



Spokes

The Newsletter of the Edmonton Bicycle & Touring Club

Dec 2002



Merry Christmas

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Call To order 6:30 p.m.
January 25, 2003

Rundle Park at the Rundle Family Centre

Cross-Country Ski and Fondue Party

Meet in Rundle Park at the Rundle Family Centre (by the skating rink) at 2:00PM for a cross-country skiing adventure, and then at 5:00PM for the first Edmonton Bicycle and Touring Club Fondue in conjunction with our Annual General Meeting.

Bring to the Fondue party your plate, cup and utensils and some food to share, either fondue related or otherwise. This should be fun, we've already got volunteers to bring meat and chocolate fondues!

For more information
contact Nadine at 438-1987



RIBBON CREEK – KANANSKIS WILDERNESS HOSTEL February 21-23, 2003

Memories I have of the last trip I made to Ribbon Creek many moons ago are of a great comfy hostel, wonderful meals supplied by our own EBTC participants, Victor's car not starting because it was so cold, and SNOW – lots of SNOW! The trees were so beautiful with their heavy mantle of white - the snow on the trails was so deep that all you could hear was the swoosh, swoosh of the skis and the perfect silence of the winter day. It was heaven on earth and lots of others must think so too, because we've been having trouble getting a reservation ever since!

This year we have been able to book for 16 people, and I'm sure the conditions will be just as wonderful, (hopefully slightly warmer, but not too warm!). If you are interested, book your spot early for this popular trip! For information, please call Maureen at 436-9004. As we have to pay in full a month before the trip, deadline is FIRM at January 19, 2003. Estimated cost is \$65.00.

Kettle Valley Railway: The continuing saga of the Magnificent 11.

**Monthly Executive Meeting
Monday, 6:30 p.m., Jan. 13, 2003
Members meeting 7:45 p.m.**

Location: Edmonton International Hostel
10647 - 81 Ave

EBTC Hotline Recording: 424-2453 (424-BIKE)

E-mail: bikeclub@ecn.ab.ca

WWW: <http://www.ecn.ab.ca/bicycle/>



RAMBLINGS

Season's Greetings everyone and all!

I trust you are all healthy and able to enjoy the holiday season. I cannot believe that another year has past, they just fly by. I have not been on my bike for six months now, but really am anxious to get back on it. I finally am feeling like I have enough energy to go for a good ride.

I know the last year was a good year for the club, even though membership was down. I know we had some really good tours, and lots of well attended day trips. The sweat rides were very well attended, and I suspect many members are training for triathlons, and even an Iron Man (way to go Ellen).

Next year is the club's 25TH Anniversary. We have started planning a few special things, so kept an eye on Spokes, then come out to celebrate. One of the first events of the new year is the AGM on Saturday, January 25, 2003. See details in this issue of Spokes. I invite you all to come out, have some fun and good food, and support your executive.

*Seasons
Greetings*

Kettle Valley Railway: The continuing saga of the Magnificent 11.

When we last left this gangling, peculiar band of sorts, the pre-trip meeting expounded upon the highlights, tourist attractions and perils, just to name a few, of the tour. A Creek crossing, trestles, bridges, tunnels, great views, ferocious bears, poisonous snakes, aggressive quads and the infamous Ogoopogo were expected. Anticipating all or some of these had us excited! And this is where we continue with the tale of the Magnificent 11

We met on a hilltop high above Okanagan Lake in Naramata, B.C., packed the shuttle van and drove to the start point just north of the U.S./Canada border in a small village named Midway. **Mile O of the KVR.**

That night we dined on the hotel patio and camped in the public park we had booked.

Day 1 - Sunday, August 25th

A Blurry Ride on the Range by Vicky

The first day was filled with excitement, anticipation and adventure. The makings of a real good mountain bike tour. The first mornings' departure time is always much later than anticipated as riders try to pack their trusty steeds for the ride ahead (it's a talent). On this trip if that is not done properly, or if anything bike related is weak, it potentially may fall off, crack, break or loosen (that may apply to the body on the bike too). Most definitely it will show on the miles ahead at one point or another. The day proved to test our skills, bikes and bodies. Many adjustments to packing techniques were made throughout the day. Those bikes that could not handle the load and rough terrain broke spokes under pressure. Our bodies held out, as did our spirits. We took a break at a spot that resembled a movie scene while the mechanics fixed one of a couple spokes broken today.

The reason we ride is not only for the beautiful mountain scenery as Barb could attest. She rode blindly half a day enjoying the elements and smell of nature. It wasn't until Jody noticed Barb didn't have a lens in her glasses that she admitted her vision was not 'real' clear. She couldn't really pinpoint the cause of her blurry vision, but we could narrow it down to the pouring rain, no lens or the bumpy terrain. Yes, the terrain was quite rough. Rough enough to shake your eyeglass pins loose you say?

We arrived in Beaverdell in time to hang our wet clothes, shower and head to the hotel to enjoy a turkey dinner with all the trimmings followed by entertainment, which included the waitress singing a few songs. She was quite good and after all...she took requests!

Day 2 - Monday, August 26th
Houndhell and Last Resort by Rachel

The hounds of Beaverdell howled most of the night and we tossed and turned in Collin's Cabins that we had gleefully converted into a walk-in clothes dryer. The next morning, we trudged in for breakfast, and one by one, a thought darkened our already-drawn faces. "Cream of wheat!" However, Angela converted our wrong-headed notions on this humble breakfast food with her deluxe version, a puffy snow-white concoction enhanced with brown sugar, bananas, nuts, dried fruit and milk.

Yum.

Steve had a screw loose – on his rear pannier bracket. We messed up our panniers again looking for the right tool and it looked like no one would produce it. Vicki finally produced the precision instrument when she whipped out her "Survivor Gear". The "oohs" and the "ahhs" emanating from our group might have persuaded passerby to believe that we were impressed by a 10K diamond ring on her finger instead of the cutest little black toolbox she held in her palm.

We finally got away at a blistering pace on a bumpy trail stopping occasionally to pick up the odd stray pannier flying off someone's carriers. A few kms later, we toured a ghost town called Carmi that boasted an abandoned hotel graced with two lofts and a grand bathroom. It appeared that someone had at one time tried to restore the fixer-upper but had later given up.

We pushed on for another .5 km and stopped again to stare at an array of stuffed animals displayed on the shed along the trail. A few of us considered trading places with the giant bears set in a full-size hammock and sneak in a few extra winks.

A flat provided some of us with our first and last opportunity to pass Dalton. The temperature hit 27 degrees and most of us were low on water by the time we hit Arlington Lake for lunch. We formed an assembly line at an improvised filtering station on a not-too-stable and sinking dock before setting off on a mild uphill grade through km after km of forest reminiscent of the drive through Northern Ontario.

Gordon and Rachel were MIA for a short while, when, lured by a downhill, they failed to spot the red survey ribbon marking the trail and took a wrong turn. Realizing this was too good to be true, they turned back and pedaled frantically to rejoin the rest of the crew waiting patiently ahead. We forged ahead as Barb egged us on the last few kms to McCullough Resort with visions of Smirnoff Ice and strolls along the lake.

Seven of our group learned more about each other in the intimacy of a rambling bungalow called the Cookhouse distinguished by a not-quite-wide-enough vinyl curtain securing the bathroom's privacy. The other four riders shared a lakefront log cabin graced with an adjoining deck complete with two rockers, but no

bathroom. Instead we headed for the moldy odor emanating from the trailer housing showers with very clogged drains. However, the women unanimously upgraded the rating of the showers from "dumpy" to "interesting" when Vicki barged in on two young male cyclists wearing not a thread of lycra.

Day 3 - Tuesday, August 27th
Myra Beauties by Barb

We left the rustic McCullough Lake for Chute Lake. Beautiful day, weather-wise. We went from being the only cyclists on the trail to the 401. Myra Canyon is definitely scenic and we stopped every ¼ km for another photo-op. Jodi's front rack broke on the other side (good racks!) and another branch was whittled into a makeshift splint and fastened with duct-tape. A few more bike breakdowns for Steve and Angela plus Gord had a flat.

We rode our first down hills today but we also were riding in thick sand – challenging! We had a yoga break with Jodi showing us the mountain position using her chest – go figure! When we reached our campsite on the shore of Chute Lake, a few went for a swim – mainly to wash the mega layers of dirt off. Angela decided to take her bike for a swim. After dinner, we celebrated Ernie's birthday with some chocolate rolls purchased that morning for dessert at the Beaverdell general store. But most of us saved our share of chocolate rolls for snacks the next day since Ernie's team had cooked dinner and we had all enjoyed Tiramisu.

Day 4 - Wednesday, August 28th
Down, Dirty, & Drinkin' by Allyson

We woke to another sunny day- one that we knew would be all-downhill, literally. Before we began our descent into Penticton, we came across some rock ovens used, once upon a time, to bake bread for the railway workers. In spite of Ernie looking high and low, we did not find any baked goods in the ovens. Once we cleared the forest, we began our descent along Okanagan Lake. The scenery was spectacular, even though rattlesnakes were rattlin' until October! All of the previous predescents made this day worth it. This is what cycling is all about. After stirring up the dust along the trail into a twister, we arrived punctually at the backside of the aptly named, Hillside Winery. Not to miss opportunity knocking, Dalton was slowly enjoying the sweet bouquet of one of Hillside's finest glasses of wine in the restaurant, well before the rest of us had parked our bikes! The restaurant proprietors gave our dusty and sweaty troupe an odd look, but allowed us into the establishment. Wine and good food at the winery restaurant made for a lazy afternoon for all. After a number of bottles of wine, we wove our way down to the hostel in town.

Day 5 – Thursday, August 29

An Off Day in Penticton

Day 6 – Friday, August 30

Trains Pains and Bicycles – Penticton to Thirsk Lake by Ernie & Allyson

The Train...A ride on the Kettle Valley Steam Railway.

The Pain ... Our legs; it would be an all-uphill day.

The Bicycles ... Our two wheel steeds packed with too much gear.

We slowly rode up out of Penticton, this time on the west side of Okanagan Lake. We had an appointment with a train in Summerland. The Kettle Valley Steam Railway runs on the last remaining 10km of KVR track. While waiting for the Canyon View Station after crossing the 73m high Trout Creek Bridge, many of us eyed (or tasted) the orchard next to the Station. We all boarded the train. Nine dusty cyclists and our bikes in the open cattle car (moo, moo). Two of our group were treated to the 1st class car which included wine, caviar and lunch accompanied by orchestral music. Oooo...this is a lot smoother than riding the trail. Alas, the train ride was finished all too quickly and we were back on our bikes, grunting up a hill in the Okanagan heat. The heat and the washboard trail were taking its toll on the group. At one of the rest stops, Vicky didn't hesitate to dive into the cool water of the Trout Creek. Everyone else decided that the water was too chilly. Finally we reached the first of our possible camping spots, Thirsk Lake. Given the ragged condition of the band, a mutiny ensued and we decided to go no further. Thirsk Lake turned out to be a very quiet and pleasant camping spot. One of the highlights of the trip. Lulled by the distant howling of coyotes, we settled in for a well-deserved sleep. Tomorrow would be another long day.

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Day 7 – Saturday, August 31

Sometimes civilization isn't all it's cracked up to be, or Jody Falls for the KVR - Thirsk Lake to Coalmont by Ernie and Allyson

As we biked the KVR trail past Osprey Lake and Chain Lakes, we were coming back into civilization, with all its good and bad points. On the good side, there was a general store right next to the trail. At the 3 Lakes General Store everyone indulged in their favorite drinks, ice cream and popsicles. However, around this heavily traveled stretch of the KVR trail was a terrible section of washboard due to ATV's and trail bike usage. We endured the washboard and eventually came upon the Jura range area just east of Princeton. The trail was smoother and downhill to boot.

Misfortune struck with 7 km to go, before reaching Princeton, a trail necessity used to keep motorized vehicles off the KVR trail became Jody's downfall. Jody took a double flip with a reverse gainer spill and broke 2 ribs attempting to ride over a steeply piled mound of dirt at a road crossing. But never fear, the "Sweepettes" who just happened to be on duty that day, came to the rescue and assisted with first aid treatment. After assessing the situation, it was ascertained that Jody and Steve could ride to the Princeton hospital on the road (in a truck) and the rest of us would continue the ride on the trail.

After picking up groceries and chatting with some local at a house party, we continued on to Coalmont minus Jody and Steve. This turned out to be one of the most scenic sections. The trail meanders along the Tulameen River. The green hues of the water contrasted nicely with the reds and oranges in the river banks above. There was a spectacular section of hoodoos carved out of the banks. Moreover, a few of us also had a very close encounter with a bear, within about 10 ft. Fortunately, the yearling bear was eating berries on the river bank and we were strategically positioned on a bridge just above the bear. After the excitement of seeing a bear, we continued on and encountered more washboard. "We must be getting close to Coalmont" Eventually, we dragged out tired and beaten bodies into Coalmont and to the "Rustic" Gold Pan Inn.



Day 8 – Sunday, September 1st

*The Rear View- the Last Day of KVR: Coalmont- Brookmere
by Angela*

I awoke at 6 am to the sounds of Rachel- I think it was Rachel, that caffeine loving early morning person she is- crashing around our modest and “rustic” cabin in Coalmont. “Rustic” in redneck speak meaning furnished with items from the dump and little or no plumbing. In this instance, I would hesitate to call our bathroom walled by see-through shutters and shower full of mysterious mold “plumbing”. Anyway, it seems the light switch of the bathroom was not operational. Well, maybe it’s burnt out, someone suggested. Well here she goes and replaces it with one from the kitchen area. Nope, that’s not it. By this time we are all awake. Maybe it’s the fuse, I suggest - and proceed to check it. Nope, that is fine. So we all are prepared to pee in the dark. Hey, when you have had several days to get accustomed to commode-au-natural, no biggie. Then I decided to switch on the kitchen light. Bingo! Turns out the bathroom light is wired into the kitchen switch. Must be Nick’s (our host for the evening) electrical plan. That was the start of our final leg of the Kettle Valley Railway.

After many days of adventure, including broken bikes, sore butts and Jody’s broken ribs (get well Jody!) this would be an uneventful and relatively easy final day of 43 km. We were also overjoyed by the news that Ernie had arranged for us to leave our heavy gear behind along with Allyson, who was taking the day off from riding, and we would pass by on our way to Penticton via Craig’s KVR shuttle to pick them all up. The sweepers broom and spare tire would be passed on to Gord, who really wanted to join club “sweepettes” but we wouldn’t let him as he is after all, not an “ette”.

After a hearty breakfast of Granola and fruit prepared by Barb and Rachel, we leisurely packed up our day packs (look ma, no panniers!) and headed for Brookmere under threat of rain. Well it didn’t rain. Although it was quite windy, the sun soon came out to greet us. Without the additional weight of full packs, we were

flying down the trail. Before we knew it, 20 km had passed and it wasn’t even lunch yet. Our journey today took us along the Tulameen River Valley and through many cattle gates, with highlights such as Otter Lake, which once was used as a source of natural ice and sent to Washington via the VV&E in the days before electrical freezers. Summer cottages mostly owned by Vancouverites dotted the shore. I heard rumors Dalton scared a bear off the trail, but I didn’t witness it. Well Dalton’s a big guy; if I were a bear I’d be pretty scared of him too.

The Otter Creek Trestle at about km 30 was missing and so we had to detour off the trail, and onto a road where we were passed by several logging trucks. Up a rather steep bank on the other side (glad we had no packs again) where we had our lunch spot. A meal of assorted meats and veggies on cheese buns was served up by Gord and Ernie. I especially thought the mini-cinnamon buns were a nice treat. There was a very thoughtfully placed outhouse on the trail, however it housed a wasp nest and none of us were brave enough to use it.



Well here it was only noon and only about 12 km to go, mostly downhill. We figured we’d be in Brookmere enjoying a cool drink by 1pm and all cleaned up by the time Craig, our driver came to pick us up at 3pm. (We had passed some other cyclists who told us they were off to Brookmere for lunch and a few beers. And for some of us the thought of an ice cold Smirnoff Ice at the end of the road spurred us on). Well the best laid plans... As I mounted my bike my legs felt like lead. Ok, well they should warm up in a bit right? Then we hit the washboard. Lots of washboard left behind by those very courteous ATVer’s and off road motorcyclists. My entire body was being scrambled, even with a shock on my bike. I don’t remember much of this section except the washboard and being thankful every time we passed over a smooth trestle, which were few and very short. All of a sudden the miles passed more slowly. Once again I and my sore quads were very grateful to be traveling light today continued page 7

EBTC Executive Members

President	Al Carlson	458-1471
Past President	Richard Williams	419-6240
Vice President/Touring Coordinator	Neil Morrison	466-3550
Treasurer	Maureen Lanuke	436-9004
Secretary	Carol Benoit	447-0584
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Social Coordinator	Nadine Leenders	438-1987
Newsletter Editor	Gord Charles	487-0206
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Membership Coordinator	Angela Ziemann	469-0328
Education & Safety Coordinator	Vacant	
Volunteer Coordinator	Vacant	
Librarian	Vacant	

Newsletter Enquiries & Submissions

The submission deadline for the club newsletter is 22, of each month.

Enquiries, articles and photos can be delivered on 3.5" IBM formatted diskettes, or on paper addressed to the EBTC Newsletter Editor, P.O. Box 52017, Garneau Postal Station, Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 2T5

To arrange for alternate delivery of submissions, the Newsletter Editor can be contacted at (487-0206). Short submissions can be faxed to 443-2004. Submissions can also be sent via e-mail addressed to: bikeclub@ecn.ab.ca or directly to: grcharle@telusplanet.net

— these can be included within the body of the e-mail message or as attached word processing and graphics files. Most popular word processor and graphic file formats are acceptable.

...or, bring your articles to the monthly member's meeting.

Spokes is the newsletter of the all-volunteer Edmonton Bicycle & Touring Club. It is published monthly in the summer and bi-monthly in the winter months. Excerpts may be used, without permission, provided the source is acknowledged.

Opinions expressed in **Spokes** are those of the author or contributor and are not necessarily shared by the Edmonton Bicycle and Touring Club. The editor reserves the right to edit for clarity, brevity, and content. The editor, is the sole judge of suitability for publication of all articles or advertisements.

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T6G 2T5

Moving?

If you're moving, please give your name, old address, new address and new phone numbers to the "Membership Coordinator" noted above. This information will ensure that you receive your new EBTC newsletters.

E-Mail ??

The **EBTC** maintains an e-mail directory of members. Occasionally, e-mail or other items received by **EBTC** that are considered to be of interest to the membership are forwarded via E-mail to the members listed in this directory. If you wish to be added to this mailing list please send a request via e-mail to bikeclub@ecn.ab.ca

Birkebeiner Festival - Rest Stop 2003, Saturday, February 8, 2003

The EBTC will once again be running a rest stop at the Birkebeiner Cross Country Ski event. To do this, we'll need a number of volunteers who are willing to spend their Saturday morning handing out drinks and snacks to hordes of cross-country skiers. We'll meet early in the morning, car pool to the Blackfoot Grazing Reserve, be led out to our rest stop and set up camp. After some preparation, the skiers will come, and come, and come... The EBTC has been involved in this event for over 14 years.

We will likely be allocated the "Roundup" feed station again this time, which means that we'll be finished by 2-3 pm. Please contact me (David Williams, 438-1197, meccano@ecn.ab.ca), if you'd like to be involved. The sooner the better! All volunteers normally receive a volunteer t-shirt and are invited to a volunteer wrap up party.

More information about the Canadian Birkebeiner can be found on their website: <http://www.canadianbirkie.com/>

P.S. If you register to ski in the Birkie please indicate that you're an EBTC member on the registration form!

David Williams, Edmonton, Alberta, CANADA <mailto:meccano@ecn.ab.ca>
Meccano Home Page URL: <http://www.freenet.edmonton.ab.ca/meccano/>

Approximately 2 hours passed before we arrived at a water tower, still intact, and an old caboos on a side track. This was the Brookmere Station. We took several photos and I was ready to keep going on to the town of Brookmere. But wait, this was it, the end of the line of our trip. Well, 'Where's the town? Where's the bathroom? Where's the bar?' ... I wondered.

Other than a few private residences there was nothing there. Barb rode on in search of a bathroom, and the rest of us circled the area. I stumbled upon a small clearing where the other crew of cyclists were relaxing and indeed, having a beer. 'Where did you get the beer?' I asked. 'Our driver brought it' they replied. Wish I had thought of that.

Well the remaining 8 of our battered and beaten crew arrived at the clearing and we dozed in the sunshine until our chariot came to pick us up. The shining knight brought with him a cooler full of water, beer and coolers. Yes!! Much rejoicing! Our bikes loaded we headed back to Coalmont via a windy, steep gravel road (glad I wasn't riding that). A short stop to pick up our baggage and a very rested looking Allyson. Then on to Princeton to collect the wounded Jody and sidekick Steve, and a DQ stop (oh bliss is a Blizzard). About 3 hours later we arrived back to our vehicles in Naramata. We load up the cars and say goodbye to Deb and Dalton, off for an early start on their long drive home to Grande Prairie; and to Jody and Steve, deciding to search for a soft hotel room in Kamloops for Jody. The rest of us headed back to the Penticton Hostel for a well deserved shower and dinner out. On the walk to the restaurant fire works for Labour Day lit up the sky as our KVR trip ended with a bang.

To conclude this astonishing tale, the Magnificent 11 turned out to be 8 (not 7) and one can surely envision another saga to be told for next time. Happy Trails to all!



The Peddler

For sale:

Mag trainer with handlebar friction control \$50 OBO
This is an older type trainer that you remove the front wheel and mount the fork and bottom bracket onto the trainer (quick release). It works best with a road or touring bike.

contact: Angela 469-0328

aeziemann@compusmart.ab.ca

Spokes

Bicycle Shop Discounts

Discounts are available to all EBTC members at the following shops. You must show your membership card. Discounts do not normally apply to sale items. Other limitations may be posted by the retailer.

Cycle Logic

7805 - 109 Street, 433-1046
15% off parts, accessories and service

Klondike Cycle & Sports

9440 - 149 Street, 484-3307
20% off parts and accessories

Millwoods Sports & Cycle

6524 - 28 Avenue, 462-1642
10% off

Pedalhead

8411 - 109 Street, 433-2085
www.compusmart.ab.ca/
pedalhead/

10% off parts and accessories

redbike

10918 - 88 Avenue, 435-2674
10% off parts and accessories

Revolution Cycle

15103 Stony Plain Rd.,
486-3634 - 10% off

River Valley Cycle & Sport

9124 - 82 Avenue, 465-3863
http://www.rvcns.com/

15% off parts, accessories and service

Sports Shack 1993

6116 - 90 Avenue, 469-3554
10% off parts and accessories

The Hardcore Mountain

10008 - 82 Avenue, 439-4599P

http://www.hardcore.ab.ca/
10% off

Track 'N Trail

10148 - 82 Avenue,
432-1707

http://www.trackntrail.ca
/track/10% off

United Cycle

10328 - 78 Avenue, 433-1181

http://www.unitedcycle.com/

10% off retail parts and accessories

Velo City Cycle and Sport

7208 - 101 Avenue, 466-8133

10% off parts and accessories

Way Past Fast

9303 - 34 Avenue, 448-0570

15% off parts and accessories

Western Cycle

10429 - 124 Street, 482-5636
www.westerncycle.com

10% off parts and accessories

Note: many other outdoor shops will give discounts to EBTC members! Inquire if in doubt.