



## President's Message

It is a sad thing to realize that this edition of the newsletter means that the cycling season (at least for most of us) is half over. We have had a pretty successful year with lots of rides, and the second half schedule has a good number of rides in all four speed categories.

While this year has seen a reduction in the number of weekend trips by the club, a significant number of our members have been on some other adventures including the trip to France, the Bon Ton Roulet and the trip to Nova Scotia. KNBC will be well represented once again on the MS Bike Tour and the Ride to Turn the Tide and any of the riders would appreciate your support with their fund raising. For more info on these events, please contact Karine Langley for the MS Bike Tour and Nancy Hough for the Ride to Turn the Tide. The club has also been involved in several sporting activities including Bushtukah's S.W.E.E.T. event, the MEC Bikefest and the CaptialVélo Fest.

And congratulations to Linda Kennedy who came second among the ladies in the timed sections of the SuprFondo (220km).

As you know, we inaugurated an Imperial Century (160 km) ride a couple of years ago as a special challenge towards the end of the season. This year, on Sept 8th we are proposing to offer a double century (200 km) with a short cut for those who wish to limit themselves to the imperial century distance. This will be a great way for those who enjoy a longer ride to test their fitness. Bike Shorts has appeared every week and has become quite large. I would appreciate any feedback you might have concerning the length of this weekly bulletin.

Hope to see you all at the KNBC picnic which will be held at the Trolley stop pavilion at Britannia Beach on Sept 15<sup>th</sup>.

Tim Sparling

## Summer 2012

### KNBC Climbs Mont Ventoux

The day before our scheduled day off the bike half way through our two-week tour of France in June, 2012, we planned longer than usual routes and included the option to climb Mont Ventoux. Here is the story of Friday, June 15<sup>th</sup>. We enjoyed a typical, decent continental breakfast at the Sous-l'Olivier hotel in Buis-les-Baronnies before gathering to check out, load the van, and get rolling. We got going just after 8:30am.

Although I left with the group, it didn't take long before I was rolling fast with Dave C and Linda. They wanted to ride the long, alternate route with me today, which included Gorge de la Nesque after descending Mont Ventoux to Sault. But first we had to climb Ventoux. We averaged about 27 km/h on the way to Malaucène, the town where we would be starting the climb up Mont Ventoux. It was going to be another warm, sunny day with little wind; I was grateful that we were having very good weather for our scheduled day on Ventoux. We stopped in town for a bit while Linda took off her vest and I snapped a few photos of the bike shop and road sign directing traffic to D957 and the summit. It didn't take long for the others to arrive in Malaucène. I couldn't tell who would go up and who would take the detour around Ventoux from the limited chit-chat in the group leading up to today, but I did notice Nora at the hotel last night watching YouTube videos of Lance Armstrong climbing Ventoux. I started up with Dave C and Linda.

Linda has only one speed and it is flat out. Three times on the way up we pulled away from Dave, and three times we stopped to wait, including at the half-way point which was where I was planning to take a break anyway. Each time he caught up and passed us without stopping. Dave never stopped all the way to the top—impressive. Or stubborn. Take your pick.



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Road sign in Malaucène directing traffic to D974 and the summit of Mont Ventoux, 21 km up.

There was no shortage of other cyclists on the climb, plus some cars and motorcycles, too. Every kilometre there is a marker at the side of the road to let you know how far it still is to the top (21 km total), the elevation, and the grade of the next kilometre. There is also a designated bike lane on the way up but judging from the number of cyclists and motor vehicles, perhaps the primary lanes of the roads to the top should be mainly for bicycles plus a designated lane on the side for cars.

It's a long grind through a forest with some variability in the grade on this ascent. Sometimes it's not that bad but there is a four-kilometre section in the middle that is 10+%. Three or four consecutive markers read 12%, 11.5%, or 11%. Just a bit above that is about a kilometre that is almost flat where I shifted into my big ring—free climbing! Then with about four kilometres to go, all of a sudden you look straight up and see the weather station at the top. It's intimidating but you also realize that you're almost there.

Dave C, Linda and I reached the top one after the other in that order. With only a few hundred metres to go, we came up to a commercial photographer at the side of the road. The moment I saw this, I remembered reading about it, and also realized that I made a bit of a mistake because I was right on Linda's wheel. Checking online later where the photos

are posted (for purchase and not cheaply), in all the photos of me except two—the profile shots—I'm behind or blocked by Linda.

We three got to the top just before noon. There was practically a line-up in front of the sign, with many motorcycles. I chatted with a cyclist from Newcastle for a moment and took a picture of my Garmin displaying the elevation it recorded (1918 m, the highest of the entire trip) while we waited our turn for snapshots. Dave bought a few pieces of hard candy from the vendor at the top and Linda picked up postcards before we pulled on extra clothes for the descent. While we were at the top, Werner and Mesfin showed up, but we didn't hang around long enough to see who else would make it.



Tom at Mont Ventoux sign

I stopped for a quick photo of the Tom Simpson memorial, just over a kilometre into the descent. There is just one way down to Chalet Reynard, which is the classic Tour de France route up Mont Ventoux through several kilometres of the well-known bare white rock



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landscape at the top. But then at Chalet Reynard, the road splits to either Bédoin or Sault; we descended to Sault. Unfortunately the road surface wasn't great so instead of a smooth, high-speed descent we were on the brakes hard, cramping our hands, trying to keep our bikes under control.

We arrived at Sault at about noon and stopped for lunch at one of a group of three or four cafés that were jammed with other cyclists and motorcyclists. One of the items on the menu was a "Ventoux salad" so I just had to have it. It was greens and tomatoes with ham, cheese and walnuts. It was nice to sit outside, enjoy lunch, and watch the many others there to experience Ventoux. It was like a festival.

There was a bit of an uphill west of Sault to the start of Gorges de la Nesque, but then it was a gorgeous descent through the gorge to Ville-sur-Auzon. All we had to do was coast, touch the brakes once in a while, and enjoy the view. Unfortunately we zipped along so quickly that none of us stopped to take photos, but there was one section where the road wound around at least a half a circle where we could see the way ahead across the valley for three kilometres or so that was particularly memorable.

The three of us rolled fast after that despite a headwind because we were still going downhill slightly. Just south of Mazan, we ran into some road work but it was easy to get around with a short walk through a farmer's field. I texted some of the others to let them know that they could do the same, if they hadn't been there yet.

But they had. About 10 km further along, at Pernes-les-Fontaines, we caught up to most of the rest of the group. They made it through the road construction just like we had, and they ALL successfully made it up and over Mont Ventoux (and descended to Bédoin), even Steve who had bailed out of climbing Alpe d'Huez a few days before at turn 8. The Hillcrusher is back! I was impressed by everyone's willingness to try and succeed. Photos of all of us reaching the top can be found at [photoventoux.com](http://photoventoux.com) by choosing June 15<sup>th</sup>, 2012 and the Malaucène

ascent. Dave C is at 11:50am and Linda and I are immediately following. Next is Werner at 12:02-12:03, then Mesfin at 12:09. Tim gets KNBC colors to the top at 12:25pm. Rowena arrives at 12:35pm, then Nora and Carole a minute later. Dave A is at 12:42pm and Cynthia is right behind. Sue shows up at 1:12pm with Monna then Steve. Finally Henry is there at 1:17pm.

Dave C and Linda zipped ahead after Pernes-les-Fontaines but I stayed with the group to chit-chat, pull, and help get them to the hotel in Avignon which involved a bit of tricky way-finding through the city. After one minor missed turn and following narrow bike lanes along busy streets with Monna on the cue sheet and me on the map, we got to the Ibis hotel at about 5:30pm. Henry rode the long route through Sault today just like Dave C, Linda and I did but he wasn't as fast as us so he rolled in a bit later.

Steve got solid tips from the front desk of our hotel and lead us to 83 Vernet ([83vernet.com](http://83vernet.com)) for what was by now becoming our usual large group dinner. We were seated outdoors at a wonderful space in an ancient courtyard that reminded me a lot of Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas, with large white umbrellas, a bar at one end, and a water feature. Except this was real while Caesar's Palace is fake. The building was highlighted with lights as the sun went down. The table d'hôte was €30 and I chose the artichoke heart salad, duck (filets, of a sort, with a sweet caramelized glaze) with a side of amazing whipped potatoes, plus a chocolate volcano type of dessert. I think I got a splash of rosé wine from a bottle someone ordered. This was the most memorable meal of the whole trip for me. Another good time was had by all, and a fitting end to a long (my distance: 143 km. My time: 6:18. My elevation gain: 2304 m) and successful day on the bike.

Tom Seniuk

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## Cycling Facilities Update

Since its opening a year ago the Laurier Avenue segregated bicycle lane has generated close to



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400,000 trips. Building on this success the city and NCC have partnered to construct an additional segregated bike lane on Wellington Street connecting to the existing Portage Bridge raised bike lanes to improve the cycling environment in the Bay Street, Wellington, Portage Bridge area.

At the north end of Bay Street there is a bike box indicating where cyclists should be positioned to facilitate a smooth left turn to the segregated bike lane. Right turns from Bay to Wellington can proceed as usual.



The painted bike lane which leads to the segregated bike lane begins a bit west of Lyon Street on Wellington between the Supreme Court and Library and Archives Canada. The segregated bike lane is one way and is slightly narrower than Laurier and does not have any space for passing.



Heading north on the Portage Bridge from the Quebec side there is a pedestrian controlled traffic signal which connects to the east bound bike lane. From the Ottawa River Parkway there is a painted bike lane to Bay Street sharrows, to indicate where cyclists should be positioned start after the Wellington/Bay intersection to Lyon.



The sharrows meet the sharrow/bike lane on Lyon heading south where one can access the Laurier segregated bike lane.





More information on the new cycling lanes can be found here:

<http://www.canadascapital.gc.ca/places-to-visit/parks-paths-parkways/news/2012-07-11/new-bike-lanes-pedestrian-crosswalks-wellington>

Diane Dupuis

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## **Granfondo Ottawa, 21 July 2012 - How NOT to Run a Cycle Tour Event**

I signed up almost immediately when I first heard about a GranFondo being planned for this summer in Ottawa. I've wanted to try riding in one of these not-a-race-but-not-exactly-not-a-race tours ever since I first started hearing about them. Of course, I chose the longest route, the 220-km "SuprFondo", and figured it wouldn't be a problem to hold on to or even improve my fitness in the month between my return from our two-week trip to France and the GranFondo. And ride hard.

Registration pick-up on Friday afternoon was a train wreck. There was only one workstation with a poor process for registration pick-up. When I got to the front of the line, after what I first thought might be only 15 minutes but turned out to be 45, I'd estimate that it took maybe 30 seconds for them to find me in their system and deliver my envelope. Multiply that by 1400 registrations, and you get 12 hours. Judging from the many stories I heard afterwards of 2+ hour waits, that estimate was probably a good one. Also, there was no control over clothing pick-up. I just asked for, and was given, the jersey, shorts, gloves and socks that I'd paid for through my VIP registration with no proof or records of any kind asked for or presented.

Problems continued early Saturday morning. Late registration and timing chip pick-up went well beyond the 7:00pm start time for the 220-km route. At about a quarter after seven, it was announced that the start would be 7:30pm. This prompted some riders to start anyway, and after less than five minutes, the motorcycle volunteers saw that pretty much everyone else

would be taking off too so they opened the gates and away we went.

I got rolling well with Dave C & Linda and we were moving nicely in a pack just a few kilometres east of Ashton when I hit a pothole and got pinch flats in both my front and rear—never happened before. Since I had stripped down my bike and was just carrying one spare tube, I relied on the kindness of strangers and a triathlon-type guy (bib #18) who was near the back of the 220-km cohort stopped and gave me one of his tubes. I put just enough air in my tires with my frame pump to roll to Ashton where two guys in the Bushtukah tent there had a floor pump and gave me a spare tube. So that went from disaster to working out pretty well.

On my own now with all the 220-km riders up the road ahead, just a few kilometres east of Perth I hit something in the road and tore a hole in my rear tire. As I started to fix it, one of the roving support guys in a blue Fiat 500 came up. He was well stocked and a great help, even offering to fix my flat. He also had a floor pump and a spare tube for me, so again I was on my way fairly quickly. The tire held with a boot. By now, though, after three punctures plus the 20-minute delay in getting started, the faster GranFondo packs were coming along.

My plan to ride with Dave C & Linda plus whatever groups we could take advantage of went out the window. I just went hard and chased which generally didn't work because I was trying to catch up with riders who were mostly as fast as me or faster and riding in groups. For the rest of the day, I was able to latch on to the back of packs here and there but mostly I was on my own.

I pulled something in my left leg at about 120 km and at first I thought I was done (kinda scary; never happened before plus I was in the middle of nowhere) but it sorted itself out in just a few minutes (weird). I should have hydrated better and ate more; I didn't have issues with locating the rest stops like some did, I just blew by more than I should have to



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keep from falling further behind. But those two popsicles from the Clayton general store sure hit the spot.

My average speed slowly dropped during the day, from about 32.5 km/h at the time of my first two punctures to just under 30 km/h at the finish. I tried to push it a bit on the timed sections and by & large I'm happy with my middle-of-the-pack numbers on those. Too bad those didn't function better. Looking at the results afterwards, very few riders had results for the second timed section. Linda noticed that something wasn't right with the set-up, with the sign denoting the finish being further up the road than the sensor, which was oddly placed almost right at a corner. Normally SportStats is pretty reliable so maybe there was some funny business going on.

An ambulance was heading south from the dangerous railway crossing north of Almonte on Martin Rd just as I was getting there. Someone must have crashed hard there. Then just north of there, I had to slow-roll for a while behind a farmer and his gigantic load of hay bales. One donkey from a group wearing polka-dot jerseys (Pedales Rápidos I think) decided to try passing the hay bales--just as the farmer was turning left off the road.

I arrived at the finish line at pretty much bang on 4pm. Caroline was waiting and a bit worried since I was about 90 minutes later than I'd estimated before the start and much of the route up around McDonalds Corners, Tatlock and Clayton has no wireless service.

The pulled braised beef, pasta salad, and cold K-beer hit the spot at the finish. The Enervit recovery drink, not so much--tasted terrible, nothing like the stuff at the feed stations, which was quite good. Caroline, who had ridden the 100-km "MedioFondo" route and did well, was waiting and getting worried because I was so late. We joined Dave C & Linda taking it easy under one of the tents, and then we all got together with Tim & Peter when they showed up after they completed the 170-km route. We stayed until about 5:30pm before heading home.

I kinda feel bad for promoting this event so much to club members since the organization was so poor, especially registration pick-up on Friday afternoon, plus there were no maps, just signs and markings on the road which didn't always keep everyone on the routes. But once on the road I think it turn out well enough. There were enough aid stations along the way with plenty of water and little snacks like bananas, cookies, and bagels with PB & J. Since it was a very warm day, they probably should have had ice, too.

Event organizer Greg Capello seriously over-promised and under-delivered on this event, and the organization problems weren't just a few little snafus; they were a total whiff. There is considerable blowback on the Granfondo Facebook page and TriRudy. In general, it looks like the more casual riders on the shorter routes were more forgiving but the more serious riders on the longer routes, who've probably got a lot of experience riding events like this was supposed to be, know what should have been in place but wasn't.

I don't see signing up for next year, if there is one. The brand is seriously damaged. It's a shame that one thing that did turn out very well, the kit, is so nice because it's going to be hard to wear it for political reasons.





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Tom wearing the complete GranFondo Ottawa  
2012 kit - will he wear it again?

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## From the Editor

Thank you to all contributors for this edition.

If you have any cycling news, views, tips or  
trips you'd like to share, please submit to:  
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