



Contacts

- President.*
Lyle Beaulac 604-524-1384
- Vice-President*
Bill Kitchen
- Secretary*
Eric Fergusson 604-733-6657
- Treasurer*
Alex Pope
- Past President*
Michel Richard 604-739-6798
- Newsletter Editor*
Scott Gater 604-244-7234
- Social Coordinator*
- Web Guy*
Eric Fergusson 604-733-6657
- Brochure*
- Awards Coordinator*
Karen Smith 604-732-0212
- Lower Mainland Route Coordinator*
Michel Richard 604-739-6798
- Mid-Island Route Coordinator*
Stephen Hinde 250-245-4751
- Interior Route Coordinator*
Bob Boonstra 250-828-2869
- Peace Region Route Coordinator*
Wim Kok 250-785-4589
- South Island Route Coordinator*
Mike Poplawski 250-882-1239
- Clothing*
Danelle Laidlaw 604-737-0043
- Rocky Mountain 1200*
To be determined
- Database Manage, Randonneur Mondiaux, Canada Rep.*
Cheryl Lynch Cheryl Lynch



Randonneur

Marathon Cycling



A Thank You

*(Upon Receiving the 2004 Roger Street Award)
by Eric Fergusson*

About five years ago Stephen Hinde, our webmaster, injured his hand in a cross-country skiing accident. The injury made it difficult to operate a computer and so he was forced to pass the web site baton. The timing was perfect for me - I had organized the Pacific Populaire for five years, and been in charge of the promotional/information brochure for four. I was ready to take my club involvement down a notch. When I took over from Stephen, I intended the web site to be my retirement project. It was a way I could keep a little bit involved - a way to do my part without it taking so much time. I thought that the web site might be relatively static, with some basic current information. I was also looking forward to using the web site to do some club history and archival projects, which is more in my nature anyway, and leave operations to others.

One thing you find when you're on web site detail is that all the information flows in your direction - results, routes and maps, photos, announcements, gossip, complaints about the rules and policies, suggestions for improving, well, everything. People were being very conscientious with the material they were sending, so naturally I felt I should treat the material with the appropriate respect. And when I did that, people sent in more and more good material, and now I find myself sitting on something that, far from being static, has spiralled into a 1300 page, 3200 image, living breathing monster that people expect to be updated daily. (These figures don't include the many pages on Susan Allen's newsletter site [2000-2004] and Mike Poplawski's discussion list pages.) It wasn't what I was expecting, but I must admit that the web site has turned out to be much more fun than I could have imagined.

The other thing that happens when you're on web site detail is that you get a bird's eye view of the operation. You can't help seeing the big picture, noticing when parts of the puzzle are fitting together, and also seeing when there are

the cracks in the dyke. (Note the classic mixed metaphor!) And so finally this is where Roger Street gets dragged into this story. Seeing the big picture, and also imagining the club long term, rather than as an annual entity, was his particular forte. It often involved him being at odds with others within the rando committee and the membership more broadly at times, and it earned him a bit of a reputation as being "Mr Grumpy." The thing is, he was almost always right about things, and generally we would all be doing ourselves a favour by letting his opinions guide policy. He was also a nudger - with a little suggestion here, a little encouragement there, Roger managed to keep the club on track for the entire time he was on the committee as treasurer. I don't think I'm as persuasive as Roger, but one thing I think about when I make my periodic e-mail... let's not call them rants, how about "commentaries"... to the committee is that being the voice of dissent, being "Mr Grumpy", may be a way of keeping Roger alive for me. As for nudging, well I'm not as good as Roger at this either, but in the webmaster's chair I do have the opportunity to make little changes or additions that help shape the direction of this unique club.

Michel Richard said so many nice things about me before presenting me with the Roger Street Award at the spring social that I'm not sure

Inside

Honours for Bonner	2
Rando Lights	2
Paceline Terror	4
AWARDS DEBATE: 40,000 vs. 50,000	5
Around the bend trio... a fantasy	6
Poetry in Motion	7
Tour of Cowichan Valley	9
Lower Mainland 300	9
Three down, one to go	11
Vancouver Island 300	12
Toronto's Bewdley Glutebuster 200	13
Toronto's Oak Ridge 400	13
Shame on you, Mr. President	14
Wet, wet, wet: Kamloops 600	16
The Not Santa Rosa 600	16

I can pinpoint the reason or reasons that it's sitting in my living room instead of one of the many other deserving living rooms, and I'm not sure if any of the ramblings above concerning my involvement in the club were even relevant to the award selection committee. One thing Ali has made clear is that the award is to be given on the basis of current contributions to the club, and not for good work done in the past. (The award was Ali and Roger Holt's initiative, and they have a hand in choosing the annual recipient.)

One thing I can tell you is how nice it felt to be honoured with this award. Michel's comments were extremely generous and greatly appreciated, though I must challenge him on one account - on our relative cycling speed. Michel has never had any problem keeping pace with me. It's the other way around, and I think everyone knows this. So to Michel, to Roger and Ali Holt, to Sharon Street, and also to the many people who have made my involvement in club affairs a pleasure, and this club such a vital force - thank you.

Car Harrassment Advice

Danelle Laidlaw

If you are harassed by a motorist, try and get the vehicle licence plate # and a description of the driver. Then, if you can call the police within 10 minutes, they will dispatch an officer to find the driver - call 9-1-1. Or, if you are unable to phone immediately, call 604 717-2997 - VPD driving complaint dep't. They will send a letter to the owner of the vehicle. If enough complaints are filed, a police officer will go and speak to the person. You can also file a complaint with the Motor Vehicle Branch by calling 604 661-6844. They will also act if they have several complaints.

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

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

The newsletter is published four times per year. Articles and notices are posted to the club webletter at www.randonneurs.bc.ca as received (or a little later if work or riding get in the way) and subsequently edited and formatted into this newsletter. This newsletter is posted on the website and distributed to the club membership by e-mail in pdf format. If you require a hardcopy of the newsletter, please contact the newsletter editor.

Editor: Scott Gater

Submissions: Please send articles to our webmaster Eric Fergusson (eric_fergusson@telus.net) or me (sgater@alumni.sfu.ca). Our preference is plain text files or Word and digital photos in JPEG format.

Next publication deadline is August 31, 2005.

Honours for Bonner

by Eric Fergusson

While Ken Bonner was on the Mainland April 31 / May 1 (LM300 km on Saturday, Vancouver Marathon on Sunday), he was being recognized back home in Victoria (in absentia) as the Greater Victoria Sports Council's Master Athlete of the Year (2004). Ken received the same award in 2000. Award recipients are selected by a committee drawn from the local media. Fellow Victoria boy Steve Nash was named Male Athlete of 2004.

Meanwhile Ken is out there over-achieving all over again in 2005. This past Saturday Ken and Keith Fraser set a course record on the Island 400 - 13h56. The plan this season is to ride all four US 1200s and ride a whole lotta centuries (imperial ones - 100 miles). Ken has his eye on an Ultra Marathon Cycling Association competition called the "Year-Rounder Century Challenge". Ken's tally so far (to May 9) is an astonishing 61 centuries.

Cycle Art

Danelle Laidlaw

Did you know that there is a display and sale of ceramic sculptures (yes, not sculputres) by Jim Stamper called Ceramicycle 2005 on for the month of June @ 1359 Cartwright St, Granville Island. Looks like a unique gift or two could be had here. More info @ www.bcpotters.com, or www.muddycatstudios.ca, and there is something about the sales benefiting www.pedalpower.org.

Clothing News

Brighten up your rides with some new clothing - we have new stock of Rando Jackets (\$70) and Jerseys (\$60) - BC design, Jerseys (\$65) - Goose design, Shorts (\$55), Socks (\$10) and Gloves (\$20). Prices are in Cdn \$ and for members. Non-members add \$5/\$2 (gloves & socks). Non-member shipping fee is \$10/\$3 (socks/gloves). Call (604) 737-0043 or email dplaid@telus.net at telus dot net Danelle to see if we have your size.

Rando Lights

by David Cambon

[Editor's Note - Light preferences are personal and about as volatile as fender debates.]

BLINKIES

Blinkies are NOT the best rear light. Blinkies have such a narrow field of view that they are virtually unidirectional. Their blink is not that powerful either. In constant-on mode, blinkies are

absolutely pathetic and nearly impossible for motorists to distinguish from ambient light. The reason blinkies are so ubiquitous is not because they are effective but because they are CHEAP.

A xenon strobe is better than a blinky. A xenon strobe has a much wider field of view than a blinky and a xenon strobe is brighter than a blinky. Unfortunately, xenon strobes are not that easy to find (Night-Sun sells one made by the Visibility Systems Company).

However, no one is using xenon strobes for rando rides. Wheel-sucking a blinky is annoying enough. Drafting behind the stellar light bursts of a xenon strobe could induce epileptic seizures.

A reasonable compromise is to install at least two good-quality (rear) red blinkies on your rando bike. I prefer the bigger rectangular blinkies that take two AA batteries (as opposed to the pipsqueaky little blinkies that take those itty-bitty AAA batteries). The AA batteries last longer (they are bigger) and AA lithium batteries can be substituted for the pedestrian alkaline AA's that commoners use in their blinkies. The lithium batteries contain dilithium crystals (unfortunately produced by forced labour at dilithium mines on Dozaria, but what can you do?). The dilithium makes the battery lighter and the blinky brighter, longer lasting and better-performing at low temperatures.

The visibility of a blinky depends on the quality of its electronic components and diodes and also on the presence of an adequate diode reflector. Most blinkies are crappy. The blinkies that the Mountain Equipment Co-op sells do not even have a reflector. The Vista-Light blinky has a reflector and is much more visible.

Blinkies can fail (that's why you should install two). The intense vibration of Whatcom County sealcoat can make a blinky dysfunctional. Try to mount your blinky with the rubber shims that come with it or cut up an inner tube to use as a shim on your blinky-bracket. The rubber acts as a vibration isolator.

Make sure you mount the blinky on a solid part of the bike (like the seatpost or the back of a rack). Blinkies mounted on your person are useless (because of the unidirectionality of blinkies).

FRONT LIGHTS

Dynamos

You are the dynamo. Dynamo lights are not

dynamos. They are not bright enough.

Flashlight-Type Lights

Actual flashlights were once de rigueur amongst hardass randonneurs in Europe. Those flashlights had inappropriate beam-reflectors and the batteries would rapidly discharge due to vibration. Lately some randonneurs have been using Cat-Eye flashlights designed for bicycles (but not for randonneuring). At the last PBP I did, Cat-Eye flashlights littered the road all the way to the first checkpoint. The vibration made them fall off their mounts.

I am guilty of using Cat-Eye flashlights for two PBP's. They were cheap, light and everyone else seemed to have shitty lights too. It was so manly speeding through the night in a giant pack where no one could see a bloody thing. Everyone thought the French guys at the front must have had the road memorized.

During one PBP it was me and a Belgian guy (with our Cat-Eyes) at the front of a fast group (of about 100) in the middle of the night. I thought the French guys behind us must have had the route memorized. I could barely see the road, let alone the direction signs. We were at least 20 km off the route before the French guys realized we were not headed towards Brest. Luckily it was too dark to properly assess blame and no one had a bright enough light to identify anyone else.

The moral of that story is that 1.5 watt and 3 watt light bulbs are completely useless for randonneuring. You need at least 10 watts and preferably 15 watts (or an HID light).

HID Lights

High Intensity Discharge, metal halide lights are the most efficient bicycle lights. They are brighter than hell. HID's may not be the perfect thing for randonneuring though. HID's produce a bluish light that tends to obscure broken glass (but they light up everything else like dynamite!) and they tend to cost about \$800. Another thing to consider is that HID's are not instant-on. They take 20-30 seconds to warm up to full brightness. However, once the HID light is at full brightness stupid motorists will actually turn down their high-beams for a change (HID's are almost as bright as a car headlight)!

If HID's were mandatory for randonneuring (which they probably should be) I would rush right out and buy one tomorrow.

Coming Events

Canada Day Populaire 138 July 1 – Fort Langley

Ali Holt 604-946-8438

Halfmoon 100/200 – July 9

Robert Irvine 604-885-1044

Victoria 200/300 – July 16

Raymond Parker

LM Summer 300 – July 23

Barry Chase 604-266-4214

Penticton 200 – Aug 6

Tina Hoeben 250-770-3133

LM Summer 400 – Aug 6

Danelle Laidlaw 604-421-1717

The Dam Brevet 200 – Aug 6

Peace Region
Wim Kok 250-785-4589

LM Makeup Rides

200/300/400/600
Michel Richard 604-739-6798

Interior 1000/600 Sept 3 400/300/200 Sept 4

Nelson & Trail starts
Gord Cook 250-367-2117

Quiche Brevet 200 – Sept 4

Peace Region
Wim Kok 250-785-4589

Harrison Ford 200 – Sept 10

Danelle Laidlaw 604-421-1717

Penticton 300 – Sept 17

Tina Hoeben 250-770-3133

Fall Flatlander 200 – Sept 18

Keith Fletcher 604-530-9273

Social Ride & AGM – Oct 2

Harold Bridge 604-941-3448

LED's

LED front lights (aka front blinkies that stay on) are not bright enough. The Luxeon V LED is sort-of-bright but has an unacceptably high price and short life (it runs too hot). Don't expect this technology to improve anytime soon.

So LED front lights are no good for "seeing" but they are ok for "being seen". I have two Planet Bike Beamer 3 white LED lights on each of my bikes. In blinking mode they frighten cars away. The Beamer can also be used as a flashlight. Along with the Beamers and actual headlights I have some yellow Cat-Eye blinkies on the front of a couple of bikes.

Normal Lights

Most non-crackpot cyclists are using one form or another of MR-11 or MR-16 halogen front lights (MR-16's are better because they have a bigger reflector). MR stands for Mirrored Reflector and they are the same type of lights used on the track-lighting in your kitchen. MR lights are very suitable for cycling because of their precise beams. MR halogen lights are not as efficient as HID lights but they are ok for randonneuring and fine for commuting.

Batteries

As far as rechargeable batteries are concerned, the only type of battery you really need to consider for randonneuring is the Nickel Metal Hydride (NiMH) battery. NiMH batteries are lighter and better-performing than NiCad (Nickel Cadmium) batteries for the same price. NiCad is so yesterday.

Lithium ion batteries are lighter than NiMH but Li-ion batteries are much more expensive. Li-ion batteries of the same charge-carrying capacity can withstand fewer charge cycles than NiMH but Li-ion performs better in winter (real winter, not Vancouver winter).

For commuting you could use sealed lead-acid rechargeable batteries but they are way too heavy for randonneuring.

REFLECTIVE STUFF

Put 3M Scotchlite white reflective tape on the parts of your bike that face backwards and forwards. You'll get free illumination from car headlights. Clean the surface of the bike with 99% isopropyl alcohol (from the drug store – if you are in East Van, it's behind the counter) then stick till you're crazy. You can buy Scotchlite tape kits at bike shops.

Wear a dorky reflective vest. The vest will make you attractive to other randonneurs and it will make you visible to motorists. Make sure you don't get a cheap one with Chinese counterfeit reflective tape. The good (real) reflective tape is made by 3M, Reflexite and Avery. You can buy the 3M (reflective vest) tape at Outdoor Innovations on Main Street in Vancouver if you want to sew your own stuff.

Paceline Terror

Ken Bonner

Tom Hocking's *Pacelining for Dummies* is an excellent primer on riding in a paceline <http://www.randonneurs.bc.ca/toolbox/paceline.html>. I do it, you do it, we all do it, often without a second thought. However, pacelining is not without its dangers. Each time you join/form a paceline you should consider some of the downsides:

- **you can't see hazards as well.** Stones, glass, rough pavement, even oncoming or side traffic that you would normally see when riding alone, is suddenly upon you before you know it. At night the risk increases, add some rain and the risk of a flat tire or a nasty tumble increases dramatically. Won't happen you say? Ask the young lady from Florida who was flown to the hospital after a mishap on the last RM 1200; she will tell you it can happen in broad daylight. Ask me --- I broke a clavicle and 8 ribs as a result of riding at the tail-end of 5 riders on my 1st fleche; ask Henry Berkenbos who hit rumble strips on a rainy night Fleche ride ... he also was at the back of 5 riders -- result, a trip to the hospital -- broken helmet, broken handlebar and broken clavicle.
- **sudden equipment failure of a rider in front of you can lead to disaster** -- something (like a broken fender, loose fender stay, branch, stray piece of wire) jams a leading rider's wheel ... guess what, everyone goes down!
- **riding with unknown brevet participants** -- some haven't read Tom's article -- they accelerate and brake abruptly, they cross their front wheels with someone's rear wheel and you are behind them count on going down. On the last London-Edinburgh-London an Italian abruptly pulled across the German rider in front of me at about 40 kph. About 50 miles into the ride. 10 riders behind me, and the German is going down right in my path. I thought my ride was over.
- **when in the paceline, we all, including the lead rider, become complacent.** At best, we just get lost together. At the worst we quit thinking about the world whizzing by us, counting on the lead rider to issue warnings. Unfortunately, s/he is likely to have gone into the "zone" of complacency. At BMB one year, a rider in a paceline rode into the end of a telephone pole lying on the side of the road, he had not kept alert to the world around him.
- **watch out for the rider who is drifting from the front to the back** -- sometimes they decide to "adjust" things on the fly ... in the 2001 RM 1200, at about 30 kph, a rider beside me decided to adjust his front fender that was rubbing against his tire. Suddenly he turned at right angles directly into my front wheel. I went down, cracked my helmet, buckled my wheel and was unconscious for a few seconds.
- **fast downhills are risky --- break up the paceline.** There is no time to react should something go wrong with the rider in front of you

- **watch out for "paceline dependency"** - symptoms are a feeling of depression and isolation when riding alone, or more seriously, being lost at night after you fail to keep up with the group with whom you are riding. On the last LEL, a group of us determined we were lost in the dark and rain. Someone announced they knew how to get back on the course and everyone followed except me, I discovered that my rear tire had a slow leak in it ... not having a clue where I was, my only hope was to stay with the group ... time-trialing for 30k on a tire getting flatter by the second, up hill and down dale, keeping my eye on the distant tail-light of the last bike is not recommended!

Pacelining is fun and effective, but take the time to think about these risks and how they might apply to you when considering paceline riding. Sometimes it is safer and easier just to ride by yourself at your own pace.

40,000 or 50,000 km: The Case for 40,000 km

by Michel Richard

To start with, the real decision needs to be between 40,000 and 50,000 km rather than 40,000 and 100,000 km. The 100,000 km mark will likely only be reached by Ken Bonner, and this incredible achievement should be recognized singularly and separately.

This idea for a lifetime achievement award was conceived quite a few years ago. It came about because Ken Bonner at the time was fast approaching the 50,000 km mark. It was approved at the time, but the idea sat around gathering dust because no one came up with a suitable award to recognize this achievement. A major reason for this might be that 50,000 km has no concrete meaning. It is a round number that is of the right order of magnitude, but has otherwise no significance.

On the other hand, there is another number that is round and of the right order of magnitude, plus it has a lot of meaning. That number is 40,000 km. All of you know (I hope) that we live on planet Earth. What many of you might not know is that our planet also happens to be 40,000 km around (close enough: 40,074 km around the equator, 39441 km around the poles for an average of 40,008 km). This is a coincidence that should be exploited rather than ignored. It gives us an objective reference for comparison.

Most people get excited by this idea. There is something really romantic about the idea of riding a distance equivalent to going once around the world. Romanticism breeds passion. And this passion is important, because this award isn't only there to recognize an achievement but also to dangle a carrot (banana?) in front of people's handlebars. And since these awards are multi-year pursuits, we help members stay motivated to keep riding.

And this brings up my last argument, the design of the award. Let's all admit it, we are a cycling club with a pin-collecting obsession. Therefore, this milestone (kilometer-stone?)

should be recognized with a really nice pin. And with 40,000 km being that milestone, the pin almost designs itself, eliminating a problem we had with the previous distance award.

Both distances have their logic, but 40,000 km also has special meaning. What excites you?

40,000 vs 100,000 km: The Case for 100,000

by Eric Fergusson

At the Spring Social there was some discussion of the life-time event distance awards that the club has been thinking about establishing. Michel was not unfair in his presentation of the issue, but only one side of this issue was explained and advocated. I'd like to take a moment to make the case for a 100,000 km standard rather than 40,000.

I'm sure it hasn't escaped anyone's notice that the quality of work coming out of the BC Randonneur's pins, medals and awards department in recent years has been exceptional, with coordinator Karen Smith receiving valuable creative input from Michel Richard and Ali Holt. Normally when I hear that Michel and Karen have an idea for something I know we can relax in the comfortable knowledge that the result will exceed expectations. Michel's idea to use 40,000 km instead of 100,000 km as the benchmark for the lifetime event distance award(s), is reluctantly parked in my mind as the exception that proves this rule.

The idea of the award is pretty self-apparent - it recognizes a rider who passes a big distance mark. But what should the distance or distances be?

The idea of the 40,000 km figure is that it is almost exactly the circumference of the earth. The figure might give people a helpful perspective on the accomplishment. The figure could be doubled to acknowledge a higher level of achievement, and perhaps halved to acknowledge an entry level. (The 100,000 km standard could similarly have several levels if we wished - 50,000 and 25,000 km would be the logical level breaks.) The proposed pin for the 40,000 km award includes a map of the world.

I have a couple of problems with the 40,000 km proposal. One objection is that 40,000 km mark has no meaningful connection to the activity being celebrated. It forces an idea about the accomplishment that simply is not relevant - it tries to fit a square peg into a round hole.

It must be acknowledged that the 100,000 km distance figure also has nothing to do with the achievement being celebrated, but the 100,000 figure doesn't need an explanatory footnote because it is a more expected, a more intuitive figure, and it wouldn't occur to anyone that the figure carried any special meaning. It is a number free of association. The proposed pin for the 40,000 km option, with the map of the world featured prominently, compounds the problem - someone looking at the award could not be faulted for assuming that world-wide brevet accomplishment is a part of what is being recognized, when the award could easily

be earned without straying too far from BC's border. Why would we confuse what should be such an easily understood concept?

Centennial celebrations, golden anniversary, mile high club, century-club... the round numbers resonate for us because that is the way our minds work. My feeling is that to brand an award off the expected grid, we need to have a particularly good reason - one that has a powerful and meaningful connection to our club or our sport. The measurement of the circumference of the world has no intrinsic meaning to either our club or our sport. It is in fact, a red herring and a distraction - it clouds the achievement, and I would argue, diminishes the award.

I'm not crazy about the idea of any "special" number as the yardstick for this award, but if we were to take this path, maybe we should take a moment to consider what figures would make more sense? Are there numbers, which make sense in the context of randonneur cycling? Two that come to mind are 25,000 kms, and 37,000. Ali Holt has suggested that 25,000 is the number you get by doing a super-sized brevet series 200-1000 km for a decade. 37,000 km is the number derived from the same principle, but including 1200s. If you look at the early annual distance totals for randonneurs in BC, a lot of 2500 and 3700 km pop off the page.

Another figure that would have meaning is 50,000 km. It's the number you would get if you earned 10 Brevet Randonneur 5000 pins - perfect for a club focused on achieving BR 5000 pins.

Of course the most special number in our sport is arguably the arbitrary distance from Paris to Brest and back again - ~1200 km. A century of PBPs would be 120,000 km.

I think a case could be made for all four of these figures, but like the world circumference proposal, there is still reason to pause. What they all have in common is the fact that someone is telling us how we should be interpreting the distance we have ridden. I'm not so sure we really want the award interpreted for us at all - I'm not sure we want anyone to dictate how we should understand our own personal achievement. Choosing the neutral 100,000 km figure as the gold standard, frees the achievement from other peoples' ideas about what our achievement means. The distance is what it is, and not a shadow of something else.

Around the Bend Trio ... A Fantasy

by Ken Bonner

CRASH!! BANG!! THE GROUND SHUDDERS! Huge bolts of lightning blaze amongst the dark clouds scudding across sky... were-wolves, eyes flashing in the dark, teeth dripping blood from their fresh kill, bay into eternity. Wait, there are lights in a cabin nearby, and the innocent cry of a newborn is heard ... hope for a fresh, new world!

By extreme coincidence, three of our hard working, behind the scenes BC Randonneur members was born on such a night (different years, mind you). Destined by their birth environment to roam the planet as randonneurs, unconsciously searching for

the perfect ride, but eternally reliving the circumstances of their birth.

Who are these "driven" innocents? Let me introduce you to "CH-E-R" (note: not a brevet!):

Cheryl Lynch, former bicycle racer, is the Club's official bike helmet-tester ... give her your expensive helmet and she will test it to see if it protects your head. Cheryl is now working on her 5th helmet, having found that the previous 4 although meeting the SNELL standard, crack very easily. The "Cheryl Test" for determining cycle helmet safety is not based on theoretical engineering considerations ... she goes for practical-testing - hitting pavement, car or other hard surface with her head in the helmet!! *(See end of article for details)

This does have its rewards, as she now rides a shiny new titanium LiteSpeed (the result of her last helmet test). However, there are downsides to this method of helmet-testing... it can affect the functioning of the brain! In Cheryl's case, the first symptom has become an obsession with numbers.... the Club quickly took advantage of this peculiarity and for a number of years, Cheryl has been the Czarina of the Club's data-base, keeping track of everyone's brevets, corresponding with her French ACP counterparts and generally carrying out her undercover duties for CSIS. The second symptom has developed into a compelling urge to compete in triathlons ... to the extent that she is passing up the opportunity to ride LEL again this year! However, dear reader, we know the circumstances of her birth will lead her back into the dark world of randonneuring.... she cannot escape her destiny!

Eric Fergusson, former lay-about tennis player, plays support person to Siân's marathon performances. In exchange for this undying love and attention (and his charming way with words), Eric pursues his birthright with great energy and a certain "joie de vivre", racing (oops! participating in) brevets with high hopes of relaxing with the perfect cup of espresso/latte & a croissant at the next control (which always turns out to be an "AM/PM"; or 7-11).

In 2004, Eric had a close brush with common sense. Riding in the dark, on his "umpteenth" Fleche Pacifique, through the traditional freezing "Fleche rain", he was influenced by past President, Michel Richard, and came in out of the rain and spent a most unrandonneur-like evening sleeping in a warm bed and eating a nourishing breakfast upon waking. As a result this past year has been full of angst for Eric. Sleepless nights, tossing and turning ... destiny cannot be thwarted. This year, Eric chose both to ride a tandem; and, with tandems. Tandem riders are tough. You, dear reader, will be overjoyed to learn that Eric with the help of Team Tandem came through, and now feels at peace with himself!

Even with the "monkey on his back", or maybe because of it, Eric has blessed the Club with an incredibly detailed, creative, informative and changing web site as the Club's Webmaster. The Club even officially recognized Eric's contribution to the Club!! Be careful when riding with Eric ... he carries a Blackberry (or is it a Blueberry?) on his bike, (ostensibly for emergencies) as he is prone to enter gossip on the Club's website while riding. This can

be found under "Instant Replay" on the Club's website.... sorry.... I forgot ... that part of the website is only available to special people who pay Eric a "little on the side".... ever notice how Eric always rides a shiny new bike that he says he built from used parts.... just little perks of the job!

Robert (Bob) Marsh, you know him, the guy with the big, booming voice who always seems to emerge out of the rain, or when you are in a funk, with a jovial, uplifting presence, often with his wife Patti in tow. Got a problem? Bob will help out ... Patti will give you something to eat and Bob will give you the shirt off his back -- don't take it if he's been riding!! Bob is still working on persuading Patti to join him in the joys of his birth destiny ... he's managed to get her on a tandem for fun-rides, and he is gradually introducing the concept of "**real-fun**" rides (brevets).... so far, his tales of forever tail-winds on pleasantly-warm sunny days are not quite doing the trick.

It is reputed that Bob's garage is over-flowing with bikes and bike parts, so if you break-down on a brevet, just phone Bob and he will have you on the road again ... of course, you need his phone number. Unfortunately it is unlisted. He has received threats of further bodily harm by some folks from Surrey who threw some party-ice at him during the 2004 Fleche Pacifique -- unfortunately for Bob it was a block of ice! The good part was that a police cruiser came by and Bob registered his concern. The bad part is that the Surrey "fun-lovers" did not like the police interference. Bob avoids Surrey.... well, not all of Surrey, he has been testing the waters with South Surrey and things are working out o.k. ... No ice they're.... just cold water.

You will have a chance to meet Bob and Patti at the upcoming Cache Creek 600 brevet. At the Start, Spence's Bridge and at the Finish! You will see what a great team they make in making you, the rider, feel more optimistic as you over-come the adversities of the ride.

Like Eric, Bob has been having some sleep-deprived nights as he has eased off on his brevet riding this year (could it be the block of ice incident?). Apparently he is spending a lot of time channel surfing in the wee hours of the morning, dreaming of slogging through yet another cold rainy night. On occasion, Bob has experienced bouts of "sleep-riding" on rain-soaked nights, but Patti has caught him in the driveway before he made it to the street. It is rumored that PBP 2007 may be in the cards, so Bob should settle down soon as he gets back in the saddle again.

So there you have it.... star-crossed randonneurs who contribute to making the wheels and gears of the Club run smoothly.

**p.s. from Cheryl: "helmets DO crack quite easily.... One was cracked after overlapping a wheel on a training ride, basically falling over going quite slowly! One was when I crashed in a crit and broke my pelvis (my first crash, road rash everywhere but the helmet felt like a pillow under my head as I skidded across the pavement), one was on a Saturday AM ride when I ended up with a whopper of a black eye after some guy's front quick release quickly released in the middle of the pack, probably needed a new one after going through a rear windshield of a hatchback on Broadway in the rain when the guy stopped right in front of me to*

get a parking spot, definitely needed one after the fateful 400 finish in 2002. Ah.. the fond memories of past crashes... I guess it is like childbirth, they don't seem so bad in hindsight!

Michael Road

by Tom Hocking

A year ago, on San Juan Island, we stayed at a hostel that featured, amongst its attractions, an old gill-netter fishing boat that had been pulled onto the land and fully restored to serve as a novel and cozy accommodation for itinerant cyclists.

Yesterday, on our ride around Cedar-Yellowpoint we can upon a Michael Rd. As we beheld the road sign we began to consider the implications of that locale. We conceived of the area as a perfect place to have a hostel similar to the one on San Juan Island. And, behind the fishing vessel, tucked into a forested glade, would be a rustic chapel where travelers could go for a moment's quiet contemplation. It all seemed so perfect. It was whilst contemplating this idyllic cyclists' retreat that we realized the mailing address of this delightful abode would be:

MICHAEL ROAD,
"THE BOAT ASHORE",
ALLELUIA

Poetry in Motion

Ken Bonner was musing that the thing we don't have, that we really really need is "a BC Randonneur *poet laureate*... appointed by the committee, or ...why not have a poetry contest..." Why not indeed? OK Ken. Ok everyone, sharpen your pencils! Send your submissions to the on-line newsletter. Contest open to all club members present & past - entries close the day of the Flatlander, September 18. Winner announced at the AGM.

From Sarah Galazan---I regularly commute by bicycle to Oak Harbor, Washington, for my volunteer job. I quickly discovered that rural Whidbey Island dogs don't have much to do! I wrote this poem en route after my heart rate slowed to 200

The Dog on Highway 20

Sarah Galazan

The Dog on Highway 20 waits
He lurks behind the fence
To hapless bikers pedalling by
He always takes offence

He'll snarl, and growl and chase you down
On murder he is bent
And you are left to wonder where
Your peaceful bike ride went!

I know the rules, I've traveled far
"With traffic always go..."
But when I pass
The 'Hound from Hell'
I ALWAYS CROSS THE ROAD!

Address to the Bombi Summit

by Jimmy Valance

(with apologies to Robert Burns)

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

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

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

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

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

A haiku

by Ron Penner

(submitted after the soggy LM 400)

empty countryside
the road goes on forever
keep pedals moving

b'IKE!

By Ken Bonner

On Paris - Brest

by Stella Meades*

There was an old woman out West
Who thought she could ride Paris - Brest
Her riding too poor
She sighed 'oh no more,
To heck with this dreaming of Brest'

There was an old man from the West
Who dreamt once more he'd see Brest
When told 'you're too old'
He said 'but I'm bold!'
Once more I will ride with the best.

These old fools from the West were possessed
They said now we need a new quest
So they dined and drank wine
To stiffen their spine
While they dreamt of that far bridge in Brest.

On Tim's

by Stella Meades*

There once was a man from Oshkosh
Who daily on donuts did nosh
While pound after pound
Was making him round
All his friends they could say was 'Oh gosh'.

These friends then took out his old bike
Said 'come let us take a short hike'
So then over the hill
With nary a spill
He once again felt like a tyke.

SHOVELLING COAL

by ?? (songified by Ted Milner)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Composed 19??, Submitted May 20, 2005

Tour of the Cowichan Valley 200

by Stephen Hinde

To celebrate the 20th running of the Tour of Cowichan, 31 riders assembled at the Dancing Bean Café in Chemainus for the pre-ride registration and breakfast. According to one rider "it was just like France: a café full of cyclists, half asleep, with only the smell of coffee preventing total collapse." It was cold and clear outside. Ken Bonner, who left his warm bed at 2 am to cycle over the Malahat to the start, said that his thermometer (only one of many instruments on his machine) read a steady 0 deg C the whole way. Organizer Stephen Hinde made a few last minute announcements (critical missing road signs etc.) and then pronounced the likelihood of rain as certain in Youbou.

With such an auspicious announcement, the brevet was rolling. Most riders stayed in large groups until the first control in Shawnigan Village. After a quick chat with controller Carol Hinde, most were off to circle the lake. It was here that the first black clouds were spied. As we approached the second control in Glenora, the 2 100km riders peeled off for Duncan and Chemainus, and everyone else headed west. Distant clouds were gathering. Controller Nancy Munro helped riders through and on

to the westbound leg. It is a real slog from Duncan to Lake Cowichan—steady uphill, no services, not much scenery, headwinds, and you're tired. 2 riders ran out of energy, and turned back to Duncan for a reviving meal, and then took the direct route back to the start. The 27 remaining riders made it to Youbou, just in time for a light rain shower. Carol Hinde again checked the riders through, and with the promise of tailwinds, most hit the pavement in short order. Of course, the winds had to switch for a short while just to reassure everyone that you really do get headwinds in both directions at Lake Cowichan.

After a fast ride back to Chemainus, it was back to the 'Bean for more coffee and food as Nancy Munro checked in the finishers. All in all, almost perfect weather, almost no mechanical problems, and almost no one off course. Peter Stary, on his first Island brevet in his 20 year career, commented that "an unusually high standard" had been set for future rides. Peter went on to say that all rides on Vancouver Island are wonderful when compared to the Lower Mainland smog and congestion.

2005 Lower Mainland 300

by Narayan Krishnamoorthy

Days preceding ride: Had a bad case of the cough because of nasal drip. The syrup the doc prescribed me had some benefit, but did not provide complete relief.. I slept a lot, was perpetually tired and can't work very well. Didn't train any since the 200K. Ate at Habibi's a favorite Lebanese restaurant of ours; came back home and threw everything I ate back out. :(Didn't feel like eating anything, so worked on some bike stuff. Arranged all that I needed for the next morning by the bike and went to bed at around 12.30p. I didn't put a thing in my mouth for fear for worsening my stomach condition.

Ride Day: I woke up at 4, got ready and packed my loaner Carradice. I was doing to use Michel Richard's Carradice bag for this brevet. It was very nice and compact. Cycled to Melissa Friesen and Scott Gater's house. They were going to give me a ride to the start of the ride. I registered and hung around to chat with a lot of the randonneurs who were filling themselves up for the ride. Met John, Danelle, Karen and Michel. Melissa took a picture of me inside the Tim Horton's. I ate a couple of granola bars and a ClifBar, chugged down some water and was good to go; We amassed before Bob LePage to listen to instructions about dangerous left turns on the route. The time was 6.03a when we pulled away. The morning was a bit cool, but not cold. Perfect weather for a nice ride.

I had arranged to ride with members of my Fleche team: Susan Barr, Gary Baker and Jean-Marc Boudreau. All of them were riding racing-style steeds with narrow tires. I was riding in a group with the aforementioned culprits, John Little, Saran Gallazin, Ron and Laura Penner. Sarah looked at my sandals and said she wanted to wear her sandals today too but chickened out at the last minute. I didn't tell her that my sandals were the only cycling footwear I have.

We were going at a pretty good clip, but I found that I was the last on a lot of the hills, but the lights helped me catch up. I even kept Michel Richard and Karen Smith in sight, which is quite an accomplishment for me. But not for long.

I run 700x32s and am a little out of shape. I had to work considerably harder than them to maintain the same pace. They were quite fast. I was riding faster than I normally would, but it was in the range of 17-18 mph so I barely managed. I am not in terribly great shape and that showed I think. The scenery is quite spectacular. As we turn off Highway to go east the horizon was red from sunrise. We were now riding on very quiet country roads, with whatever little traffic being really courteous. I was very nervous about the border crossing. There weren't many cars at that hour though, and we were able to ride between the cars very easily. We got waved over by the guy manning the car crossing to the pedestrian crossing. A lot of folks were sitting inside the little building but all the bicyclists got the primo treatment. We crossed the border and I was the only they bothered to ask questions. ("Where do you work sir?").

As mentioned earlier I felt the heat of the pace right off the bat. I kept looking at the computer thinking the miles would slink away fast but no such luck. Gary asked me how I was doing and I replied "reasonable". He said "I would have really liked you to answer that you were doing well, but I will take this answer". I just grinned. 50K into the ride I was hurting. I was slow on all the little bumps and the three of them pulled away effortlessly, but let up when they saw that I was falling behind. The pace was too quick and I found myself getting dropped all the time.

The scenery was very pretty. Quiet country roads and very considerate traffic. Riding through Blaine and its backroads was quite the treat. The Strait of Georgia was on our right.

Just North of Bellingham, I thought I felt a "kathump, kathump" for each revolution of my bike. We couldn't find anything weird going on but it was unnerving. For all you know it might have been a figment of my imagination. Gary looked over my bike but there was nothing to be found. On the steep hill in Downtown Bellingham, a woman sitting in the passenger seat of a Toyota Tercel said something nasty, but I couldn't figure out the words. I just ignored her. The ride was hard enough as it was - no point getting worked up over clueless car drivers and passengers. I was slowing down very much, not able to even keep my riding partners in sight. Oh, well.

3 hours and 44 minutes after we left we arrived at control 1. We all met at the control. Ron Himschoot was there manning the control. I got my control card signed, filled up on water (no Gatorade!), and convened a gathering of my riding partners. I was tired - really tired. My legs felt like jelly. I wanted them to go on without me. I told them that there was no way I could continue to ride at their pace and complete the ride. They discussed the matter and decided to leave. Susan was very kind and said that I would be fine for the Fleche. I saw them making the right turn on N Samish way and ride out of sight. That would be the last I saw any of them.

There was a long hill but very gentle climb right after control 2. A woman in a mountain bike passes me. Everybody behind me

at that point passes me. :D Darren Inouye (sp?) rode right next to me and introduced himself. Apparently he had read quite a few of my messages to the BC Rando mailing list. That was nice of him. But he wanted to ride fast, and so he shot off into the distance. As usual, I was the last one on the road, bringing up the rear. But unlike the Tour de Cowichan I was not doing very well in the strength department.

The road zooms down and I almost miss the left turn onto E Lake Samish road. A couple of people warn me that everybody else is going on the other road, so I turned back and continued left. I passed a group of three people fixing a flat. I asked them if they were okay - they said they were - and I trudged on. I was racked by doubt on Pacific Hwy because there suddenly appeared a left turn for it. It turns out that Nulle Road was joining Pacific Hwy.

I had to turn left on Parson creek road, but I couldn't find it. I asked a cyclist where it was and he said he didn't know of any such road. I asked a man working in a field, same answer. I passed a gun range =- was on my best behavior there - and zoomed down a nice hill. I asked the guy at the bottom of the hill where Parson Creek Road was. He said it was just up the hill. So I cursed the two ninny-brains who I had asked just before I zoomed down this hill and made my way up. I found that I had asked one guy barely 100 meters past the road and he still didn't know (and he was on a bike, darn it!). The three guys who I had passed - the ones fixing a flat - had gone by.

The control sheet mentions tigers in a compound on Prairie road, but I see none. Ron Himschoot stopped by on the way to control 2 to see how I am doing. I told him that I was struggling, but I have slowed down to make sure I recover. Nice flat stretches helped me recover. I suffered on the uphill though. I drank lots of water. Just before Fruitdale road there is a steep hill and I see several cyclists zoom down on the other side. I recognized Scott Gater and Peter Stary. I take a wild guess and arrive at the figure of them being three hours ahead of me. I will make it up on them before the day is out I wanted to think, but reality was different.

Fruitdale road was fully tree covered and I was happily cycling along when three kids in a car blasted their horns and gave me the finger. Very classy! I met a recumbent rider at the left turn to SR-20 and he very deftly snakes between traffic but I am tired and so I tried to not resort to such antics. I eventually made the left turn and was immediately blessed with a rollicking tail wind (which I didn't recognize at the time). I thought "Aha, I have recovered", and pressed on. I saw a whole raft of people heading back. John Bates and Danelle Laidlaw, Darren Inouye, Ken Bonner (taking it easy because he had to run the Vancouver Marathon the next day), Michel and Karen, My fleche team, Sarah Gallazin and John Little. All of them cheered me on and it felt good. I arrived at Lyman around 1.25p I think.

Bob Lepage signed my card and there are a whole pile of people there. I only remember Deirdre Arscott now.

I found nothing vegetarian at the restaurant there and so I just sucked down a bottle of Gatorade. Ordered French fries and Onion rings and sat down to chat with Ron Himschoot. Ron is an excellent story teller and regaled me with tales of PBP and about

people getting lost and so forth. One rider supposedly rode 30K following one guy in a green cycling jacket only to find out that he was a local rider on a club ride. Well, as I like to call it, I saw more of the countryside than several of my fellow randonneurs/randonneuses.

I left around 2p I think. Of course that rollicking tailwind was now staring at me right in the face. I went down to the drops. Headwind all the way. In 80 km of riding I had about 0.4 kms of tailwind. Groan! Thankfully I am ahead on time. I think I will finish before 20 hours, but it is unlikely I will have anyone after me. :D Of course I get honked at again by a guy in a car. There was no traffic and the sight lines were very clear when this happened. The best of Washington state's scum I thought.

After fighting endless tailwinds, I reached control 3 and saw Manfred Kuchenmuller and Margaret on a tandem. Manfred is an experienced randonneur who has done several PBP's and I am more than happy to join forces with them. We ride along nice roads, quiet roads and the sun is slowly sinking down into the ocean. Riding on H-Street is TOUGH. 19.5 kms of rollers; flat stretches after downhill which sapped my momentum before I got to the next uphill. All uphill and downhill. Tough! The tandem was fast on the downhills but slow on the uphills. I was fast on the downhills and slow on the uphills. Despite this apparent symmetry they kept rocketing ahead of me and I had to work hard to stay with them. Sound familiar? One cool thing though: You have H street on the one side and 0 Avenue to the right. 0 Avenue is in Canada and H Street is in the USA. We are just meters from the border, cycling on the 49th parallel which separates Canada from the US.

My muscles were really sore at this point and I resorted to zigzagging across the road to cancel out the grade. We finally got out of H-Street and crossed the Canadian border. The customs guy actually walked out to help us check in to Canada. I used the restroom and then called Raji (on Manfred's cell phone) to tell her I will be finished around 10.15 or 10.45p. Little did I know how far off I would be.

It was rapidly getting dark. I switched on my helmet mounted light to help me spot signs better. But I had trouble focusing it on the right spot to pick up the signs. We took the first exit off the freeway and I am completely lost. We are looking for 168th street and I cannot for the life of me concentrate well enough to figure out what the next course of action is. I am tired and can't think. Manfred and Margaret saved the day though. A little left turn right after the exit on the left hand side. Riding on 168th street darn near killed me. I am partially sleepy, tired and don't have the strength to push up the hills. But, I gotta finish. Whoever put all these hills at the end deserves to have water dumped on them. At one point Manfred and Margaret are about 300 meters ahead of me and I worked really hard (or they waited for me) to catch up to them. I told Manfred that I am really sleepy. I started taking 2 second sleep breaks on the bike. Not good. I noticed that my sign-picking up is particularly pathetic. I think this is an area that I absolutely need to improve.

With about 20K to go I feel really sleepy and so I asked M&M if they would like to help me out by taking a 10 minute sleep break. The kind souls agreed. The three of us head over to a

Gas Station to have a break. I bought a bottle of Pepsi, had some but didn't finish it. I sat down on the sidewalk to take a 5 minute nap. Then set off with Manfred again. With about 10 kms to go, his lights failed. He asked me if I have a spare bulb and I hadn't bothered to carry any (despite my having asked the mailing list that very same question!) So, I rode ahead of them, showing the way. The road is mostly flat now and all we have to do now is turn the cranks enough number of times and we'll finish. And we are guaranteed to finish on time.

11.45p: We turned left on to 56th street and I espy the Delta recreation center to my left. I have never been happier in my life as this means I will be done in a matter of minutes. Margaret echoes the same sentiments. We have to finish at the 7-11. The finish. We finish! Barry Bogart and Margaret Elliot at the control volunteers waiting for us to finish. We get our pins and we are DONE! a 300K ride. (182.5 miles).

Some would say I am crazy! What do you think ?

PS: Raji got so excited on seeing me that she locked the keys into the car. We bummed a ride from Barry Bogart and Margaret Elliot home. Took the bus at 6.30 the next day morning and retrieved our car.

Highs: Nice scenery throughout the ride, got lost only once, wool jersey, riding with Manfred/Margaret at the end

Lows: Head wind for 80K, not being well enough to ride with my Fleche team, inability to spot signs, tiredness causing brain cramp.

More Narayan reports at <http://arclight.net/~thv/bikes/rando.html>.

Three down, one to go?

Harold Bridge

With Fleche team responsibilities it was beholden upon me to endeavour to get, not only fit for the Fleche, but confident about it too. The conventional wisdom is that one should get at least a 200 & a 300 completed before the 360+ kms of a Fleche ride.

A trip to Vancisle for the first 200 should have set me on the right road. But digestive system problems made the start difficult. Also I expected to ride with Norm Brodie as often in the past. But he rides faster than he used to these days & I was struggling on that torturous route. I finally told Norm to press on as I intended to persevere at my speed to Youbou. Once there it would be pointless to abandon as I had to get back to Chemainus anyway.

But alas, on a sinister looking hill before Lake Cowichan at about 115 kms I came to a standstill. In fact I came to a standstill 3 times before giving in & turning round. It was a tedious grovel back to Chemainus where I finished up with 147kms for the day. One down, 3 to go!

As the re-fit of the Mariposa was still pending I was riding the Tony Hoar Custom (aka CBS). I usually enjoy it, but the 39 x 28 (37") bottom gear that I always used to consider low enough for almost all hills, was proving a bit too big in places. But I

thought; "Hey, Manfred is using the Johnson Slough route for his 200" As I invented that route back in the eighties I felt confident I could finish that event & the CBS has always been a good bike to use on that route.

I'm not sure why the event had to be on a Saturday, but given the difference between Saturday's dire weather & the spring like conditions on Sunday Manfred should do penance of some sort!

I thought I was well wrapped up with a rain jacket over 2 layers. But by Seabird Island I was getting hypothermic. Given that I had been to the doctors due to some difficulties in the chest I decided to continue to the Johnson Slough control & beg a ride off Bill Kitchen. Two down, 2 to go! I had some idea about doing a mid week 200 km ride, but the nearest I got to it was 165 km on the Tuesday after.

The morning of the LM 300 I was still putting the Mariposa together. I didn't fancy Washington roads on the CBS. Tuesday's 165 km ride on it included some of "H" St so I know of what I speak. So, that left me with the Interior 300 on May 7 as the last event before the Fleche.

The Brodies went along with my idea of going to Sorrento via Kelowna, Vernon & Salmon Arm. This gave us the opportunity to reconnoitre some of the route. Everything went right until Saturday morning. I will draw a veil over the problem except to say it was a pity I waited until I was home on Monday to buy Immodium! It was a good job I had the route details firmly lodged in my mind given what the route sheets got used for!

Richard got us away promptly at 06:00. An easy 32 kms to the Salmon Arm control found me there at 07:30, just as Norm was leaving. With essential visits to make it was 07:40 before I set off for the best part of the route; The Salmon River Valley. My previous rides down the Valley have been in the 200. What a difference a couple of weeks make! In April it is still a beautiful ride but still with a hint of winter. In May everything is in bloom & given the good conditions it was a delightful ride. The ride is enhanced by the light traffic too. I had assumed I was the last rider, but late starter Phil Rumming came up alongside for a chat before he left me in my accustomed place.

I didn't know what to expect along Highway 97 toward Vernon. I was pleasantly surprised. A decent swept shoulder with lots of room alongside the rumble strips. After about 13 kms where the road sweeps round the bend eastwards we were to turn right onto Westside Road to stay on the west of the Lake before joining Hwy 97 (north) south of Kelowna.

I have ridden Westside Road twice before, in 1986 & again in 1990. After such a length of time I didn't have any stark memories of it, except it was preferable to the main road. As far as the first control at Race Trax Gas it is a gentle road with some rough patches. According to the control card it is 94.1 kms to there. I had 91.7 on my computer. I put some of that down to the fact my computer is calibrated for 23mm tyre & I was riding 25mm. But later discussions suggests the route's 306 in only just 300.

It is shortly after the control that the road takes on a different character. I passed the 100 km point during what I think was a 5km grind that fooled one with a few false summits. Phil

appeared going in the opposite direction; "I'm bailing, my knee hurts", he called out. I think I know why his knee hurt. After that first climb I whistled down the other side only to be confronted with a wicked straight up monster climb that nearly made my knee hurt enough to bail. Despite the 9 sprockets at the back I had to walk the top bit. The 28 granny is to be replaced by a 24 before I tackle Devon & Cornwall. I think the Westside Road has been re-built in places to move it from the Lake. I can't think my previous rides down there could have been done without noticing the wicked gradients.

I had maintained a 20kph average to the Westside control. But from this point on it was gradually dropping & each scurry into the bushes & each monster climb brought it lower & lower.

Then the road works: they cost me 30 minutes. The flag person was friendly so the time passed fairly quickly. When I got away I was down to the 15 kph minimum. However, dropping down Hwy 97 to the floating bridge & suffering very little in the way of more delays I managed to check in at the Kelowna control at 15:53 or 27 minutes inside limit.

Due to the problem I wasn't eating as I should & I doubted I would be safe to ride at night. I was getting exhausted. But I felt I should at least get to Vernon, still a 100 kms away from Lois & the ride she generously agreed to give me. Three down, 1 to go?

It is now Tuesday evening & my stomach is still painful. I wonder about the Fleche?

Vancouver Island Spring 300

by Stephen Hinde

3 volunteers: Carol Hinde, Ray Parker, Amanda Jones.

Weather: warm and sunny to noon. Overcast and muggy in the afternoon. Cold wind, and some rain towards midnight.

Flowers: wild, cultivated, all in bloom. Sooke has the most wonderful cherry trees, tall, laden with balls of pink blossoms, whipping in frenzy in the approaching storm front.

Mechanical award to: Melissa, for 3 flats and a launched light.

Mechanic award to: Scott, for fixing the above.

I-can't-believe-he-started award to: Robert, who had 3 flats and other wheel troubles in the starting lot, began 35 minutes behind, rode alone to 165km, where he caught Scott and Melissa (fixing flats). He then rode ahead, and decided he'd had enough at the top of Humpback Rd (of Assassins fame).

Photographer's award to: Ray, who set up where Prospect Lake makes a turn on to Munns, thereby causing the organizer to narrowly miss the bank on the low side of the road because he was busy preening.

"Look Ma, no hands" award to: Don, who rode his recumbent up hill and dale until dark, when he suddenly developed a bad case of lying down on the road when going slow.

The route has been measured in the past with varying elevation from 11,000 to 13,000 feet climbing. I measured it at 10,500, which is less than the Mt. Fuji 200.

Toronto's Bewdley Glutebuster 200km

by *Melissa Friesen*

The Bewdley Glutebuster was truly a glutebuster for me as I experienced substantial cramping of my right glute during the ride. Regardless, the Glutebuster was an incredibly enjoyable ride in the lush farmlands east of Greater Toronto. I wish that I had brought a camera to take some pictures as it was truly beautiful countryside. The ride took 17 riders from Markham east to Bewdley/Rice Lake and back over 6500 ft of climbing. Yes, this Toronto ride took in as much climbing as the Tour of Greater Victoria 200km and much more than the Tour of Cowichan Valley 200km (~5700 ft). Thanks to warnings from two different Toronto Randonneurs that this was their most difficult 200km, I was prepared for a long slow day in the saddle.

The hills were a bit of a different beast than the hills that I've experienced on Vancouver Island and Lower Mainland brevets. No individual hill was long or very tall, but most were steep, and they just kept coming. One advantage, however, was that almost every climb was immediately followed by a thrilling, straight descent that often had you part way up the next hill. For local comparisons, think of climbing "Vile" Vye Rd hill or Zero Avenue Hills over and over and over again, but followed by descents not plateaus. Nothing was as even half as long as Mund Rd hill or as steep as Humpback hill on the island.

With the exception of my first 100km ride, I have not had to navigate in two years of brevets - thanks to my husband and my fleche teammates. My map case was improvised from zip ties and Ziploc bags. Also, I haven't had to ride any brevet solo. Hence, I started the ride a little nervous about possibly being on my own and navigating where I've never been before. As I noticed the gap between the other riders and myself quickly grow in the beginning kilometers of the ride, I also noticed that I was not alone in letting the others disappear into the distance. Thus began a very enjoyable ride with Louis. [Who is expecting his new Mariposa any day now!] We were able to ride side-by-side and chat on most of the route and the time and miles went by quickly. The shared navigation and my improvised map case worked well, with only one missed turn that added about 3 km to our trip.

My cramping started around kilometer 60 which necessitated a stretching break that provided only a brief relief. It wasn't until the turnaround point where a light bulb went off and I realized that I had been sitting on all climbs and that perhaps standing occasionally might provide relief. Indeed, standing occasionally did eliminate the cramping for the return trip. I still need to figure out why I was cramping like this as I had not experienced this type of cramp before, but there has been much that's been unusual about the last week (traveling, tons of walking, a very hard bed, unusual routines, etc...).

There were few services along the route. We had hoped for sandwiches at the grocery store at the turnaround point as the restaurant options were known to be slow. No such luck. But even better, the restaurant next door had delicious potato and leek soup and bread fresh from the oven to our table within 2-3 minutes of sitting down and we were able to keep our break to a half hour. In

common with many BC brevets, the Toronto ride started and ended at a Tim Horton's. We did not expect, however, the secret control staffed by Anne Pokocky, the ride organizer, to be so well stocked with Tim Horton's goodies. That Tim Horton's hot chocolate was a real treat. Thanks, Anne!

Louis and I completed the ride in exactly 12 hours, with a bit over 2 hours off the bike. In those 12 hours we had about one hour of moderate rain showers and a thunderstorm. We faced moderate winds from the west/north west on the return trip, but we were often protected from the winds by the hills - a mixed blessing. The temperature was quite comfortable, with a high around 20 C. I had ridden the 29 kilometers to the ride start, so I was incredibly grateful for Louis' offer to drive me back to York University.

The randonneuring community is a very special one, as was exhibited by the support and encouragement I received when I posted on the Ontario randonneur discussion list that I was going to be in Toronto at York University for a week and a half. A very special thank you goes to Eli Brettler, a professor at York U, who coincidentally was also in his second year of randonneuring. Beside providing me with great information and cycling maps, he took me on a bike tour of the countryside north of Toronto in the evening of my first full day and met me for lunch a couple days after the Glutebuster 200km to continue sharing stories. Many other Ontario randonneurs provided great route suggestions, descriptions of the Bewdley route, carpool offers to the start, or cycling ride offers that unfortunately did not fit my tight schedule. Thanks to all of you! I've truly enjoyed exploring Toronto (busy roads aside) and the surrounding countryside on my bicycle.

Tour of Oak Ridges 400

Wim Kok

Thank you [Toronto Chapter] for organizing this brevet. As indicated earlier I finished the ride in 21:07 just after 3 am at the same place where we started from. I rode most of the ride by myself. It was an enjoyable experience. While it is called the Oak Ridge Moraine 400 km, it could easily be marketed as the ride of the blooming lilacs. Their fragrances were everywhere, though occasionally disturbed by a skunk's whiff. The ride is rather surprising in that one never gets the sense of being just a stone throw away from Canada's largest metropolis. This is due to the well chosen rural nature of the route. Amazingly it is not until some 15 km before the finish line that one is back in suburbia. We started with 9 (+1) riders at 6 am from Wendy's at the Erin Mills Town Centre shopping mall under cloudy and drizzling skies. The +1 represented the toddler, who was attached to his Dad's bike for the first part of the ride. Speaking of teaching them young!!

Off we went into the countryside, only to be greeted by a blocked road due to bridge construction. Back tracking and looking for an alternate way to the intended route. The resident riders knew the area well enough to re-connect. Fairly soon the first climbs appeared: short, steep and nasty, but not fatal. Interestingly we came through areas, which I had visited on fieldtrips during professional conferences some 10-15 years ago. I

recognized the gravel pits where we stopped, as well as the fence made from tree trunks. A slide of the latter is still in my collection! With a 600 km brevet on Vancouver Island still in my legs from the weekend before, it became obvious that I did not have the snap to bounce up the hills, so after about 3 hours or so, I (had to) let the faster riders go. Near Cataract I missed a turn and had to do quite a bit of backtracking. At 11 am I pulled into Orangeville (Km 104) at the Deja Vu restaurant to get the card signed. Friendliness greeted me at this stop, where I received complementary water and a can of coke courtesy of the restaurant. The woman who signed my card emphasized: "do not forget to have fun"!!! This reminder was useful during some of the tougher sections in the ride. Next time when cycling into Orangeville, do remember the Deja Vu restaurant for its friendly service.

After Orangeville it was eastward through the very pretty Nottawasaga Valley near Hockley. While the route sheet indicated to turn left on the Adjala Road #4 just after climbing the hill, the road was not marked as such, which resulted in back tracking (again). Soon after turning south and then east near Colgan, the pavement turned into gravel due to road construction. Meanwhile the skies remained cloudy, and the air rather muggy at times. The route through the Holland Marsh was very interesting. I swear that this scenery could have been somewhere in the Netherlands. The canals, the pump house and the vegetable producers, farm buildings, equipment and fieldworkers (except for their hats, which looked rather oriental). At 14:23 pm I pulled in Vince's Country Market in Sharon (Km 181) for my second control signature. In Uxbridge I sat down for a bowl of soup, a bagel and a bit of recovery. Things went a lot better after that. At Ashburn I reached the farthest point east on this brevet. At 18:35 pm I pulled into Stouffville (Km 267) for yet another control signature. The convenience store clerk mentioned that two cyclists were ahead of me by about 10 minutes. Buoyed by that thought I continued, however never did catch up. At 20:51 pm I pulled in at Oak Ridges (Km 311) .

After restocking and installing/checking the lights I rode into dusk. Luckily the skies had cleared, which extended the dusk period. Due to increasing darkness and fatigue, my sense of direction waned a bit. Not being familiar with the area I had to stop a number of times to ask the locals for confirmation of the road names. This slowed my average speed. At km 350 things became confused in that the route sheet indicated to turn LEFT, while the remainder indicated to go North (right). I took the left turn and after required 3.2 km realized that there was no Old Church Road, so I turned back to the intersection, pulled out a map and studied the route card some more. Luckily a woman stopped-- bless her heart - and she not only pointed me in the right direction, but also gave me her "Backroad Map of South Central Ontario". This was a real gem, because it showed all the back roads and their names. This is the map to have on a brevet like this. It exposed the error on the route sheet: TL should have read: TR - turn right. While valuable time was lost, it also demonstrated that detailed maps are invaluable on brevets. Especially in areas with a dense road network constructed along lines in a specific land settlement and survey system. It is not a question of riding from A-B-C-D as I am used to in NE British

Columbia, where few choices exist. Moreover it also showed that there are many Samaritans around, willing to help strangers at all hours of the day and night. Faith in humanity received another boost. After this episode the ride continued smoothly to the finish line at Km 418. All in all I must have covered close to 450 km, including backtracking. Notwithstanding that, a great route and wonderful people. Thanks again.

Shame on You Mr. President

by Michel Richard

(Apologies to Michel Richard who submitted this story to the newsletter one year ago only to have it lost in the shuffle. At the time Michel was President of the BC Randonneurs Cycling Club and for flèche pacifique 2004 he was captain of the team called "All the President's Men".)

It was under rather inauspicious skies that the rather hastily put together 'All The President's Men' gathered at Chapter's on the corner of Broadway and Granville for a 16:00 start. The team, made up of Susan Barr(I know, I know...), Barry Chase, Eric Fergusson and I eagerly left on time and in good spirits for the 501.9 km route that was a variation of one of Eric's previous participations. Barry was nursing an Achilles problem that was the result of a sadistic 400 km ride the previous weekend that I had had the good fortune of preriding two weeks prior. It didn't seem to be hindering him though as he set the pace early on guiding us through Vancouver rush hour traffic towards our uncertain Fraser River crossing via the Patullo Bridge.

We were beginning to get into a rhythm along the customary Winston/Government corridor when I spotted a Randonneur Control sign on the side of the road. Sure enough, Danelle and John just couldn't resist setting up a secret check about a kilometer from their house. Photos were snapped and John handed us an alternative route around the Patullo Bridge which was undergoing repairs, should it be necessary.

We were shortly off again and quickly reached the bridge, which posed no difficulties in crossing. Those construction workers must have packed early for the long weekend, as the sidewalk was clean and tidy so no detour or shuttle was necessary.

The heavy traffic along the King George Hwy was actually helpful in countering a steady southern wind as we headed for the border. The pleasant on-again, off-again Croydon Dr. soon had us at the Douglas border crossing. Rather than irritate the border guards who were working to rule, we decided to self control our cards. After powdering our noses and refilling our bottles in the washrooms, we headed out along Zero Avenue.

After the initial roller coaster hills, the road started to gradually level out and we soon found ourselves in an echelon paceline against the wind, only occasionally tucking in to accommodate approaching cars. The majority of the hills and the worst of the traffic were now behind us. As we dropped down Huntingdon hill the wind was becoming more westerly and soon

our pace was in the mid to upper 30's. Things were really going well, tailwinds and no rain.

O.K., it couldn't last. We began getting big isolated drops of water on us. Eric had at first thought that a bird had relieved itself on him, no such luck. The frequency of the drops was steadily increasing and anybody who has spent a lot of time riding in all sorts of weather knew what was coming, a storm! We pulled over on the side of the road and put on our duck weather gear and turned on our lights. It soon caught up to us and we were instantly soaked. The rain was bouncing off the pavement and the road was quickly covered in manure colored streams. I was at the back of the team now and the spray off of Susan and Barry's bikes immediately had me blindly trying to stay on the road. I cursedly sprinted to the front and tried tearfully to get my vision back. By the time we made it to Vedder, our second control, I had my sight back but was still looking for my sense of humour.

Our attempt to control at the Esso gas station was met by a surly attendant who asserted that we would probably get quicker service if we went across the road to the McDonald's, so we did.

A lot goes through the mind of a soggy randonneur when he/she sits around in a warm restaurant with a warm drink, eating warm food, an awful lot. Well, we sat around for 2 hours. Initially, there wasn't much conversation as we wringed out our rain soaked clothes and draped them over the back of chairs, and filled up our fuel tanks with the "excellent" food for the task that lay ahead. I don't remember who brought it up first but once the idea of quitting the ride was suggested, the flood gates opened. It seemed we were all thinking the same thing, but nobody wanted to be the first to propose it. The heavy rain was showing no signs of letting up and the evening had barely begun. So, 127 km into the ride we were done. Eric got some directions from the staff and off we went shivering towards a hotel in Chilliwack.

Surprisingly, on our way there the rain sort of stopped. The hotel had an internet terminal so we decided to check the weather forecast to see if this really was the end of it. Forecast: Periods of heavy rain for the next 24 hours. Phew! What a relief. This hotel was booked, no, not with humid randonneurs. Anyway, a couple kms down the road we found one with vacancies. We let the organizers know of our plan, showered and spent a pleasant night under covers and roof, waking up only occasionally to hear the rain falling.

At 8:30 the next morning, we ambled over to the restaurant for a leisurely breakfast. Barry's wife had picked him up earlier, so we were down to three. After breakfast, quiet roads led us to Harrison where we checked the rando cabin. It was too early, noon, so no one was there yet. Susan decided she wouldn't wait for the brunch on Sunday so she left to ride home to Vancouver about 100 km away.

It was just Eric and I now. We checked into our hotel and made plans with Patti Marsh for dinner later that day. What to do now. It was too early to go to the bar and the weather was too unsettled to go for a long ride. We thought we should see the town by bike so we set out to explore. Well, the more we rode the better the weather got. We followed the road along Harrison Lake that led us to Sasquatch Park. Then we made our way to the

cemetery and gun range (coincidence?) above the golf course. This road also swung by the Mountain and Kent prisons. Eric said he had always been curious about seeing those institutions. I said O.K. . We checked out the Mountain facility first, nothing special really. Just a few buildings surrounded by fencing and barbed wire. So we then went to Kent. This place seemed very different. The buildings had a more sinister look. Plus they were surrounded by a much higher fence and there were guard towers all around. We were stopped and pointing things out to each other and speculating on the bad boys who were taking up residence here. Once we had seen enough, we headed out again. A few hundred meters later I looked in my rear view mirror and noticed two big trucks racing towards us from behind. I jokingly said to Eric: " I think we're busted. " The first truck overtook us and motioned for us to pull over. We pulled alongside the first vehicle as the other one stayed a short distance back. The driver had a Corrections Canada uniform, a gun strapped to the dashboard and he wasn't happy. We were trespassing and he was threatening to have us arrested. I could see the headlines in my mind's eye: " President Quits Ride And Gets Arrested, Members Demand Resignation". We played the ignorant cyclists part and got off with a stern warning to not come again. As we were sheepishly rolling away, we joked about not using this place as a control location.

The weather was really quite nice now so we kept on cycling over Woodside Mountain and turned right at the Sasquatch Inn to explore Morris and Hemlock Valley roads. We hadn't brought any food with us since we were only going to ride around the town. It was now several hours later and I was bonking. So before tackling the gentle side of Woodside on our way back, we decided to drop by the Kilby Store which was advertising homemade ice cream. They were out of ' homemade' but they had regular stuff so we indulged.

By the time we made it back to Harrison it was 18:00, we let Patti know we were back and we'd be ready for dinner in 20 minutes. After showering and changing, we went to the pub. Eric and I then proceeded to ingest industrial quantities of food and a certain type of dark Irish beer. Having nearly satiated our cyclist appetites, we stepped in next door at the beer and wine store where we bought a six pack. We took this to the rando cabin which was staffed by the Penners. A happy, boisterous hour or so was spent debating and explaining our decision to abandon, trying to decide whether the decision was right or not. Should we feel guilty or not. Not drawing any conclusions in our now pickled minds we decided to get back to room and sleep on it.

Well with the new day we awoke and I certainly felt fine, good night's sleep and all, not a hint of guilt. And that's how I came to appear at the Sunday brunch, grinning from ear to ear, happy to tell our weekend's tale. I don't yet have a team set for next year, anyone interested?

EPILOG: Michel had no problem finding a team for 2005 - he and three other boys signed on with "Karen's Harem". Despite rain on Friday night (again!) the team finished without incident.

Wet Wet Wet: Kamloops 600 Report

by Peter Mair

Ummmm! where do I begin? Started out okay 5 of us managed to stick together to the top of Dufferin but spread out a bit towards Savona, where we encountered the first squall. Randy struggled up the Kamloops climb and was played sweeper until the rest of us stopped in the 100 Mile area. Bob B flatted on the Savona flats, then Kieth flatted on the false flat to Cache Crk, then I noticed my rear tire going soft just as we were about to leave the Cache Crk Petro-Can. An extra few minutes were spent mucking about - with me thinking oh, oh here we go again!

Ken, Keith, Bob G and I sort of rode together to 100 Mile but essentially we rode our own pace. Bob B was just behind. Mr. relentless, Ken B, cruised on at the front and just when it seemed he'd be gone forever, there he was at a roadside pullout chatting up a motorist or sorting gear. Luckily the ride for our group of 4 was dry to Williams lake. We didn't have the strong tailwinds of last year as the run up to Williams Lk was rather slow. The construction section near Lac La Hache consisted of 4 kms of freshly compacted subsurface gravel - this was converted to a 4 km wash-boarded mudbog on the return leg. The sky was blacker than black to the west ominously closing in and as we trickled into Williams Lake it began to rain - lets just say pretty hard! I was not planning on riding straight through, like last year (good thing too) and I had booked a motel in 100 Mile on the way up like every one else, except Randy?

Anyway the ride back to 100 Mile was epic. The 4 km of road const. was pot hole city and a transport truck managed to douse me with a wall of muddy, gritty water.

A car pulled along side me and a rear window rolled down, a women poked her head out and asked "Was this a race, or something.....?" I said something about "No, this was just a fun ride, except I wasn't having any fun at the moment." I was soaked to the bone and borderline hypothermic as I wheeled into the Tim Horton's @ clothing 10:39 p.m. I choked down a bowl of Chili and realized I had better warm up fast as I was shaking so bad trying to spoon chili into my mouth. 15 minutes submerged in a hot bath perked me up and I arranged my sodden over the motel room baseboards for the 4 hours I planned on spending before falling into bed.

Up at the crack of 3:50 a.m the sky was heavy overcast, cool and misting. I had a hot drink in the motel, grabbed a Tims' Sandwich and headed up the hill thinking I might hook up with Bob G who had opted for the 94 Mile motel just @ the Hwy 24 intersection. No Bob, He apparently left probably 1/2 hr or so behind me as I headed East. Just past Lone Butte the rain began in earnest. The ride over Mcdonald Summit was the typical slog. The rain let up a bit but was replaced by thick fog on the descent to Little Fort. The Rest stop Husky turned out to be a breakfast treat for me as I had some warm food and drink. Just when I thought it would be dry the roads became wet with more moisture from Darfield to Louis Crk. I pushed on as the wet and cold was now replaced with slight headwinds and I was grinding along at only a little over 20 km/hr avg.

Finally at Vinsulla (sp?) I stopped, ate and stripped off my foul weather gear and enjoyed a stiffer afternoon head breeze down the interminable flat stretches to Kamloops. Just when I thought we would perhaps get a helping tailwind back to Kokanee Way the gods grinned unfavourably and offered little respite for the final 13 km.

I pulled in @ 2:52 p.m., thankful to say the least I was done in more ways than one! My time was 33:52 for the route in definitely tougher conditions than last year.

Apparently Randy came in an hour or more before me? This is what the truckstop attendant told me when I asked him. If Randy did indeed ride through the night I think he deserves a special award, because that would have been no picnic. I have to call him and hear his tale.

So in a nutshell the 400 was hot, hot hot and the 600 was wet, wet, wet.

The Not Santa Rosa 600 Kamloops 600 Report #2

by Ken Bonner

How did the Interior 600k ride go? You missed a great ride -- it happened in Santa Rosa (see web story for photos).... I don't see ANY rain!! also, it looks warm. Next year, you might consider starting the Interior 600k at the Kamloops Airport parking lot we then ride our bikes to the Airport Terminal Bldg and fly to Santa Rosa ... then use the Santa Rosa route sheet for the remainder of the ride. My understanding is that a BC Brevet just needs to start in BC, it doesn't have to finish there, and I don't think it says anything about flying part of the way ... the only "sticky" part is how to fly to the 1st control within the control opening/closing times!!

Seriously, many thanks for organizing this classic north-west brevet. It had everything ... sociable people; flat tires; muddy-road construction; good sleeping facilities (Red Coach Inn); good food (Tim Hortons); lots of climbing (I recorded 17,000ft/5163m this year); light traffic; lots and lots and lots, etc. of rain and more rain and then cold, cold, COLD RAIN! (5 degrees C); then a nice, long, foggy 8% descent to Little Fort to be welcomed by a headwind which tested our wind-fighting skills as it got stronger and stronger as we approached Kamloops; and finally, a luxurious 11k tailwind to the finish before it started raining again!

What planning! You've got to know something is up when the brevet organizer disappears to enjoy hot toddies in front of a cozy open fire to listen to the rain pound on the roof and watch the water slide down window glass! Ah, a job well done!! When the rest of the BC Randonneurs hears about this ride you'll be overwhelmed by riders next year.

You also did a great job of eliminating encounters with wild life (other than some folks around Williams Lake) ... not one bear, cougar, deer, or mastodon was sighted ... wait a minute, I think Keith Nichol said he saw a coyote, but it was late at night and he might have been seeing things.