



General Meeting:
Monday, July 12, 2004
No August Meeting
Third Place
Lake Forest Park Town Centre
17171 Bothell Way NE
Lake Forest Park, WA 98155
Social meeting 6:30 PM
Business meeting 7:15 PM

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Message from the Prez: Get Involved!

By Tom Killion

First, a recap of the last two months' events, as best my failing memory will allow. A great BC Randonneurs 300k April 10 out of Fort Langley. Fabulous weather and fine roads all the way.

A really fine Fleche May 21-23 (especially for those wise folks who chose to get a good night's sleep on the Friday before!) with a hilarious recounting of road stories from the participants involved.

By all reports a wonderful Northwest Tandem Rally May 29, 30, 31 in Lacey. Literally hundreds of participants (divide by two for the number of bikes) enjoying quiet backroads around Olympia and environs.

According to Lola Jacobsen (give her a hand for another great job!), perfect weather and conditions for a Mazama weekend June 5 and 6: not too cool/hot, not too moist/dry, great accommodations and food, and the chance to show the SIR 600k participants on the route Sunday how truly civilized a bicycle ride can be!

Now to later news:

MrDon reports that all is proceeding very smoothly with RAMROD. All insurance issues are resolved, all permits are in place or in process, most volunteers are lined up, the logistics are progressing nicely, and of course the ride is sold out. New this year are the relocation of the Kautz Creek stop to "Gateway" just outside the park entrance at Nisqually, a minor shift of the Paradise water

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Bike Summer Seattle 2004:

100 Days, 1,000 Events,
100,000 Participants Riding
1,000,000 Miles

Coming to the Streets of Washington State June through September, BikeSummer is one hundred days of celebration and activism featuring bicycling and community events. It kicks off with bike rides at Discovery Days on June 11 along the Mountains to Sound Greenway.

BikeSummer 2004 is a summer-long feast of bicycle activism, bike rides, and bike culture. It's an invitation for non-riders to take to the streets and

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From the Prez

stop, and a relocated mini-stop in Eatonville. We're starting on our third decade of RAMROD, and this one is shaping up to be even better than ever.

This is RCC's flagship ride, the one we are (in)famous for, so lend a hand. If you think you might have some spare time toward the end of July, let MrDon know and he might have a task or two available.

Send Duane Wright an e-mail (checkers@u.washington.edu) to see whether he could use a few (very) early risers to assist with Cannonball and S-2-S later this month and in early July. Flashlights are mandatory.

Thanks to legal eagle George Thornton for his assistance in addressing the recent attempts by the Lake

Forest Park City Council to (apparently, although not clearly) hamstring King County's upgrading of the Burke Gilman Trail. Both RCC and Cascade members turned out in large numbers at the Council hearing in May, enough so that the Mayor issued his very first veto on one of the proposed ordinances.

Unfortunately the Council overrode the veto, and we shall have to see what the effect will be on negotiations between LFP and the County. Your board members are actively monitoring this situation as it develops. If you have ANY questions or concerns on this issue, PLEASE contact a board member for updates and information.

So, what does the title of this month's column have to do with anything?

Just this: each and every ride or

event I have just described had a LOT of people INVOLVED in the planning, setup, and execution. Rides, meetings, events and even Trails don't happen unless people get involved.

The members of this Club love to ride, but we also owe it to ourselves, our fellow riders and the community at large to get truly INVOLVED in the issues, planning, and process concerning bicycling in our back yard.

Remember, someone WILL make the rules, so it might be a good idea to have that someone be knowledgeable about cycling and cyclists' interests. You can help by getting INVOLVED and making your voice heard. Volunteer, write your representative, attend a meeting, make some noise--but do something on your own and your fellow cyclists' behalf.

Then ... get out and ride!

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Bike Summer

trails, and for international bicyclists to come to Washington to share experiences, learn, and enjoy our urban and rural environments.

Linda Schwartz with the Bicycle Alliance of Washington says: "Bike-Summer is a chance to showcase all that Washington has to offer for both seasoned and rookie cyclists. It's simply a way to let more people in on the summer fun that people who already ride wait for all year." "I'm particularly looking forward to the Mini-Mart Mini-Pretzel Taste-Test Ride!", Schwartz adds.

Anyone can organize an event, anywhere across the state, and add it to the list of BikeSummer happenings. Events include road rides, moonlight rides, bike-themed movies, art-bike rallies, safety workshops, off-road rides, street theater, and more.

BikeSummer 2004 builds on the momentum and enthusiasm that originated in San Francisco in 1999 and

flowed to Portland, Vancouver BC, Chicago, New York, and now Seattle.

Bikesummer is brought to you by the Bicycle Alliance of Washington with generous support from the City of Seattle, Cascade Bicycle Club, Sound Transit, and Flexcar.

CELEBRATE the bicycle as an efficient, fun, and healthy way to get around. PROMOTE bicycling as environmentally-friendly transportation. EXPLORE the city and state by bicycle. CONNECT with new people, new communities, and new ideas. ENVISION and work toward a more bicycle-friendly world.

For more information, visit the website at <http://www.bikesummer.org/2004>.

Linda Schwartz Commuting Programs Director Bicycle Alliance of Washington Post Office Box 2904 Seattle, WA 98111 206-224-9252 www.bicyclealliance.org "Working to Make Washington a Great Place for Cyclists"

Check out the State's web site for cyclists and tell them what you think: <http://www.wsdot.wa.gov/bike/>.

Cannonball Volunteers Needed

By Duane Wright

Cannonball 2004 takes place on Saturday, June 26. Start time is 3:00 a.m. As usual, volunteers are needed to help riders, many of who are unfamiliar to the area, navigate intersections along the I-90 bike path in the dark. Each volunteer is assigned a location somewhere between Mercer Island and Issaquah. After the riders have passed, volunteers traditionally assemble for breakfast (paid for by the club). All volunteers also receive the year's Cannonball tee shirt. This tee shirt is highly coveted – just ask Mr. Don.

Homage to Dr. Science

By George Thornton

(Apologies to the Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre for using their theme. Maybe they will hire me as a writer.)

ASK DR. SCIENCE. HE KNOWS MORE THAN YOU DO. HE HAS A MASTER'S DEGREE. IN SCIENCE!!!!

Q: Dr. Science, I understand the Lake Forest Park City Council wants to convert Seattle's Burke Gilman trail from pavement to gravel. At the same time they plan to allow wealthy private clubs to construct buildings, driveways and parking lots next to the water.

The ordinance is being justified as necessary to protect the health and quality of the adjacent wetlands. Yet the Burke Gilman bicycle trail has been in existence for 25 years and is not a source of pollution from motor vehicles.

Can you explain the scientific rationale for the City's ordinance?

A: That you can even ask this question betrays your complete ignorance

and lack of training in SCIENCE.

This situation really falls into the scientific specialty of ecolonomics. A combination of economics and ecology, or as we like to say in the profession, "colon" science.

Fish are really the ultimate capitalists. They live in a truly free market economic system where the big fish literally eat the smallest. Survival of the fittest. Most of the survivors belong to the Heritage Foundation, subscribe to National Review, and contribute heavily to the Republican party. On a summer evening, if you listen carefully and understand the language, you can hear surviving fish complaining that George W. Bush is a nice guy but a bit too liberal.

Fish also have a highly refined sense of taste or smell.

Science has also proven that all bicyclists are really Godless Communists. The taste of communism spills from their corrupt and tortured bodies as they labor in anguish in opposition to the wonderful things that SCIENCE

has brought us. Cars. Plutonium. Global warming.

Fish can taste the runoff from the bicycle trail, and they know there are Godless Communists nearby. The fish will leave in anger and disgust, and the wetlands will suffer.

The authors of the Lake Forest Park ordinance are really quite enlightened in their thinking. They hope that if the trail is permeable, the offensive water from communist bicyclists will soak into the land. The fish will instead taste high quality motor oil runoff from expensive motor vehicles parked at posh Republican private clubs. The fish will feel at home among these land-based survivors and everyone is happy.

Motor oil is really good for you, especially the synthetic variety. I drink two quarts a day as part of a regular health regimen. I recommend it to everyone.



Lake Forest Park Public Hearing, May 13, 2004

Compiled from various sources

Cyclists and other trail users outnumbered the ordinance proponents by at least 3-1. There were many cyclists from LFP and adjoining suburban cities, so we didn't come across as a crowd of Seattleite carpetbaggers. But all the riders from other towns pointed out that the trail in its entirety is a regional treasure, not the plaything of LFP, and a vital cycling link that has no alternative route.

Carolyn Edmonds, who is from LFP and on the King County Council was the first speaker and gave the LFP Council an astonishing verbal dressing down, directed specifically at two or three of the council people by name. She explained that the LFP Council

made no attempt to work with her and the KC Council on trail issues, that she had to learn of the proposed ordinance secondhand. She laid it out in no uncertain terms that the KC Council was not going to sit still through any attempt to harm the trail, and went so far as to threaten cut-off of all KC funds that go to projects in LFP. She may have given some ammo to the property rights folks though, because they picked up on this as an example of KC interference in the City's right to make its own laws, and one speaker even brought Ron Sims' name into it, in an obvious reference to the homeless encampment issue in Bothell.

Not all the opponents of ordinance 907 were cyclists. We had assistance from rollerbladers, which was understandable, but also from handicapped and aged users, who were afraid of losing their only safe facility for out-

door exercise in the area.

Some of the cyclists had acid dripping from their remarks, and the moderator had to remind the audience to refrain from clapping, cheering, snorting, etc., several times. One guy brought the house down with "Is Tim Eyman in the audience tonight? This ordinance sure looks like something he would write!" Another said that he rode to the meeting from his job in Lynnwood, and that as he came down 178th at 27 mph, which he apologized for since the posted speed limit is 25, he couldn't help notice the lawbreaking motorists passing him -- wasn't this the kind of behavior that should be limited by replacing 178th with a gravel road? Another animated fellow brought huge laughs from the cyclists with "If you replace the trail with gravel it won't be the end of

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Lake Forest Park

your problems. You may discourage some road bike users, but you will be encouraging a new group -- Mountain Bikers -- and if you think you have problems with road bikers now, oh boy! Just wait to see what you're going to have in store for you with Mountain Bikers!"

Several people pointed out that the claim of helping sensitive areas was totally bogus, given the proximity to the trail of the Lakeside road, drive-ways, Bothell Way, etc. One person

had the best and shortest question of all: "Why?" Why was the Council entertaining this ordinance at all and who was really behind it?

Lake Forest Park Mayor's Veto Overridden, 5-2

By George Thornton

We lost. The veto was overridden and ordinance 906 adopted.

No one from Cascade showed up. Three of us from RCC were there. There were a number of anti-trail locals at the meeting. A few of them

spoke.

It is also apparent that the anti-trails have been organizing quietly behind the scenes and they have firm control of the political reins in Lake Forest Park. They knew in advance exactly what was going to happen.

From the comments of the council members, I think we really only have one friend. Everyone else is looking for a way to impose regulation on the trail. Ordinance 909 is going to be modified to be more specific but it will be adopted.

The only thing to do from here is to try to unseat a few council members.

BC Randonneurs Cycling Club's Fleche Pacifique, May 21-23, 2004

By Donald Boothby

Preparedness is everything. Physical and mental conditioning are important, as is a properly prepared and appropriate machine. My 2003 Raleigh Competition is really a race bike and not the best for randonneuring, but I have spent a lot of time and effort since last December trying to make it work. Unlike a lot of the cyclists I have met since finding this sport, I have only one bike. Well, okay, so I now have a tandem, too, but that's a story for a different day. I have experimented with tires, fenders, lights and attached mechanisms to make sure I could make everything work together.

I felt really strong on Thursday night as I was getting clothing and gear together and making sure I had everything on my checklist in order. I managed to sleep in until 8:30 Friday morning, with a 6:00 p.m. start scheduled. Mimi said to me at some point during the day when we were talking, "Let me get this straight. You are driving north thirty miles to Edmonds so you can then turn around and drive south eighty miles to Enumclaw so you can ride north 240 miles to Canada. It all seems a bit odd to me."

We all met up at Terry's house in Edmonds to get our bikes and gear stashed into our support vehicles for the drive south. The team should have started worrying, I suppose, when I asked Terry if we could stop in Auburn so I could go to the bathroom.

When we got to Charlie's Restaurant, the sign said open, but they weren't, so we headed off in search of a cafe to have a pre-ride dinner. A perfect 6:00 p.m. start was delayed by only a couple of minutes when Linda remembered, as we were crossing the highway, that she had forgotten to pump up her tires.

After about a half hour, I had the team's first flat. Changing it, I got to hear Matt and Shane's opinion of my Continental Ultra 2000 tires. After another mile and a half or so, I had our team's second flat. Now I REALLY got to hear the analysis of my tire choice. Shane pretty much insisted on giving me a spare he had along, something that looked like it came off a tanker truck. We got the tube installed and upon inflating, I managed to break the valve stem in my haste to get us back up and on the road. Now, very frustrated and ready to throw the entire *#@\$&!# wheel into the bushes, I was into Shane's supply of tubes, which I promptly managed to pinch between the rim and tire and

explode, which sound was followed by a collective vote of general displeasure from the rest of the team. After much cussin' and fussin', I finally managed to get a tube in, air in, and wheel and self back on the machine. We're now forty-five minutes behind schedule. I didn't bother to mention to the team that I really needed a couple more minutes to take a leak and managed to hang on until we got to Issaquah, albeit barely.

It started getting dark as we headed up East Lake Sammamish between Issaquah and Redmond, and by the time we took a left into Marymoor Park, we were under full lights. We saw a group of cyclists, the formation of which looked vaguely familiar, and it turned out we were crossing paths with the Pasty White Guys, who had started out an hour after us from another location. Waving and exchanging mutual good wishes on the fly, we trekked onward. As we were going north up the trail, we calculated that we were pedaling along with a fifteen to twenty mph tail wind. This had pretty much been following us since Enumclaw, but I felt the air getting more and more humid and knew that our night was just beginning.

Somehow, we managed to find Terry

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Fleche Pacifique

at the Albertson's in Woodinville. After a brief equipment and clothing modification, we were again headed north up and out of Woodinville, with Snohomish our next scheduled stop. This was probably the hilliest section of the ride, and even though it wasn't raining, I could feel it coming and felt very fortunate that we had benefited from the good conditions so far. Somewhere along this stretch, Matt had his one and only flat, our team's fifth. Changing tires in the dark was not nearly as simple, but I managed to eat, drink and seek the relief of some nearby bushes so as not to hold the team up further.

The pace line seemed to pick up a real head of steam coming down into Snohomish, but as we pulled into the parking lot of the Buzz Inn Steak House, we discovered they had closed fifteen minutes before our arrival. There really isn't much open at that time of night anywhere, but especially in Snohomish. This had been discussed for weeks as our weak link in the schedule. It was ultimately agreed to hit the 7-11 where we had a choice of Cup-O-Soup noodles, stale turkey and cheese sandwiches, or frozen burritos. I opted for the sandwich, a lemonade and, of course, another bottle of Ensure Plus. As we rode out of Snohomish, I began to wish I'd selected the noodles, as my stomach began to feel like I'd swallowed a bunch of lead fishing weights. While I never actually lost my dinner, there were some moments when I wished I could have.

Our last dry control for a long time came at Granite Falls, where we all found time to head behind the closed service station for some much needed personal relief. We were able to enjoy watching five young people in a car playfully engaged in late-night teenage antics, as we reminisced about what it was like to be that young. Very shortly

after Granite Falls and about seven hours into the ride, we began to get the first sprinkles, and it wasn't long before Matt suggested we stop and change into our raingear. This proved to be a pretty good idea, since about five minutes later the heavens opened up and unleashed a full fledged rainstorm on us for the next several hours.

Somewhere between Granite Falls and Stanwood, we met up with a couple of escort dogs. First they were on the right, then the left, running along in the ditch about twenty meters or so in front of our pace line. First was just one dog, then two. They kept crossing the road, and Linda, Sue, and kept announcing their position to the rest of the team. Matt said later he never saw them, he just heard us screaming about them.

Going through Arlington, we made another relief stop at an all-night gas station and mini-mart. When I went in to buy a candy bar, I was trying to remain positive and upbeat and made a comment to the shopkeeper about being grateful he was open all night. His response was that he didn't have any choice. If it were up to him, he'd be home in bed and that's where we ought to be. He commented, "Why the hell don't you do this in the daytime? Are you people stupid? Don't you know that over ninety percent of the drivers out there at this time of night are DRUNK?" He tended to ramble on a bit, so I made my purchase, feigned a smile and thanks, and left as quickly as I could.

Arriving in Stanwood a little before 4:00 a.m., we found Terry, who had managed to catch a bit of a nap, parked outside the local QFC. I'm not sure whether he knew in advance what a providential stop this would be, but his scouting out this rendezvous was much appreciated as we walked in, dripping and sloshing our way through the store. We discovered three things that became an immediate mood elevator for a group of very tired and wet cyclists. The first was a

gas-burning fireplace. The second was a collection of four overstuffed leather chairs, and the third was a 24-hour espresso bar. I can only imagine what the employees must have been thinking, as seven dripping bodies invaded the otherwise empty store, removed booties, gloves, rain coats, shoes, and socks, and hung gloves and booties over the fireplace to dry while running back and forth to the bathrooms, drinking hot coffee and lukewarm Ensure Plus, wolfing down some much needed food, and preparing for the next leg of the journey. I think leaving that location was probably the toughest moment of the ride.

As we left Stanwood, we started to see the first evidence of dawn, and the birds began singing songs of early morning greeting to us as we turned from the parking lot back onto the highway. The rain let up a little bit for a while, and then we hit Chuckanut Drive, where it was raining harder, the hills seemed never to end, and we hit our first secret control. There was Danelle to give us a warm and welcoming smile, a hot cup of coffee, some chocolate chip cookies and, of course, a photo opportunity for team Chaos.

After that, it was a nice descent into south Bellingham, where we made our potty stop, using the Port-a-Potty because the store owner didn't want us dripping up his store. In my rush to get back on the bike I forgot my Camelbak and had to ride back two blocks, while a team that I'm sure was already becoming impatient with my delays had to sit and wait for me.

Matt encouraged us by letting us know that it was just twenty more miles to his house, our big rest stop, where we were promised a full breakfast of pancakes, eggs, oatmeal, fresh fruit and plenty of hot fresh coffee-and a dryer!!! A few short blocks later, Shane had our team's sixth flat. When he pulled the tire off the rim,

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water cascaded out. Back on the road, a couple of miles later, it was Linda's turn. Just as we stopped to execute the tube change, the heavens opened up into a downpour that made me very grateful for a tree I could stand under while the work progressed. We hadn't ridden another mile before Shane had his second and our team's eighth and final flat.

I suddenly sensed that the general attitude of the team was becoming a little demoralized, thinking that if this continued, we would have a pretty short rest break at Matt's and could be in real trouble with time. Despite all of our fears, though, everything went well from that point on until about three miles from the Dalton Hotel at which point we were faced with a hill. No, not a hill, a wall. It may have been short, but my legs simply didn't want to pedal any more for some odd reason. Amidst some grumbling and a few more adjectival references to randonneurs in general, I made it in. We were met by a smiling and generous hostess, Alison, who instructed us to put all our wet things into the basket, and she'd get them into the dryer for us while we ate.

Everyone else attacked the food, while I found a most comfortable sofa on which I could administer a three-minute massage of my feet and legs to get the tired blood recirculating a bit. I generally have to do this on the hard, cold ground, and this felt most welcome. Then it was on to the oatmeal with honey (nobody seemed to favor my idea of spaghetti with honey for some odd reason), scrumptious scrambled eggs with maple syrup, fresh strawberries and cantaloupe, and a cup of very hot, very dark and rich and very sweet black coffee. I honestly do not believe I have ever enjoyed my morning repast more than I did that day.

Then it was off to the showers. We

had been told we needed to take short showers, so we wouldn't run them out of hot water. My trick? Letting everyone else go first, and then I could feel a little more leisurely about it all. After about five minutes of water running over my back and neck, the positional headache I had started to develop was gone and I was able to lie down and rest for about twenty minutes. With my eyes closed, I kept envisioning a slot machine cylinder, only instead of bars and cherries, it was all stars in ones and twos, but the cylinders never stopped rolling. Later, I analyzed this a bit, but at the time, I just chuckled to myself and enjoyed the horizontality of it all. The later analysis? We're all stars and we're about ready to hit the jackpot. Corny or not, that's my story and I'm sticking to it.

When it was time to get moving again, we came out and discovered all our bike duds were dry, folded, and separated into matched pairs and sets. Alison really made everything special for us, and as I was pulling on the now dry clothing, I noted that the rain had stopped and it was almost sunny, with a few filtered rays coming through the still mostly overcast sky. Much discussion was held over what to do about tubes, with the team having experienced eight flats altogether to that point. It was decided we had enough to get us down the road. We also had an extra front and back wheel in Terry's truck that we could pirate at a later control if we needed to. Off we went with about seventy miles left to go.

Ten miles later, Donny B. had to go again. Much frustrated, the team agreed to let me stop at the Burger King in Lynden, at which point I took a good tongue lashing from Matt about how tight time was now becoming and how we really needed to keep moving forward if we were going to finish in time. A stop every ten miles would guarantee we couldn't make the twenty-four-hour limit. After this quick personal relief stop, we headed off again. As I rode along in silence, I

began to feel I was at risk of destroying the team's chances of finishing in the allotted time and decided two things. First, I simply wouldn't drink anything anymore. Second, if I needed to relieve myself, I'd just pretend I'm a racer and let fly from the saddle, come what may. I'd been wet all night anyway--what difference would it make at this point? Of course, I could recognize the flawed logic of the first of these decisions, but did begin to cut back on the amount of fluids, as I was obviously well enough hydrated. But I knew I had to keep eating and drinking if I was going to finish, and I still thought the team needed good output from every member of the team, including me. Fortunately, I never had to act on the second decision.

As we rode between Lynden and Sumas, my brain began playing real tricks on me, fluctuating between wanting to simply give up, making up excuses to take myself out of the game at the next control, and feeling a rage to finish, no matter the cost. There was a moment as we approached the Sumas crossing that I suddenly became re-energized and again felt that, regardless of what I had to do to make it happen, Team Chaos was going to finish in time. I believed I could make it.

From Sumas to Chilliwack was simply a matter of survival. I was beginning to suffer from exhaustion, and it seemed like no food or water would make much of a difference. Linda said something about how and where we were going to stop at the twenty-two-hour mark to note our time and distance on our control cards. For about five minutes before that, I had been thinking that I just wanted to go to sleep. I noticed my reaction times were failing; I almost crashed into Jim and Ann's back wheel a couple of times because I was not able to respond to changes in speed. My judgment was starting to get really poor, and all I could think of was how good

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Fleche Pacifique

it would feel to lie down and take a nap. I was yawning, my eyelids felt heavy, and I knew that I was about ready to fall asleep on my bike, but I was afraid to say anything to the team for fear of either getting dropped or having them make a stop that would jeopardize our chances of an on-time arrival. I remember thinking at this point that if I could just have another flat, I could let the team go on without me. At least the team would finish, and I could take a short nap and ride on into Harrison, maybe not within the twenty-four hours, but at least I would finish without killing anybody or myself.

Finally, we arrived at a Husky station and mini-mart. I grabbed a chocolate milk (thanks to Tamara Stephas for introducing me to this wonderful recovery food), a Snickers Bar (the extra big one), and two No-Doz tablets, which provided me with 400 mg of

caffeine to go with the sugar, protein, and carbs I got from the first two elements of the fatigue cocktail. And on we went, with twenty-eight kilometers to go in two hours. We could do this, if we just didn't have any more problems.

The remainder of the ride was done on sheer willpower, adrenaline, and a caffeine/sugar rush. There was nothing left in my legs. My brain had ceased functioning. I tried to remember things and found even the most simple tasks were next to impossible. I couldn't remember who was on the back of Linda's tandem. Then, going up a slight rise where we had to make a left turn, there was another secret control, and as I accelerated to cross traffic, a loud squeal began to develop in my rear wheel. Worried that I might be losing my rear hub, I dropped into some lower gears and decided I would just need to spin better and put as little torque on the equipment as possible. There was a big bridge ahead and I knew I needed to conserve everything I had. I was also having difficulty distinguishing my left from my right. Every time I was on

somebody's wheel, I was afraid I was going to misjudge the distance and take both of us out. I was having visions of broken collarbones and lying in ditches, while my team rode past me laughing.

The most bizarre and unrealistic images began to take over my thought process, and then something happened. Matt said, "By my calculations, it's eight miles to go and we have an hour to make it." In that simple statement came my salvation. I looked up a moment later and saw a sign that said "Harrison Hot Springs - 14" and I knew that meant kilometers, not miles. From those simple words, I managed to gain the strength needed to overcome the demons which had begun to invade my brain, and I got my final wind. Shane was somewhere behind me and I thought that Linda and Sue were, too. But it was Jim and Ann who were behind me; Linda and Sue were at the front, followed by Matt and then me. All of

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Cross Training

By Duane Wright

One fringe benefit of participation in any type of endurance event is the garnering of appreciation for participants in other types of endurance activities. We can have at least some understanding of their training, dedication, sacrifice, and the challenges of the events themselves. We can also gain inspiration from their accomplishments. With that in mind, here are several stories to inspire us all.

Scott Jurek

Seattle area resident Scott Jurek is an ultra-marathoner. For the past five years he has competed in the Western States 100. This 100-mile foot race takes place on rugged trails at high altitude.

The ultra trail event begins in Squaw Valley, California and ends in

Auburn, California, 100 miles away. Runners must finish within thirty hours to earn an award. The trail is remote and rugged, with over 18,000 feet of cumulative elevation gain.

When at his peak of training, Jurek might run up and down Mt. Si THREE TIMES, and that's just for Saturday's workout. He follows this with a thirty-five-mile trail run on Sunday with 15,000 feet of elevation gain.

Each time Jurek has entered the Western States 100 he has won it! He generally doesn't just win it, but wins it by a large margin. His finish times are

Year	Jurek	2nd Place
1999	17:34	18:01
2000	17:15	17:38
2001	16:38	17:17
2002	16:19	17:28

2003 16:01 17:17

Sources: Herbivore Magazine-<http://www.herbivoreclothing.com/magazine.html>; www.ws100.com

Cave Dog

Ted "Cave Dog" Keizer is a speed hiker. He holds four of speed hiking's most impressive records:

Colorado 14ers: 55 peaks, 315 miles, 38,500 feet of elevation gain: 10 days, 20 hours, 26 minutes.

Southern Appalachian 6,000ers: 40 peaks, 305 miles, 50,000 feet of elevation gain: 4 days, 23 hours, 28 minutes.

Adirondacks (over 4,000 ft.): 46 peaks, 141 miles, 56,000 feet of elevation gain: 3 days, 18 hours, 14 minutes.

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Cross Training

Catskills (over 3,500 feet): 35 peaks, 133 miles, 37,000 feet of elevation gain: 2 days, 15 hours, 24 minutes.

Keizer's sport is intense. On a three-day, 180-mile record-setting hike in the White Mountains, he wore out fifteen pairs of Nike Trail Runners. For his South Beyond Insanity record, he covered 300 miles and 50,000 feet in less than five days. He slept a total of six hours and forty minutes.

Sources: Backpacker, May 2004; www.thecavedog.com

Traversée Internationale du Lac St. Jean

The Traversée is a swimming marathon held each year on the last Saturday of July. In 1990, Outside magazine listed the Traversée as one of the six most difficult sporting events in the world.

The course begins at Pribonka, Quebec (250 km north of Quebec City) and crosses 32 km of frigid Lac St-Jean to reach Roberval, Quebec. The large lake (1,000 km sq) is often subject to wicked winds and treacherous waves. Only about twenty-five hearty souls attempt the challenge each year. This summer's event will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the race.

The men's and women's records are very close:

Stephane Lecat, France, 6:22:48; 2000. Edith Van Dijk, Netherlands, 6:36:07; 2000.

The Traversée has become a huge tourist draw, with 75,000 people invading Roberval, a town of 11,000 inhabitants. For endurance eaters, the evening's celebration, "Souper dans les rues," takes place at a table more than a kilometer long.

Sources: Canada's Stamp Details, April - June, 2004, published quarterly by Canada Post. www.canadapost.ca; www.traversee.qc.ca

China (Guangzhou) International Bicycle Exhibition

China Chamber of Commerce (CCME), China Foreign Trade Centre (Group) and Department of Foreign Trade and Economic Cooperation of Guangdong Province will organize an international bicycle show in November 2004. It will be staged in Guangzhou (Canton), which is in the capital city of what is generally called the South China bicycle area. Most Chinese first class manufacturers have signed up, but also companies from nearby Taiwan, from the Shanghai and Kunshan area and companies from the north of China (Tianjin), plus foreign companies from Japan, India, Pakistan and various European countries. About us, we also do the Canton Fair (largest trade fair in China, third largest worldwide, since 1957); we have the experience to organize large-scale exhibitions. For this first Bicycle Exposition we aim at 1000 stands. Available show ground is 22,000 square meters. The surrounding program contains various demonstrations, tryout areas and business symposia. We offer all facilities. Guangzhou is within easy reach from Hong Kong or Macao international airports.

November 24 - 26, 2004 Guangzhou (Canton), China

If you want to know more, please visit our website www.bicyclechina-gz.com

Leo Chan Project Executive
China Foreign Trade Guangzhou Exhibition Corp. China Foreign Trade Centre (Group) Tel: 86-20-26081671 26081636 Fax: 86-20-86663416 86681629 Email: project3@fairwindow.com [Http://www.fairwindow.com](http://www.fairwindow.com) [Http://www.bicyclechina-gz.com](http://www.bicyclechina-gz.com)

Upcoming Workshop

Non-Motorized Design Best Practices: Improving Conditions for Bicycling and Walking. Dr. Linda Crider, the University of Florida and Jennifer Toole, Toole Design Group, are the featured speakers.

Please note class size is limited to 100 people.

<http://www.wsdot.wa.gov/TA/T2Center/Training/NonMotorized.pdf>

Hood Canal Bridge Update

By Janet Heineck

Upcoming reconstruction of the Hood Canal Bridge is referred to elsewhere in this issue. RCC members ride across that bridge frequently, and its hazards to cyclists are well known. I thought that readers might like more detail on this project.

From the Bicycle Alliance article on its website at http://www.bicyclealliance.org/mainpage/hood_canal.htm, viewed May 24, 2004:

HOOD CANAL CONSTRUCTION
2004-2007

GOOD NEWS: The Hood Canal Bridge is in the process of being rebuilt. It will be completed in 2007 with two 12-foot travel lanes and 8-foot shoulders. This will be a HUGE improvement over the existing bridge.

BAD NEWS for the future: In May and June of 2007, the bridge will be closed for 6 to 8 weeks, and a passenger ferry will operate between Port Gamble and Shine. There will also be

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Hood Canal Update

some complete closures of the bridge without ferry service (closure dates still to be announced) as the approach spans are replaced.

Starting April 19th of this year, the west half of the bridge was narrowed down to two 11-foot travel lanes and 1-foot shoulders with Jersey barriers on either side. This will allow WS-DOT to begin widening one side of the existing bridge. Next summer they will do the opposite side.

The bridge will be open to cyclists during construction. Follow these precautions while riding the bridge: take the lane, ride together if a group, and be visible. And thank David McCulloch of the Port Townsend Bicycle Association for his tireless efforts on behalf of cyclists on the Peninsula.

For more detailed official information, see the WSDOT "SR 104 Hood Canal Bridge East-half Replacement and West-half Retrofit Project" website at <http://www.wsdot.wa.gov/projects/sr104hoodcanalbridgeeast/>. The key feature for us is that the "final configuration will provide 8-foot continuous shoulders across the entire length of the bridge to allow for breakdowns, bridge maintenance, and allow bicycle/pedestrian safe passage." The WSDOT website has sample images of current and future views of the bridge. The new wide shoulders are clearly visible in the design view and they look great.

Rides

Saturday June 26, 2004

Cannonball

Seattle to Spokane, on 90, 275 miles, one day. 3:00a.m. start.

<http://>

www.redmondcyclyclingclub.org

Saturday July 3, 2004

Redmond Cycling Club Newsletter

Spokane Double Cenury

On the long weekend. this year includes parts of Idaho.

Saturday July 10, 2004

S2S

Seattle to Spokane, on SR-2, 283 miles, one day. 2:00 a.m. start.

<http://>

www.redmondcyclyclingclub.org

Sunday July 11, 2004

Blyth Park-Snohomish

About 35 miles. Social pace. Rolling terrain. Meet at Bothell's Blyth Park, 16950 West Riverside Drive, at 9:15 a.m. for 9:30 a.m. departure. See map at <http://www.ci.bothell.wa.us/dept/parks/parks/blyth.html>. We will ride north passing through the UW Bothell campus and descend Seattle Hill Road on our way down to Snohomish for lunch. We will return along Connelly Road, climb up to Maltby, and descend past Wellington Golf Course into Woodinville back to Blyth Park. Not Tour de France training--leader is not fast--but a pleasant country ride. Janet Heineck 206-368-0391

Sunday July 11 - Saturday, July 17, 2004

Sagebrush & Wine

Tour B.C.'s annual offering. Early bird registration

discount through February

29. More details in Februarynewsletter.

www.tour-bc.net

Saturday, July 17- Sunday, July 18, 2004

STP

Seattle to Portland. The classic.

<http://cascade.org>

2004 SIR Brevets

Schedule

1000 km: June 25-27

100 km: July 10

200 km: July 24

300 km: August 14

400 km: September 4-5

600 km: September 25-26

<http://>

www.seattlerandonneur.org

2004 B.C. Randonneurs

Schedule

<http://www.randonneurs.bc.ca/>

Saturday/Sunday August 28-29, 2004

RAPSody (Ride Around Puget Sound)

This is a new 2-day ride (with 1-day option) that starts and ends in Tacoma. The route is approximately 155 miles and has 9,500 feet elevation gain. The route goes through University Place, Dupont, Olympia, Shelton, Allyn, Pt. Orchard, and Vashon Island. Visit <http://www.rapsodyride.org> for the route, profile, what is included and other info.

RAPSody is being hosted by five bike clubs, B.I.K.E.S. of Everett, Capital Bicycle Club, Seattle Bicycle Club, Tacoma Wheelmen's Bicycle Club, and West Sound Cycling Club. All proceeds from the ride will be donated to the Bicycle Alliance of Washington to help support statewide bicycle advocacy. Registration closes on August 13 or when the 1,500-rider limit is reached. Indications are that this will sell out early so don't delay in your registration. Contact Molly at info@rapsodyride.org for more info.



Ruth's new bike!

Northwest Tandem Rally 2004 Photos Saturday and Sunday, May 29 and 30



Cycling on the Campaign Trail

By the Editors

A recent International Herald Tribune article reveals the bicycles owned by the presidential candidates from the two major parties. President George W. Bush keeps a Trek Fuel 90 at his Texas ranch. At Camp David the president does not have his own bike, but when there he selects a steed from a fleet of Treks available to guests. John Burke, president of Trek, is on the President's Council on Physical Fitness. Democratic candidate John Kerry owns two Serottas, an Ottrott and a Colorado III. At his home in Ketchum, Idaho, Kerry keeps several mountain bikes. Full text of the article can be found at: <http://www.iht.com/articles/522484.html>. Thanks to alert reader Peter Beeson.

English Cyclist on Rome to Leeds Fundraiser

By the Editors

Jane Tomlinson is 40 and has terminal cancer. That didn't stop her from cycling, on a tandem with her brother, from Rome to her home city of Leeds in a fundraising effort. The two riders raised £160,000 for cancer charities. For the complete story: http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/england/west_yorkshire/3783967.stm

Thanks to alert reader Pat Marek.

(from page 7)

Fleche Pacifique

a sudden, Linda hollered out for me and Jim and Ann to get to the front. We were coming in, and she wanted the rookies to lead us in.

Tears began to well up in my eyes. I had done it. My whole team had done it. There wouldn't be any DNF's on Team Chaos. This goal I had set for myself back in January was about to be realized. Little had I known last December 26th, when John Keyser and I were invited to join in a Cascade ride, and I had been introduced to a bunch of folks by Greg Sneed as "wanting to come over to the dark side", that it would come to this. The sun was out, I was looking at snow-capped mountains, I could see this sparkling lake in front of me, and I knew what I had been working for.

"Turn left, turn left", I heard Linda say. "No, not at this one, the next one."

As we turned left into the parking lot at Harrison Hot Springs Resort, I saw a bunch of people waving and pointing. As I approached, there was Peter Rankin, and Bob Brudvik, and Ken Condray: all guys with whom I have had the joy and pleasure of riding and getting to know a little bit

this spring. And most important of all, there were Terry and Chantel, our ride support. They were all clapping for us and pointing the way in to the control. And then, in an instant, it was over. All the aches and pains were suddenly forgotten and it was time for hugs, back slaps, handshakes, congratulations, and something cold to drink.

It was difficult to choke down the emotion of this moment. In the last five months, I have completed more miles on a bicycle than I have ever ridden in a complete year before. I have completed rides I used only to be able to dream of. At fifty-three years of age, I feel in better shape than I have since I left the Marine Corps in 1972 at the age of twenty-one. I have been surrounded by a group of people who know what it means to be a team and work together for a common goal, and they have allowed me to become part of a club that endorses safety, endurance, good health, and camaraderie. They have helped me to prepare. They have taught me new cycling skills to make me a stronger and safer rider. They have helped me when I needed it and let me stumble when I insisted on doing it my way. They then helped me to get back in step and never let me lose sight of the brass ring. This is the true spirit of randonneuring.



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. You can visit us on the Internet at <http://www.redmondcyclingclub.org>.



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