



The Long Road

Newsletter of Randonneurs Ontario

February 2010
Volume 27, Number 1

Awards Night!



Real Prefontaine accepts the Special Recognition Award presented by Isabelle Sheardown, President of Randonneurs Ontario, at the Toronto Awards Dinner.

The Board of Directors of Randonneurs Ontario honoured Real Prefontaine with a Special Recognition Award for his invaluable contribution to Randonneuring. Real was President of Randonneurs Mondiaux 2000-2004, VP Randonneurs Mondiaux 1997-1999, a Director on the Board of BC Randonneurs 1995-1996. Most recently, he was our Secretary on the Board of Directors of Randonneurs Ontario from 2005-2009. Real is a 10 time Super Randonneur and 3 time Randonneur 5000 with the BC Randonneurs. We "Thank You" Real for your contribution to Randonneuring!

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Upcoming Events:

- 24th Annual Toronto International Bicycle Show. March 5, 6, 7, Toronto
- New Members Night, Friday April 9, 2010, Urbane Cycle Shop, John St. Toronto
- Devil Week, June 5-12, 2010

And the 2009 Awards go to...

Jock Wadley (Outstanding Rider)

Henk Bouhuysen

Longest Distance of the Year

Henk Bouhuyzen



Beryl Burton (Top Female)

Linda Perkin

Coronation Cup (Most Improved)

Linda Perkin



Organiser of the Year

Jim Morris & Isabelle Sheardown

Rookie of the Year

Liz Overduin



Fleche Team

Huron Boyz - 421 Km

Carey Chappelle

Rolf Hauckwitz

Joe Hill

Dick Felton

John Maccio



Special Recognition: Granite Anvil

These people are non members who worked around the clock before, during and after the Granite Anvil and we Thank them.

Elizabeth Griffin

Grace McNab

Dan Waldron

Debbie Morris

Nuala Felton

Elizabeth Ford



J.B. (Jock) Wadley Award

by Mike Barrie

Last Saturday Clare and I attended the Randonneurs Ontario annual banquet and prize presentation. It was a great evening where we were able to get together with some old friends.

There are a good number of trophies that are presented each year but the premier award goes to the year's "Most Outstanding Rider" who is presented with the J.B. Wadley Memorial Trophy. Few of the current members know who J.B. Wadley was and what his association is with Randonneurs Ontario.

Few people have had such an influence on my life in cycling as Jock Wadley. My first recollection of his name was when I bought a copy of the first edition of his wonderful magazine "Coureur" in 1955. The Coureur was like a breath of fresh air. The only other English language cycling magazine available at that time was the weekly "Cycling" which was essential reading for anyone interested in the sport but tended to concentrate only on the British scene and to give very little coverage of racing on the Continent.

I picked up my first copy of Coureur from Fred Dean's bike shop in Wandsworth. Jock had just been there to drop off copies of his first edition. It was definitely his mag. He had written almost everything in it. He had published it himself (remember this was long before 'self-publishing' on computers) and then delivered it by bike to all the bike shops that he could reach. In those days there were hundreds of bike shops in London. It was forty pages devoted almost entirely to the Continental scene but with a photo spread on the 1955 Tour of Britain. There was absolutely no advertising in this premier edition.

I devoured every word in that magazine with its stories of Coppi, Anquetil the GP des Nations and many other articles of racing on the other side of the Channel. At two shillings and six pence Coureur was five times the price of a copy of Cycling but for me it was well worth it.

Jock had started Coureur when "Bicycle" magazine went out of business earlier in 1955. He had written for the Bicycle since 1936 and had been their foreign correspondent. Unlike Cycling the Bicycle covered the continental as well as the British scene and Jock spent a lot of time in France where he became fluent in French.

Following the demise of the Bicycle Jock was offered a job with Cycling but turned it down as he didn't feel that he would fit in with the editor's very conservative views.

Coureur was originally a quarterly but it was so successful that by the spring of 1957 it became monthly with a change of name to Sporting Cyclist. It now had a full time staff and was published by the Charles Buchan organization with Jock as editor.

I didn't meet Jock until 1967 when I managed to get a press pass to the finish of the Tour de France at the Parc des Princes velodrome in Paris. I was going to London the next day and Jock asked if I would drop some films at the Sporting Cyclist office in Fleet Street. Of course I was happy to oblige. The film had shots that Jock had taken throughout the Tour including many shots of Tom Simpson before his tragic death on Mont Ventoux.

Following that initial meeting whenever I was in London I would meet up with Jock for lunch or dinner or a bike ride in the Surrey lanes. He was such an interesting person to be with. He was full of stories of the cycling scene and seemed to be on personal terms with most of the World's great riders.

In 1971 Jock came to Canada to cover the Tour de la Nouvelle France a week long pro bike race in Quebec. Unfortunately he wasn't covering the race for his own magazine, which was now International Cycle Sport. Due to some very unfortunate business transaction he was no longer involved with that magazine. He was now reporting for the Daily Telegraph.

After following the race in Quebec, Canadian cy-

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cling official and ex-Brit., Ken Smith persuaded him that he should see some more exciting racing in Canada before returning home. A Six Day race was due to take place in Delhi, Ontario the following week. Ken drove him from Quebec and they stayed with Clare and me in Toronto for a few days before going on to Delhi.

We arrived at the Delhi Hockey Arena to the sound of the pack of riders rumbling around the boards of the 118 metre steeply banked track. Jock was in heaven. He was so excited by everything that he saw; the super fast and competent bike handling, the excited and knowledgeable crowd and the wonderful track built by Delhi resident Albert Schelstraete.

Jock had seen all the best bike racing in the World from the Tour de France to the Vel d'Hiv, from World Championships to Olympic games but he said that he had never seen more exciting bike racing than

he saw that night at Delhi.

The story of the Tour de la Nouvelle France and the track at Delhi formed the basis of a book he then wrote, "Old Roads and New". This book was also self-published and it included an account of Jock's ride in the 1971 Paris-Brest-Paris. This article, entitled Brestward Ho! has since been attributed to the rise in popularity of long distance cycling in the English-speaking World.

However it wasn't this article that got me into long distance cycling but another that Jock wrote where he mentions a ride across the length of the Pyrenees from Atlantic to Mediterranean, the 720 km Raid Pyrenean.

Since my first visit to the Pyrenees in 1957, that marvelous country has always fascinated me. My business partner, Mike Brown and I were looking for a

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Randonneurs Ontario
Hosted by: Simcoe Muskoka Chapter
All rides start and finish in Alliston, Ontario
(45 min. north of 401 on 400 Hwy.)

Devil Week

**Some have called this type of event Hell Week
But we are calling it Devil Week**

June 5th Lake Simcoe Holland Marsh 200 Km Brevet
June 6th Grand Valley 300 Km Brevet
June 8th Alliston Stratford 400 Km Brevet
June 10th/11th Tour to Nottawasaga Bay 600 Brevet
June 12th Celebration Lunch

For more info or to register:
Isabelle Sheardown or Keith McEwen 705 434 1637
e-mail: isheardown@zing-net.ca

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challenge and Jock's article came to mind. A call to Jock put us in touch with the Raid organizer and we arranged to ride it in September 1981.

A few weeks before we went I was visiting London and contacted Jock only to find that he was desperately ill with stomach cancer. I visited him in hospital the day before he died and even though he was in a great deal of pain he wanted to know how are plans were going for the Raid. I said that I thought that Mike and I were reasonably fit and that we were looking forward to the challenge of the Tourmalet, Aubisque, Aspin, etc. He replied in a very weak voice "Don't forget the Portet d'Aspet."

On the route profile that we had the Portet d'Aspet didn't seem too much of a problem compared to the other major climbs but when we got there it certainly was the toughest climb of them all. As I climbed it in the dark, in a raging wind and rainstorm I remembered Jock's words and imagined him looking down on us and saying, "I told you so".

After Mike and I finished the Raid we were looking for another long distance challenge and Jock's account of Paris-Brest-Paris came to mind. However to ride P-B-P one has to qualify in sanctioned events and there were none close to Toronto. Mike and I decided to form the Toronto Randonneurs and organize the qualifying rides. This we did and now, twenty-eight years later the club is still very active although renamed Randonneurs Ontario.

The J. B. Wadley trophy that is presented every year is the trophy presented to Jock when he finished P-B-P back in 1971. Jock's widow, Mary gave it to me, along with many of his other cycling mementos, soon after his death. The trophy's plinth has grown over the years to accommodate all the plaques with the recipient's names engraved. I'm sure Jock would be very proud.



This year's recipient of the trophy is Henk Bouhuyzen. He rode five 1200 km randonnees in 2009. I would say that that is pretty "outstanding". Jock would have been impressed.

It's time to renew your membership.

Application form and the Canadian Cycling Association waiver form can be found on the website
(click "Become a Member" on the Home Page)

Murphy's Maxims

Peter Hochstein of New York City claims to have run across 10 Murphy's Laws relating to cycling (Murphy, as you know, discovered the basic axiom that whatever can go wrong will). Here they are:

Law #1: The shortest distance between two points is always bisected by a mountain.

Law #2: The likelihood that you will get a flat in your rear tire increases in direct proportion to the amount of grease on your chain. (Corollary: The odds of getting the grease on your clothing increase in direct proportion to the cost and newness of the clothing).

Law #3: No matter what speed you go, a traffic light will always turn red the moment you approach it on a bicycle.

Law #4: For every downhill there are always two uphill: the hill you had to climb to get to the top of the downhill, and the new hill waiting for you at the bottom.

Law #5: Wind trainers are always delivered on the day the sun finally comes out.

Law #6: The shoelace that becomes untied is always the right-hand one, and always gets caught in the chain.

Law #7: The odds of scratching your automobile when mounting your bicycle on it increase in direct proportion to the newness and expense of the automobile. (Corollary: old automobiles never get scratched when mounting bikes on them, but the bikes get scratched.)

Law #8: You can't control the terrain, but you can always control the weather. To make it rain cats and dogs, wear absorbent cotton sweatpants and a sweatshirt. To create sub-zero cold or snow, wear shorts and a T-shirt. To make the day sunny, hot and humid, wear a non-breathable rainsuit over thermal underwear. To create every kind of unpleasant weather there is, plan to camp out on a five day bike tour.

Law #9: The person who passes you on a steep upgrade is always 20 years younger if you are getting older, or 20 years older if you are young.

Law #10: If you load up on carbohydrates the night before a race, the race will be cancelled and you will gain four pounds.



A Rookie Super Randonneur

By *Liz Overduin*

Kemble Rock 200 km brevet, April 18, 2009, 7:00 am

You might say that “green” was the color for the day on that early April morning of my first ride with the Randonneurs. All I really knew about Randonneurs was that they are long distance cyclists. I love cycling and can’t get enough of it, so although I was a “green” Randonneur, I was looking forward to it. Most of my cycling up to this point had been on my own, and now I was going to meet a whole new group of people who did an extreme sport, like cycling 200 kilometers in one day! As I got closer to the Tim Hortons, I felt sick with nervousness in a “green” sort of way. My hair was also green, but that’s another story.

Having gone to the Toronto Bike Show a few months earlier, I knew that this is a very organized sport. I was given the name of the Vice-President of the Chapter, Carey. When I phoned her, it turned out that Carey was a “him”. He seemed super nice on the phone and answered some of my questions. He suggested I phone Con who lived not far from me and we could travel together. So I phoned Con, thinking “Connie”, but once again, I was wrong and “Con” was short for Conrad. Con had lots of information for me, but the more he told me, the more questions I had. One question that I kept to myself was “are there any women in this sport!?”

Of course I was the first one at the Tim Hortons. One by one the men in tights arrived. And then I saw Linda! The green feeling left instantly, although I still had to explain about my green hair (but, like I said, that’s another story).

Linda and I instantly connected. Before we knew it, there we were, 12 cyclists heading up the road early in the morning. As we cycled I heard the stories of the other Randonneurs and I felt sure that this would be my sport. At one point one of the guys got a flat tire which blew so hard it bent his rim. Everyone



Liz Overduin

stopped, they brainstormed on how to fix the problem, and then we carried on. The stop for lunch was at a restaurant and everyone downs a big glass of beer!



Brainstorming a wheel problem on the Kemble Rock 200K

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A well-earned celebration after the Kemble Rock 200

The end of the 200 kilometer brevet came too soon and I was sorry it was over. I loved every minute of it! The next ride was in two weeks, and the distance would be 300 kilometers. I could hardly wait.

Bowle Buster 300 k brevet, May 2, 2009, 7:00 am

There were 11 of us cyclists that took on the challenge of cycling for 300 kilometre Brevet. This time I was the only woman. And I was bald (but that's another story, relates to the green hair.) While we were having a Tim Hortons breakfast, before the start of the ride, some of the men were already challenging each other about who would finish first. It was all very friendly and I could hardly believe that I was a part of the rowdiness. I missed Linda though.

When we started cycling, a group of 5 immediately broke away. The remaining 6 of us had a more leisurely pace but at the first hill, we also left one guy behind. He had cycled from Toronto to Port Elgin (250+ kilometres!) the day before. These Randonneurs are something else!

We stopped in the small town of Meaford for lunch at the halfway point (155 kilometres) and I felt great - we all did. The first group was just finishing their lunch, downing their beers, still being rowdy, and they were off again.

After lunch (which included a large mug of cold beer! -of course!!!), we were on the way home and the wind was coming right at us with a lot of force. At times it would seem to blow us backwards or over the edge - well, maybe not that bad, but it sure was strong. We became a quiet group of 5, totally concentrating on trying to keep going. At this point we tried drafting, where you follow each other very closely in order to streamline against the wind. The person at the front takes the brunt of the wind and after every kilometer, that person breaks away and goes to the back to get a break and a new leader takes the wind for the group. It was my first experience at ever trying something like this.

Then we got to a super steep hill. I like the challenge of a hill and was able to get to the top by zigzagging, thankful there was not much traffic. The wind was still howling and it had started to cool down. My toes were so cold I could hardly feel them to wiggle them. Half an hour later, one of the guys said he was finished, he had nothing left and he was freezing cold and shivering. He arranged for someone to pick him up and give him a ride back to his car. Before he left, he let me have his foot warmers. He took them off his own shoes and I put them on mine. Almost instantly I felt the heat come back into my toes! Wow, that will be a feeling I never forget.

We got to a section of about 10 kilometres of gravel. The sun had set. We had about 90 kilometres left to go. Suddenly, another guy stopped and got off his bike and he looked like he was going to faint. He quickly ate a banana, but told us he did not feel good. This guy had been strong all day, and also has massive legs that look like they would never quit. We slowly continued on, but we could see that he was struggling. About 10 kilometres later he decided that he had enough and also got a ride back to his car.

It was now just after 9:00 pm. We later learned that the first group was finishing at this point and we still had about 80 kilometres to go. There we were, the

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remaining three of us, looking awesome all lit up with lights, reflective vests and reflective tape on our bikes.

I have to admit that I was getting a little worried as one by one these massive legged men, experienced Randonneurs, were unable to finish. I felt strong myself, and was loving the ride. But these men had also been strong. Whatever happened to them could just as easily happen to me. I understand why Randonneurs stick together. We took one set of directions at a time and consulted at every turn. We did not want to get lost. At this point, none of us wanted to do any extra kilometres.

It was amazing to be riding at night. The roads were quiet with just the three of us and our lights. I kept saying things like - "Isn't it great that the wind has died down!" and "Aren't you glad it isn't raining!", and, "I am so happy that I got these foot warmers!" I would yahoo at each turn we had to make because it meant we weren't lost and we were that much closer to the Tim Hortons at the finish line. Finally one of other riders asked me to shut-up because my optimism was making him sick. But he said it in a nice way. If he only knew that while we were cycling, to myself I was thinking "I love this, I absolutely love this!!" I loved the whole experience and felt strong and happy!

I have to admit that by the last 20 kilometres I was getting cold all over. I was looking forward to the finish at Tim Hortons where we could be inside and warm up. But Tim's was closed. It was 1:00 in the morning. We all went home.

I had cycled 304.6 kilometres and had started 18 hours earlier. We had completed it two hours before the limit.

The 400 kilometre Brevet would be in the end of May. We are allowed 27 hours to complete it. I could hardly wait, knowing that that one would be a challenge.

Creemore Classic 400 km Brevet, May 30, 2009



Start of the Creemore Classic 400km

This one was definitely the biggest challenge so far! We were only a group of 6, but Linda was back! This ride had 4 Control Points (not including the start and finish). Between the second and third Control is when the storm hit. Of course we got caught in it before we found shelter. Eventually we came across a small airport and huddled along the one wall out of the wind and rain. We had about 12 inches of space to keep from getting wet. Not that it mattered because we were already soaking wet and cold. Dropping out was a tempting consideration at the point. Then the sun came out, and back into the cold strong wind we went and on to the next Control Point.

The next Control was a rewarding one at a cozy restaurant in Creemore. We drank beer – obviously, and ate a hearty warm meal. Once we had dried out somewhat, off we went. It felt awesome to take on the challenge, even though I was enjoying the down time in the restaurant. This is what Randonneuring is all about – finding your limits and pushing them!

The next Control was at the Blue Mountain Village by Collingwood. We went into a restaurant for a quick break. It was after 11:00 pm. Most people had been drinking. They had coats and sweaters on, and they were still freezing when they stepped outside. We were in cycling gear! I was feeling great and still very excited about the whole experience. I had to fight the urge to shout out Yahoo's every time.

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We only had 110 kilometers to go - 60 kilometers to our next Control Point, a 24 hour donut shop in Chatsworth, then 50 kilometers to the finish! I have to admit that because it was so cold and windy, I was looking forward to it being over so I could be warm again. I thought about our house with the woodstove on, glass of wine, warm cozy bed....you get the idea.

We still had some major hill climbing parts coming up. Especially the hill going up Blue Mountain! People in the restaurant thought we were completely crazy to go up that hill under any circumstances. Especially in the middle of the night, after having already cycled 300 kilometers, with still another 100 to go! So with teeth clattering (and I'm not kidding, they were literally clattering) we headed out again before midnight. For the next hour and a half, I was thankful for every uphill, as that would warm me up again, and every downhill the teeth clattering would start again!

I have often said that I want to see how long I could ride my bike before I would be ready to fall off. I know the answer now. It is at around 345 kilometers or about 20 hours! It was a very weird feeling to be cycling and suddenly jerk awake because you feel yourself falling over. I was not the only one. Every once in a while I would see one of the guys ahead, or hear one of the guys behind, hit the gravel and give a grunt as they recovered their balance.

I was literally counting the kilometers until the second last checkpoint, the 24 hour donut shop in Chatsworth. All we could think of was how we would get warmed up, have something to eat, fill up our empty water bottles and close our eyes, even for just 15 minutes before finishing the last 50 kms. At this point we were prepared to put the Chatsworth donut shop in our wills!

The 24 hour Chatsworth donut shop was closed! We could not believe it. The entire town was closed. Nothing was open and no one was up. It was 4:15 am. We huddled together in the parking lot, looking a very sad group of 6 cyclists, until we accepted the

fact that we had no choice but to carry on. The Chatsworth donut shop will never make it into my will!

We put on every piece of clothing we had, (two of the riders also wrapped emergency blankets around themselves!) got back on our bikes, and on we went to finish the last 50 kilometers. As the sun came up, it lifted our spirits and we started to feel warmer. I felt like a kid in the back of a car, "Are we there yet?" Not a lot of Yahoo's coming from me at that point!

We got to the end, also known as the finish, the finale, or completion at 7:59 am. It had been 25 hours earlier that we had left. We had cycled 400 kilometers! We were in two hours before the limit. There we sat in the Tim Hortons, with swollen red eyes, probably not smelling too good, almost too tired to feel the huge sense of accomplishment.. My husband Bob would say it is not natural to put your bodies through that just to feel a bloody sense of accomplishment! Maybe he has a point eh. But I know I will keep doing it anyway!

March to the Nuke 600 km Brevet, June 27/28, 2009



Start of the March to the Nuke 600 km

The 600 kilometer ride, March to the Nuke, was awesome! I will spoil the surprise right away and tell you that I was successful! Since I have now done the series, I am considered a Super Randonneur!!! It's the officials in France who came up with

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the name, not me.

Once again, Linda and I rode together. Although there were 10 other riders, most of us broke into groups of two or three. This was a two day ride and staying together as a group would have been difficult.

The headwind on Saturday was downplayed by the great scenery, more descents than ascents, and the perfect amount of Control Points - they seemed to be just when we needed them. Linda and I made awesome time and we felt really good. Every time we got to the Control we would meet up with the others, who were only just 15 minutes or so ahead of us.



Enjoying the ride, March to the Nuke 600

We got to Kincardine in really good time. The wind had died down and the wind turbines had stopped. Riding out of Kincardine at night, with the glow flies sparking up all around us was amazing. Linda said it was magical. I felt strong and I loved it! It was nothing like how I felt at the same point on the 400 kilometer brevet. Linda and I laughed a sarcastic laugh, when the wind came back, but now from the east, so again, a headwind!



Taking a break, on the way to Blythe

The eastern wind of course brought the rain which started just before we got to the Blyth Inn, where we had reserved a room in anticipation of having time to sleep. The rain only made the hot shower and bed that much sweeter. We arrived there with 5 hours "in the bank" so we were able to sleep for 3 1/2 hours! It turns out that the others in the group had also just arrived before us. I slept solid and woke up to a hot flash just before the alarm was set to go off. I was rip-roaring ready to go! Linda had not slept well, and she was not quite as chipper, but off we went into the rain again.

Sunday was a wet one, but we were well over the half way and at each Control we were making up time again. There was a challenging 45 km stretch into the wind and heavy rain. Linda felt she was ready for the ride to be over. We stopped at a little gas station to get out of the rain and I gave in to one of those crazy caffeine energy drinks, which turned out to be a great idea.

Coming into Heidelberg we rode with the Mennonites and their horses and buggy's. Now I know that I can go faster than two horsepower! That will forever be one of my favorite memories - to ride behind the buggy, hardly having to pedal at all. The kids in the buggies were friendly and would wave shyly at us.

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The rain was pouring down and I thought the horses smelled awesome. It did mean that because there were at least 15 horses in front of us...well, you know, we had to try and steer between all the.... manure. I loved it!

We stopped at a cozy restaurant in Heidelberg where Linda had a soup and I had a beer. By this time I felt positive that we were going to do this thing and become Super Randonneurs. Linda was definitely looking forward to that moment!

The sun broke out when we got to the hills on the Winston Churchill Rd. I loved that part because by this time my arse was so sore I could hardly bear to keep it on the saddle. I was able to stand on going down the hills as well as going up them.

The ride back down through Hockley Valley was amazing! I wanted to sing, and I am not a singer! We noticed that the sky behind us had turned black. We were literally chased into the finish by one of the wildest thunderstorms I have ever seen! Where we found the energy to spin those pedals faster than we had ever spun them, with almost 600 kilometers of pedaling already done, we will never know. But

Linda was right behind me, our wheels almost touching, as we flew to the finish at the Tim Hortons! It had been 38 hours earlier that we had left that very same Tim Hortons. We had completed the 600 kilometer brevet two hours before the limit.



The end of the 600 for 2 new Super Randonneurs!

It was exhilarating to have completed the 600 kilometer brevet. Linda and I could now officially call ourselves Super Randonneurs! This seems to be my sport because if it wasn't for my painful backside, I could have ridden longer. I absolutely love this!

Liz Overduin was awarded Rookie of the Year 2009

Words from the Prez

Is winter short or long for you? We're pretty happy about this winter at our house. The skiing is great at Blue Mtn. Snowshoeing has been good too and not much snow has fallen on our driveway.

Whenever I've been in Toronto the roads have been clear and I have seen many cyclists out. For the rest of us it's in the gym or on the wind trainer at home.

The first rides start within a few weeks, go to the web site and check the schedules. Have you thought about a Fleche Team?

The Fleche this year will end in Oshawa, at Durham

College, rooms have been reserved at the college for anyone doing the Fleche. And a celebration breakfast will be held Sunday morning. For more info get in touch with me and don't forget to register your route with Peter Leiss, VP Admin. RO website has all the details on doing a Fleche - be sure to read them.

Toronto, Huron & Simcoe Chapters held their Awards Banquet at The Madison Pub again this year, and a fabulous dinner was enjoyed by everyone with great camaraderie! Liz Overduin and her husband were the winners of a night at The Madison

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Boutique Hotel Feb.6th. (Remember that draw your name went into if you paid for the banquet by Jan.15th?)

Ottawa Chapter had their Awards Banquet Feb. 20th and they will have a report in the next newsletter.

On a sad note Claude Lepertel passed away last month, The Lepertels were the heart and soul of Paris Brest Paris for many years, instrumental in opening PBP up to the world.

This is going to be a busy cycling season as everyone anticipating PBP next year wants to get as many kms. in as possible and what better way to do that than plan on "Devil Week", a full Brevet series in one week!

We're still working out the details for "Devil Week", it is June 5th-12. All rides will start and finish in Alliston. The routes are complete and will be posted to the website soon. You can do all of the rides or pick and choose but if you want a T-Shirt, you must do the full series – 200, 300, 400 & 600 Brevet. Hotel

and camping is available. For more info get in touch with me. Stay tuned.....

The Bike Show is fast approaching March 5th, 6th & 7th at Exhibition place but in a different building this year – Better Living Center, right under the really big windmill. Come see what new toys have your name on them and what about a new cycling wardrobe!

Your 2009 Brevet cards and medals will be at our booth if you didn't get them at the Awards Banquet, be sure and ask for them when you stop in at the booth.

New Members Night will be Friday April 9th at Urban Cyclist shop on John St. in downtown Toronto. And yes, we welcome all members and potential members. RSVP to Mark Hopper or Kathy Brouse.

Isabelle Sheardown,
President,
Randonneurs Ontario



Toronto Bike Show

Toronto International Bicycle Show
March 5, 6, 7, 2010

Note the **NEW LOCATION!**

This year the show will be in the

**Better Living Center
Exhibition Place
Toronto**

**Drop by the Randonneurs Ontario
Booth!!**

Randonneurs Ontario

Long Distance Cycling Association
www.randonneursontario.ca

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Vice President, Toronto	Kathy Brouse	vp-toronto@randonneursontario.ca
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Member-at-large (Toronto)	Mark Hopper	director2@randonneursontario.ca
Newsletter editor	Linda Perkin	editor@randonneursontario.ca

New Members Night!

Everyone Welcome!

Friday April 9, 7pm

**Urbane Cyclist,
180 John St., Toronto**

For more info, contact Mark Hopper or Kathy Brouse.