bike enough to avoid riding onto the sandy strip to the right of the paved shoulder. Then it was faceplant time. We believe he landed mainly on his head (his helmet casing shattered), but his torso was also affected. When we left him in the Hope hospital it looked like his main problem was a fractured collar bone. In the days following the crash it was Henry's left shoulder that was giving him the most grief.

Anyone who has ridden with Henry will realize the extraordinary irony that something like this would have happened to him. He avoids every imaginable cycling risk including, most famously, the fact that he doesn't paceline ride - sure he takes his pulls, but then he hangs 5-10 meters off the back to avoid the risk of becoming entangled in the mishaps of other cyclist. Henry's extraordinary caution has served him well - he hasn't had a serious crash since he was 15, over 35 years ago. Considering the amount of road time Henry logs in a year, his non crash record becomes all the more astonishing... Henry routinely rides over 20,000 km per year. In 2002 he was awarded the Canadian Kilometer Achiever Program's "Les Humphreys Olympic Goal Trophy" as the man with the greatest distance ridden on a bike in that year: 29, 572 km. If rumble strips can take a rider like Henry down, how safe are the rest of us?

Rumble strips are dangerous not only because of the risk of

crashes like Henry's but because they trap cyclists, either on the shoulder, or in the right-hand lane of traffic. To avoid parked cars and other perils on the shoulder it is periodically necessary for cyclist to swing out into the lane and then move back to the right - easily and safely done by experienced cyclists. However, throw a rumble strip into the mix, which the cyclist must cross twice, and it's a recipe for disaster.

The word from Peter Stary [note] on this is that although there has been extensive consultation with cyclists at the Ministry of Transportation, and although there is awareness within the ministry of the dangers to cyclists of rumble strips, the plan to rumblestrip BC is proceeding full steam ahead.

[note] Peter Stary is currently the BC Cycling Coalition's Vice President, and has for many years been one of this province's most important cycling advocates. He has also been a card carrying BC Randonneur since 1986.

Additional - I ran this article past Peter before submitting it to Susan. He suggested the following: "You could refer folks to the BCCC website which contains info on rumble strips and provincial bike advocacy: <http://www.bccc.bc.ca/rumblestrips.htm> . You could also invite people to write to the Minister of Transportation regarding any rumble strip problems, experiences, complaints, and to send me a copy to pstary@telus.net for BCCC follow-up. Thanks"

## My Dinners with Michel

*Eric Fergusson*

Even in a population subgroup where abnormally high calorie combustion is unexceptional, Michel Richard stands out. Many will remember how he couldn't stay asleep through the night on the Rocky 12 last summer, because the night was just too long to go without a meal - he'd have to get up, eat, and then go back to sleep.

On this year's Fleche, at the Burger King in Sedro Woolley, early Saturday morning, after a long, very cold, and very wet ride in from Chilliwack, Ken and Keith and I were beginning to warm up. Not Michel though. As he plunged into the multiple-order mound on his tray, featuring Burger King's own special interpretation of "French Toast" and "Hash Browns," Michel continued to shiver. He agreed with me that there was a down side to him having zero body fat.

Later that day, warm and dry back in Harrison, we sat down for another meal. I was starved, and ate a ton, but I over-ordered fries. Fortunately Michel was there to pick up the slack and he finished off the fries. Keith and I headed back to our hotel and slept right through until it was time for the breakfast banquet on Sunday morning. At the banquet we found out that the night before, while Keith and I were sleeping, Michel had gone out for a second dinner with Karen, Stephen, and Carol. Then earlier on Sunday morning, while Keith and I were still sleeping, Michel had gotten up and gone for an early breakfast because he was unable to make it to the 9 a.m. banquet without starving. He still ate more than I did at the banquet. Species anomaly? ...Certainly. Spontaneous genetic mutation?

...Possibly.



## Challenging The Keith Fraser Canyon One Part Of The Lower Mainland 600 - 2003- May 31 / June 01

### *'Arold Bridge*

It was a good idea of Dan's that he and I should use the 600 as a "dummy run" in preparation for assisting Keith during PBP. Instead of being involved with one or two spots on the route we were, for a change, involved with one rider.

Leaving Pitt Meadows Lion's Hall about 8 minutes after the riders meant we didn't see much of the shredding that takes place when Keith goes to the front. By the time we caught up to him near Mission only Ken Bonner was left. Our coffee at Mission's Tim Horton's took enough time for the first big group to catch us up again. Approaching the rail crossing at Dewdney we saw Ken gallantly giving Keith some back wheel, probably the last he had.

They were the first in at Patrick Wright's control at Seabird Island (SBI) at 08:38 and they wasted 6 minutes before getting going again just as Gerry Harley arrived. Not being allowed to assist between controls meant we had time to stand and natter for a while and it was 09:20 before we left. By that time the bulk of the riders had arrived making use, as they were, of a friendly breeze. Somewhere near SBI the first abandon occurred when Shu quit for reasons unknown.

One rider who didn't arrive before we left was Moultonman Jacques Bilinski. A broken gear cable could spell "Fini" for many. But Jacques showed his rando spirit by getting to a garage in Agassiz, cutting the cable, tying a knot in the gear end of it and pressing on. To keep the gear working a piece of wood was entwined in the cable and by moving the piece of wood he could adjust the cable's tension so that it functioned. He finished like that. Take note and remind yourself next time you are looking for a reason to quit.

On Trans Canada we saw Gerry Harley pursuing Ken who was in turn about 5 minutes behind Keith. We noted the odometer reading when we passed Keith and found that the 119.7 km had taken 3:42, 32.5 kph! Ken was already 0.5 kph down having, I think dropped off on that tedious drag up from Haig to Lake of the Woods. Funnily, sitting in the van it didn't look nearly as nasty as it does from the seat of a bike!?

At Canyon Alpine we found Michel with a broken side window after locking himself out at the top of Jackass Mountain where he had been chalking encouragement for the riders. "You need some plastic and duct tape" I said. Low and behold Dan produced some from within his van. By the time we had a breakfast it was time to anticipate Keith's arrival and that happened at 11:30, meaning an average for the 180 km, mostly tailwinded, of 32.7 kph. He took his time because it was about 10 minutes before he left, just before Gerry turned up at 11:42. It was noon before Ken arrived. It was time for us to go.

The significant thing about watching Keith ride is the relaxed and consistent effort, no bursts of effort, no slumps, just keeping up the "Old One-Two". We found it so easy to predict his arrival at a control. It was only at Dogwood, 480 km, on the way south that we were about 15 minutes ambitious.

Bob Marsh, Motel master, had a truck full of drop bags to

unload at Spence's Bridge and luckily it wasn't raining so they could stay outside. To put them inside would have left the riders outside! We had arrived at just on 13:00 and it was another 58 minutes before Keith arrived still on a 32 kph average, albeit down to 31.4 kph after an 8 minute stop. We learnt here that Gerry had desisted with an upset stomach.

It is but a 30 minute drive to the 301.7 km turnaround at Cache Creek and we had another hour or so in which to cat nap while one of us kept a dog watch. Keith's turnaround was quick. My records show him in at 15:45 and out at 15:47, still virtually on the 32 kph average, probably for the last time.

We stopped at Ashcroft Hotel for a picture opportunity before proceeding to Spence's Bridge. The motel was quite busy with riders still on their way north arriving. Bob Marsh got a laugh when Keith, sitting in the side of the van, had finished eating. I jokingly said; "you've had your 7 minutes!" Instead of telling me to go do something else Keith jumped up, got on his bike and was away!

At Boston Bar Husky (428.9 km) it was time to get ready for nighttime. At 20:55 Keith arrived. Turning into the wind had had the expected effect; his average was down to 28.8 kph. Dan and I had got out of the van at the top of Jackass Mountain and were being blown around by a very strong wind. A wash and change, dressing for nighttime and a sit down in a chair to eat all took 12 minutes so that it was 21:07 before he departed.

51.4 km is a comfortable distance between controls and we arrived at the Dogwood truck stop at 21:45 to find the "Open 24 Hours" sign to be a hoax. It should say 24/6, not at weekends! The manager was cleaning up at the back and I spoke with her. She said it was a pity she didn't know; she might have been able to do something for us. Future organisers take note! It was another 92 minutes before Keith arrived, some 15 minutes later than we had assessed. The 51.4 km had taken 2:10, an average of 23.7 kph over that stretch. But the essential thing was he was still seemingly as fresh as a daisy and also keeping in mind this was a qualifying ride for PBP, not a record attempt.

The next section was a long one; 90.8 km. But apart from the evil side of Woodside and a bit of a drag south of Dogwood there weren't any great hills. Thus Keith appeared at Mission's Tim Horton's more or less when expected, at 02:55. The 7-minute rule was applied again and he was on his way to the finish that he reached at 04:21. This reduced his best time on this awesome route to 22:19, 40 minutes shorter than his ride of 2 years ago, albeit, over a 5.2 km shorter route. But it is still 4.1 km over distance and having the hall to start and finish at made for a better event I think.

By the time I had gone home, got to bed at 05:00, awoke at 09:30, had breakfast and gone back to the hall, only one other rider had finished, about 08:15. And Ken was catching some winks in his campervan.

Eventually, at something past 13:00 Peter Stary arrived, third finisher.

At about 14:00 Siegfried Palme turned up carrying his rear mudguard. He had a broken spoke in his back wheel quite early on and at Spence's Bridge Bob had spent some time getting the wheel to go round between the brake blocks. As a result it was going out of round quite alarmingly so that riding it must have been like riding a Softride only without the soft bit. Before he

finished Siegfried had suffered another broken spoke, thus the uninstalled mudguard. Another lesson in perseverance!

The bulk of the riders finished around the 34/36 hour mark. The regular back marker, Barry Bogart, actually arrived at the start a couple of minutes BEFORE 06:00 and only held up the start proceedings by 2 minutes. He was a happy camper at the finish at 20:06 for a time of 38:04. He commented that it wasn't his slowest. Of course, as he was the reason the start was at 06:02 his time should be 38:06!?

It left Val White and Paul Lee unaccounted for. Val was known to be pressing on. But then the news came through that she had arrived at Mission Control a few minutes outside the closing time. With prior knowledge of the "excuse me lane" she might have been encouraged to finish the last 33 km. But the fact was she was exhausted and suffering asthma. There are times that pluck and guts just ain't enough, you need some luck too. And this is not a route for the weaker hill climbers.

We were concerned about Paul Lee. No one had seen him since Spence's Bridge, which he left after the control closed. Details emerged over the next 12 hours or so. He had not studied his control card which clearly indicated the control opening and closing times. He thought that as 90 hours was the time limit for a 1200 that there was 45 hours for a 600! Thus he didn't feel the need to phone anyone!

Without excluding the more experienced riders, it is to be hoped that one of our newer riders will provide Susan with some copy pertaining to their first 600. This is a challenging one to start with; I think someone said there is about 17,000 ft of vertical included. Awesome!

## Cache Creek 600

*Mike Poplawski*

Here's a brief synopsis of my Cache Creek 600 km. I'm always interested in seeing what my average speeds are for each leg were. I wonder if everyone had the same experiences with the conditions.

Total: 87.7 km Leg: 87.7 km Riding Time: 2:41 hr Average Speed 32.7 kph

Pitt Meadows-Sea Bird Island; six-rider paceline up until Woodside--Poplawski, Brade, Bilinski, Harley, Stary, Andre Nearly get dropped descending Woodside--nervous on wet pavement and unfamiliar curve. Hit 78 kph anyway (besting 2001 Fleche descent of 64 kph in darkness without lights).

Total: 179.7 km Leg: 92.0 km Riding Time: 3:07 hr Average Speed 29.5 kph

Sea Bird Island-Boston Bar; three riders: Poplawski, Stary, Andre (of course this is where Phil and Peter personally ensured my trip to France by not only Phil lending me his spare tire but Peter mounting it, and they even inflated it. I barely got my hands dirty. Can't properly thank you guys. How much is a dream worth?)

Total: 254.4 km Leg: 74.7 km Riding Time: 2:42 hr Average Speed 27.6 kph

Boston Bar-Spences Bridge: Poplawski, Stary and Andre catch Bates and Laidlaw tandem; I get dropped on Jackass Mountain and ride solo to Spences Bridge. Meet the unfortunate

Harley waiting for sag wagon due to stomach problems. I was lucky that this was my solo portion of the event as the road is not good and riding by myself allowed me to choose a good line the whole way. Also, there were some beautiful spots for dipping my bandana into creeks and other nature stops. Ahh! Also, very thankful for using brand new lenses in glasses--the scenery is just amazing.

Total: 301.7 km Leg: 47.3 km Riding Time: 1:55 hr Average Speed 24.5 kph

Spences Bridge-Cache Creek: Start out solo after watching a number of riders come and go. Caught and rode with Ross Nichol, then caught and rode with Hoeben-Abrams-Tennant to turn-around point.

Total: 349.0 km Leg: 47.3 km Riding Time: 1:51 hr Average Speed 25.6 kph

Cache Creek-Spences Bridge: Returned with Hoeben-Abrams-Tennant to end first day of riding at 21:21 after a very enjoyable Husky meal.

Total: 428.9 km Leg: 79.9 km Riding Time: 3:30 hr Average Speed 22.8 kph

Spences Bridge-Boston Bar: Set out at 02:10 with Andre and rode through until 05:55 to Boston Bar with Roger Holt, then Hoeben-Abrams-Tennant (where art thou, eggs, bacon, potatoes, etc?)

Total: 480.3 km Leg: 51.4 km Riding Time: 2:14 hr Average Speed 23.2 kph

Boston Bar-Dogwood: Shivering from asphalt seating at Boston Bar dining locale, riding with Andre then being caught at Fraser River bridge crossing (another spectacular nature break) by Hoeben-Abrams-Tennant-Bilinski.

Total: 571.1 km Leg: 90.8 km Riding Time: 3:41 hr Average Speed 24.9 kph

Dogwood-Mission: Now the cast of characters gets confusing as there is no shortage of leapfrog including a busy scramble up Woodside; I won't list everyone as I'm sure I'd miss somebody. Hoeben's funky wheel is finally put out of its misery and we wave hello to a friendly bear. The wind is still in our faces but spirits are lifted by some good quick food at Tim Horton's. Coke! Chili! Mmmmm....doughnut!

Total: 604.1 km Leg: 33.0 km Riding Time: 1:10 hr Average Speed 28.3 kph

Mission-Pitt Meadows: The winds turn friendly and push everyone together; on the Haney Bypass the snake gets very long with I think 11 riders on 9 bikes: LePage-Arcott-Bates-Laidlaw-Bilinski-Andre -Tennant-Hoeben-Abrams-Brade-Poplawski; I decide to share a few extra moments with some drivers before eventually turning left onto Highway 7 to the finish.

Total 22:51 hours riding 26.4 kph

My overall time of 34:00 (thank you to the lenient judges) included 11:09 off the bike. A nice social ride!

À Paris!

