



Summer 2010

President's Message

The summer is rolling by really fast with a rather mixed bag of weather. On the whole the rides have been great but don't forget to let me know if you encounter any problems while out with the KNBC. We do discuss difficulties that crop up and we are frequently able to put procedures or training in place to prevent a problem from reoccurring.

We have Executive meetings once every two months, from April to October. Last month someone brought up the question of whether the KNBC should do more in the way of cycling advocacy. We usually have a member representing the club on the City of Ottawa Roads and Cycling Advisory Committee, and also distribute information on cycling advocacy in Bike Shorts and in the Newsletter. Our mission statement says that we "promote bicycle touring ..." and that we emphasize "the social, recreational, and health aspects of cycling." The question is do we want to do more than this? And if so, what? A quick google search of cycling advocacy comes up with interesting tidbits. Norco donated \$1 from the sale of each bike to groups promoting cycling and estimate this will add up to \$300 000 over 3 years.

<http://www.norco.com/company/advocacy>

Closer to home, we have Citizens for Safe Cycling in Ottawa, who made a visible contribution to Blues Fest organizing bicycle parking. They are holding a meeting on advocacy on July 22, at 7:30 at the Dovercourt Recreation Centre.

www.safecycling.ca If you have any opinions on how much advocacy KNBC should be doing, be sure to contact me. Everyone is invited to Executive Meetings - our next will be on August 23 at 7:30 at 16 Medhurst Drive in Nepean.

Meanwhile, cycle safely and have fun!

Stella Val

Tales of Le P'tit Train du Nord

Seven guys and four gals cycled out of Mont-Laurier under the pouring rain, but it made the scenery all the more majestic. That segment of the old rail road bed is quiet, remote and wild which kept our spirits high! Roly, our official photographer, took some great shots!!! What a trooper... and so humble about his talents!

A tale of 2 leaders:

Jack, our "fearless leader", was seriously challenged by our "designate leader", Jim. Well what's wrong with a healthy competition between 2 "true gentlemen"? We love Jack and Jim, our 2 handsome heroes in the "Tale of 2 Leaders".

A tale of 2 balls...

Our first night was in Nomingue where Debbie and Carole discovered their mutual love for 2 balls... OK, let's clear this up... After a fabulous supper, getting ready for bed, Carole mentions that she has the best massage equipment to relieve her lower back pain while in bed in the form of a ball... a tennis ball! But Debbie replies: No, MY BALL is better 'cause it's way harder!!! And she exhibits a lacrosse ball. So we experimented with all available balls... within our own room of course!

A tale of 2 lovebirds!!

And NO! Even though Debbie and Carole did "sleep together", they are not the 2 protagonists in the "Tale of 2 lovebirds". Peter and Michele were the "Romeo and Juliet" of our epic journey. In their sixties, they are soon to be married! Congratulations to a very sweet couple!!

A tale of 2 sexy waiters :) :)

We spent our last night in Val David, a quaint little village in the heart of the Laurentians. Our lodging "Prima Shanti" turned out to be one of the best kept secret of the region! At the dining table, the ladies all agreed that our 2 waiters had the



most heart melting smiles and were the sexiest guys a lady could wish for... after our very own witty Mike of course! :)

A tale of 2 possible world records...?
Part of our eclectic group was 71 year old Barb and 82 year old Pieter who sailed through our 200+ km trek!!! Maybe we should contact the Guinness World Records officials...?

A tale of 2 sag wagons.
Last but not least, we owe a mega thanks to Norma and Terry (Jack's and Heinz's wives respectively - not to be mixed) for driving the sag wagons and delivering the beer and goodies when the troops needed it most!

A big heartfelt "THANK YOU" to wonderful Jack who orchestrated such a successful voyage filled with laughter, sun (yes, it only rained one hour at the beginning of our trip and during the night), friendships and warm fuzzy feelings all around! We truly appreciate all your hard work, Jack!!!
Merci :)

Carole Laflamme

The Accidental Century

A few S2 riders have been looking to do some more challenging rides, and we asked Tom for some ideas. He kindly mapped out a pleasant 130 K route for us starting at Ashton and going through Perth, Smith's Falls, Merrickville and Burritts Rapids. So, at 8:30 AM on Saturday June 2nd Odette Regimbal, Nancy Isaac, JoJo Chapman, and Carole La Flamme, joined me, the designated but navigationally challenged leader and off we went merrily along carefully dodging the much faster riders who were doing the Rideau Lakes Tour along the first leg of our journey. Little did we know at this point how much of a challenge we were in for?

We decided to stop for coffee at Perth in a coffee shop that Odette and I were both familiar with. Then came the first navigational goof. We were looking for the cafe on the wrong side of the river! Eventually after much too-ing and fro-ing we found it, but Carole, sensing that her leader was in some state of confusion and probably needed sugar, went to the bakery and bought him a cinnamon bun. After some refreshments we carried on without incident to Smiths Falls where we had a nice picnic lunch in the park by the locks, and I enjoyed my cinnamon bun. Then on to Merrickville for refreshment break. The ride had been going extremely well. The weather was perfect, what wind there was, was mostly at our backs, we were making good time and most importantly really enjoying ourselves.

We left Merrickville and got onto River Road, intending to cross the river at Burritts Rapids. But we missed it!!! It wasn't as though we weren't familiar with the area, and Tom's directions had kilometer markings for each of the turns. I have no idea how we did it - perhaps the cinnamon bun didn't have enough staying power! I didn't even see the locks. I can only think that we were caught up in the euphoria of the moment and just went pedaling by. Eventually we came to CR 44 and then realized that this was a big OOPS. What to do - we had overshot Burritts Rapids by an astounding 12 K. Odette and I both usually carry maps but not this time. No one had a map, and none of us were sure of the best route to return to Ashton from where we were. So after much discussion we swallowed our pride and retraced the 12 K back to Burritts Rapids, thus adding 24 K to our total distance.

But now the wind was coming from about a 30 to 40 degree angle on the right front and picking up in force. When we got onto Dwyer Hill Rd. the wind was coming straight down from Arnprior with nothing in its way but us. We had no choice but to fight our



way against it. My guess is that the wind was steady between 30 and 40 KPH with gusts over 60. Odette and Nancy charged on ahead and were soon out of sight. I thought that they were going to get cars and come and rescue us. Sometime later, I saw two cyclists in my mirror and as they got closer, I realized that it was Odette and Nancy. How on earth did they get behind me? Turns out that I wasn't the only navigationally challenged rider. Our turn off from Dwyer Hill Rd was Flewellyn Dr. Odette saw the sign for Franktown Rd. and said that it started with an "F" so she turned down it.

Eventually, tired but proud, we got back to our cars at Ashton at about 6:30 PM. What a great bunch of sports I had with me. No one was upset. Instead we all congratulated ourselves on our achievement, especially conquering over 30 K at the end of the trip with headwinds. Although it wasn't the intent, we had done our Spring Century. Three of us did 155K and Odette and Nancy's extra side trip gave them 160K. Now we are eager for the official Century in the fall - but with maps and someone who can read them! Even after the extra 25 K and the nasty wind that we had to fight for the last long leg I would still rate this as one of the most enjoyable day rides that I have done. The scenery and the company made it so.

Jim Cale

Spring 2010 OK (Ottawa-Kennebunkport) Tour

Day 1, Thursday 3 June 2010: Ottawa, Ontario to Malone, NY

Got up about 5:20am this morning, had breakfast of blueberry pancakes that I'd made the day before, and cycled out of my driveway at about 6:20am to Elmvale shopping centre, the start point of the OK Tour. Just like the last time I did this tour three years ago, it had rained overnight but stopped by dawn. The roads were wet. I

got there at 7am.

Shortly after 7am, the cube van that carries the bags showed up, followed by the usual milling about. The tour organizer, Manny, showed up and pulled his bike out of the trunk of his car despite it also having a bike rack(?). I pulled away solo at about 7:30am. I'm pretty sure I was first off. A group of about a half-dozen caught up with me in Russell. They almost immediately took a wrong turn there, then again about 7 km down the road there was some confusion at the next intersection. We stuck together and made it though the jog at Morewood but everyone but me, which at this point was about a dozen riders in a pace line, completely missed the turn onto CR9 to Berwick. I didn't, and left them.

At Berwick I turned off the nominal route to go south on CR12 and CR14 to Ingleside. This was an excellent road for cycling with good surfaces and even some shoulders. At Ingleside, I stopped for a moment to snap a photo of the "45th Parallel—you are now half way between the North Pole and the Equator" sign there. Then I rode about 1 km along old highway 2 to get on the Long Sault Parkway towards Cornwall. The parkway is a pretty 10-km stretch of road along a string of islands. This morning, they offered the extra feature of several swarms of bugs. One swarm was particularly bad and I wound up with thousands of them plastered onto my arms and legs.

It was about another 10 km along old highway 2 to the lunch stop at East Side Mario's in Cornwall. The last time I rode this tour, I felt like I ate too much so I started my plan to throttle back the groceries here, having just the lunch-sized serving of penne with sausage and peppers. I met up with about a dozen to twenty other riders here, even though I was first on the road at Berwick and nobody passed me, because of the longer alternate tour I took from there.



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Back on the road at about quarter to 1pm, it was time to cross the Seaway International Bridge over the St. Lawrence River to the Akwesasne reserve in New York state. The toll booth is now located right at the bottom of the ramp in Cornwall instead of on the island in the river between the two bridges. I guess there is still some sort of ongoing dispute with the reserve. No big deal getting up and over though, not even the tricky expansion joints. Traffic was light on the bridge. I heard the bridge creak twice as I negotiated two of the joints.

I quickly got through U.S. customs and onto NY state routes 37 and 95 towards Malone. Three guys caught up with me near Bombay and we stuck together all the way to the Super 8 motel in Malone, where a hose and a bag of rags were waiting just outside the lobby for us to clean up our machines.

The numbers: 180 km in 6:00 for 30.0 km/h average and 580 m of total ascent, a big chunk of which was likely on the last 5 km or so into Malone since the route today was pancake flat. That's actually a bit faster than I would have liked to ride since this is really the warm-up day leading into the middle two days of long distances with plenty of climbing though Vermont and New Hampshire. Plus this is one of the shorter and easier days of the tour and there is no real point in racing to get to a Super 8 in Malone. I was definitely moving a lot faster when I hooked up with groups (twice) than when I was on my own.

After arriving at the hotel at about 2:30pm, checking in, and cleaning up, I hung out in the hospitality suite for a while. This is a very nice feature that is offered every day of the tour. Manny books a suite for himself and hosts a drop-in with plenty of snacks like fruit, bread & crackers with cheese, salty snacks like potato chips and pretzels, and cookies with juices, sodas, and cold beer.

After reading and napping back in my room

for a while, it was time for the group dinner at Villa Fiore up the main street in town next to the river. It was crowded but cozy. As Manny handed out the coupons for the ferry toll and breakfast the next day, we each introduced ourselves to the group. I recognized a handful of people from the last time I was on this tour.

There was a choice of three entrees for dinner. I had the steak, which I think was the most popular and also the best choice. The wait staff was a bit under-prepared and overwhelmed. Once the food started coming out of the kitchen, we all got whichever steak was put in front of us regardless how we had ordered it to be cooked. Overall the meal was just okay, which I also noted for dinner the first night of the tour last time at a different place. I scored some Ben & Jerry's ice cream for only \$1.88 a pint (limited-time special price) at the Price Chopper supermarket across the street from the Super 8, which I enjoyed back at Manny's suite where pie was the standard offer for dessert. Unsurprisingly, nobody seemed interested in sharing my "Mint Chocolate Cookie" treat even though I only ate about a third to a half of it. Called it a day at about 10pm.

Day 2, Friday 4 June 2010: Malone, NY to Morrisville, VT

After a big breakfast at Jon's cafe next to the Super 8 at 6:30am, I was back on the bike just after 7:30am. Just 3 km up the road, I got a puncture, a snake-bite from hitting a rock with my front wheel. After fixing it up, I turned around and headed back to the Super 8 to grab a spare tube from my bag so I wouldn't be flying without a net until I found a bike shop which could be God knows when. So that cost me about 40 minutes and 6 km total. When I got to Brainardsville, I left the nominal route and turned south onto Route 374 and immediately saw a sign, "Entering Adirondack Park". This road is excellent for cycling and pretty to boot since it passes alongside Lower Chateaugay Lake and Upper Chateaugay Lake.



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Just past Lyon Mountain (the town) there was a substantial climb and descent, followed by another climb and descent between Chazy Lake and Dannemora in Dannemora State Forest. After that, it was a straight shot to Plattsburgh, all on Route 374, before rejoining the nominal route for this day leading up to the ferry across Lake Champlain.

Disaster! I turned my front derailleur into a pretzel less than a kilometre before the ferry terminal. I removed the pranged derailleur and two link pairs from the chain which were also damaged, placed the chain on the small ring, and limped to the ferry. This slowed me down a bit, but once in Vermont I knew what was coming. I was going to be in the small ring a lot anyway. Turning off Highway 2 onto Bear Trap Road, it was nice to see that it had been resurfaced since the last time I rode this tour.

At Milton, I caught up with a group that was just wrapping up lunch at Zachary's as I was pulling in. I could have used a sandwich, but I ate a Clif bar instead and joined the group and generally sat in, taking it easy, at least the best I could. There were a bunch of triathletes in this group and I quickly saw that they were not highly skilled at riding in a pace line or sitting in a draft (or offering a draft). For reals? On a long, hard road tour? They inevitably missed a turn, about 22 km later at Route 15. Not sure how that parking lot could have appeared to be a highway, but whatever.

I rolled to Jeffersonville and made the turn onto Route 108 to climb Smugglers Notch. I was pretty much running on empty at this point, so it was a tough slog. This road is steep. But I made it. I stopped at the top, among the switchbacks, and after several minutes others started showing up. One doofus triathlete went to lay his bike on the ground instead of leaning it against a rock or tree, and a bunch of water spilled out the open top of the bottle between his aerobars.

Just over the top at the start of the descent, still in the switchbacks, I had to do some hard braking and fancy driving on account of several large patches of pavement that were missing from the road. Yikes. Not sure why the asphalt would be so busted up on a road that's closed in winter. Once I got down to Stowe, I found a shop, SkierSports, that set me up with a new Dura-Ace front derailleur for about US\$100 tax in and installed. Thanks Mike! I rode through Stowe, onto Route 100 north, and at the turn-off onto Stagecoach Road I came upon a group that must've been behind me at the top of Smugglers Notch but passed me when I was getting my bike fixed, so I joined in. It had already been a long day with lots of climbing, and there were a bunch more short, steep stretches on this road. I was definitely running on fumes now, which was part—but just a part—of the reason why I went off the road and onto the gravel shoulder at one point. The other reason? A triathlete passed me unnecessarily close. I was not amused. The final roll into Morrisville and up to the Sunset motel was uneventful, unless you count the missed turns as the end by the group I was with.

The numbers: 199 km in 7:40 (which included the 6 km of turning around at the beginning in Malone) for 26.0 km/h average and 2065 m of total ascent. I should have done better. I didn't really eat on the road and had mechanical problems. It didn't occur to me until the next day that I should have moved my chain to the big ring at the top of Smugglers Notch. The three big climbs topped out at 1) 547 m between Lyon Mountain and Chazy Lake; 2) 601 m in Dannemora State Forest, and 3) 635 m on Smugglers Notch.

After checking in and cleaning up, I dipped my feet into the swimming pool. Today's weather was just how I like it, sunny and warm with highs that must've been in the mid 20's C or high 70's F. Hung out for a while in the hospitality suite. Dinner was the same as last time at the restaurant next



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to the motel, which is now called Stonegrill. It was fine, a decent buffet with good prime rib. Inexplicably, a group of about half a dozen people decided to take a cab into town for dinner. I can't imagine they found anything better than what the rest of us got at Stonegrill. Since Morrisville is a small town and we were on the edge of it, there wasn't much to do except just go back to the room and crash afterwards, which is what I did after I swapped the pump mount on my frame from the right side to the left side of my seat tube, on account of the new front derailleur.

Day 3, Saturday 5 June 2010: Morrisville, VT to North Conway, NH

There was a hard, steady rain at dawn, but it let up as the sun came up. Breakfast was a buffet at Stonegrill, and plenty good enough. I pushed off at about 7:30am, and it was still drizzling then. About 13 km and 30 minutes up the road, I got another puncture. I must have hit a hazard since I got a small cut in my rear tire. Fortunately it was small enough that I could effectively boot it with a dollar bill. Unfortunately, I got a bit sloppy while inflating the spare tube that I cracked the valve stem. Shit! But I knew I probably didn't have to wait long before someone came up the road and could help, and that's what happened. I was back on the road, but I was stopped for about 45 minutes. By the time I was rolling again, my roommate Lee, one of a group from London, came by so we rode together.

At about 30 km, I turned off the nominal route with a small group onto Cabot Rd. It didn't take long for me and Lee to get dropped. It was just us two when we rolled into the town of Cabot, and then on Route 215 to Marshfield, followed by Route 2 for a short way until starting up Route 232 towards Groton State Forest. The rain had stopped and the roads were dry so we shed our jackets and started to climb. Out of the forest and onto Route 302 towards the border with new Hampshire, we were met by a group of three other cyclists—in a car. Scott, a popular guy from

Cincinnati who's come on this tour a bunch of times, apparently (I heard afterwards) went out too hard on the first day with a fast group so that by today he decided to pack in and rent a vehicle. Also with him were Tara, one of the London crew who didn't like the looks of the weather this morning, and another guy, I think his name was Dan. They stopped up the road in front of us a ways, and we pulled in to meet them. They were very kind, offering to take our rain gear and even giving me a spare tube, while telling us about a wonderful bakery they'd stopped at earlier that morning.

We crossed the Connecticut river and into the New Hampshire ("Live Free Or Die") town of Woodsville, following Route 302 east until we turned onto Wild Ammonoosuc Rd towards Lost River. Not long after passing the trailer park at that intersection, we came upon a country general store and stopped for lunch. I had an Italian sandwich from their little deli counter and Lee and I sat down at a picnic table on the large porch.

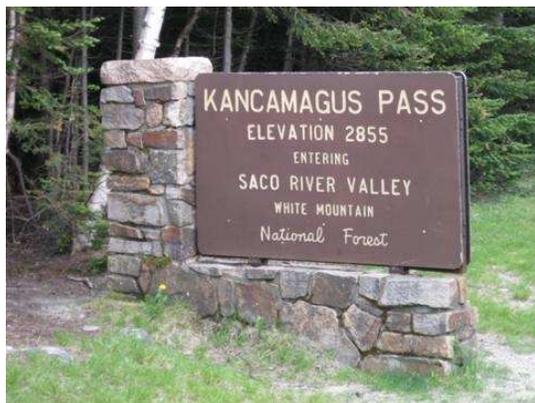
Just as we were wrapping up, a group of three or four of the London crew rolled by, so we jumped on our bikes and joined them. We all rode together to the top of the climb at Lost River and then down to Lincoln. They were much better at descending than I was. I am not great going downhill at the best of times, and on a descent earlier on this tour I felt some serious shimmying from my bike (as it turned out, it was the only time) so much that I actually came to a stop. Once I hit the 60's, and even got just above 70 km/h, coming down Lost River, that was good enough for me.

There was practically a convention at a gas station-convenience store where we stopped in Lincoln at the west end of the Kancamagus Highway. After a short stop to reload and refresh, I was off again with the London crew. I made a point of checking the elevation recorded by the altimeter in



my HRM here. It was 250 m.

It was a long but steady climb up Kancamagus Highway, which as actually fairly easy. You can just sit and spin on the shoulder all the way up, or if you're me, half way up until you get another puncture. D'oh! It was my rear tire again and at first I was worried that the boot I applied this morning had failed, but it turned out to be just a garden-variety puncture that I never found the cause for. I was grateful for the tube I'd received, and was back on the road after installing it while fighting off a minor attack of bugs. I was alone again and would be for the rest of the day. At the top of Kancamagus Pass my altimeter recorded 865 m which is almost bang on the 2855 ft stated on the sign there.



Not far over the top on the way down, I saw three cyclists, fully loaded for self-supported long-distance touring, grinding their way up. Oh boy. As I passed the last of them, he appeared to lose concentration and he rode off the paved surface and onto the narrow gravel strip and almost into the guard rail. That seemed to wake him up, though. He said that he was okay when I saw and slowed down to check on him. It was a long, gradual descent with wonderful views. I guess I would have seen similar views on the way up if I'd made a point of looking back. I could see why this road is billed as one of the best to see fall colours.

It was an uneventful roll down to Conway and North Conway to the Green Granite Inn, the end point for today.

The numbers: 194 km in 7:15 for 26.7 km/h average speed. Total ascent of 2010 m, with the three big climbs of 1) Groton State Forest, 534 m; 2) Lost River, 573 m; and 3) Kancamagus Highway, 865 m, which is the highest elevation I've ever achieved on a bike.

After cleaning up and heading over to the hospitality suite, Scott dropped by and announced that he was driving the ten blocks or so up to the Pearl Izumi factory outlet store in about half an hour and had some space in his car, so I said, yeah, I'll come. Manny and two women from the London crew, Tara and Jennifer, joined in. I picked up some neat socks ("Gasoline: Satan's Energy Drink"). After zipping back to the hotel with a stop at an outdoors store that looked an awful lot like MEC, I headed to the hot tub to relax and sooth my sore legs.

Dinner tonight was planned to be an individual effort, but I really didn't feel like trying to find a group to hang out with, plus I had some work to do on my bike. What I ate at the hospitality suite, which was a fair bit, was just fine for the rest of the day. Back in the room, I found a Lewis Black comedy special on television while I replaced the rear tire on my bike with a spare I'd brought. I didn't want to risk riding on a tire with a booted cut, plus another less severe cut I found.

Day 4, Sunday 6 June 2010: North Conway, NH to Kennebunkport, ME

The word going around this morning is that it's going to rain pretty much all day. Lee and a bunch of others left just after 6am, when it was still dry. I don't see why. One, it's going to start raining soon enough, certainly before they can cover the remaining 115 km or so to the coast, so they'll get wet anyway. Two, they're missing breakfast at the hotel. Three,



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they'll get to Kennebunkport at about noon, well before check-in time, and do what exactly? But by now, I'm not surprised. Breakfast this morning at the hotel is scheduled for 7:00am but when the servers saw some people, including me, arriving early, they tried to move things along more quickly. The sausages and pancakes came out about 15 minutes early. I loaded up since despite the wet forecast, it looked to be reasonably warm so I figured I'd go ahead with my plan to ride the longer alternate route today since what's the difference between riding four hours in the rain and six?

It started raining at about 6:30am so the roads were wet when I started at about 7:15am, and shortly after that so was I. I back-hauled up Crawford Notch Rd/Route 302 to climb Bear Notch. The road surface was pristine and the climb was steady and not steep but it was still slow going on account of the rain. Same for the descent. I retraced 20 km of my route from yesterday along the eastern end of Kancamagus Highway back to Conway where I turned south then east to cross the border into Maine. The rain was sometimes heavier and sometime lighter, actually stopping around noon when I did for lunch in Cornish at a quaint little place that served up a handsome Italian sandwich.

Back on the road, it started to rain again, and wouldn't you know it, I had yet one more puncture. I found some shelter, dug a sliver of glass (or it could have been sharp pebble) out of my front tire, and installed a fresh tube while it just poured rain. I was back on the road again for only about 45 minutes when I had to stop again for a heavy thundershower. Although it was for only 20 minutes, at this point I was only about an hour from Kennebunkport, so it was frustrating to be held up so close to the end. But the rain let up, the sky brightened, and I finally arrived at the Nonantum Resort in Kennebunkport in late afternoon.

The numbers: 173 km in 7:00 for 24.7 km/h average, which is very slow, but it was tough going in the rain. I was on the brakes the whole way down Bear Notch and spent a lot of time rolling fairly slowly just to see where I was going in the rain. Total ascent was 1180 m, at least half of which must have been getting to, then up and over, Bear Notch.

After checking in, cleaning up, and hitting the hospitality suite for a bit, I walked into town. I snapped a few photos and visited a seafood shack for some fried clams, which were expensive but very tasty.

Back at the hotel, the group dinner at 7:00pm was the best of the trip. Green salad, chowder, and penne pasta with cream and tomato sauces with all the fixings plus strawberry shortcake for dessert. The whipped cream seemed pretty popular.

Afterwards, I relaxed in the comfortable lobby in front of the fire with a book for a while before wandering into the bar at the hotel to check out the Stanley Cup final and NBA final, and sample a local beer before calling it a night at about 10:30pm.

Day 5, Monday 7 June 2010: the trip home
It was a beautiful morning, the nicest of the trip. Bike packing began at 6:45am and the ample breakfast buffet was at 7:30am. The bus was rolling by 9am. With fewer cyclists than the last time I did this tour, and a fair amount finding their own way home or staying a bit longer on their own, there was plenty of space so I installed myself in a seat near the back where it was nice and quiet.

The trip back was uneventful. There were a few movies and the usual stop at the Louis Garneau factory outlet in Newport, Vermont plus lunch. I picked up a nice cycling jacket, rip-stop nylon with three rear pockets, plus toe covers all for US \$20. Passing through Canada Customs was



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routine and we were back at Elmvale shopping centre at about 8pm.

Total numbers: 746 km in 27:55, which includes that 6 km of back-haul on the morning of day 2 so call it 740 km. This is about as long as you could reasonably make this tour. Total ascent was 5835 m. Using a combination of my experience from last time, Manny's cue sheets and marked maps, and some information Jamie Stephenson (who was my room-mate last time and also returning to this tour for the first time since then—and also an elite local

triathlete) I planned alternate, extended routes for every day of this tour and they were all worth the extra effort. It was very gratifying to be able to cover all the added distance and make it over the extra climbs, big and small, especially on the last day when it would have been easy to pack in. I also didn't miss a turn.

I would definitely do this tour again, hopefully sooner than another three years. This was the 15th time this tour has been offered in the spring. Manny has been doing it in late summer, too, for the past three years. Although it's tempting to target the late summer tour to be able to prepare (train) more, and there is likely a better chance of having warm, dry weather at the end of August, there is definitely a lot more daylight at the beginning of June.

I would also try to do all the add-ons the next time as well. Even with the punctures and other problems, I was still able to roll into the hotel at the end of the day and have time to clean up, rest, and enjoy the daily hospitality suite.

I wouldn't mind signing up for this tour again with a buddy. Just like last time, it was difficult to attach myself to a group—and sometimes when I did, I was forced to drop out to fix a puncture or went off on my own when they missed turns.

Manny's got this tour on auto-pilot. All you've got on your plate is getting from point A to point B on your bike. If you can cycle the distances and do the climbs, I strongly recommend this tour. It's excellent value for the money too.



Tom Seniuk

Karine Langley invites members to check out her blog which includes many cycling related stories. Check out:

<http://carpediem-bikelady.blogspot.com/2010/06/biking-and-whitewater-raftingwhat-great.html>

From the Editor

Thank you to all our contributors for this edition.

If you have any cycling news, views, tips or trips you'd like to share with us, we'd like to hear from you!

Please submit to:

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