

# RCC News



The Newsletter of the Redmond Cycling Club

Volume 6, No. 16

June 2003

## Meeting and Events

### General Meeting:

**Monday, July 7, 2003**

Coco's Restaurant

Lake Forest Park Town Centre

17535 Ballinger Way NE

Lake Forest Park, WA 98155

206-364-8910

Social meeting 6:30 PM

Business meeting 7:15 PM

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## The Road to Enumclaw is Paved With ... Bunnies??

*By Tom Killion*

Due to a supreme lack of forethought and to the evil machinations of several of my so-called friends, I recently rode the May 3-4 SIR 400k brevet, my first, this despite specific and credible warnings that any 400 was the toughest hurdle in randonneuring.

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## Another Long Day: SIR Spring 400k, May 3-4, 2003

*By Jan Heine*

Spring is witness to a strange phenomenon: on one hand, it gets light earlier, but on the other hand, the longer brevets start earlier. So once again we congregated in the dark for the start of the 400k brevet, this time in Enumclaw.

After the usual words of caution about railroad tracks and other obstacles, we were off on the gentle incline toward Mud Mountain Dam. After having been tempted during the first two brevets by riders faster than I, I had decided to ride at my own pace. To my surprise, this found me on top of the climb first, alone, and with nobody in sight behind. (Only later did I learn that Kenneth Philbrick had been late to the start.)

The road on top of Mud Mountain Dam remains etched in my memory from those long-gone days when I raced. Back then, I climbed the steep opposite side of this hill seven times, the last time trying to break away to win. Alas, it was not to be, as I remembered when I crossed the little bridge where I had been caught within a hundred yards of the finish. Those memories must have increased my pace and, as I turned onto the road that descends back to Enumclaw, both tires wandered a bit. Sand! There was more on the descent, so I braked for some of the tighter turns. Nonetheless, the quick ride down was exhilarating. At the bottom, I saw Mark Thomas, one of the officials for the day, in his car, coming the other way. He was nice and let me cut in front of him, and off I went across the mead-

ows toward Buckley. During the aforementioned race, this was the time trial course, but today my pace was far more leisurely. It was a good thing, too, because a deer, startled by my sudden appearance, bolted across the road a few yards in front of my bike before jumping a fence and vanishing into the undergrowth.

After about an hour of riding into light headwinds, I noticed a group of riders slowly catching up from behind. I moderated my pace. Shortly, a group of seven or eight appeared next to me, and I joined their peline. After a secret control (Mark Thomas again) in Kapowsin, we soon reached Eatonville. The climb split our group. I checked in at

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## Bunnies

Ha!, I said, as I meticulously plotted and planned, refined my gear list, checked topo maps, and carefully annotated my cue sheet with ETA's and notable climbs. I had it figured out.

The course was mostly familiar. Kings Motel up 410 to Mud Mountain Dam, thence back down the eponymous road to pick up the RAMROD course to Buckley and beyond. Leave the RAMROD course at Elbe for a jaunt to Morton and Randle, then off the map up toward Windy Ridge, stopped only by the snow at Wakepish. Back down and on to Packwood, tracing up Skate Creek Road, a quick up and back to Longmire, and return to Enumclaw on the reverse of the first seventy miles of RAMROD.

No dangers there. Services pretty much everywhere. What could go awry?

I was immediately off the back, since I had to stop to adjust some gear in Buckley. Then followed a pleasant roll through South Prairie to Kapowsin and Eatonville. A quick control (with muffin!) and out of town with Ron and Mr. Don. Quick reroute from Alder Cutoff because of a blocking auto accident. Instead, we head straight for WA7 and a little climbing along the river. It was then I realized that somehow I had managed to lose at least one spare tube and my patch kit on the drive down and began to worry that the flat demon would use this opportunity. Where to get a patch kit on course?

Thus, a stop in Elbe. Water and a Heath Bar but no patch kit. I am now riding alone. The climb and roll into Morton brings good news—an Ace Hardware has a sporting goods section with a patch kit! Never mind that it would be suitable for motorcycle tires or farm equipment. It has rubber thingies and glue.

I am still being very careful of my line. Don't want to pick up any glass.

The Randle store is friendly, with a not-bad sammich and a half out of the cooler. I eat quickly, saving half for a respite at the top of the 3,000 foot-plus climb.

It's slow going once I hit the USFS line. Nasty steep but then levels out some. The real treat is in store. The road kicks UP with a vengeance and my speed dwindles to 6-7 (that's kilometers!). I'm thinking I won't make my 3:00 p.m. target. More like 6:00 p.m. at this rate. Then, after a punishing 3k of this stuff, the climb slackens and I make really

good time. Whew! Even made the control four minutes before my target. Feeling good. Nature stop, refill, refuel, and back down.

A lot of false flats, so the descent takes far longer than I had envisioned, and then heavy rain just before Randle. Stop and put on rain gear, then push on to Packwood. The Subway beckons for the big meal of the day. Must take a reasonable rest here, no matter that I'm now 45 minutes behind schedule.

My plan was to hit the summit on Skate Creek by 7:00 p.m., a quick downhill and run up and back to Longmire, and be back in Ashford before the stores close, for provisioning. Not going to be the case. It's 8:00 p.m. exactly as I reach the summit. The light is fading, and I know that I'll have to detour into Ashford before doubling back to Longmire.

The rain comes again, this time colder, making the Ashford store inviting. A pot of fresh coffee, a change of some wet gear, and I'm back out into the moonless dark and rain. I meet up with the two recumbents, one a tandem, and we slog up the mountain. Many other riders are waiting down as we make slow progress upward. It is painful to realize that they are two hours ahead of us.

Quick turn at the control, and then the second-coldest descent I've ever done back to Ashford. Man, I am cold! Stop and put on every bit of gear I have: balaclava, monsoon helmet cover, and second set of hand warmers. I am not going to suffer any more than necessary.

On familiar roads again back to Eatonville. Alone, but I occasionally spy the tail light of the single recumbent ahead. Eatonville and Cup O'Soup from the SIR support crew there—almost gourmet! Then out at 1:30, a minute or so behind the recumbent.

Feeling good and refreshed, only 55k of rollers and downhill to go, familiar roads. What could go wrong??

BUNNIES!!! And CATS!!! All over the road to Kapowsin. I slow to avoid them and then my mind snaps back into place. Sleep deprivation-induced hallucinations. I have been warned. My body is suddenly tired and my mind even more so. I must take a nap, but there is no place hospitable along the road. Finally I reach Kapowin Corner and a cozy concrete pad outside the tavern there. Five minutes, maybe six, and I'm feeling much better.

I take off in a sprint, glad to be on the last leg, but a cycle begins to emerge. Though I'm not weaving-around tired

and keep a neat line, and I can stand and sprint up to a respectable speed whenever I want to, my progress is painfully slow. I'm seeing single digits on the computer (that's kilometers, remember) and can't seem to pick up the pace. It's as if my body will no longer accept messages from my brain.

A longer fifteen-minute nap at the Grange corner does no lasting good, and I curse the twittering birds on Mud Mountain Road as the sun comes up. Finally I roll into the finish, something like three hours later than planned. The last 55k took four and a half hours, an almost falling-over pace.

Finished. And finished. On the drive back home, I stop in Auburn for a half-hour nap, not wanting to become a traffic statistic.

Later Ron says to me, "Didn't you take any caffeine pills with you?" Slap of forehead and loud "Duh!" is my reply. My gear list is now augmented by one critical item. I also learn to ride WITH someone, especially at night. But, of course, the price of this tidbit of knowledge is a near-solo 400.

Why do I do this? The 300k was horrible, the 400 a struggle. I like to have fun on a ride. This is NOT fun.

I don't know why, but something draws me in. Maybe it's the stretching of limits of what I can accomplish, however slowly. I honestly don't know.

But, later in the month, Team AARP and I do the Greg Sneed, mints-on-the-pillow, Fleche Pacifique on May 16-18—360k from Enumclaw to Harrison Hot Springs—and I'm feeling fine. Then the following weekend, May 24-25, is the SIR 600k around the Olympic Peninsula. I do it in a respectable time, enjoy myself immensely, and use what I learned from the 300 and 400 to make an easier go of it.

PBP is not on the table anymore, but maybe in four years ...

Folks, don't do this at home. Get out and ride!



## General Club Meeting Minutes: April 7, 2003

By Amy Harman

The meeting was called to order at 7:00 pm by president Tom Killion.

Announcements: Congrats to all the people who completed the 300k. Ken Carter from SIR attended the meeting. Welcome to new members. Ralph and Carol Nussbaum will be a leading a ride in Eastern Washington June 27-30. Cost will be \$225.00. Details for the ride are in the Cascade Courier and on the Cascade website (<http://cascade.org/EandR/tours.cfm>). The Jensens say, "Let's be careful out there." They did some serious damage to their car and bike racks by driving into the garage with bikes on the car. They also have a new Erickson S&S tandem on order, but not because of their bad driving.

RAMROD report: Approved for 800 riders. Volunteers, give your names to Carol Nussbaum to get your spots in early. Because we have more riders this year, the park may require extra rangers. The only issue with the extra Rangers is that the club pays for them. The Rangers

need to have overtime available. If they are maxed out, we cannot hire them. Start line is at Enumclaw High School. One of the key volunteer positions will be that of a parking coordinator to direct traffic. The new start line will shorten the course by a mile or two. We are going to be putting some Enumclaw travel information on our website: lodging, meals, etc. Wendy Cristofoli is Food Goddess this year. Upcoming rides: Wenatchee Sampler, based out of the La Quinta Inn. 100 mile ride on Saturday. Sunday ride to Leavenworth approximately 55 miles. (Ride took place April 12—Ed.)

Respectfully submitted, Amy M. Harman

## Cannonball 2003 Approaches

By Duane Wright

This year's Cannonball will take place on Saturday, June 28, at 3:00 a.m., from the plaza at the west end of the Mt. Baker /I-90 bike path tunnel.

Volunteers are needed to assist along the I-90 bike path portion of the

course at the start of the ride. Volunteers traditionally meet, after the riders have passed, for breakfast. They also receive the coveted Cannonball tee shirt.

If you wish to volunteer, please contact Duane Wright, 206-523-7404, [checkers@u.washington.edu](mailto:checkers@u.washington.edu).

Those planning to ride Cannonball, or S2S (Saturday, July 19), can pre-register by downloading the waiver at:

<http://staff.washington.edu/checkers/RCC/Cannonball%20waiver.pdf>

or

<http://staff.washington.edu/checkers/RCC/S2S%20waiver.pdf>

mail completed forms, along with \$20 (for Cannonball) or \$15 (for S2S) to:

Cannonball (or S2S)

c/o Duane Wright

3033 NE 103

Seattle, WA 98125-7716

## Brutal 300: the B.C. Randonneurs Lower Mainland Spring 300k, Saturday April 26, 2003

By Greg Sneed

At 6:00 a.m., fifty riders showed up at the Burnaby Lake Sports Complex.

I don't like riding alone, so it was great to see Ron Himshoot, Bob "Deathride" Brudvik, Ken Carter, and Peter "Heartbeat" Rankin in the parking lot all up from Seattle for this important event. It was foggy and cold as we lined up to sign in. The Canadians went by the book. The bicycle inspector turned on our lights and checked our fenders and our RUSA numbers. Danelle Laidlaw and her staff made sure things were in order.

The mood at the start was good humored as the fifty riders rolled out onto Joe Sakic Way.

During the first ten miles, I did talk briefly with Ron Himshoot. Ron was riding with Harold Bridge, who at 75 years old still rides these events. I should be so lucky and hope to be riding at that age.

As we travelled east up the King George Highway, the weather was perfect. My plan for the first one hundred kilometers was to sit in the peleton and

wait. Save energy, save energy. Remain relaxed and eat, eat, eat. It was going to be a long day. My hands were cold at first but with a few little climbs I soon warmed up. I was thinking I had dressed perfectly for the event.

We rode through White Rock, a tourist beachy little place, at 8:00 a.m. You could see folks just setting up for the tourist season. Ah, spring at last. What a nice table in front of that cafe for relaxing, and what a nice roll along the waterfront. Bicycling in Canada is a normal activity, so drivers and people in general show respect for cyclists.

Nothing unusual out through the first 100k. With three 200k training rides under my belt, I was feeling comfortable. Soon, it seemed, we arrived at Abbotsford, the second control, at about 9:45 a.m. First 100k out of the way. I was fussing with my gear, taking off my windbreaker and tying it over my trunk pack.

It was nice to see Ken Carter's RCC "A" Team of Bob, Peter, and Ken still there. I was feeling good. Had a Power Bar. Borrowed 20 bucks from Bob as the debit card did not work in B.C. It's always nice to touch a friend.

Ken and his crew were leaving, so for some insane season I rode out with them and was quickly dropped by these top riders. I slowed for the 40k grind to

Ryder Lake, the third control, and the Promontory climb. I love what the Canadians call it: "the agony climb".

On the straight farming road up ahead, I could see two riders dropping back for me. Bob and Peter wanted to pull me up to the fast group.

I must have been nuts to let Bob and Peter bridge me up to Ken's team and a 25-m.p.h. paceline. I tried to work the rotation once. That was enough. At times I would go to what was left of my sprint to stay on. Big Bob was most kind in giving me some of his GU in an effort to help me stay in contact. Later, this kindness would help a lot. I lasted for about five miles before returning to my normal pace. Save energy. It's a long day ahead.

From the second control at Abbotsford, you could see the monster Promontory climb at 120k. I had not done the the Promontory climb in ten years. I remembered that it was very easy to get lost on the ascent with those roads splitting everywhere, so I slowed before the base and waited for a group to form, hoping that someone would know the way up that giant.

From the base, the younger racing riders climbed away. But with four

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## B.C. 300K

hundred meters of 10- to 15-percent climbing, those with only two chainrings quickly began to die off, dismount, and walk it.

Phil, a Canadian cyclist, and another gentleman of about my age had been riding together, and we climbed as a group. But my shorter crank inches allowed me gradually to pull away around the curves and bends. With evergreens blocking the view on every side, it was easy to lose sight of the others, as everybody grunted their way up the 12-percent section. Riders were resting on the roadside, asking us to join them. Oh, to stop would have been so nice. But let's get it done.

Preparation paid off as I used my 32-rear and 30-front low gearing. As I continued climbing at 3.5 m.p.h., the front wheel bounced lightly on the road surface. A B.C. rider on a mountain bike passed me about fifty yards short of the summit, but I was basically alone at the crest. I hadn't needed to walk! I knew almost at once that here was the moment to gain major time in this event. Don't enjoy. Keep moving.

It was a little cold and windy at the summit at 132k, control number three, Ryder Lake. But the sun was out, and that had a positive effect. Took a few meds to ease the pain. Ate some of the great homemade cookies provided. Now was the time to be attentive. Huge time could be gained or lost at this moment.

A Canadian group of five was leaving, so I shortened my break and jumped on with them as we headed down the very steep descent. Halfway down, we met one of the guys I had started the climb with. He had taken a wrong turn on the climb, and now had to climb it again! Never saw him after that.

The five Canadians were a strong group. But they were not too fast for me to sit on as we pounded northeast toward Seabird Island and the fourth control at 170k. The guy pulling at the front was a 66-year old doctor from Vancouver, Doctor Dave. What power this guy had. Five miles from Seabird, he broke off the front. I managed to hang onto his wheel as we hammered up Highway 7 toward Hope, B.C. I was to pay for that effort later on.

More than half way done. Lunch, yes. I needed it. Toasted cheese sandwich, beef noodle soup, and coffee. Rested for thirty minutes. Before I was ready, Doctor Dave was getting his crew

together. Scary with 132k still to go, but I had to try to stay with a working group. We rolled out, heading through the hills around to Harrison Hot Springs at 190k. In Harrison, the fifth control was right across the street from La Cote d'Azur, my favorite French restaurant in Harrison. This was torture. It was 2:30 p.m. The restaurant opened at 5. All I needed was to walk across the street to heaven and Mr. Eddie, the owner, would take care of me.

I felt weak as we rolled out of town toward our second major climb of the day, the Woodside climb. I knew what was coming. In 1994, my brother Gil and I had built a good lead on the Hell's Gate 400k, dropping most folks with our power on The Limo. Heading back, we were feeling good until the Woodside climb. Halfway up, we broke the rear wheel on the tandem and spent ninety minutes rebuilding it in the pouring rain. The main group passed us then without a word.

The climb started just after this year's secret check point on Cameron Road, 200k into the route. Doctor Dave and his B.C. riders were too strong for me, and I was dropped just before the climb. As I turned west toward Burnaby, it was now all headwinds. I ground to the base of the climb at 10 m.p.h. With the first pitch at 16% for a mile and a half, I shifted into my lowest gear again and was back to 3.5 m.p.h. I counted the pedal rotations to take my mind off the battle. It was 68k to Mission, my goal for the next food break. It grew cold in the late afternoon winds as I continued climbing into the fading sunlight and increasing overcast. No rain. Please, not now.

It seemed strange, but at the summit I wasn't feeling too bad. I stood on the bicycle pedals to stretch and relax my back and ate a Power Bar. Now over the top and down toward the town of Mission, armpit of the world.

Two and a half hours after leaving the fifth control, I arrived at Mission, and—surprise of surprises—here was the B.C. group that dropped me, just leaving after a food break. Photo op. Of course I got myself into the picture, acting like I had ridden the whole way with Doctor Dave's group. After the photo, I rode with them for a mile before turning off at a Tim Horton's for a sandwich. 245k done. 60k to go.

Just as I was leaving the Tim Horton's, Phil, the Canadian rider from Burnaby who had been with my original group at the base of The Agony, joined me. Let's ride together, he said. He had

left his rando paperwork at the Seabird Cafe and had had to go back. I quickly checked for my rando passport. Yes, it was still there in my windbreaker jacket.

At 9:00 p.m., we reached the sixth control at 270k at Haney. Greg was slowing down. It was dark now and we turned all our lights on. Heavy traffic on a Saturday night on Lougheed Highway 7A. Apple juice, Coke, water. I wasn't interested in eating anymore.

We were on the old RSVP course heading for Burnaby and the finish at Danelle Laidlaw's house. I didn't know where that was, but Phil up front just kept leading on. Thank goodness for this tough and kind gentleman who dragged me in.

At 10:00 p.m., we rolled into the finish. My time was sixteen hours over the course distance of 305k. I was thirty-third out of fifty riders. Danelle, as always, closely checked my paperwork. The chili she made tasted wonderful, and I rested in the living room with the event officials. I was happy as she handed me my medal. "Well done" was all she said. The riders who finished ahead of us were gone. Phil and I spent thirty minutes at the gathering. No other riders arrived, and I thought about the seventeen riders still out there in the dark. I needed sleep.

I drove back to my motel room feeling safe and happy, but got no sleep in my room because I was cramping in both legs. I missed Lovey and I was a long way from home, happy and sad at the same time. I must be getting old.

Greg

(See ride results at [http://www.randonneurs.bc.ca/results/03\\_times/03\\_lm\\_sp.html](http://www.randonneurs.bc.ca/results/03_times/03_lm_sp.html)—Ed.)



## Spinning' All Night, Except The Bit After 12:40 a.m.

By *Orin Eman*

By now, most know of the club knows about our team's (Bob Brudvik, Ken Carter, Orin Eman, Peter Rankin, with support driver Steve Meadows) "heroic" attempt to take the trophy for most kilometers and perhaps even set a new record for the Fleche Pacifique, May 16-18, 2003.

It wasn't to be. A week or two before the ride, our esteemed captain Ken Carter said that the only things that could defeat us would be the weather or mechanical problems. The weather held very little back in making our defeat absolutely certain.

Our not so secret "undisclosed" start location was the summit of Cayuse Pass, at an elevation of around 4,600 feet. This should have given us a start of about forty fast downhill miles to Enumclaw. As we drove through Enumclaw toward Cayuse Pass, we saw new snow on the hills well below our planned starting altitude. Not looking good.

Just inside the Mount Rainier NP entrance, we found an inch or two of slush on the road. That was the end of the idea of starting at the summit of the pass. So we backtracked a little to the Crystal Mountain turnoff where there is a convenient parking lot. By now it was snowing. Nonetheless, we unloaded the bikes and put our cold/wet weather gear on. After taking photos and waiting for 6:00 p.m., we headed down toward Enumclaw.

Anyone who has done RAMROD knows about the headwinds on this road. Just because the weather had already thrown snow at us didn't mean we were to be spared those winds. Our pace was good but not great. We were having to work harder than I would have liked. Even though it wasn't snowing, it was raining with occasional snow mixed in, but fortunately not hard enough to be a problem. Not yet.

Through Greenwater, the weather reached into its bag of tricks again and we got hailed on. Normally, I don't mind hail—it just bounces off and stings a bit. But combined with the headwind, it found any piece of unprotected skin. Staring at one's own front wheel was the only way of avoiding a face full of the stuff—not good for being able to see the road or teammates ahead. This didn't last too long, and things actually improved as we got to Enumclaw.

Once we turned north, the wind helped a little and even the rain stopped for a while. The weather missed us with the lightning strike we observed while riding along East Lake Sammamish. I never heard the thunder, so it couldn't have been too close.

Things were looking up a bit as we pulled into our control in Redmond and to the absence of our support driver. We had done far better than expected timewise: it was only 9:30 p.m. and we had covered 71.6 miles. We bought food and headed out toward Fall City. Turning onto a particularly dark back road, Bob made us wonder with a comment about it being as dark as the inside of a cow. What does Bob know about the insides of cows?

Fall City came soon enough and this time Steve was there, having overtaken us just outside town. Forty-seven minutes for this 13.7 miles: we were slowing already, although the wind was less unfriendly on this section.

We headed back north and the rain started in earnest. So far, I was still fairly dry and although my feet had been cold earlier, by now they had warmed up a little. Now everyone started getting cold. By Monroe, Peter was contemplating simply turning toward home rather than continuing. My arms were cold, my gloves were soaked, my tights were soaked, and although for some unknown reason my legs weren't cold, I was on the edge of being chilled.

Ken had routed us on Highway 2 from Monroe to Snohomish. We quickly found why we don't use this road as we found the rumble strip by feel. We had no casualties, unlike a Canadian team that lost a rider who fell on a rumble strip, but it is not a pleasant experience when you are not expecting it. This route was perhaps the best, however, since we heard later that a barn at Lords Hill was hit by lightning. Lords Hill is on the Old Monroe-Snohomish Highway, our normal route.

I was thinking "It's got to stop raining". I couldn't see us able to go fast enough to stay warm without blowing up and failing to do the distance.

In Snohomish, Ken led us to a 7-11 to warm up. After a while there, I was game to go on to Granite Falls, our next control, and to see how things were then. But it didn't take long for the team to agree to quit at this point and call Steve, who was then in Granite Falls, to ask him to come and get us. Word was that there was mixed snow and rain now in Granite Falls.

Bob and Ken, who had fancy MEC jackets from Canada (<http://www.mountainequipment.coop>), were better off than were Pete (Performance jacket) and I (Burley jacket). The Burley works well enough for shorter or warmer rides, but I needed a heavier jacket.

Interestingly enough, there were times on the SIR Fleche Northwest (April 18-19) when I felt colder, but at least the weather then was warm enough so that when we got moving I warmed up also. This time, moving wasn't enough to keep us warm. We would have had to stop every hour or two to warm up again—something our ambitious schedule would not allow.

To sum up, by my computer's reckoning, we stopped in Snohomish at 12:40 a.m. having done 118.7 miles, with 1,800 feet of climbing, at an overall average speed of 17.7 m.p.h.



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## Another Long Day

the bakery, explaining to the surprised woman that today a bunch of cyclists would ask her to sign their cards and, I hoped, buy some of the delicious goods on offer. With that, I was back on the road, just as the next riders arrived. The hills that followed are the most pleasant imaginable: not too steep, not too short, not too variable in pitch, and with nice scenery and little traffic at this time of day.

But they were not without dangers. Soon I saw a few cars by the roadside and people motioning for me to go slowly. Gravel was strewn over the road, a power line was lying in the other lane, and an overturned semi-truck and trailer was lying wheels up next to the road. Steam and smoke was rising. I stopped to ask whether everybody was OK, and the shocking answer was that they didn't know—the accident had just happened. However, there were enough people to help, so I decided to continue, a bit in a daze. Only about a mile later I realized that it was rather likely that tonight, somewhere, somebody wouldn't return home for dinner. I cried for a while as I rode along. (I was overjoyed to hear at the finish from Ken Carter, who has a knack for charming the locals and hearing all kinds of stories, that the driver had broken either a shoulder or a collarbone but otherwise was OK.)

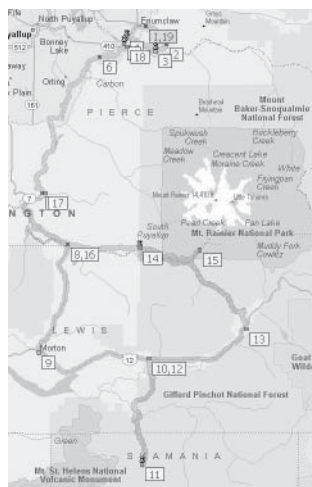
With these thoughts, I reached the Nisqually valley, and soon my sympathy with the locals was diminished by broken bottles littering the shoulder. I avoided some, but one cut my rear tire. With a sharp hiss, all the air escaped instantaneously, halting my progress. I chided myself for not bringing a spare tire, but at least the gash in the sidewall was small enough to be fixed with an energy bar wrapper. However, I made the mistake of wrapping the wrapper around the inner tube so that it wouldn't shift away from the hole if the tube moved a bit. More about that later.

This repair took some time and as I left Elbe I noticed, once again, a group of riders behind. I was traveling at a good speed, I thought—31 km/h—and yet they were gaining. They continued to gain slowly on the climbs that followed and, after a few km, I was with the group again. The story of the hare and the tortoise came to mind.

The speed remained high as we zoomed through Morton, which was dominated by a huge lumber mill. A few

people stopped for provisions, but Ken Carter and another rider continued. The pace increased, and I decided to drop back. Ken, too, had had enough, and so we continued on more slowly but still a bit fast for me. So much for my initial plan of riding by myself!

The control in Randle took only a few seconds, and soon I found myself on the climb toward Windy Ridge. I had no clear idea of what to expect, but within feet I was in my smallest gear. After the



### SIR 400k route

initial climb, the road became flat again, winding its way through the spring forest. It was quite lovely, especially since there was no traffic at all. But soon the second steep grade began and, about half-way up, I found myself struggling. Whether this “defaillance” was caused by lack of food or by my going too fast earlier, my legs turned leaden, my vision blurred, and the road gained a purple hue. I quickly drank some liquid meal replacement and tried to keep pedaling. I looked at my computer, which showed 13 km/h. I remember thinking that it didn't matter if the road became purple as long as I kept moving. Suffice it to say that the rest of the steep parts were a bit difficult, and only toward the top did I start to feel better. Soon the control appeared, with a friendly Bill Dussler inquiring about my state of being. An honest answer would have been inappropriate and, in any case, I felt better already.

I ate some potato chips to replenish lost salts, filled my bottles, and was back on the road five minutes after I had arrived. Eating chips takes some time when one is tired! Half a mile down the road, I saw the first riders, and then more and more as I descended. With my mental state fully restored, the tight turns on the descent were great fun, until my

rear tire went soft once again. I stopped, took off the tire, and found a small hole in the tube. The energy bar wrapper had disintegrated. Clearly, wrapping this around the tube had not been a good idea. (Last year, I rode 250k on a not-wrapped energy bar wrapper that filled a much bigger cut in the tire. It was bulging out but got me to the finish!) As I contemplated my next move, Amy and Robin Piper on their tandem came into sight. Robin offered a spare tire, a tire I had given him during the fall 300k brevet and which I had received from somebody during the spring 300k! It looked a bit worn by now but better than what I had, so on it went, and I continued my descent.

Back in Randle, I stopped at the store again, this time to buy some caffeinated soft drink. Of course, now there was a long line, and I had finished my drink by the time I reached the cashier. Back on the road, I saw behind me a group of riders slowly catching up. They were moving faster than tortoises, though, and soon I found myself again with the group, now reduced to six or so. In Packwood, we all stopped to have our cards signed, and most decided to have dinner at the convenience store. I did not stay, however, because I had enough food in my handlebar bag.

Skate Creek Road is a twelve-mile climb, but it is scenic and not very steep. Usually it is a favorite of mine, but today my right knee started to hurt less than a mile into the climb. I had injured a tendon last year during Cannonball, and it seemed to have healed. But now it flared up again. I probably did not spin enough during my “defaillance” on the previous climb. Not only did it hurt, but I also wanted to avoid doing more damage. So I got off and stretched, walked about thirty yards to loosen my legs, and then continued in my smallest gear. This went on all the way up the climb. I got off seven or eight times. The climb was not as enjoyable as it usually is, but I didn't fail to notice the beauty of Skate Creek rushing over its boulder-filled bed.

Even on the flat roads that followed, my knee hurt. It was time to decide whether to ride on to Longmire and drop out there, wait until the control closed to get a ride back, and hope my knee would be better in a week's time so that I could do the ride again to qualify for PB, or to detour to Ashford (three miles each way), buy some ibuprofen, hope the swelling would go down so that I could continue, and attempt to ride

(continues on page 7)

(continued from page 6)

## Another Long Day

carefully in order to finish but not to jeopardize the rest of the season. The latter seemed like the smarter approach.

Just before the turnoff, however, Greg Cox and Mark Vandekamp caught up, and Greg had ibuprofen, making the detour unnecessary. They went ahead as I soft-pedaled, waiting for the medication to do its magic. By the time I reached the park entrance my knee was feeling better,

and the slight uphill toward Longmire was no problem. I even managed to enjoy the old-growth forest and glimpses of the roaring Nisqually River, but concerns over my knee meant that I couldn't savor the climb as I usually would have. Memories of RAMROD, of charging up this road at 22 mph to "soften up" other riders before the real climb started past Longmire, now seemed from a distant past. My speed was not even half that.

Fortunately, the Longmire store was open until 5:00 (it was 4:55!), and they had ibuprofen. Thus reinforced, I

joined Mark and Greg for the ride back to Enumclaw. It rained on and off, and I tried to avoid stressing my knee either by pushing too big a gear or by spinning too fast. As we reached Buckley, it got dark and started raining harder. Still, the last kilometers were nice, all of us knowing we'd be back in Enumclaw soon. Rarely have I felt so grateful to have finished a brevet. Not much later, Will Roberts arrived, who had ridden alone, at his own pace, all day. A lesson to be learned! And, I am glad to say, my knee feels fine today, two days after the event.

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## Song Commemorates

### Washington DC Fleche

*Sent by Kit Rudd to SIR and Intercepted by RCC Newsletter Editors*

### "American Fleche—The Real Lyrics"

*(With many apologies to Don McLean)*

A long long time ago  
I can still remember how the  
brevets always made me ache  
Then Anty Lynn the Randonnette  
Said, "Do the Fleche, you won't  
regret"  
All you need to do is stay awake

In February I would shiver  
On training rides I would quiver  
The snow buried the doorstep  
Fell outside - just one misstep

I can't remember if I lied  
When I told her I'd be glad to ride  
But something touched me deep  
inside

The day the Fleche arrived

So  
{Refrain}

My, my kiss my sore butt goodbye  
On our saddles we'll do battle  
On 11 we'll fly  
The Fender Farts will be streakin'  
on by  
Singin' "This'll be the day that we  
ride,  
This'll be the day that we ride."

Did you bring your brevet card?  
And can you stomp the pedals  
hard?  
If Sir Gordon asks you to  
Is spinning fast your major goal?  
Can cycling save your mortal soul?  
And can you teach me how to  
climb - I'm too slow

So we climbed on the bikes in  
Fancy Hill  
We knew we'd have to ride until  
We all ran out of gas  
Man how long can we all last?

We were smelly old-aged Fender  
Farts  
With weakened backs and aging  
hearts

But I still had to do my part  
The day the Fleche arrived

We started singin'  
{Refrain}

My, my kiss my sore butt goodbye  
On our saddles we'll do battle  
On 11 we'll fly  
The Fender Farts will be streakin'  
on by  
Singin' "This'll be the day that we  
ride,  
this'll be the day that we ride."

So for thirty miles we'd been on  
our own  
As dirt gathered on our aging  
bones  
Still with two hundred more to go  
I watched Fred climb, he was lean  
and mean  
I think he was juiced on caffeine  
He put on such a climbing show

So we arrived in Armstrong town  
To shovel food all the way down  
The rest stop was quite earned  
For more pancakes we yearned

*(continues on page 8)*

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## Redmond Makes a Good Impression on a Visiting Cyclist

*From RoadBikeRider.com, issue no. 93, 8 May 2003*

Last week [Fred Matheny] had the chance to ride in Redmond, WA, during a family trip. Redmond, best known for Microsoft, is the self-proclaimed Bicycle Capital of the Northwest.

This small city deserves the designation for more reasons than being home to the Marymoor Velodrome. Fred found some great routes — and some killer hills!

He also found that Redmond does cycling right. It's in the center of hundreds of miles of well-designed and maintained bike paths. Roads have cycling-friendly shoulders. In fact, signs warn drivers to stay off.

That's good, because traffic volume seemed high. The presence of designated bike lanes indicates that some people in Redmond understand cycling and know how to navigate local politics. For an out-of-towner, it felt safe to ride.

It made Fred wonder, though — where are the rideable shoulders and cycling-friendly signs on state highways in other places? Maybe you wish your town did it like Redmond, too.

(continued from page 3)

## Pie

And while Roger read the Fleche  
cue sheet

We wished outside there was some  
heat

We knew tomorrow we'd feel beat  
The day the Fleche arrived.

We started whining

{Refrain}

My, my kiss my sore butt goodbye

On our saddles we'll do battle

On 11 we'll fly

The Fender Farts will be streakin'  
on by

Singin' "This'll be the day that we  
ride,

this'll be the day that we ride."

Helter Skelter, we could use some  
shelter

I'd rather be in that summer  
swelter

Many miles down, not riding fast

The rain came down on our bald  
heads

We should have stayed in our warm  
beds

But we had to put all that distance  
past

Now the morning air was sweet  
perfume

And the rain stopped in late  
afternoon

We all sat down and spun

Oh, this was becoming fun

Cause the others tried to lead the  
pack

But Roger just would not hold back

There was no time to relax

The day the Fleche arrived

We started schvitzin'

{Refrain}

My, my kiss my sore butt goodbye

On our saddles we'll do battle

On 11 we'll fly

The Fender Farts will be streakin'  
on by

Singin' "This'll be the day that we  
ride,

this'll be the day that we ride."

Oh, and there we were all in one  
place

Four randonneurs keeping pace

With no time out to take a break

So come on, Farts be nimble, Farts  
be quick

Go to make that schedule stick

'Cause tonight we gotta stay awake

Oh, and as we kept on riding more

We heard the tales of those before

Keith and the Carnivores

The Randonnettes at stores

And as the moon climbed high into  
the night

We stopped in Boyce for a small  
bite

We must have looked quite a horrid  
sight

The day the Fleche arrived

We were fartin'

{Refrain}

My, my kiss my sore butt goodbye

On our saddles we'll do battle

On 11 we'll fly

The Fender Farts will be streakin'  
on by

Singin' "This'll be the day that we  
ride,

this'll be the day that we ride."

The Randonnettes, they hate to lose

They were hoping for some happy  
news

But Fender Farts were kings this  
day

And we flew by all the fast food  
stores

Ignoring all our saddle sores

With an eye on the cue sheet - can't  
go astray

Through the 'burbs the Farts were  
sprintin'

Our legs were fried, our eyes were  
squintin'

But not a word was spoken

The Fender Farts were smokin'

And the Gordon I admired most

Shot ahead of us and we were toast

We had to push, we couldn't coast

The day the Fleche arrived.

And we were smelling

{Refrain}

My, my, kiss my sore butt goodbye

On our saddles we'll do battle

On 11 we'll fly

The Fender Farts will be streakin'  
on by

Singin' "This'll be the day that we  
ride,

this'll be the day that we ride."

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## New "Bicycling in Washington" and "Walking in Washington" websites from the Washington State Department of Transportation

Bicyclists and pedestrians have new on-line resources with the launch of two new web sites from the Washington State Department of Transportation.

"Washington has some of the most scenic vistas and trails for bicycling and walking in the country," said Transportation Secretary Doug MacDonald. "Our new bicycling and walking web sites are new tools to unite statewide resources for planning cycling and hiking trips. Everything from trail routes, to cycling organizations, to bike shops, maps, and local government contacts can now be found in a single location."

The bicycling web site is designed to provide easy access to information on route and trail maps for all areas of the state, making connections to Washington State Ferries and Amtrak Cascades, bicycling safety tips, biking to work and school, tips for commuters, route closure information, grant opportunities, design guides and other technical assistance, and links to other bicycle related organizations and resources.

On the walking site are maps and resource information for walking and hiking trails, walking safety tips, walking for health, links and safety information for children, grant opportunities, design resources and other technical assistance, and links to pedestrian advocacy groups and organizations. Also included on this web site is information for bicyclists and pedestrians sharing trails with horses, with more equestrian information coming soon.

The Bicycling in Washington web site can be found at [www.wsdot.wa.gov/bike](http://www.wsdot.wa.gov/bike) and the Walking in Washington web site can be found at [www.wsdot.wa.gov/walk](http://www.wsdot.wa.gov/walk).

## Harrison is Heaven

By Duane Wright

The Fleche Pacifique had a great turnout, with 11 teams, 48 starters, and 43 finishers converging on Harrison Hot Springs, British Columbia, on Sunday, May 18 for a morning banquet at the Harrison Hotel. Five of those teams were from south of the border.

Some teams had better luck with the weather than did others. Team Spinnin' All Nite had a very tough time with weather. These hardy souls (Bob Brudvik, Ken Carter, Orin Eman, and Peter Rankin) started on the night of Friday May 16 and rode through most of

the night in all sorts of rough conditions before finally throwing in the towel.

A team starting in Olympia, the "South Sound Sojourners" (Dan Fender, Paul Johnson, Brian List, Cory Thompson, and Peg Winczewski), timed things well with the weather gods and also came away with the Lungs for Life Trophy. To be eligible for this trophy, a team must include one rider under 35 years of age and one rider 55 or older. Points are accrued on the basis of total distance plus 6 points for every year of age over 55 of the team's oldest rider. This was both the first time a team from south of the border has won this trophy and only the fourth time a team from south of the border has

won any Fleche Pacifique trophy.

The Gordon Bisaro Memorial Trophy (24 Hour Team Distance Challenge) was won by the wonderfully named "Axles of Evil". Ken Bonner, Eric Fergusson, Keith Fraser, and Michel Richard covered a whopping 529 km. Also on the team was Henry Berkenbos. During the ride, he suffered a broken collar bone when he fell after an encounter with rumble strips. We wish him a speedy recovery.

The M&M Trophy ("The Most Kilometers By the More Mature"), for teams whose riders are all over 40, with points figured on average age times distance, went to "Retro Riders" David Gillanders, Bill Kitchen, Manfred Kuchenmuller, Allard Malek, and Ral Prefontaine, who covered 400 km. Their average age was 62.8 years, with two riders 70 or above!

Other teams from the Seattle area included the perennial "Pasty White Guys", with Don Harkleroad, Ron Himschoot, and Dave Johnson (408 km); "Sins of the Fleche", with sinful, yet prominent, SIR members Greg Cox, Bill Dussler, Peter McKay, and Mark Thomas (381 km); and "AARP" (American Association of Retired People) Matt Dalton, Tom Killion, Terry Olmsted, Sylvia Shiroyama, and Duane Wright. Team "AARP" included four Fleche Pacifique first timers, rookies no more.



*The Abominable All Nite Spinners*



*Sylvia Shiroyama demonstrates crucial randonneur skill -- the ability to sleep anywhere, anytime.*



Team AARP at Harrison finish



Sylvia closes her eyes and concentrates deeply, while trying to decide if a glass of wine, with breakfast, will hurt her training.

## BikePro USA Hard-shell Tandem Case for rent

Very nice case with customizable foam interior to offer your rig the highest degree of protection. Includes separate compartment for up to four wheels and space for accessories. Perfect for airline/train travel or for shipping your bike to or from your touring destination. Packing

instructions and/or assistance happily provided. I am in Tacoma. I would be happy to arrange delivery in the Puget Sound area or to meet you halfway if you are a little further out.

\$50 per week plus refundable deposit.

Contact Vincent Gutierrez via phone at 253-761-3024 or email at [vincentgutierrez@msn.com](mailto:vincentgutierrez@msn.com).

## Mudflaps Moves to Thursday

By Greg Sneed

Starting in June the weekly Mudflaps ride will be on Thursday nights. Bring you meal and drink and watch the Crash 4's racing bicycles at Seward Park. It's lots of fun and a great place to picnic and gossip. We'll ride from Gasworks at 6 pm. Racing goes until dark. Be prepared to ride on your own coming back and if you stay for all the races bring lights.

## Metro Investigates Three-bike Racks for Buses

By The Editors

Metro has begun testing new bike racks, capable of carrying three bikes, to replace some of the two-bike racks currently in place on their entire fleet. For the entire Seattle Times story:

<http://archives.seattletimes.nwsource.com/cgi-bin/texis.cgi/web/vortex/display?slug=bikerack15&date=20030515>

Several notes of related interest:

For Sound Transit's policy on bicycles:

<http://www.soundtransit.org/stbusiness/facts/stbikes.htm>

Sounder train to Everett:

[http://seattletimes.nwsource.com/html/localnews/134841221\\_sounder29m.html](http://seattletimes.nwsource.com/html/localnews/134841221_sounder29m.html)



New aero saddle catching industry by storm



*A leaner, meaner Ruth Sneed, on the difficult road to recovery*

April 29, 2003

Redmond Cycling Club  
 Thomas Killion, President  
 P.O. Box 1841  
 Bothell, WA 98041

Dear Thomas:

Thank you very much for helping ensure the preservation and safety of Washington's national parks with your gift of \$3000.00

Trail creation and maintenance, natural resource protection, interpretive and educational programs, outreach, and cultural resource protection are areas of critical need in Mount Rainier, North Cascades, and Olympic National Parks. With your generous support, the Fund will be able to help meet Washington's national parks' top six priority needs for 2003. And, as we continue to work together, we will be able to start to build an endowment that protects, enhances, and restores Mount Rainier, North Cascades, and Olympic national parks for current and future generations.

As a member of Washington's National Park Fund, we will be inviting you to casual quarterly events for a "behind the scenes" look at our parks with the park superintendents in the coming year. We hope you will be able to join us.

Once again, thank you for your kind donation. If you have any questions, thoughts, or inspirations, please give me a call (206) 770-0627.

Sincerely,

Ahna Machan  
 Executive Director

*Thomas,  
 Thank you - Please let us  
 know if you need a couple  
 extra volunteers, too!*

Washington's National Park Fund is a non-profit organization as defined in Section 501 (c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code. Its tax identification number is: 91-1592246. You received no substantial goods or services in exchange for this contribution and the contribution is tax-deductible as allowed by law.

2112 Third Avenue, Suite 501 Seattle, WA 98121 Tel: 206-770-0627 Fax: 206-770-0694  
 Preserving the Heritage of Mount Rainier, North Cascades & Olympic National Parks

*Letter, and note, of thanks to RCC for its donation to Washington Parks Association*

## Rides

**Friday June 13**  
**SIR 600 & 1000 km**

**Sunday June 15**  
**SIR 400 km**

<http://www.seattlerandonneur.org/>

**Wednesday June 18**  
**Hot Weather Training**  
**Ride**

Start Time: 05:00AM

Start Location: Hydro Park/south of East Wenatchee on SR-28

Ride Leader Name: James Dong

Contact Phone: 425/746-5288

Contact Email: jamesld20@hotmail.com

Distance: 200 mi

Pace: Brisk

Pace 2: Moderate

This ride follows the prescribed Cannonball and S2S training route.

*Have a great summer, good luck with the rally and happy cycling!*

Best Wishes,

*Sue Thieck*  
 Regional Director

**Redmond Cycling Club Membership Subscription Form**  
Individual/Family\* Membership Dues: \$15 per calendar year

**Please complete this form and mail it with  
your dues to:**

**Redmond Cycling Club - Membership  
Post Office Box 1841  
Bothell WA 98041-1841**

**New Membership**     **Renewal**     **Information change. Start date:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
First Name    Last Name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Membership# (first 3 digits in top right of address label)

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address Line 1

\_\_\_\_\_  
Day Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address Line 2

\_\_\_\_\_  
Evening Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
City                      State    Zip Code

\_\_\_\_\_  
Email Address

\* One vote is allowed per membership when voting on RCC issues and one copy of the RCC newsletter is mailed for each membership. Use additional copies of this form if multiple family members are to be listed under this membership.

**Redmond Cycling Club Information**

The Redmond Cycling Club (“Where HILL is not a four-letter word”) is a group of cycling enthusiasts from the greater Seattle area. We meet on the first Monday of each month at 7:15 p.m. at Coco’s Restaurant, Lake Forest Park Center, 17535 Ballinger Way NE, Lake Forest Park, WA 98155 (206-364-8910). Social hour starts at 6:30 p.m. Club phone number is (206) 781-3903.

Our members participate in endurance riding, racing, training and informal social rides. We sponsor the popular Ride Around Mt. Rainier in One Day (RAMROD) and the cross-state ultramarathons CANNONBALL and S2S.

For more information, attend one of our monthly meetings, write us at P.O. Box 1841, Bothell, WA 98041-1841, or email us at [info@redmondcyclingclub.org](mailto:info@redmondcyclingclub.org). You can visit us on the Internet at <http://www.redmondcyclingclub.org>.



Redmond Cycling Club  
P.O. Box 1841  
Bothell, WA 98041-1841