



## Fall 2012

### President's Message

Sad to say that the end of the cycling season is rapidly approaching (for most of us). Next weekend includes our last scheduled rides for the year, with our "official" closing ride to The Swan in Carp on Sat. We will, of course, continue to ride until the weather forces us off the roads. All rides after 28 Oct will be announced in Bike Shorts.

We have had a full year of cycling with lots of rides at all speed levels. The one challenging area was a lower number of weekend away trips this year. The two which took place, Barrie's trip to NY State and Tom's visit to Hudson, were both very successful. Hopefully there will be others who will volunteer to lead similar outings next year. If you think you might like to do so, but are not sure how to go about it, please do not hesitate to contact our Tour Director, Tom Seniuk, who would be glad to give you some advice and help with route planning.

By my rough count we have had 28 different tour leaders this year. Thanks to each and every one of them. We cannot have a cycling season without these volunteers. While 28 is a healthy number, we are still relying on a group of about ten to lead most of the rides. I strongly urge all members of the club to consider leading a day tour. We will have tour leader training in the spring and we also have a mentoring system to assist new tour leaders as well as a superb library of proven rides on our web site. Other things accomplished this year:

- A full slate of social events
- The creation of a set of Club By-Laws
- An increase in the compensation for scouting new rides
- The first ever CANBIKEII course held exclusively for KNBC members (this course is open to all members and is highly recommended by those who have taken it. The club will continue to pay 50% of the cost of this course and the St John Ambulance First Aid course)
- Created a comprehensive Cycling Safety manual
- Had fun!

The AGM will occur on November 6th at Biagio's on Richmond Rd. We plan to have the food start at 6:15 with the meeting getting underway sharp at 7. The agenda is posted on the web site as are most of the documents which will be discussed at the meeting. In particular we will be seeking your approval of the proposed By-Laws.

I hope you all have enjoyed your rides with the Club this year. I look forward to seeing you at the AGM and in the saddle next spring.

Tim Sparling

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### A French Adventure ... Truly!

On Monday, September 10th, Odette and I landed in Lyon, France. Locals and tourists alike stared at us, as - tools in hand - we reassembled our bikes (right in the airport), looking like quite the pros, might I add. We then made our way to our hotel, located in Old Lyon, under the pouring rain and surrounded by horrendous traffic. Later on, we went to a great "Bouchon Lyonnais" restaurant with thunder & lightning over our sleep-deprived heads.

The next day, we attempted to ride, in the rain again, to Notre-Dame de Fourviere Basilica, but Odette had an unfortunate accident in Place Bellecour, attracting the attention of -not one- but three handsome Frenchmen who - in true chivalry mode - rushed to her help. After the initial shock was over, Odette decided she was very proud of her various warrior's wounds, including a spectacular shiner and a very fat upper lip (that's what you call "falling flat on your face"... literally). Never got to mass that morning, but Odette "got back on her horse" and we cycled (still in the rain & with heavy paniers) 110 km from Lyon to Tournus, a picturesque little town complete with cobbled-stone streets and historical buildings. A welcomed sight after a stretch of hectic cycling on N6... at dusk! But we made it and treated ourselves to the best frogs' legs in the world (at Charles V restaurant).



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*Odette, Proud of her Warrior's Wounds*

After a well deserved sleep, it was a short 52 km cycle to the small and very interesting medieval village of Brancion, under blue skies (Yay!), with a return up and over dramatically steep hills (Odette's favorite)!!!



Later that week, Sunday morning, we were off to Meursault for mass when -of all things- Odette's back tire went flat as a pancake... Geez! Were we ever going to make it to a church in France? ... Seriously...? But we changed that tire in a flash (Ha!) and got there in time to receive communion with totally grease-stained hands; but I am positive God forgave us.

Then, on another ride, Odette was attacked by thick swarms of vicious flying ants :( Well... I

guess "Enough is Enough"...Odette looked at me sideways and said: "Carole, I thought you said Burgundy had NO rain, NO flies, NO flat tires and NO big hills... I don't think so", to which I replied candidly: "I'm telling you - HONEST - it was perfect in Burgundy last September... I don't know what happened...?" Just to prove my point, in Puligny-Montrachet and Beaune, we used the gentle-rolling "Voie Verte" and flat "Canal du Centre" (THERE! It can't get any easier than that!)

Well, think again, Carole! We took a long day tour, looping into the mountains - they were small mountains! - up to Echevronne and down into Nuits St.Georges, pushing further on to Gevrey-Chambertin. Then we were supposed to come back the easy way, through "La route des Grands Crus" (the prestigious "Vintage Wine Route"). But ... because I stopped to take pictures of the Chateau Clos de Vougeot and more pictures of some trees bearing fruits I had never seen before + chatting with locals too long about how to prepare those fruits called "coings" in French, Odette cycled ahead and unfortunately took a wrong turn... Yes, yes, I take full blame... I lost Odette in a sea of vineyards!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Well, you should have seen me; I frantically cycled for a full hour through a maze of tiny paths, winding my way between miles and miles of vines... Knowing the area fairly well from last year, I was trying to guess WHERE Odette would have chosen to hopefully wait for me... I FINALLY spotted her and raced madly to reach her! She had calmly resigned herself to find her way to the train station and go back to our hotel in style :) Boy, let me tell you, I hugged her as if I had found the Prodigal Son!!! She told me "Tonight, I am DEFINITELY having WINE with my supper!" I had a Kir... correction: I NEEDED a Kir! (white wine + cassis) Yum!

That night, Odette sweetly suggested: "Maybe tomorrow, we could park the bikes and go SHOPPING... in Dijon :) Hum... Not a bad idea... Worth a thought. We also visited "Les Hospices de Beaune" (a hospital with a magnificent glazed tiled roof built for the poor in 1443) + were treated to an amazing free organ concert at Collegiale Notre Dame.



*The Loire Valley and Rhone-Alpes Region*

Anyway, all in all, a great adventure despite the many trials & tribulations, with spectacular vistas and lots of sun after an initial 48 hours of rain! But YOU tell me: What's a little rain when you are in beautiful France? Mais oui! :)



Carole Laflamme

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## **The Good Samaritan or, according to Beverly, "Ask, and the Universe will provide!"**

**Cross Canada Cycling Tour - Thursday, July 12, 2012 - Day 54**  
Dryden to Ignace, ON Trip 114.11 kms Time 7 hrs 2 mins Avg 16.19 kph Max 45.9 kph

We were up at 6:00 AM for an early departure as the forecast was calling for a high of 34 C. After breakfast we finished packing our gear and loaded our panniers, etc on our bikes. Larry and Ken, Bev's brothers, were also up to take photos and say goodbyes. Merve, Bev's brother, did a video. We left Dryden at 7:15 AM and headed for IGNACE, ON. It was very hot and humid. We had to stop many times, especially if there was some shade. We stopped at a "Rest Area" at 12:30 for lunch. By this time we were desperate for a cold drink as all our drinks were luke warm. Bev went over to a lady who was sitting in her air-conditioned SUV eating her lunch and asked if she had a cold drink for us. She gave Bev a very cold diet Pepsi. Although I'm a die hard diet Coke person I was willing to make an exception for a diet Pepsi this time. There was another family, who arrived towing a large trailer, so I went over and asked if they had any cold water to fill two of our empty water bottles. I was given some "potable water" from their "holding tank". Water is water - as long as it's potable!

An hour or so further down the road we were once again desperate for a cold drink. We had stopped so Bev could consolidate all the water she had left in her 3 bottles. Bev said she wished she had a cold drink. I started saying "Don't hold your breath ..." and had to bite my tongue. A car pulled over and Bill from Calgary got out with 2 bottles of cold water for us. Apparently he had previously cycled along the same route as we were now cycling and knew how desperate we were for a cold drink. He had passed us earlier and gone into Ignace to get some cold water for us and 2 other female cyclists who were ahead of us and returned to give it to us. Talk about "Good Samaritans"! We thanked him profusely.

We arrived in Ignace at 4:00 PM and went directly to a gas station convenience store to get a cold drink. Afterwards we sat in the attached Subway to cool off and were able to fill our water bottles from the soda fountain dispenser with icy cold water. We cycled over to the Visitor's Centre at 5:30 PM but it was already closed! Went over to the grocery store and bought some fresh fruit before cycling to the campground. We paid \$26 for a camp site



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and free wi-fi. No other facilities i.e. food. We set up our tent after drinking a beer that we had purchased earlier at the LCBO. Bev got her camp stoves and dishes out and prepared KD with mini sausages for dinner. It started thundering, lightning and raining with pea size hail! We quickly had to put all our gear inside the tent and put the tarp over the tent. We stood under the tarp and watched the hail come down. The storm only lasted 15-20 minutes but it sure made a mess of everything. Bev cleaned up the dishes while I went over to a nearby gazebo (hot spot) and checked out the campsite wi-fi. I was able to get on the Internet and sent an e-mail to Lise, my daughter, to let her know about the parcel we had sent home from Dryden. Bev joined me and sent an e-mail to Brandy's friend in Thunder Bay re visiting for a couple of days. Returned to the tent and went for a shower. Off to bed at 9:00 PM.



*Northern Ontario along Hwy 17 - Note: narrow paved shoulder*

## **Cross Canada Cycling Tour - Saturday, July 28, 2012 - Day 70**

Sudbury to Sturgeon Falls, ON - Trip 85.47 kms  
Time 4 hrs 42 mins Avg 18.15 kph Max 45 kph

I managed to get a good night's sleep in spite of my chronically sore left shoulder. I dreamt about my rear van wiper being stolen while I was actually in it. I woke Bev up when I shouted "F\*\*king punks!" just before my alarm went off at 6:00 AM. We got up and did some

packing before going over to the restaurant for breakfast. I returned the Internet cable to the front desk and ordered eggs, toast, home fries, sausages and tea while Bev had blueberry pancakes and tea. The syrup was OK but the tea went cold to fast! While having our breakfast we watched cycling at the Olympics in England. We returned to our room, finished packing, loaded our gear on our bikes and set off for STURGEON FALLS at 7:40 AM.



*Interesting people were met along the way - this fellow was pushing his cart across Canada*

We stopped at a gas station for some Gatorade and at a Mennonite Restaurant near Walden for lunch. We had Whistle Dogs (hot dogs with bacon and cheese) and Dutch Apple pie with ice cream for me and Coconut Cream pie for Bev. As we were leaving we met 2 young cyclists who were cycling from Vancouver to St John's, NL, in a hurry. They stopped at the restaurant to have lunch with friends who were already inside waiting for them.

We arrived in Sturgeon Falls at 1:45 PM and saw a sign for a KOA where we decided to camp for 2 days. It was 3 kms from the main highway on a paved road. We paid \$33 + \$3 for an electrical hookup. Before setting up our tent we had an ice cream then sorted out our laundry, put it all in one large pannier and later went off to the laundromat hut to do a load of laundry. The KOA manager came by to thank us for allowing her to turn at the highway which allowed her to arrive in time for a pontoon boat tour that she was organizing. She



asked if there was anything we needed. Thinking of Beverly's philosophy i.e. "Ask, and the Universe will provide!" I jokingly asked for a cold beer. She was so impressed that we had cycled all the way from Nanaimo that she went and got us 2 cold frosty beverages which turned out to be Bev's favourite i.e. Coors Light. We couldn't thank her enough. We checked out the park wi-fi which turned out to work very well right from where we had set up our tent - much better than at the KOA in Thunder Bay. We prepared KD with Maple Syrup flavoured beans for our dinner.

The staff had organized a screen and sound equipment about 200 meters from our tent in order to show a movie. I think it was "The Three Musketeers" which was supposed to start at 9:00 PM. It was well after 10:00 PM before they finally started the movie. By that time we had gotten tired of waiting for the movie to start. We were ready for bed and inside our tent in order not to be eaten alive by mosquitoes. We could just make out the screen from our tent "screen window" in spite of all the mosquitoes trying to get inside our tent to feast on us. Eventually, since no one showed up, they shut down the movie and we all had a good night's rest.



Passing through Ottawa (at Roly's house)

Bev and Roly

## The Ride to Turn the Tide (of HIV-AIDS in Sub-Saharan Africa)

This year I was delighted to be able to participate in the Ride to Turn the Tide, and what a memorable experience it was! This is the 3<sup>rd</sup> year of the ride, which is organized by the Grassroot Grannies Group of Kanata. Twenty two cyclists and four support people all met at the Bushtukah in Stittsville for the send-off ceremony on the first Wednesday morning in September. About 10 of us were members of the KNBC; others were members of the Grassroot Grannies of Kanata and some were simply friends or interested cyclists. I brought back from the ride great memories of camaraderie and enjoyable cycling, an increased awareness of the work of the Stephen Lewis Foundation's Grandmothers to Grandmothers Campaign and a sense of pride in having been part of such a worthwhile cause.

From the start we were made to feel very important and this continued throughout the ride. After introductions and acknowledgement of sponsors we all set off in small groups and before we knew it we were at the first rest stop. Two ladies from the amazing four person support group were waiting with cold water, drinks, bananas and granola bars which they served amongst chatter and laughter. Everyone was very friendly and as most of us formed different groups as we cycled, it was easy to get to know the other cyclists. The first lunch, put on by the Mississippi Grannies of Almonte, was absolutely delicious; a variety of salads including the best quinoa I have ever tasted. Everyone was in good spirits and our hosts treated us like visiting dignitaries.

As we headed south from Almonte to Perth we were in beautiful countryside which was new to me and quite hilly. Despite that, it did not seem long before we reached Perth and after our showers we relaxed in the courtyard of the motel, enjoying the sunny weather and refreshments. Someone kindly shared their wine with me and we laughed at the non-existent thundershowers which had been forecast all week. Dinner was put on by the Lanark County Grannies, at the Perth Legion Hall, where a seemingly unending supply of



salads, pasta and desserts were served to us and about 100 others supporting the cause.

And so it continued throughout Thursday and Friday. A combination of camaraderie, favourable weather, delicious food and warm hospitality made the three-day total of 270 kilometres fly by. On Thursday night we stayed with members of the All About Kids Grannies in Metcalfe, who also fed and entertained us. Those of us from the KNBC were merely doing what we love to do: cycling amongst friends. The difference was that we were doing it to raise awareness about, and money for, African grandmothers who are caring for their orphaned grandchildren.

As a grandmother myself, I find it hard to imagine how difficult it must be for a person in their fifties, sixties or more, to face the daunting task of raising grandchildren every single day. Living with grief and often with limited resources, they struggle to provide the bare essentials. To make matters worse, many of the children are HIV positive or suffering from AIDS, but in the 15 sub-Saharan countries most affected by the pandemic, affordable antiretroviral drugs are not easily available. Through the Ride to Turn the Tide, the Grassroot Grannies group of Kanata and the 26 participants, raised over \$45 000 for the Stephen Lewis Foundation to be used in the Grandmother-To-Grandmother campaign. Congratulations to the planning committee led by Nancy Hough and which also included Christine Walton, both members of the KNBC, for a very successful and well-organized ride.

More information about the ride and the Grassroot Grannies can be found at:

<http://www.grassrootgrannies.com/events.html>  
| while donations to the Stephen Lewis Foundation in the name of the Grassroot Grannies Team can still be made at:  
[http://slf.resourcecenter.com/event/search.asp?Event\\_ID=27](http://slf.resourcecenter.com/event/search.asp?Event_ID=27)

Stella Val

## Hastings Highlands Hilly Hundred

I was sorely disappointed in 2011 when this event was cancelled due to low registration, but with the help of a \$15,000 Community Futures Development Corporation grant, the Hastings Highlands Hilly Hundred was back up and running in a big way for 2012. So I registered for the 244-km route and reserved a room at the Shamrock Hill B&B for Friday night, September 7<sup>th</sup> and Saturday night, September 8<sup>th</sup>.

The week before the 8<sup>th</sup>, the weather forecast for Saturday called for rain. As the days ticked down, the amount of rain expected ticked up until it finally topped out at 50+ mm. Yikes. But the temperature wasn't expected to be low. I've ridden in heavy but warm (enough) rain before so other than anticipating getting soaked and dealing with some visibility issues, I wasn't panicking.

Arriving at the Shamrock Hill on Friday evening, we met our hosts Gord and Liz, dropped our bags then went right back into town for kit pick-up and dinner. In the 244-km box at Trips And Trails Adventure Outfitting, I noticed that there was a total of eight registration packages plus signed waivers. I was told that in total there were about 135 registrations for all six distances of this event. That was a bit lower than what I'd estimate for numbers of the most recent editions of this event.

Vito's restaurant was packed so we ordered pizza and spaghetti from the take-out counter and took it all back to Shamrock Hill. In the dining room there, we met some of the other folks staying there including some other cyclists who were in town for the Hilly Hundred. A few had already decided to pack in for Saturday but ride on their own on Sunday on account of the rain in the forecast.

Breakfast was already scheduled to begin at quarter to six the next morning, and that was just fine by me. It was an early night.



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It was raining alright on Saturday morning. I had big plans to dress up in my nicest kit to show off for this tour, but instead I brought plain-jane stuff that I wouldn't feel too bad about if it got destroyed by a long ride in bad weather.

Breakfast was on schedule. We shared our table with another cyclist, from Gatineau, and his gf who was not riding but whose family was originally from my home town of Vegreville, of all places. This wouldn't be the only strange coincidence of the day.

Caroline drove me to the start point at the curling rink even though it was only a kilometre or two up the street. There, I helped myself to a second breakfast—hey, it's included—of a few more pancakes and sausages. Clive went through the usual safety briefing. We saw Dave A and Cynthia. I knew they were registered for the century route but I'd have bet real money that they would have bailed out on account of the weather. I said, Cynthia! What are you doing here? She just held her index finger up to her head and made a shooting gesture with her thumb.

It was now getting close to the 7:30am start time for the 244-km route and it was raining hard. I went out to the start point in the parking lot and was joined by Simon from Ottawa and—I swear I'm not making this up—Nick (my dad's name) and Julie (my sister's name), a couple from Toronto. Later on, I found out that Nick is a school teacher, just like my dad.

And we were off. It only took a few minutes before we were soaked from a combination of the rain and tire spray. We were closely matched and worked together well all the way to the first and second checkpoints. It was a pleasure to be first to the well-stocked and over-staffed checkpoints. The volunteers were as always at this event—wonderful.

At about 64 km, we were rolling north up Old Barry's Bay Rd when we passed Hopefield Rd, which I was quite sure was where we had to

make a turn but there was no sign. I stopped almost immediately, and so did Nick. In addition to checking the map, we also cleared some significant tree-fall off the road which must have come down in the storm the previous evening. At first I thought that it was very unusual for Clive to have forgotten to put up a sign but then it occurred to us that maybe it blew off in the storm.

Not long after back-hauling and making the turn onto Hopefield Rd, Nick flattened. We regrouped at the turn onto Opeongo Rd and the extension to Foymount and Quadville. One of the support guys drove up in a van at the same time, and we told him about the missing sign and he booted it back to make things right.

The 244-km extension was signed in the reverse direction that was indicated in the cue sheets. We decided to follow the signs and go up to Foymount before looping down to Quadville. It was cool and windy to go with the rain at the checkpoint at the top of Foymount. We were followed in town by a black lab who was unusually friendly to us on our bikes but barked at Julie after she'd dismounted when we reached the checkpoint. We loaded up for the long stretch between here, at about 91 km, and the lunch stop in Barry's Bay, over 50 km further down the road. Nick's repaired tire was getting soft, so we left him behind to get that sorted out. It was here that I noticed that my rear brake was partly seized, so I was on my front brake only the rest of the day. Fortunately this wasn't a serious issue.

Julie and I pulled away from Simon just after turning south onto Quadville Rd/CR515. He was starting to have problems but fortunately it was just temporary as he recovered later on. We rolled strong down to Quadville as the rain had begun to let up. We waited at the corner in town next to the chip wagon—we were tempted—for a few minutes until Simon showed up. Then we were off again.

Letterkenny (a.k.a. "Oh My God They Killed Kenny") Rd is no joke. Although some of it had been repaved since the last time I was up here,



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much of it, and oddly it was the steepest sections, was still a patched-up bumpy mess. Clive and his crew had put up one of their taunting signs on a particularly steep climb. But we got 'er done, except that again Simon was off the back. Julie and I rolled through the turn back onto Opeongo Rd, then through Wilno and along highway 60 all the way to the lunch stop by the lake at Barry's Bay. They had hot, salty noodle soup and boy did that go down nicely. Just before we decided to shove off to keep from cooling off too much, Simon and Nick arrived. We still shoved off not long after, though.

Although we had been enjoying a break in the rain long enough for the pavement to begin drying out, dark clouds to the west that we were riding towards started delivering more hard rain by the time we got to the check point at the Madawaska Kanu Centre at about 174 km. The fellow attending the feed station there mentioned a fire going inside and that's all it really took for Julie and I to stay and wait for Simon and Nick. They arrived in due course, and all four of us enjoyed the fire, and hot coffee, just a little too much. We eventually shoved off, into the pouring rain.

We were the last four on the course since lunch, and we stuck more or less together through two more impromptu check points and feed stations as Clive and the rest of his crew hop-scotched us in their vans and pick-ups, tearing down the check points and gathering the signs. We were given the royal treatment, especially at the last stop at about 30 km from the end, when there were so many volunteers that they held our bikes for us while serving up hot chocolate.

The last hour of the tour, we rode in sunshine under blue skies. How about that?! Somehow Julie and I dropped Nick and Simon inside the final dozen kilometres or so and we rolled through the finish chute 1-2 to the cheers of the remaining volunteers and Caroline, who'd returned to the curling club to welcome me back with a bag of dry clothes. We gobbled down the last few burgers in the kitchen of the curling club with the others and Caroline got

me a beer. Somehow even on a day as cool and wet as this, a beer is a darn nice thing to have after a long ride.

I asked how many people actually rode today, and was told that the numbers in our 244-km group reflected the overall trend. About half the registrants showed up and rode. Many, perhaps most, shortened their original planned distance.

This was the latest I've ever finished this ride in four tries, with the slowest average speed of 25.2 km/h (241 km in 9:32). A lot of that was the weather but also slow-rolling to try and keep the group together. This was the first time that I've finished this tour without being omega man. I felt a lot less depleted this year than any previous tour, too.

We stayed one more night at Shamrock Hill and toured up to Maynooth on Sunday to check out the arts and crafts we'd heard about plus the Algonquin Gourmet Butter Tarts which I didn't even know existed but boy were they ever good, and so many flavours to choose from! Caroline shopped up a storm and I even got a good tip on a cross-country ski area up around Algonquin Park that I'd never heard of before from the lady running the pottery studio. After that we made a quick stop back in Bancroft for lunch before returning home.

It was another eventful Hilly Hundred, and I'll be back again next year.

Tom Seniuk

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## From the Editor

Thank you to all contributors; you made my job both fun and easy. Good luck to Ken, the new Newsletter Director. Have fun Ken!

Debbie Wright