

Randonneur

Marathon Cycling



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Ed Says

Well, we're still looking back at 2005 with this issue. There was lots of riders this year and lots of new rides and people to ride with. We have a new executive for the coming year, their names are to the left, and we're hoping the upcoming year brings joy to all of us.

Some new rides to look forward to in 2006. Ken Bonner is organizing the inaugural Island 1200 (nothing like tacking on an extra 200 at the end of an end to end, eh!) Jeff Schlingloff is going to organize a Mountian 200 in June for all of us who haven't had enough of the hills by then. A 400 is being run this summer by Tina Hoben in the Interior, plus a 200 and 300 in the Kootenay's out of lovely Fruitvale (thanks Gord).

We've also got the remainder of the poems that were submitted for the Randonneur poet laureate contest, we'll leave naming the winner of this prestigues award until later in the issue. But for now, on with the stories that were part of the 2005 Randonneur season.

The Art of Dawdle: Socialism and the August 200

by Kevin Bruce

About a hundred and fifty years ago, Karl Marx wrote that the faster information travels between two points, the more frequently commodity exchanges occur. Consequently, the more frequently commodity exchanges occur, the faster profits accrue. This process necessitates, of course, increasingly faster modes of transportation that deliver commodities from producers to consumers. Our modern day obsession with speed, therefore, is a symptom of capitalist ideology. An obvious question at this point is what does Marxism have to do with

randonneuring? Well, with the above argument in hand, anyone who feels they must explain why it took them a seemingly long time to ride a particular distance can do so by simply claiming to be a socialist.

Actually, I had better reasons for riding slowly than a mere expression of personal politics. I hadn't ridden with Alard Malek in a long time and, since he was going to do the 400 which covered the same route as the 200 for the first hundred kilometers, I figured that this was a good opportunity to share a ride, shoot the breeze, and generally catch up on each other's lives.

Enhancing the experience was the presence of Manfred Kuchenmiller who looks sort of like Albert Einstein and talks like him, too, by occasionally throwing words like "phenomenology" into the conversation. Where it's a challenge for Alard and Manfred to keep up with me on the hills, it's a challenge for me to keep up with them in vocabulary. It's a balanced relationship.

Alard, I should mention, is the one who first introduced me to the Art of Dawdle. Back in the summer of 2002, the two of us rode together for the first time at a point in our randonneuring careers where neither of us had completed a series and were still getting used to the idea of

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riding these long distances. That ride three years ago, a 300 km brevet, was on a perfect August day and we dawdled all the way down to somewhere in Washington State and back. At every control, we made a point of taking off our helmets, buying a cool drink, and relaxing in the camaraderie achieved through good conversation. In fact, we enjoyed the controls so much we took a couple of controls where there weren't any controls to be taken just so we could get off the bikes and enjoy the weather while we re-hydrated and talked about life, love, politics, and cycling. As I recall, Alard and I talked so much that day that we actually managed to solve all of the world's problems though I now forget what the solutions were. We finished quite late that night after more than 16 hours, but felt that the time taken to ride the distance was time well spent.

The August 20 ride that we did together this year was equally rewarding, though considerably shorter since I turned back after 100 km while Alard and Manfred pressed on to finish the 400. Up until that point, however, the Dawdle Philosophy appeared to be alive and well. While riding, we set an honest pace approaching 30 kph into a slight headwind, but at the control in Nugent's corner we replenished calories, answered nature's call, snapped a photograph, talked briefly about different types of bar tape, made a couple of off-color wisecracks, and eventually, gradually, all in good time got going again.

About forty kilometers later, we came upon the hamlet of Sedro Wooley. This was a control for me but not for Alard and Manfred. Though it was necessary for me to stop, they could have kept on going, but die-hard, dedicated dawdlers that they are, decided to stop, too. I was famished and so went to the local Subway for a foot-long vegetarian sub. Alard and Manfred just wanted a coffee, but the coffee machine at the Subway was not working. Manfred, resourceful person that he is, walked over to the gas station next door, got a couple of coffees, and brought them back. The gas station, it turns out, did not have restrooms that were functional.

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Submissions: Please send articles to our webmaster Eric Fergusson. My preference is plain text files or Word and digital photos in JPEG format to eric_fergusson@telus.net.

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Strange place, Sedro Wooley: a restaurant without coffee and a gas station without restrooms.

Once refreshed, we got back on the bikes, said goodbye, and headed off in our separate directions. As I returned whence I came, it didn't take long to figure out that the slight headwind experienced on the way to Sedro Wooley had shifted an entire 180 degrees and was now another headwind that was quickly gaining velocity. (I seem to have terribly bad luck with headwinds. In fact, I don't believe I've ridden with a tailwind since March of 1997 but maybe it just seems that way.)

With a headwind and a fair bit of dawdling to this point, it had now become clear that breaking the eight hour mark for the 200 was impossible so I decided to take my time and see how many ways I could entertain myself. Since riders of all four distances would be traversing this same section of highway, it meant that most of them would pass on the opposite side of the road as I retraced my route, an exercise that reminded me of the scene in the Wizard of Oz where Dorothy looks out her bedroom window during the tornado and sees all sorts of strange goings on. It wasn't long before three riders came into view. Who they were, I have no idea, but they looked like they were riding the 300 distance. A short while later I gave a wave and a hello to Harold Bridge who was riding the 200, his first brevet of the season. About ten or fifteen minutes' after that came the first wave of the 600 distance riders: Eric, Michel, Jeff, and someone else who went by so fast I couldn't tell who it was - all capitalists, no doubt, expressing their political will through speed. Not too long after that came the steady, sturdy pair of John Little and Sarah Gallivan, followed shortly thereafter by a few others including the inimitable, jolly Roger Holt who was so focused on making it up a hill he didn't see me and so I had to yell, "ROGER!" just to get his attention. Poor Roger looked so startled at hearing his name shouted out of nowhere that he probably thought the Almighty had come to take him to Paradise. The only riders I did not see that I expected to were Scot Gater and Melissa Friesen who probably stopped off at a Bicycle Workers' Party rally or something.

From there on, I saw no other familiar visages come my way, and so I continued solo back up the road. Arriving once again at Nugent's corner I stopped at the coffee shack there, got my control card signed, and ordered an espresso milkshake. "Would you like whipped cream on that?" the girl asked. At her question, I thought of those capitalist randos who drink nothing but Gatorade and eat only Power Bars as they forge ahead in their quest for ever faster personal best times. "Oh, yeah," I said, "whipped cream would be nice, thank you. And make it a double shot of espresso, if you please." Rather than slurp it down in a single gulp so that the calories would get into my system quickly, I sipped the milkshake slowly, letting the dark, chocolaty crush of the espresso sink slowly into the taste buds at the back of my tongue, while the heavenly lightness of the whipped cream danced about the top of my palate. I stood sipping this delightful concoction beside a stinking dumpster while watching fume-belching cars and SUVs roar past. It was there that I realized that if there is a Heaven, almost certainly they would serve espresso milkshakes, but equally certain it would not be located in Nugent's Corner.

Once back on the bike, and invigorated by the milkshake's high caloric intake and caffeine boost, I carried on toward Sumas and the inevitable border crossing where getting through customs has become an amusing mini-adventure. Border guards are mostly male, tall, serious-faced people who are practiced in the way of asking Serious Questions. Their hair is short, their speech is clipped, they like to wear sunshades whenever possible, and the dark, somber clothes they wear make them look terribly official albeit undeniably unfashionable. The border guard who checked me through on this occasion was no exception.

"Where are you headed?"

"Back home to Vancouver."

"How long have you been out of the country?"

"Since about eight-thirty this morning."

"Are you bringing anything back with you?"

"No, nothing other than the food that's in my stomach."

"Okay. On your way."

Quick and efficient, yes, but what's with the 'On your way' parting comment? The fellow was about two-thirds my age and speaking to me as though I were an errant schoolboy. I'm not sure what to make of this, but having had previous experiences of being examined by a younger doctor, being issued a speeding ticket by a younger policeman, having taken university courses taught by younger professors, and now having been 'sent on my way' by a younger border guard, I think I can safely conclude that authority isn't what it used to be.

(Since I've fallen into a chronological account of this ride, I now come to the part of this particular route that perplexes me. The country roads through Abbotsford to the Mission Bridge are lovely, quiet, and scenic. Why then, do we cross the god-awful bridge risking life and limb, and then head down the ever-busy, inadequately-shouldered, uneven Highway 7? Why can't we just take Harris Road, over to Riverside, and then get on the Albion ferry? It's far more pleasant and civilized, and exactly the same distance. Oh, wait a second... I forget myself. The route I suggested would be slower due to the Albion ferry and this is a speed-crazed capitalist society, after all. Je m'excuse.)

As I neared Maple Ridge and the final control, I checked my clock and saw that even with all my dawdling, I was heading for a respectable time of around eight and one-half hours for the

200 km distance. Fortunately, I was able to manufacture one last dawdle before the end. As I swooped down the decline towards the Albion turn-off, Bruce's Country Market and Deli came into view. So what if I was just three kilometers from the finish? I was determined to dawdle and my stomach demanded that I do so. Off the bike I got, and went straight to the restroom for a cool splash of water on my face and healthy wash-up. Then to the food service counter where a quick perusal of the menu let me intuitively towards the shrimp and avocado sandwich on whole wheat bread with lettuce, sprouts, tomatoes, cucumber, onions, pickles and mayonnaise washed down with a big bottle of cold water. This filling and nourishing lunch just three kilometers from the finish added about forty minutes to my final time. And, just to ensure that I got full value for my dawdle, I gingerly picked up every stray alfalfa sprout from my plate and savored its delicate texture as it slid down my throat.

Some nine hours and twenty-two minutes after I started this mere 200 km trek, I had my card signed at the final control. As I rode the remaining 40 km back to my home in East Van, I wondered how Alard and Manfred were making out on the 400. When I arrived home, I sent an email to Alard inquiring how their ride had gone. The next day I received the reply: "Would you believe 26 hours?!" Apparently, the route sheet had been somewhat confusing and they went off course twice. When it became apparent that they were going to be out overnight, Alard's email relates the following tale:

"We decided to catch a quick sleep in Bellingham, but the only motel in the area only rented by the week or by the month. The fat, Cro-Magnon slob who operated the motel refused to rent us a room for even two hours. I had considered inflicting some intellectual decimation on the moron, but I realized he would be unaware of the insults as it was likely a retarded flatworm could outwit him."

Well, what do you expect from a capitalist country? It wouldn't surprise me if the motel operator has offspring who work as border guards.

At twenty-six hours, it appears that Alard and Manfred managed to dawdle without even trying. Surely, that is the height of the Art of Dawdle; bred in the bone; intuitive; exemplary; raising the art form to a new level. I am in awe. Their finishing time deserves rich applause.

Next up is the Flatlander, again at 200 km. My

Coming Events

New Years Day Populaire
Jan 1/06 in Victoria-10am
Mike Poplawski 732-0212

Spring Social (ride at 1 pm)
March 18/06-7pm for dinner
Michel Richard

Naniamo Populaire
March 26- 10 am

Pacific Populaire
Reily Park- 9am
Danell Laidlaw

Island 200-
April 8- 7am Chemanius
Susan Allen 734-2504

LM 200
April 15- 7 am
TBA

Peace 25, 50
April 8
Wim Kolk 250-785-4589

Pease 50, 100
April 15
Wim Kolk 250-785-4589

Island 300
April 22-6am
Mike Poplawski 882-1239

Interior 200
April 22- time TBA
Richard Blair 250-372-1873

challenge will be to find ways to stretch it out to eleven hours. I'm not sure yet how I'm going to do that. I may have to find creative ways of wasting my time like earning a post-graduate degree in psychology or reading a chapter of *Das Kapital* at each control. I'm sure I'll think of something. I'll start by planning to ride with Alard and Manfred.

Penticton 300

by *Richard Blair*

Tina Hoeben found a delightful mix of flats and hills when she put together her Penticton 300k ride which Geoff Cook and Richard Blair rode Saturday, September 17, 2005. The route headed north for a necessary 10km "tweaking" out of Penticton before reversing back through Penticton and then west on Highway 3A to Keremeos, Hedley and Princeton. From the Princeton control we rode a nicely-surfaced back road to Coalmont and into Tulameen where we did a 180 degree turn and headed back to Penticton. The 54km scenic round trip from Princeton to Tulameen was a real grunt with a multitude of hills containing some really gnarly grades: Blair floated through in his granny gear while Cook pounded out the hills with his 39 ring. The weather was sunny and relatively warm throughout the ride, although the outbound route was slowed by a head wind which troubled us all the way to Tulameen. Thankfully, the wind remained as we returned and the speeds went up accordingly. Deer, coyote, and bear were seen at various points and traffic was relatively light. The route had shoulders but for the Tulameen portion, but on that there was little traffic to bother us. Finish came shortly after dusk at 8 p.m. ending 14 hours after we started.

Harrison Ford's 'Hard' 200 km Brevet in the Interior

by *E.W. (Wim) Kok*

The record shows 2005 as the 6th year running of this Interior 200 km Brevet. The route, originally designed, baptized and modified by John Bates and Danelle Laidlaw started at **100 Mile House**. This was at one time a roadhouse or stopping place on the Old Cariboo Wagon Trail, which ran from Yale to Barkerville during the Cariboo Gold Rush. Always wondered how this Brevet got its name. Danelle explained that 'Harrison Ford 200' originated from a morning scene of loose horses in the parking lot at the start of the brevet at Mile 108 many years ago. Later on that day they encountered livestock on the road, which tested the bike handling skills of the urban riders on the range.

Six riders (Danelle, John, Jack, Keith, Jeff and I) signed on at the 7:00 am start for the 'hard' route. Since it had rained the day before and the forecast called for 2- 4 mm of rain in the morning, no-one signed up for the 'soft' route (the one with 40 km of gravel). With a bit of rain, then clearing and a 10 kph NorthWester for the afternoon, we cycled east to the Interlakes site, Bridge Lake and Lac des Roches, our first control and also turnaround. As the names of these places and others later on suggest, this is lake country. The route would play more or less

peekaboo with the many lakes; then we saw them, then we didn't, which not only creates the attraction, but also an element of surprise on this ride. The pavement was good, the road gently rolling and winding. Traffic was light and very few dogs were out, but none of the chasing kind. The one with those tendencies was 'thrown' a few conflicting messages - translation: I made a lot of noise, while Keith or Jeff told the critter to get of the couch. That confused and slowed him substantially.

As we continued the clouds thickened and after Interlakes, they wrung themselves out, which meant rain. Not too much, except that it was the cold stuff. We were told that someone would be around at Control #1: **Lac des Roches (Km 60)** to sign our cards. Upon arrival however the site was deserted, however a cleaning bucket near an open cabin door was enough evidence to call inside for someone to sign. It then became clear that this someone was a guest. Ah well. The next leg went from Lac des Roches along Highway 24 to Control # 2: **Lone Butte (Km 104)**. Saw a neat geological formation, evidence of the time that BC gained a few chunks of crustal material. On that stretch we also met quite a few cyclists (many on recumbents) going east to Little Fort on what looked like a supported bike tour. Looking west the skies kept teasing us with a bit of blue in the distance, but that's all they did: tease us.

We stopped briefly at the General Store in Lone Butte (half way mark), got our cards signed and supplies restocked. While the rain had tapered off, Lone Butte became a memorable landmark for two of us, for it was here that 'Julie saved Keith', potentially the location and title for a Western movie yet to be scripted and filmed. Nearly chilled to the bone, Keith got some dry, warm clothing, and then happily continued. It actually gave him wings, because he arrived well ahead of us at Control # 3: **Green Lake (Km 147)**. If that stuff isn't material for a blockbuster movie! Since the resort at Green Lake had already removed its sign, we deemed a telephone booth along the road the makeshift control. Julie kindly signed our cards. The route from Lone Butte to Green Lake was very scenic, rolling and winding with many a good view of the lake. The wind appeared to help a bit. Livestock was grazing on the range; luckily, a huge but docile bull in the berm showed no sign of wanting to chase us. Good choice. We would have been too fast.

From Green Lake it was a mere stone throw to 70 Mile House, except that the NW winds were in our face. After the control 4: **70 Mile House General Store (Km 161)** we had 42 km to go North. The fun would start, because the forecast 10 kph NW wind turned into a 26 kph one with gusts up to 39 kph. Talk about blowing your forecast. Add the tough uphill to Begbie Summit (1237 m), and you'll appreciate the challenge. To reduce the wind resistance, Jeff, Keith and I rode single file. From the summit onward the road leveled off, except for the last six km to the finish. That downhill section provided for a space shuttle descent into the finish at **100 Mile House (Km 202)**. What a great way to end this brevet.

This brevet is a really neat one at the end the season. The route is easy in terms of riding and navigation. Mentally and physically it can be divided in many small bites. The profile consists of slightly rolling hills, none of which are very onerous,

except maybe Begbie Summit. At the end of the season we all should be in good enough shape to make this one of the more leisurely brevets. The scenery is rather appealing: forested areas, open spaces, grass- and parklands, and above all lakes. The only thing missing, I'd say were the vivid fall colours of the aspen. They were in progress, but we were just a bit too early, I guess. One of the fun challenges is cycling across the many cattle-guards after Lone Butte. Jeff and I made a bit of game of it by trying to ride on the narrow flat strips, thereby avoiding the washboard effect. The batting average was not quite 1.00. Finally, my appreciation to John and Danelle for designing and organizing this brevet. Thanks to everyone for making this a memorable experience.

Things I Learned At The Flatlander

by Harold Bridge

All organized sports & pastimes have rules. Randonnées are no different. But they do carry an added responsibility in that they use the public highway system & as the roads are not normally closed to other traffic for our events the rules of the road have to be observed.

I always thought that everyone knew the rules. But it amazed me on Sunday morning how many people turned up without lights mounted on their bikes. John Bates patiently scabbled around to fix his spare lamps on the recalcitrant bikes so their owners could start the event. That was fair enough for the newcomers, but the experienced riders should be told to get lost. Not very friendly I know, but then turning up intending to flout the rules isn't very friendly either.

Some years ago I was coming west along 7 toward the finish of, I think, a 300. A triathlete caught me & recognized I was a randonneur & asked if I was riding an event. When I said yes he replied he would stay behind so as not to compromise my event. So it seems the rule about not riding in company with a non-registered rider is known outside our club. Despite that I was told a story at the Fort Pub on Sunday of a couple of riders trying to get a 6:59 time & asking a triathlete to tow them into the finish. He declined.

There seems to be an expectation that rules can be relaxed for a 200. Well they are; riders are not asked to display their spare bulbs & spare batteries. Admittedly that rule becomes more & more arcane as lighting technology progresses. But the spare bulbs & spare batteries rule does still exist I believe.

So, the Flatlander is an end of season social occasion I was told. Good! But it is still an official Club event & the rules that are in place still apply.

Could change the rules, but getting ACP to change anything would be like mating elephants. How about: Do away with the lighting rules & disqualify any rider found riding unlit during lighting up time? Fraser & Bonner doing a 400 about June 21 could probably get round in daylight. AUK run a "Daylight 600" in the north of Scotland. How about something like that Wim?

An Apology:

After the pre-ride of the Flat & Highlander routes we reverted to the detour originally put in to by-pass the aboriginal blockade that was on Ferry Road by the Rosedale Bridge. We did this due to the fact we finished up with 199.5 back at the Fort. So, I think the original route that passed under the Rosedale Bridge enroute to Popkum was always short.

However, although I correctly inserted the Bustin Road bit I failed to correct what had been a "R" onto Yale Road East & make it an "L". Somehow the "Camp River Road / Ferry Road", on the Flatlander route only, became just "Camp River Road".

On the Highlander route, "saved as" from the Flatlander file & revised where required, I failed to change the "R" onto North Parallel to an "L".

In looking things over I found a few other things too that nobody mentioned.

I have often wondered what it was like to make a mistake?

SORRY.

Lights

by Harold Bridge

I somehow doubt I shall have anymore use for lighting that can get me through 2 nights of riding. If I did it would need to be good enough for 78 year old eyes.

It is always worth reading Cambon, if only for a good laugh. He seems to think in extremes & my experience has been with regular off-the-shelf stuff. Perhaps my standards for adequate lighting are somewhat lower than his for reasons of personal history.

When I started night riding in Britain there was a war on. Can you imagine the amount of light shed on the road by a 3volt E(N)ver Ready battery lamp that had to have a louvered shield on it? In comparison to that anything is good.

It didn't often happen, but over-night rides were part of a touring club's program & I think my first one was in 1944. Then in 1950 I rode my first 24 hour time trial. The Ever Ready 3 volt head lamp provided the illumination with a 1.5 volt rear light. When I rode my last "24" in 1985 the lighting among time triallists hadn't changed a bit, I still used a 3 volt Ever Ready. I went to UK that time with a Sanyo BB generator mounted on the CBS. I wondered about leaving it on, but, hey, it's a race & you don't use generators for racing. Stupid! At that time I still relied on the on/off lever mounted on the generator down below the BB.

By the time I went to France in 1991 for PBP I had developed what I think is a very good combination based upon the technology available at the time. The Union 10cm diameter halogen head lamps give an excellent spread of light & I had 2 of them mounted on the front pannier lugs on the forks, one each side of course. At that time I only had 2.4 watt bulbs as the bike was wired up for 2 rear lamps. Now I use 3w bulbs as the rear lights are independent.

You don't need full lighting all the time & I could use either or both lamps depending on circumstance. One lamp was powered by a BB generator, at that time only a Sanyo. In recent years I have used a Union, much better. The Sanyo was only intended to be put on once & left on. As I used barcon gear controls I had space on the down tube for a friction gear lever with which to control not only the on/off function of the generator but also the amount of pressure it exerted on the tyre.

The other headlamp was connected to a 6 volt battery. Originally I was using a Yuasa gel-cell. But for PBP I decided disposable batteries were a better choice. The only problem with that was being sold some dud batteries somewhere enroute back from Brest. A piece of plastic tube with Delrin end caps sealed with o-rings contained the 4 "D" cells & was mounted on the bottle lugs under the downtube. That set up was very good & descending in the dark was fun at about 60/70kph.

In UK this spring I bought one of the new Cateye Opti-Cube LED headlamps but haven't had much occasion to use it. Last month, after a Trans Canada Reunion at the Gillnetter I stayed a bit too long & got to ride home up the Pitt River Dyke in the dark. It isn't a wonderful light, but much better than previous LEDs. Its saving grace is knowing the batteries are unlikely to die on you.

In the unlikely event I was going to do some serious night riding again I would use the Opti-Cube backed with the Union generator running a 3w halogen. What little friction a pressure controlled generator exerts isn't going to be noticed down hill. Uphill you are unlikely to be going fast enough to need that extra light, so you turn the generator off. Very few people use down tube gear levers these days so there is room for a generator control.

The big irritation of these Cateye lamps is the design of the mounts They are intended to be on top of the handlebars. Lower is better. Down on the forks the lamps give a better spread of light along the road.

Rando Poet Laurate.

For those who forget, Ken Bonner first broached the subject in the spring of having a poet laureate who, so submissions were asked for and boy did a lot come in. By the time of the AGM, a decision had to be made, and seeing how good all the entries were, the fairest way to choose the winner was to draw a name from a hat with all the entries in it. Incredibly, the man who had already been awarded the John Hathaway trophy for most mileage in a year and a special award for achieving 100,000 kms in brevet mileage in a life time, managed to take the title of Randonneur poet laureate home with him on the ferry as well. So here below are the remainder of the poems submitted (you'll have to go back to June to read the first submissions)

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.

*(from Stella with critical suggestions from Sandy)

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.

*(ditto)

Lochside Trail

by Jaye Haworth

Soft morning mist
Sweet sharp scent of wet forest
Deer skittering with surprise on unnatural pavement
Huge slugs

Riding to Coupeville

by Sarah Gallazin

The scent of wild roses engulfs me
My vista a wide ocean view
My muscles are screaming
The hills keep on calling
"Follow me, follow me.."
So I do!

Guilt

by Sarah Gallazin

The one thing worse
Than riding a 200 in pouring rain

Is not riding a 200 in pouring rain
Later

Cool Couple from Coombes

by Stella Meades

There was a cool couple from Coombes
On their bikes they zizzled and zoomed
Up hills hell bent
Determined they went
This crazy cool couple from Coombes

For breakfast to Qualicum Bay they rode
Then lunch in Deep Bay was their mode
Did they ride to eat
Or eat to ride?

'Who cares?' they yelled as they hit the road

>From Courtney to Comox, from Parksville to Port,
>From Youbou to Bowser new diners they sought
Ah this is the life!
What more do we need?
Just some energy now to ride home to Coombes.

(with abject apologies to Edward Lear)

(a randonneur nursery rhyme)

by Ken Bonner

Now I lay me down to sleep
Iron and Bronze Butt Trophies at my feet
If I should die before I wake
You know I died of saddle ache

(this was Ken's first submission after being named poet laureate)

Last winter we mentioned a couple ways of keeping motivation up over the winter. One of them was joining the C-KAP awards system. Harold gives us an idea of the awards and the incentive it provides. (Ed)

Incentive

by Harold Bridge

It isn't for everyone but I joined C-KAP in 2003. As an elderly addition (over 55) to the program I was given 2 bonus years so I started collecting at the beginning of 2001.

I should explain: I am referring to the "Canadian Kilometre Achiever Program" run out of Ottawa, (jimckap@mondenet.com). The BC Randonneurs earned top national club kilometres a year or 2 ago, mainly through a couple of head bangers. There are awards for 5,000, 10,000 & 25,000 kms & as a result of my 2 bonus years I earned the first 2 before I joined!

Mainly as a result of "Shore to Shore 2004" I had my first 10,000 MILE year since coming to Canada although it was a normal annual amount when I lived "sans auto" in UK. That 16,309 kms gave me a total of 41,990 kms since the start of 2001.

During a gentle potter around Fort Langley on Oct 2nd it suddenly occurred to me I could probably get my 50,000 this year. But a few days later I found there was a conflict between the data base & my diary. On checking back I found 2 bad bits of arithmetic in my diary which cost a total of 700kms. With that sorted out I found I had already passed the 50,000 km mark on October 7.

So, what incentive is there to keep riding through the rest of 2005? I had just got to 8,000 kms on Oct 7 & only needed 24kms a day for the rest of the year to get to 10,000. Now, as of Oct 12, the daily fix has come down to 21 km.

Why don't you all consider joining the head bangers?

As a history student, I tried to be aware of things in the past and how they can affect the present and the future- no duke named Ferdinand should go to Sarajevo and no ship should be named Titanic- that sort of thing was drilled into us at the top of Burnaby mountain. So now I find it interesting to see where things like our club and such have evolved from and see where that might lead us. Harold Bridge gives us the run down of the evolution of the club and the randonneur movement.

Where The B.C. Randonneurs Come From

or... **The Origin Of The Species - Randonneurs That Is**
by Harold Bridge

(Written 1997, Revised 2005-November)

As a member of AUDAX UK I receive every quarter their magazine; "ARRIVEE" as well as the annual calendar. The 1997 version contained, amongst other things, a comprehensive history of "**Audax United Kingdom**". As all the early history is applicable here in BC I thought it worth copying in our own Newsletter, especially for the benefit of newer members. I give credit to their Editor, Sheila Simpson, & the other "AUKS" responsible for compiling this history. Other non-francophones should know that "**Audax**" comes from the same source as "**Audacious**".

The idea of Audax was first formulated in Italy in 1897. One had to swim, run, walk or cycle a set distance in 14 hours, approximately sunup to sundown. For cyclists the required distance was set at 200kms.

In 1904 the managing director of the French magazine "Auto", **Henri Desrange** (aka Father of the Tour de France) visited Italy & was impressed by what he saw of this scheme. He laid out some regulations that

formed the cyclists into groups under the leadership of a captain. The group was to stay together for the entire ride, Today this form of riding is known as "Euraudax". Also that year those riders who were awarded the formed the **Audax Club Parisien** (ACP) and organized events throughout France for the magazine Auto.

In 1920 ACP upset Desrange by assisting in an event sponsored by a rival newspaper and he withdrew ACP's right to organize Audax events. To avoid infringing the Audax method of riding & to enable them to carry on with their planned events in 1921 **ACP created the Brevets de Randonneur** (i.e. certificate for long distance cyclists)

The Brevets de Randonneur differ from Audax riding in that cyclists don't have to ride in a group and keep to a set time table. Each individual can, within certain limits, go at their own pace - "**allure libre**" - and stop at will for refreshment. To prevent racing (and to spur the slower riders on) a series of time checks are established at controls with minimum and maximum time limits.

It is these regulations that have been adopted by Audax UK (and of course by BC Randonneurs) and the name Audax comes from ACP, not the style of event. AUK is responsible for the Brevets de Randonneurs in UK, as are BCRCC in BC, but neither are responsible for Euraudax events.

In 1966 Barry Parslow (a Founder Member of Audax UK about 10 years later) rode his tricycle in the 6th edition of the 1200km **Paris-Brest-Paris** thus becoming the first tricyclist and probably the first Anglophone to do so.

(From this point on British Columbia has its own randonneur history & so we switch to a local perspective.)

In 1979 the Doyen of BC Randonneurs, **Gerry Pareja**, gathered around him three others of like mind; the late **John Hathaway, Dan McGuire** and **Wayne Phillips**, and set about organizing a series of randonnées, one of each distance, 200, 300, 400, 600 & 1,000 kms that would qualify the quartet for that year's edition of the quadennial "Paris-Brest-Paris". All four completed the event thereby started a new aspect of cycling in B.C.

Gerry was inspired to plan the 1979 season by John Hathaway's completion of the Audax version of Paris-Brest in 1976. John did this during his 50,000 miles in 100 weeks round the world map (and earned a space in the Guinness Book of Records).

Every year since 1979 at least one series up to & including the 600 km event has been organized in BC with the 1,000 km being usual in more recent years. At every "PBP" since 1979 - in 1983, 1987, 1991(the Centenary year), 1995, 1999 and 2003 - a squad of B.C. riders has gone to France to tackle this ultimate randonnée.

1983, immediately after that year's PBP a meeting of representatives from six nations formed "**Randonneurs Mondiaux**" (World Randonneurs) with Canada being represented by our own Dan McGuire & John Hathaway. Gerry was the VP of

RM from 1991 to 1995.

In 1996, through the effort of **Ted Milner**, we had our own 1200 km event - "**The Rocky Mountain 1200**". Starting in Kamloops the route spun a clockwise loop by going north on Hwy 5, east on Hwy 16 to Jasper, and then south on the legendary "Ice Fields Parkway" to Lake Louise. In the inaugural event the route then went east toward Banff before heading west on Hwy #1 back to Kamloops. Twelve riders started, 7 finished and one completed a 1,000. The others succumbed to a crash, sickness & mechanical problems.

The Rocky Mountain 1200 began as an annual event (1996, 1997, 1998) becoming a bi-annual event for 2000, 2002 and 2004, and will now be held **every four years in the year following PBP**. The next RM 1200 will be in July 2008.

2005 Super Randonneurs

In the spirit of the history of the club, may we present below, the list of the 39 riders who achieved a super rando award this year (200,300,400,600km brevets in the same calander year)

2005 Super Randonneurs

Allen, Susan
 Andrews, Ivan
 Arscott, Deirdre
 Barr, Susan
 Benz, Randy
 Bonner, Ken
 Boonstra, Bob
 Chase, Barry
 Fergusson, Eric
 Fraser, Keith
 Friesen, Melissa
 Gallazin, Sarah
 Gater, Scott
 Gillanders, David
 Goodison, Bob
 Himschoot, Ron
 Hinde, Stephen
 Holt, Ali
 Holt, Roger
 Koen, Bob

Kok, Wim
 Kuchenmuller, Manfred
 Kusch, Paul
 Lach, David
 Latornell, Doug
 Little, John
 Maguire, Brad
 Malek, Alard
 Martel, Patrick
 Martin, Lindsay
 Nichol, Keith
 Nichol, Ross
 Penner, Laura
 Penner, Ron
 Richard, Michel
 Schlingloff, Jeff
 Smith, Karen
 Stary, Peter
 Willoughby, Graham

Congratulations to all for your achievements this year!!

Danelle Laidlaw found this little gem on the net, some interesting reading....

The Wheel Deal on bicycle commuting

By Umbra Fisk

Dear Umbra,

My question regards my daily half-hour (each way) bicycle commute through fairly heavy city traffic. I've been wondering if the benefits (exercise, sunshine, free and fast transport) are outweighed by the negatives (primarily breathing in diesel and other exhaust, but I'd also throw in the risk of almost getting run over, despite the cheap thrills).

I am fortunate enough that my alternative would be to take the subway, not drive. Perhaps you could comment on the personal and environmental health effects of different types of commutes.

Indie

Washington, D.C.

Dearest Indie,

Biking, biking, we love biking.

You have two questions here. The first is whether you are hurting your health by biking in traffic. The second is a health comparison between the bike and other modes.

Clearly, biking not only maintains but improves your general physical health, in terms of muscles and heart rate and mental peace, and has little impact on the environment. It beats motorized vehicles -- or, as I like to call them, Mobile Emissions Sources -- of all types on both these counts.

Being near or in traffic has an impact on our health and the environment, no matter what vehicle we choose. Chemicals and particulate matter flow from car and bus and taxi engines and into the mini-weather system of the traffic zone. These nasties include carbon monoxide, the BTEX volatile organic compounds (benzene, toluene, ethylbenzene, and xylene), and nitrogen oxides. Yummy.

The nasties are densest at the middle of the traffic zone, and less intense on the edges. So, to put it simply, the position of your lungs is key. Of course, there are many variables for air-pollution scientists to play with, and each situation is different, and so on -- but, basically, studies show you get the biggest hit of the nasties when you're inside a car. Sure, a personal Mobile Emissions Source appears hermetic, but it's an illusion: MES occupants are very close to sucking on the tailpipe of the MES just ahead of them. In a bus, riders' lungs are a bit above these sources. And bikers and pedestrians are on the outskirts.

The little information I was able to find on subways compared them to buses. Pollutants in the subway tunnel are fairly equivalent to bus pollutants, so I will extrapolate that biking wins over all mechanized transport. And that, very briefly, is the answer to both your questions. While you may be hurting your health by biking in urban traffic, you are not hurting it as badly as you could be.

Now be careful out there!

Pantingly,

Umbra

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 at telus dot net Danelle to see if we have your size.

