



# AMERICAN RANDONNEUR

Volume Fourteen Issue #4

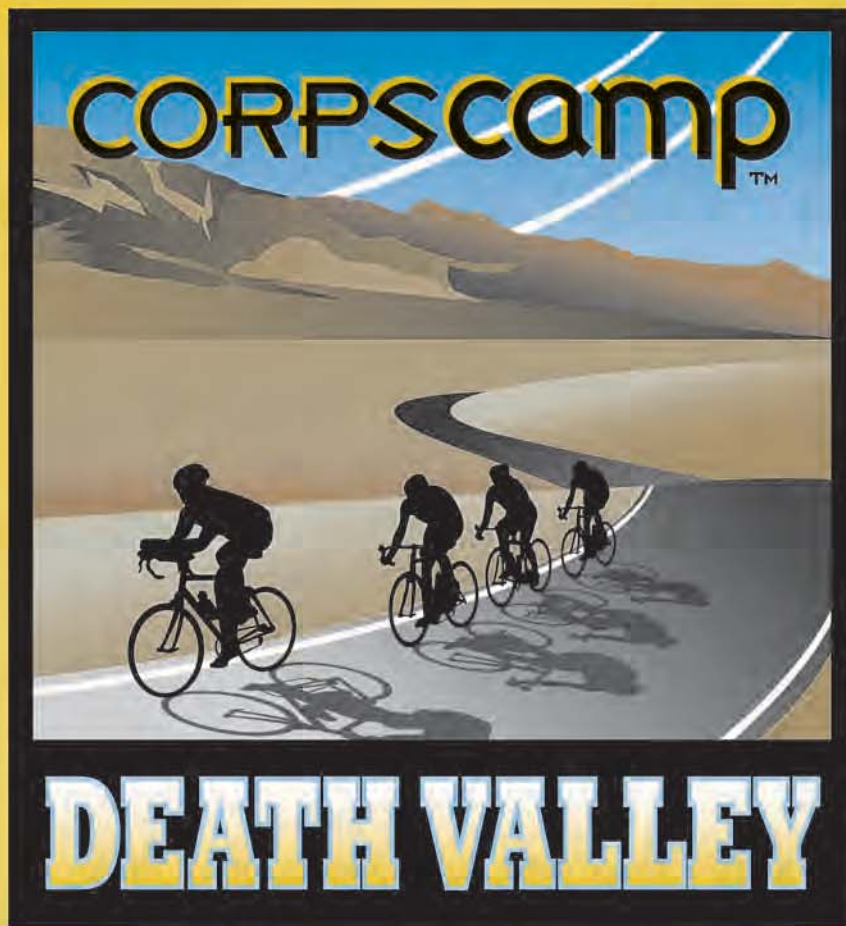
Winter 2011



INSIDE —

- 2012 Ride Schedule
- The Road To Recovery
- Alaska's Big Wild Ride
- PBP on a Tandem
- Taste of Carolina





**March 27 - 31, 2012**

**Includes participation in Hell's Gate Hundred!**

CORPScamp Death Valley is our annual cycling lifestyle training camp hosted in Furnace Creek and featuring up to 300 miles of epic, one-of-a-kind cycling in and around "Mother Nature's Greatest Sports Arena," Death Valley National Park. It concludes with participation in our Hell's Gate Hundred, our classic one-day cycling event in Death Valley National Park which features Artist Drive, Hell's Gate, Daylight Pass, and the ghost town of Rhyolite..

We've been producing events in Death Valley since 1990 and never tire of sharing one of the world's most dramatic, inspiring, and unusual landscapes. From desert flowers to snow-capped mountains, we'll see it all by bicycle. Come join the folks at AdventureCORPS and fellow athlete-adventurers from around the globe for five fabulous days of cycling and camaraderie in beautiful, one-of-a-kind Death Valley! Includes daily afternoon yoga classes, two group dinners, optional hikes, and more!

**Check out [www.adventurecorps.com](http://www.adventurecorps.com) for registration and information!**

# AMERICAN RANDONNEUR



Volume Fourteen Issue #4

Winter 2011

### RUSA Executive Committee

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 Vice-President.....Jennifer Wise  
 Treasurer.....Eric Vigoren  
 Secretary.....Edward Robinson  
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 Board Member.....Mark Thomas  
 RBA Liaison.....John Lee Ellis  
 Brevet Coordinator.....Mark Thomas  
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### American Randonneur

Editor: Mike Dayton. Editorial Committee: Joshua Bryant, William deRosset, Maggie Williams, Jennifer Wise.

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 226 West Avenue  
 Santa Cruz, CA 95060  
 Website: www.rusa.org.  
 e-mail: lois@bryant-springsteen.net  
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### On the cover....

Riders on Alaska's inaugural Big Wild Ride enjoyed breathtaking scenery and a spectacular display of the Northern Lights. Thanks to photographer Joe Edwards for the cover shot. For other photos of the event by Alaska RBA Kevin Turninsky, see page 36.

## MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Last May, as I found myself lying in the road during a soggy, muddy night on our Santa Cruz Randonneurs 600K brevet, I heard my good friend Amy yell, “I’m so sorry, Lois!” in the instant that she rode over the top of me. I was the one that owed Amy an apology and I wondered if our cycling goals for the year were going up in smoke. As Bill laconically told me later, “People don’t usually ride over you if you don’t lie in the middle of the road.” All kidding aside, though, it was my bicycle handling error during a moment of inattention that caused us both to fall. It was my mistake that imposed upon the other members of our group to jump in and help us regain our composure. How embarrassing! Doug and medical doctor James were wonderful as they helped us pick ourselves up and assess the damage. We were very fortunate to be able to keep going, despite my wrenched back. My dumb maneuver cost us some expensive clothing (fortunately not our new RUSA-branded rain jackets) and some skin, but the bikes were fine and we could finish the brevet.

Like most accidents, it could have been much worse, and it could have been avoided. I let my attention wander and I didn’t keep my head in the game for a

brief moment. I allowed myself to day-dream about another time on this road, one that I’d ridden many times before. Randonneuring, the mud, the rain, the night, none of it was to blame – it was all on me. Luckily, we all finished and earned our Super Randonneur medals for 2011, but it could have easily ended badly. I’m thankful that our injuries were not serious. That ride still reminds me of my responsibility to friends and nearby riders each time I mount my bicycle to chock up that next R (as in R-12), that next P (as in P-12), that next RUSA kilometer.

Despite my gaffe, I made it to France in August and I was able to finish my 6th Paris-Brest-Paris successfully. Members who read my RUSA “license plate” and took the time to slow down and introduce themselves as they passed me made this an extra special PBP for me. You made me feel fantastic during the entire event – OK so maybe that was a slight exaggeration, but not by much. My 600K pal James caught me at the finish and we congratulated one another. He remarked, “I guess your back is OK now.” Fortunately, it’s just fine.

Now, as the year and my RUSA presidency come to a close, I reflect on all of the wonderful volunteers and members

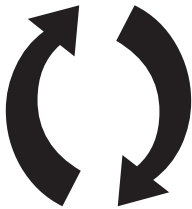


that help us make RUSA the huge success that it is. When you take the time to thank your local RBA and their hard-working volunteers or drop a note to other members of

RUSA’s national volunteer team, you really make our day. When you put your safety and the safety of others at the top of your priority list, in the forefront of your consciousness, you’re a *real* randonneur. This simple pledge used by incoming board member and RBA Rob Hawks certainly resonates with me so perhaps others will find it helpful. Rob leads as San Francisco Randonneurs recite it at the start of each brevet, “I (insert your name here) promise not to do stupid stuff.”



## New Service! Renew Your Membership Online!



RUSA now offers online renewal for annual memberships. Check us out online at [www.rusa.org](http://www.rusa.org). You can:

- ▶▶ **Join**—Join RUSA for the very first time
- ▶▶ **Renew**—Renew or extend a current RUSA membership; renew a lapsed RUSA membership
- ▶▶ **Change Info**—Change address, telephone, or e-mail address; change club affiliation; correct the spelling of names or make a name change; correct/update data for household members (if household membership)



# RUSA Welcomes Its New Members!

#	Name	City	State/Country	#	Name	City	State/Country		
7024	Arthur	Wayman	Cypress	CA	7101	Cheryl	Medrano	Edinburg	TX
7025	Dick	Caley	Long Beach	CA	7102	Brian	Oei	San Francisco	CA
7026	Michael	Snayd	Boca Raton	FL	7103	Irving	Pham	Los Angeles	CA
7027	Bjarne	Holm	Anchorage	AK	7104	Chris	Gescheidle	Richardson	TX
7028	Keith	Buckingham	San Francisco	CA	7105	Dana	Gescheidle	Richardson	TX
7029	Mike	DeBiasi	Waterford	CT	7106	Paul	Stein	San Francisco	CA
7030	Patrick	Evans	Matteson	IL	7107	Bruce	Herbitter	Prattville	AL
7031	Jerry	Hirsch	Rossmoor	CA	7108	Kirk	Dodge	Carrsville	VA
7032	Terry	Anderson	Boone	NC	7109	Kimberly	Abbott	Gainesville	FL
7033	Cory	Alexander	Marina	CA	7110	Alex	McKeague	Severna Park	MD
7034	Dylan	Farnsworth	Portland	OR	7111	Courtney	Anderson	Austin	TX
7035	Bill	Irving	Gardiner	NY	7112	Michelle	Beckley	Carrollton	TX
7036	Patrick	Sheeley	High Falls	NY	7113	Boyd	Reynolds	San Jose	CA
7037	Billy	Giblin	Carrboro	NC	7114	Jeffrey	Schomig	Arnold	MD
7038	Douglas	Heck	Midland	TX	7115	Don	Gonzalez	Howe	TX
7039	Paul	St. Jean	Coventry	RI	7116	Carol	Coffin	Severna Park	MD
7040	Kristopher	Lambert	Minneapolis	MN	7117	Daniel	Tuchyner	South Weber	UT
7041	Brad	House	Torrance	CA	7118	Geoff	Brunner	Alalantown	PA
7042	Lucas	Brewer	Marina	CA	7119	Jeffrey	Misa	Port St John	FL
7043	James	Kaszuba	Chugiak	AK	7120	Eric	Nielsen	Lothian	MD
7044	Richard	Glover	Cary	NC	7121	Rebecca	Schultze	Cedar Falls	IA
7045	Mark	Pfeil	Boulder	CO	7122	John	Lemmo	Princeton	NJ
7046	Elisa	Long	Anchorage	AK	7123	Brian	Roche	Arnold	MD
7047	Chris	Clement	Columbia	SC	7124	Tim	Haskew	Peachtree City	GA
7048	Jeff	Feet	Montgomery	AL	7125	Michael	Sullivan	Brookline	MA
7049	Rob	Madill	Silver Spring	MD	7126	John	Guala	Westminster	CO
7050	Don	Williams	Discovery Bay	CA	7127	Jeff	Buck	North Plains	OR
7051	Timothy	Stephen	Prospect	KS	7128	Steve	Jackson	San Diego	CA
7052	Paul	Cunningham	Denham Springs	LA	7129	Dennis	Hogan	Portland	OR
7053	Mark	Bayuk	Saint Paul	MN	7130	Cynthia	Hearing	New York	NY
7054	Jeff	Angeley	Seattle	WA	7131	Edwin	Rousculp	Toppenish	WA
7055	Curt	Hentschke	Gilroy	CA	7132	Joseph	Collins	Dunkirk	MD
7056	Eric	Nichols	Newfields	NH	7133	Bill	Laine	New Orleans	LA
7057	Kim	Rowe	Dade City	FL	7134	Tom	Oxley	Arlington	TX
7058	Jan	Bent	Rochester	NY	7135	Chris	Nelson	Woodinville	WA
7059	Dirk	Matthias	Salt Lake City	UT	7136	Nick	Harvey	Fuquay Varina	NC
7060	Oscar	Knight	Boone	NC	7137	Michael	Warman	Rosamond	CA
7061	Sarah	Flack	Arlington	VA	7138	Alan	Duff	Knoxville	TN
7062	El	Lardizabal	Duarte	CA	7139	Terry	Payne	London	ON CAN
7063	Agnes	Gallo	Oakland Park	FL	7140	David	Beckstead	Port Orchard	WA
7064	Michael	Steadman	Oak Lawn	IL	7141	John	Kranzler	Gainsville	FL
7065	John	Kroetch	Seattle	WA	7142	Dawn	Earp	Midland	TX
7066	Dan	McDonald	Denver	CO	7143	David	Lach	Vancouver	BC CAN
7067	Terry	Beasley	Saint Joseph	MO	7144	Joseph	Manis	Hoover	AL
7068	Eric	Senter	Davis	CA	7145	Joe	McNair	Montgomery	AL
7069	Luke	Heller	Ashville	NC	7146	Andrew	Gavenda	Los Angeles	CA
7070	Cindy	Edmison	Rio Vista	TX	7147	Francisco	Grajales	San Francisco	CA
7071	Rebecca	Farr	Washington	DC	7148	French	Clements	San Francisco	CA
7072	Scott	Grimes	Parkeburg	PA	7149	Bill	Hemme	Clearwater	FL
7073	Thomas	Van Pelt	Anchorage	AK					
7074	Rosalie	Hohnstein	Anchorage	AK					
7075	Mark	Wieneke	Arnaudville	LA					
7076	Jeffery	Trahan	Destrehan	LA					
7077	Alan	Koesten	Margate	FL					
7078	Dennis	Nardone	Millersville	MD					
7079	Jason	Canfield	Tucson	AZ					
7080	Bud	Durden	Dalworthington Gardens	TX					
7081	Chris	Anderson	Amarillo	TX					
7082	Markus	Joswig	Fort Worth	TX					
7083	Ellie	Wallace	Cincinnati	OH					
7084	Emily	Hunter	Salt Lake City	UT					
7085	Alison	Carey	Midland	TX					
7086	Linda	Kenning	Saint Paul	MN					
7087	Amit	Singh	West Bloomfield	MI					
7088	Bob	Eder	Anchorage	AK					
7089	Patrick	Connelly	Raleigh	NC					
7090	Lisa	Anderson	Odessa	TX					
7091	Scott	Anderson	Odessa	TX					
7092	David	Shortes	Odessa	TX					
7093	Ron	Holland	Fort Worth	TX					
7094	Frank	Farach	Bainbridge Island	WA					
7095	Jackie	Miller	Plano	TX					
7096	Joell	Parks	Seattle	WA					
7097	Kristin	Roach	Ames	IA					
7098	Jason	Shaw	Ames	IA					
7099	Barbara	Luksch	Houston	TX					
7100	Michael	Medrano	Edinburg	TX					

■Continued on next page

## PASSINGS

**Marc M. Jarkow**

September 23, 1948 - July 3, 2011

**t hai Q. Pham**

August 19, 1953 - August 22, 2011

**Robert Hugh Bailey**

August 15, 1961 - August 20, 2011

For obituaries and profiles, please visit [www.RUSA.org](http://www.RUSA.org).

# RUSA Welcomes Its New Members!

#	Name	City	State/Country	#	Name	City	State/Country		
7150	Robin	Steinberg	Davie	FL	7173	Hangard	Gwennole	Houston	TX
7151	Patricia	Knudsen	Carlsbad	CA	7174	Howard	Mason	Los Altos	CA
7152	Michael	Caha	Millersville	MD	7175	Nancy	Mason	Los Altos	CA
7153	Scott	Whiteman	Pasadena	MD	7176	Mary	Sugden	Pittsboro	NC
7154	Chris	de Bellis	Marina	CA	7177	William	Cooper	Atlanta	GA
7155	Joel	Bauman	Cambridge	MA	7178	Tim	Dashney	Sacramento	CA
7156	Lori	Albright	Carmichael	CA	7179	Chris	Brancato	Minneola	FL
7157	Robert	Neuman	Chillicothe	OH	7180	Colin	Bailey	Scio	NY
7158	Adam	Pirttima	Austin	TX	7181	Kevin	Lais	Hillsboro	OR
7159	Per	Karlsen	San Diego	CA	7182	Charles	Hutchinson	Erie	CO
7160	Jeff	Anderson	Seattle	WA	7183	Terri	Boykins	Los Angeles	CA
7161	Paul	Boivin	Seattle	WA	7184	Christopher	Barker	San Francisco	CA
7162	Allyson	Welsh	Kirkland	WA	7185	Benjamin	Eagleson	Olney	IL
7163	Dean	Sanginari	Denville	NJ	7186	Jeffrey	Whiting	Roanoke	VA
7164	Bill	Mendenhall	Ridgeland	MS	7187	Eric	Priest	Saeside	CA
7165	Jerry	Grayce	Brick	NJ	7188	Ty	Smith	San Mateo	CA
7166	Lance	Parker	San Luis Obispo	CA	7189	Patrick	Sims	Northport	AL
7167	Frederick	Collins	Palmertown	PA	7190	Naresh	Kumar	Nashville	TN
7168	John	Sadowski	Richardson	TX	7191	Christine	Trefethen	Bethel	ME
7169	Thomas	Marvin	Miami	FL	7192	Steve	Harding	Newark	DE
7170	Betsy	Brittle	Sunnyvale	CA	7193	Thomas	Burghardt	Hayward	CA
7171	Timothy	Guscott	New York	NY	7194	Tom	Dorian	Olympia	WA
7172	David	Bradley	Arcata	CA					

## Volagi Cycles

Redefining Performance for Endurance Cycling



### Introducing The Liscio

Designed to be the ultimate experience in long distance road riding. A radical departure from traditional carbon fiber road bike.



**LongBowFlex™(LBF) Stay** – We separate the stay from the seat tube and lengthen it to maximize the carbon fiber's inherent ability to absorb road vibration resulting in the smoothest ride, ever!

**Liscio Aero Frame Design** – A cyclist riding 20 mph can use 80% of his/her energy just fighting air. Every component of the frame from the fork, down tube, seat post to the chain stay has been optimized to be aerodynamic.

**High Performance Disk Brakes** – Volagi Cycles is the first bike company to incorporate disk brakes on performance road bikes. Disk brakes modulate better and perform consistently in all conditions - even with broken spokes or bent rims.

Available in 3 flavors:

**Liscio Dura-Ace**  
(white/carbon)  
\$4495

**Liscio Ultegra**  
(red/carbon - shown)  
\$3595

**Liscio Rival**  
(stealth carbon)  
\$2895

For more delicious details, visit our website at: [www.volagi.com](http://www.volagi.com) or better yet, enter to Win a bike.



# Hawks, Vigoren, Ellis Win RUSA Board Seats



Eric Vigoren, who currently serves as RUSA's treasurer, was re-elected and San Francisco RBA Rob Hawks was elected to RUSA's Board of Directors, for three-year terms from 1/1/2012 to 12/31/2014.

Colorado RBA John Lee Ellis was re-elected as RBA Liaison.

In the latest election, 295 of RUSA's 2,980 members submitted votes. Of those, 20 members cast only one vote for a single candidate; 37 ballots were cast by mail, and 258 ballots by e-mail.

Vote totals among the candidates for

general Board positions were as follows: Brenda Barnell—107; Jonathan Berk—47; Rob Hawks—126; Paul Johnson—95; Eric Vigoren—196.

Vigoren will begin serving his second term in January.

Hawks started his randonneuring career in 2004 and has been the RBA for the San Francisco Randonneurs since 2007. He replaces Edward Robinson, an

RBA in southern Texas, who chose not to run for re-election.

A former board member and RUSA Vice President, Ellis was elected as RBA Liaison last year and ran unopposed in the latest election.

In addition to Hawks, Vigoren and Ellis, the 2012 board will include Lois Springsteen, Mark Thomas, Jennifer Wise and Cecil Reniche-Smith.



Vigoren



Hawks



ellis

**WEAR  
WOOL**

[www.joneswares.com](http://www.joneswares.com)

# 15 Members Earn Ultra Randonneur Award

The Ultra Randonneur Award is for RUSA members who have ridden ten (10) Super Randonneur series. The Super Randonneur (SR) series of brevets (200 Km, 300 Km, 400 Km and 600 Km in a calendar year) that are used to qualify for the Ultra Randonneur Award



need not be in consecutive years, nor is there a time limit on how long it takes to accumulate the ten SR series. Note that it is possible to earn more than one SR series per year, making it possible to earn this award in fewer than ten seasons.

Riders can apply with ACP brevets, RUSA brevets, or RM-sanctioned 1200K events; team events and permanents do not count. Longer events can be substituted for shorter ones. For example, a RUSA 230K brevet could be used in lieu of an ACP 200K brevet and a 1000K brevet or RM-sanctioned 1200K event could be used in lieu of a shorter event missing from the normal sequence.

RUSA congratulates the riders who earned and applied for the Ultra Randonneur Award.

Date	Name	City & State
2011/07/25	John Russell	Santa Rosa, CA
2011/07/29	Jim Joy	Minneapolis, MN
2011/07/30	Spencer Klaassen	Saint Joseph, MO
2011/07/31	Michael Fox	Cedar Falls, IA
2011/08/04	Mark W Olsen	Rochester, MN
2011/08/08	Martin Fahje	Chatfield, MN
2011/09/05	Timothy J Bol	Maitland, FL
2011/09/06	William Dussler	Burien, WA
2011/09/11	Vincent Muoneke	Federal Way, WA
2011/09/15	Timothy R Carroll	Cleveland Heights, OH
2011/09/20	Michael R Sturgill	Phoenix, AZ
2011/09/26	Rob Welsh	Apple Valley, MN
2011/09/29	Bob Burns	Blue Springs, MO
2011/09/29	Joseph Maurer	Mountain View, CA
2011/10/06	Vickie Tyer (F)	Grandview, Tx



## Intelligent Training

### Resources for Cyclists on:

- *Intelligent Training*
- *Proper Nutrition*
- *Tested Equipment*
- *Mental Preparedness*

**[www.Coach-Hughes.com/resources/resources.html](http://www.Coach-Hughes.com/resources/resources.html)**

**John Hughes, Coach, RUSA #46**

*Paris-Brest-Paris '79, '87, '91, '95, '99*

*Boston-Montreal-Boston '92, Rocky Mountain 1200 '04*





**www.pactour.com**  
**Lon Haldeman and Susan Notorangelo**  
**Contact us... 262-736-2453 or**  
**info@pactour.com**

## Coming Events in 2012

### Arizona Desert Camps and Tours

This is our 17th year offering early season tours to dry and sunny Arizona. Each week has a different theme for different types of riders. You can combine weeks to extend your cycling season in Arizona.

#### Week #1 Cactus Classic Desert Tour \$1,095

Arrive in Tucson (fly in), Saturday, February 18  
 68-89 miles per day to Gila Bend, Wickenburg and back  
 Depart from Tucson (fly out), Saturday, February 25

#### Week #2 Border to Border Week \$1,095

Arrive in Tucson (fly in), Saturday, February 25  
 This new tour travels on some different routes near Nogales, Patagonia, Bisbee and Douglas. This tour has medium riding distances of 65 to 85 miles per day  
 Depart from Tucson (fly out), Saturday, March 3

#### Week #3 Tour of the Historic Hotels \$1,295

Arrive in Tucson (fly in), Sat. March 3  
 50 miles per day between classic Arizona hotels  
 Depart from Tucson (fly out), Sat. March 10

#### Week #4 Chiricahua Challenge \$1,095

Arrive in Tucson (fly in), Sat. March 10  
 75-90 miles per day to the Chiricahua Mountains  
 Depart from Tucson (fly out), Sat. March 17

#### Week #5 Century Week \$1,095

Arrive in Tucson (fly in), Sat. March 17  
 Based in Sierra Vista 60-100 miles per day  
 Depart from Tucson (fly out), Sat. March 24

#### Week #6 Mountain Tour \$1,195

Arrive in Tucson (fly in), Sat. March 24  
 80 -100 miles per day, to New Mexico  
 Depart from Tucson (fly out), Sun. April 1

### Historic Route 66 (western states)

Arrive in Santa Monica, California Saturday, April 14  
 18 days, 1,200 miles, 75 miles per day **\$2,595**  
 1 rest day to visit the Grand Canyon (old train option)  
 Fly home from Amarillo, Texas Thursday, May 3  
 Ride this historic highway across the western half of Route 66 from Santa Monica, California to Amarillo, Texas. This tour will travel the oldest sections of this famous highway.

### Pacific Crest Tour

Mid July (about 14 days)...more details in November  
 Ride the scenic and challenging passes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains from Washington State to Lake Tahoe. There will be an additional one week loop tour starting and ending near Reno, Nevada.

### Tour of Southwest Wisconsin

Arrive in Beloit, Wisconsin Saturday June 16  
 Depart Saturday June 23 **\$1,095**  
 Beginning in Beloit, Wisconsin this tour explores the remote roads of rural Wisconsin. Daily rides will be 75 to 100 miles with plenty of steep, rolling hills. We will travel to a different small town each night to experience their local hospitality. Our rest stops will be at many hometown cafes and ice cream shops famous for their Wisconsin dairy desserts.

### Tour of the Eastern Mountains

#### Atlanta, Georgia to Portland, Maine

Arrive Atlanta, Georgia Saturday, September 9  
 17 riding days 1,752 miles 103 miles per day  
 Fly home Wednesday, September 26 **\$2,795**  
 Follow the Appalachian Trail north from Atlanta, Georgia to Portland, Maine. We ride for over 500 miles on the Blue Ridge Parkway and Skyline Drive. If you want to ride this tour...be ready for lots of mountains everyday.

*All tours include full technical support, rest stops, motels, lunches, commemorative clothing and many other nice things. Prices could vary depending on group size. Visit the PAC Tour web site for full details and services offered for each tour.*

See the new PAC Tour Classic Jersey on the PAC Tour web site. This popular 1960s design is now available in a lightweight, short sleeve jersey or as a long sleeve training jacket or a long sleeve traditional wool jersey. Pre order yours now in time for next season.

**PAC Tour...Helping Make  
 Good Riders Better Since 1981  
 www.pactour.com**

## Recent R-12 Award Recipients

The R-12 Award is earned by riding a 200km (or longer) randonneuring event in each of 12 consecutive months.

The counting sequence can commence during any month of the year but must continue uninterrupted for another 11 months.

Events that count toward the R-12 Award are:

- Any event on the RUSA calendar of 200 Km or longer.
- Foreign ACP-sanctioned brevets and team events (Flèches), Paris-Brest-Paris, and RM-sanctioned events of 1200 Km or longer.
- RUSA permanent

routes — a particular permanent route may be ridden more than once during the twelve-month period for R-12 credit.

The applicant must be a RUSA member during each of the twelve months.

RUSA congratulates the R-12 honorees listed below.



2011/07/23	Jerald Cook [3]	San Diego, CA	2011/09/28	Donald Jagel [2]	Germansville, PA
2011/07/25	John Russell [3]	Santa Rosa, CA	2011/09/29	Timothy J Sullivan	Coronado, CA
2011/07/26	Peter W Dusel	Ontario, NY	2011/09/30	Alan Bell [2]	Seatac, WA
2011/07/26	Dion G Dyer [3]	San Diego, CA	2011/10/01	Robert Riggs [6]	Houston, TX
2011/08/07	Christopher Heg [3]	Seattle, WA	2011/10/01	George Winkert [5]	Highland, MD
2011/08/07	Patrick Horchoff [4]	River Ridge, LA	2011/10/02	Jonathan Gray [4]	Davis, CA
2011/08/11	Dan Jensen [2]	Seattle, WA	2011/10/05	Clay Sprouse	Grovetown, GA
2011/08/14	Raymond Ogilvie [2]	North Plains, OR	2011/10/06	Roland Bevan [3]	Ben Lomond, CA
2011/08/28	Timothy L Houck [2]	Pleasanton, CA	2011/10/06	Dan Driscoll [7]	Arlington, TX
2011/08/30	Mitch Friedman	Beverly Hills, CA	2011/10/06	Greg Kline	Balboa, CA
2011/09/02	Jeff Newberry [2]	Austin, TX	2011/10/06	Stacy Kline (F)	Balboa, CA
2011/09/04	Ken Knutson [4]	Tracy, CA	2011/10/06	Vickie Tyer (F)	Grandview, TX
2011/09/05	Charles Jenkins [4]	Denison, TX	2011/10/06	Vickie Tyer (F) [4]	Grandview, TX
2011/09/05	Patricia Jenkins (F) [4]	Denison, TX	2011/10/09	John Preston [3]	Plantation, FL
2011/09/06	Kevin Fitzpatrick	Alameda, CA	2011/10/10	Michael R Sturgill [5]	Phoenix, AZ
2011/09/06	Amanda Orr (F)	Blacklick, OH	2011/10/12	Phil Cohen	Augusta, GA
2011/09/06	Dick Wiss	Boulder, CO	2011/10/12	William G Howard	Lincolnton, GA
2011/09/07	Norman Ehrentreich	Minneapolis, MN	2011/10/13	Jerry Austin [5]	Arlington, TX
2011/09/07	Steven T Graves [4]	Gretna, LA	2011/10/13	Michele Brougher (F) [2]	St Louis Park, MN
2011/09/11	Lynne Fitzsimmons (F) [2]	Portland, OR	2011/10/14	Greg Courtney [3]	Ames, IA
2011/09/11	Vincent Muoneke [3]	Federal Way, WA	2011/10/16	John H Fusselman	Austin, TX
2011/09/11	Clayton Scott	San Francisco, CA	2011/10/17	Michael A Hogan	Raleigh, NC
2011/09/11	Luis Vargas	Davie, FL	2011/10/17	Michael C Wali	Mount Airy, MD
2011/09/12	Jonathan Levitt [2]	Bronx, NY	2011/10/18	John Guzik	Sunnyvale, CA
2011/09/14	Dan McKenna	Rochester, NY	2011/10/24	Chris Mento [5]	Glen Burnie, MD
2011/09/21	George Metzler	Atglen, PA	2011/10/25	William Reagan	Egg Harbor City, NJ
2011/09/22	Charles Pockell-Wilson	Martinez, CA	2011/10/25	Dave Sweeney	Middletown, MD
2011/09/25	Ben Thibodeaux [2]	Katy, TX	2011/10/26	Mark Vinette [5]	Bethesda, MD
2011/09/27	Suzanne Nowlis (F) [3]	Seattle, WA	2011/10/28	Debbie Breaud (F)	Arlington, TX
2011/09/28	Linda Bott (F) [4]	Ventura, CA	2011/10/28	Debbie Breaud (F) [2]	Arlington, TX





george with his new bike.

## THE ROAD TO RECOVERY

NY Randonneur george Swain is back

on the bike after a 2010 accident.

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By GEORGE SWAIN

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As I look up into the bright lights, I realize that I'm definitely not still riding my bicycle. The fact that I cannot remember anything about my crash is probably a significant factor in my ability to ride again. I have no creepy feelings when I ride; I don't look over my shoulder with dread every

time I hear a car roll up beside me. While I'm told I was conscious and able to communicate with the paramedics on the side of the road for at least a few minutes, I have no memory before looking up into those lights. I don't know whether I was in the ambulance or the hospital at that point.

♦♦♦

The first thing I said when RBA Tom Rosenbauer handed me his cell phone to speak with my wife was "oh no, she is going to be so worried." It didn't occur to me that she was already pretty worried after being awakened by a 6:30 a.m. call as the words "Hospital ... Pennsylvania" flashed across the caller ID on the bedside phone. "Yes, there's been a serious accident," the voice said. "No, we can't tell you

## The Road to Recovery (continued)

how he is. You'd better get down here to the hospital as soon as you can. We need to operate." My wife describes an eerie calm as she woke our two children and called her parents to arrange for the three-hour ride to the hospital.

I rode my first SR series in 2007, but was unable to finagle a trip to Paris that year, so PBP has been on my mind ever since. Riding in the 2009 edition of London-Edinburgh-London further whet my appetite for international rando-adventure and I was riding the Endless Mountains 1000K, in part, to ensure priority pre-registration for PBP 2011. At 4:00 a.m. on August 26, 2010, about 25 riders and I rolled through the dark hilly countryside of Easter Pennsylvania. At 5:45, I was fully awake and rolling along with the rhythm of the front pack of riders as the sun was just beginning to peek its head over the horizon. As a responsible randonneur, I was lit up like a Christmas tree, but this did not deter a young, distracted driver from gliding into the shoulder and taking me out like a bowling pin. My custom-made Independent Fabrication was totaled. I have no memory of the accident.

Fortunately, my bad luck ended when I was hit. I was rushed by ambulance to St. Luke's Hospital in Bethlehem, PA where both my legs were operated on within a few hours of the accident to repair my broken right femur and left femoral neck. Two days later, I underwent another surgery to repair a badly broken left clavicle. All in all, I broke 24 bones – none of which was set with a cast. I now have a titanium rod the length of my femur permanently implanted in my right leg. I also have a bunch of screws and a plate

holding my left femoral neck and clavicle in the right places. In addition to the breaks that needed surgical repair, I fractured my right scapula, ten ribs, five vertebrae, three hip bones and more things with names I can't recall. Remarkably, I did not sustain any significant internal injuries, spinal damage or head trauma. There was not even a patch of road rash anywhere on my body. My wife Jessie never left my side and slept in a small foldout chair typically reserved for nervous spouses awaiting the birth of a new child.

After two weeks at St. Luke's, I was transferred to the Helen Hayes Hospital in Haverstraw, NY, which sits atop a hill overlooking the Hudson River about one hour downstream from my home. At Helen Hayes, I lived and worked on the spinal injury floor, not because I injured my spine, but rather because I had similar rehab needs with only one of four limbs able to bear weight. I spent several hours each day in physical and occupational therapy and was able to get around with the help of a motorized wheelchair and spent the time not in therapy outdoors reading in the warm fall sun and connecting with friends, family and acquaintances through social networking sites, which gave me a small window into the power of technology to connect and transform the lives of those with physical challenges.



With Ron Anderson and Laurent Chambard at St. Luke's Hospital.

Luckily, my randonneuring experience came in handy during my recovery. Patience and the ability to endure uncomfortable and fairly unpleasant sensations for an extended period of time is useful during rehab. After four weeks at Helen Hayes and six weeks from the date of my accident, I was released on Columbus Day weekend and finally had the chance to drive home with my wife. I had to swap the time normally spent training and commuting by bike with physical therapy sessions, trips to the gym and stretching. I was directed to stay home to recover more fully and returned to work on a part-time basis in early November.

In November, I met with a shoulder specialist to review the results of a full series of scans and tests to find that her initial suspicions about why my shoulder was lagging were correct. It turns out that I was suffering from the effects of a previously undetected, displaced humerus fracture which involved a piece of bone and the associated rotator cuff muscles swimming around in my shoulder unattached. So my 24 broken bones had now grown to 25. No wonder I couldn't raise my arm. The only solution was surgical and the likelihood of repair hovered around 50%. I was clear with the doctor that the most important outcome was getting my left arm to "handlebar height;" anything else was extra. In December, I went in for my fourth surgery and after a brief period of rest, the winter and spring were subsumed with shoulder rehab and the quest to build greater stability and strength in my legs.

My return to the road came in late March, after being given permission from both my general orthopedist and my shoulder surgeon. While I thought in the weeks after the accident that I would be able to ride PBP in 2011, I soon realized that the pace of recovery would be much slower than I originally dreamed. When I realized that I could not participate in this

■ Continued on next page

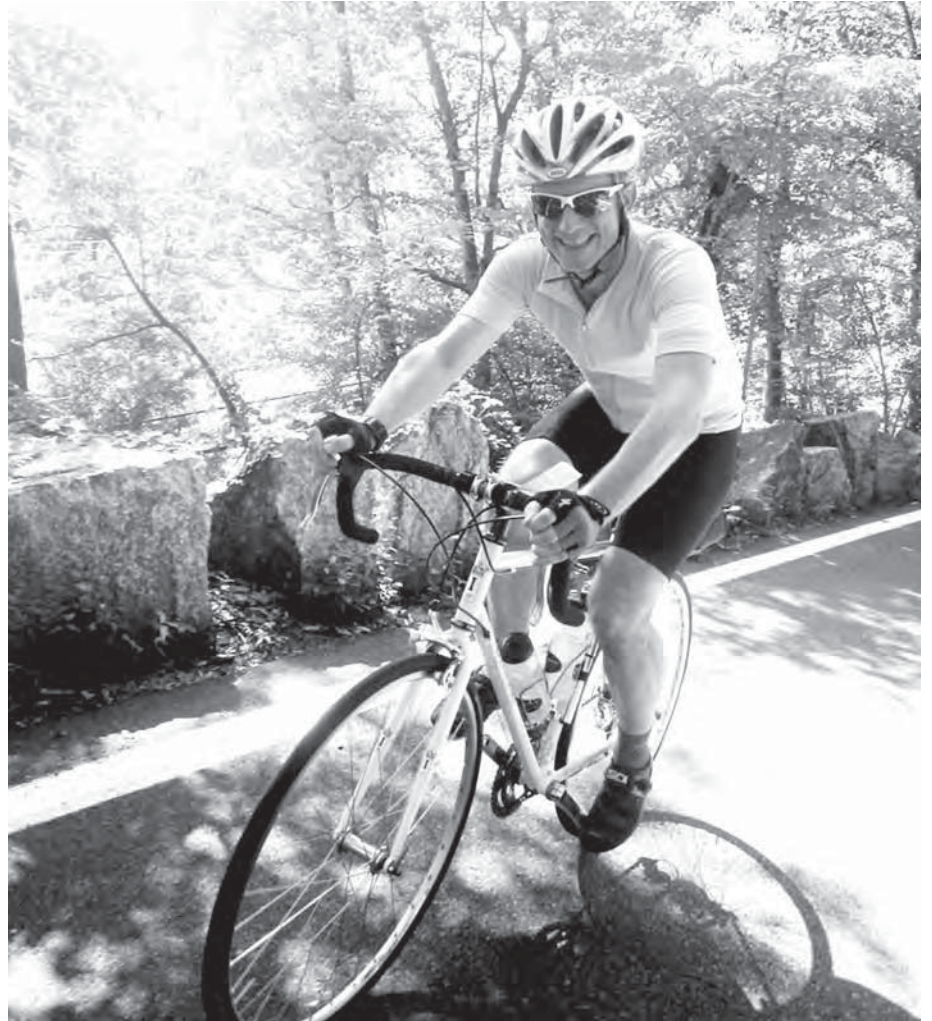


## The Road to Recovery (continued)

year's edition of PBP, I knew that it would be important to replace it with another epic event to mark my return to riding and to use as a goal in my recovery and training. The famed Deerfield Dirt Road Randonnée (D2R2) was just the ticket. At 180K, it was not the distance that makes the ride epic, but rather the 180 kilometers of largely dirt carriage roads that snake their way through the mountains of Western Massachusetts and Southern Vermont.

In June, I was riding and reaching my handlebars comfortably enough to justify meeting with Paul Levine of Signature Cycles, the fit expert who put me on my first custom bike. The fitting revealed that I didn't need any specialized accommodations on the new frame and we put the order through. That month, I also rode in my first events since the accident — a local 50-mile ride followed a few weeks later by an organized century. My return to randonneuring came in July as I rode the NYC 200K, which was both physically and emotionally fulfilling. In August, exactly one year and one day after my accident, I completed D2R2, which was one of the most demanding days of cycling I've ever experienced. August also included a local 200K permanent and another in September to lay the groundwork for the R-12, which is a goal that's eluded me for some time.

So where am I now, almost 14 months after the accident? I still love riding and continue to hope for a full recovery as a randonneur. I've yet to tackle distances greater than 200K, but will do so after a bit more training. More importantly, though, I feel like I'm approaching riding with a new mindset. I find myself closer to family than ever and have an even greater appreciation of the need for balance between riding and the other parts of my life. I realize that I'm married to an absolute saint. I'm thankful to everyone who reached out, sent an encouraging e-mail, visited me in the hospital, posted a comment to my blog, pre-



George climbing Perkins Hill on the NYC 200K.

pared dinner for my family or was generally patient with me during my long period of recovery.

After a full year of recovery, I no longer feel like a patient. I'm living without chronic pain and moving around almost like I did before the accident. My hip just received a clean bill of health; it turns out that I do not suffer from *avascular necrosis* unlike 30% of those with similar breaks so there is no hip replacement in my immediate future. My shoulder mobility is still a bit asymmetrical, but I have a full cycling range and feel comfortable and safe on my bike. So what's next? Randonneuring, like the rest of life, is about making choices. In addition to

the R-12, I plan to ride a full SR series and perhaps a domestic 1200K. My white whale, though, remains PBP. While it may be a long way off, this is my true goal. I just ordered a set of personalized license plates that read "PBP 2015." Join me. It should one hell of a ride.

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George Swain has been a randonneur since 2007. He lives, rides and blogs in New York's majestic Hudson Valley. Sections of this article were written in a hospital bed under the influence of powerful narcotics and first appeared on his blog.

You can follow George's ramblings at: [TheHudsonValleyRandonneur.blogspot.com](http://TheHudsonValleyRandonneur.blogspot.com).

# 2012 SCHEDULE | US Grand Randonnées

Location	date	distance (km)	Contact	Web Site
CO: Boulder	7/9/2012	1200	John Lee Ellis	www.rmccrides.com/brevets.htm
CO: Boulder	9/12/2012	1200	John Lee Ellis	www.rmccrides.com/brevets.htm
NC: High Point	8/29/2012	1200	Tony Goodnight	www.bicycleforlife.org/rusa/index.html
VA: Northern	6/7/2012	1200	Matt Settle	www.romabrevet.org
WA: Seattle	6/23/2012	1240	Mark Thomas	www.seattlerandonneur.org

# 2012 SCHEDULE | ACP Events

Region	RBA Name	200km (ACP)	300km (ACP)	400km (ACP)	600km (ACP)	1000km (ACP)	fleche (ACP)
AK: Anchorage	Kevin TURINSKY	21-Apr 28-Apr 12-May 26-May 09-Jun 23-Jun 04-Aug 15-Sep 22-Sep	26-May 18-Aug	09-Jun 23-Jun	23-Jun		
AL: Birmingham	Steve PHILLIPS	07-Jan 11-Feb	03-Mar 24-Mar	24-Mar	12-May		
AZ: Casa Grande	Susan PLONSKY	07-Jan 18-Feb 24-Mar 05-May	04-Feb 02-Jun	10-Mar	14-Apr 02-Jun		6-Apr
CA: Davis	Dan SHADOAN	01-Jan 03-Mar 15-Sep	17-Mar	14-Apr	4-May		
CA: Los Angeles	Greg JONES	01-Jan 07-Jan 25-Feb 14-Apr 19-May 02-Jun 21-Jul 11-Aug 25-Aug 08-Sep	04-Feb 17-Mar	03-Mar 07-Apr 28-Apr	28-Apr 19-May 13-Oct	12-Oct	30-Mar
CA: San Diego	Dennis STRYKER	21-Jan	11-Feb	24-Mar	21-Apr	19-May	
CA: San Francisco	Rob HAWKS	21-Jan 12-Feb 14-Jul 15-Jul 22-Sep 06-Oct	10-Mar 14-Jul 25-Aug	21-Apr 28-Jul	12-May	21-Jun	6-Apr
CA: Santa Cruz	Lois SPRINGSTEEN	7-Jul	11-Aug	1-Sep	29-Sep		
CA: Santa Rosa	Robert REDMOND	28-Jan 25-Feb	24-Mar	28-Apr	2-Jun		
CO: Boulder	John Lee ELLIS	14-Apr 21-Apr 28-Apr 09-Jun 21-Jul 18-Aug 22-Sep 06-Oct	12-May 04-Aug	19-May 02-Jun 09-Jun 23-Jun	19-May 23-Jun	23-Jun 09-Jul 12-Sep	4-May
FL: Central	Timothy BOL	21-Jan 11-Feb 14-Apr	18-Feb 24-Mar	10-Mar	31-Mar		
FL: Gainesville	Jim WILSON	7-Jan	4-Feb				6-Apr
GA: Atlanta	Kevin KAISER	01-Jan 21-Jan 18-Feb 03-Mar 03-Aug 18-Aug 15-Sep	04-Feb 31-Mar 07-Jul	17-Mar 28-Apr	26-May 09-Jun		13-Apr
IA: Central	Greg COURTNEY	14-Apr 12-May 09-Jun	12-May 30-Jun	9-Jun	30-Jun		
IL: Chicago	Jim KREPS	05-May 19-May 02-Jun 16-Jun 30-Jun	05-May 19-May 02-Jun 16-Jun 30-Jun	02-Jun 16-Jun 30-Jun	02-Jun 16-Jun 30-Jun		
IL: Marion	Miles STONEMAN	28-Jan 16-May 27-May	10-Mar 15-May 14-Jul	21-Apr 17-May 25-Aug	19-May 06-Oct		
IL: Quad Cities	Joe JAMISON	21-Apr 05-May 02-Jun 23-Jun	05-May 02-Jun 23-Jun	02-Jun 23-Jun	23-Jun		18-May
KY: Louisville	Steve RICE	3-Mar	31-Mar	21-Apr	19-May		
LA: New Orleans	Patrick HORCHOFF	07-Jan 18-Feb	24-Mar	21-Apr	19-May		
MA: Boston	Bruce INGLE	05-May 12-May 09-Jun 30-Sep	02-Jun 09-Jun	23-Jun 30-Jun	14-Jul 04-Aug		18-May
MA: Westfield	Don PODOLSKI	25-Mar 28-Apr	14-Apr 28-Apr 12-May 18-Aug	12-May 02-Jun	23-Jun		18-May
MD: Capital Region	William BECK	17-Mar 31-Mar 08-Sep 13-Oct	28-Apr 12-May	26-May	9-Jun		13-Apr
MN: Twin Cities / Rochester	Rob WELSH	05-May 02-Jun 18-Aug 15-Sep 16-Sep 22-Sep 29-Sep 06-Oct	02-Jun 18-Aug	16-Jun 14-Jul 11-Aug	14-Jul 25-Aug		18-May



# 2012 SCHEDULE | ACP Events

Region	RBA Name	200km (ACP)	300km (ACP)	400km (ACP)	600km (ACP)	1000km (ACP)	fleche (ACP)
MO: Kansas City	Bob BURNS	24-Mar	7-Apr	28-Apr	12-May	26-May	20-Apr
MO: St. Louis	John JOST	24-Mar 31-Mar 14-Apr 21-Apr 05-May 19-May 02-Jun 30-Jun	14-Apr 21-Apr 15-May 19-May 02-Jun 30-Jun	15-May 19-May 02-Jun 30-Jun	02-Jun 30-Jun		
MS: Jackson	Michelle WILLIAMS	14-Jan 03-Mar	28-Apr				
MT: Bozeman	Jason KARP	18-Aug	8-Sep				
NC: High Point	Tony GOODNIGHT	01-Jan 07-Jan 28-Jan 11-Feb 03-Mar 07-Apr 30-Jun 28-Jul 29-Aug 01-Sep 06-Oct	28-Jan 11-Feb 03-Mar 30-Jun 28-Jul 01-Sep	11-Feb 30-Jun 28-Jul 01-Sep 06-Oct	11-Feb 30-Jun 28-Jul 01-Sep 06-Oct	29-Aug 06-Oct	6-Apr
NC: Raleigh	Alan JOHNSON	31-Mar 11-Aug	21-Apr	12-May	2-Jun		
NJ: NYC and Princeton	Katie RASCHDORF	01-Apr 21-Apr 21-Jul 08-Sep 14-Oct	12-May	26-May	9-Jun		
NM: Cedar Crest	John MAZZOLA	24-Mar 12-May	21-Apr	26-May	23-Jun		
NY: Central/Western	Peter DUSEL	28-Apr 05-May 25-Jul 26-Jul 27-Jul 28-Jul 15-Sep 13-Oct	19-May 02-Jun	9-Jun	23-Jun	11-Jul	11-May
NY: Saratoga	John J. CECERI JR.	25-Mar	22-Apr	12-May	2-Jun		
OH: Columbus	Bob WADDELL	31-Mar 08-Sep	14-Apr	19-May	2-Jun		27-Apr
OR: Portland	Susan FRANCE	31-Mar 30-Jun 08-Sep 06-Oct	21-Apr 14-Jul	19-May 04-Aug	09-Jun 25-Aug 22-Sep		
PA: Eastern	Tom ROSENBAUER	01-Jan 04-Feb 24-Mar 21-Apr 05-May 03-Jun 08-Sep	5-May	19-May	2-Jun	17-Aug	13-Apr
PA: Pittsburgh	Jim LOGAN	31-Mar	21-Apr	12-May	26-May		
TN: Nashville	Jeff SAMMONS	18-Feb 17-Mar 21-Apr	17-Mar 21-Apr	21-Apr	26-May		
TX: Amarillo	Nick GERLICH	12-Mar	16-Mar				
TX: Austin	Wayne DUNLAP	14-Jan 11-Feb 24-Mar	11-Feb 24-Mar	24-Mar 28-Apr	28-Apr		
TX: Brownsville	Edward ROBINSON	28-Jan 25-Feb	25-Feb				
TX: Dallas	Dan DRISCOLL	01-Jan 25-Feb 31-Mar 07-Jul 29-Sep	21-Jan 25-Feb 13-Oct	31-Mar 12-May	26-May 07-Jul	1-Sep	
TX: Houston	Robert RIGGS	07-Jan 04-Feb 05-May	04-Feb 05-May	03-Mar 07-Apr	7-Apr		20-Apr
TX: West Texas	Mark HARDWICK	04-Feb 03-Mar 01-Apr 14-Sep	3-Mar	1-Apr			
UT: Cedar City	Lonnie WOLFF	28-Apr					
UT: Salt Lake City	Richard STUM	21-Apr	5-May	26-May 15-Jun	15-Jun		
VA: Northern	Matt SETTLE	17-Mar 18-Mar 04-Aug	14-Apr 25-Aug	05-May 15-Sep	26-May 29-Sep	6-Oct	
WA: Seattle	Mark THOMAS	10-Mar 17-Mar 20-Apr 21-Jul	24-Mar 31-Mar 18-Apr 04-Aug	21-Apr 12-May 18-Aug	16-Apr 02-Jun 08-Sep	23-Jun 16-Aug 21-Sep	6-Apr
WA: Tri-Cities	Paul WHITNEY	17-Mar 15-Sep	14-Apr	26-May	16-Jun		

# 2012 DIRECTORY | RUSA RBAs

Region	RBA Name	RBA Address	RBA Phone	RBA Phone2	RBA FAX	RBA E-mail address
AK: Anchorage	Kevin TURINSKY	2301 Saint Elias Drive Anchorage, AK 99517	907-276-6299			kjturinsky@mac.com
AL: Birmingham	Steve PHILLIPS	9011 Hwy 31N Kimberly, AL 35091	205-914-1441			fixedgearsteve@gmail.com
AZ: Casa Grande	Susan PLONSKY	1488 W Horseshoe Bend Drive Camp Verde, AZ 86322	520-450-1335			susan@azbrevet.com
CA: Davis	Dan SHADOAN	812 Eucalyptus Street Davis, CA 95618	530-756-9266		530-756-0187	djshadoan@ucdavis.edu
CA: Los Angeles	Greg JONES	4465 Cedarglen Ct Moorpark, CA 93021	805-523-2774		805-523-2774	gsjco@pacbell.net
CA: San Diego	Dennis STRYKER	4233 Arguello Street San Diego, CA 92103	619-977-9334			dstryker@cox.net
CA: San Francisco	Rob HAWKS	5630 Santa Cruz Ave. Richmond, CA 94804	510-526-2653			rob.hawks@gmail.com
CA: Santa Cruz	Lois SPRINGSTEEN	226 West Avenue Santa Cruz, CA 95060	831-227-6266	831-227-6266	650-964-7037	president2011@rusa.org
CA: Santa Rosa	Robert REDMOND	814 Winton Drive Petaluma, CA 94954	707-799-0764	707-769-9678		redmond.bob@gmail.com
CO: Boulder	John Lee ELLIS	3936 Dale Drive Lafayette, CO 80026	303-604-1163			jellisx7@juno.com
FL: Central	Timothy BOL	1140 S Orlando Ave Apt E5 Maitland, FL 32751	407-538-0580			TJB4828@aol.com
FL: Gainesville	Jim WILSON	620 NW 27th Way Gainesville, FL 32607	352-373-0023			wilson@afn.org
GA: Atlanta	Kevin KAISER	1223 Hardy Pointe Dr Evans, GA 30809	706-860-8785			kkaiser23@comcast.net
IA: Central	Greg COURTNEY	56100 180th Street Ames, IA 50010	515-233-3280	515-450-7901		gwcourt@gmail.com
IL: Chicago	Jim KREPS	2732 N. Central Park Chicago, IL 60647	773-862-9879			jimmyk22@aol.com
IL: Marion	Miles STONEMAN	P.O. Box 1146 Marion, IL 62959		618-889-6560		milesstoneman2006@hotmail.com
IL: Quad Cities	Joe JAMISON	1101 20th Avenue East Moline, IL 61244	309-235-4284			j-jamison@sbcglobal.net
KY: Louisville	Steve RICE	40 Plantation Drive Shelbyville, KY 40065	502-494-5288			sriceky@gmail.com
LA: New Orleans	Patrick HORCHOFF	8909 Ormond Place River Ridge, LA 70123	504-738-1352	504-957-1768		larba1955@aol.com
MA: Boston	Bruce INGLE	10 Irene Road Framingham, MA 01701-2718	508-877-1045			bruceingle@rcn.com
MA: Westfield	Don PODOLSKI	55 Franklin St. Westfield, MA 01085	413-562-5237		413-562-5237	don@newhorizonsbikes.com
MD: Capital Region	William BECK	17719 Foxmoor Drive Woodbine, MD 21797	410-442-9946			william.a.beck@gmail.com
MN: Twin Cities / Rochester	Rob WELSH	7907 Upper Hamlet Court Apple Valley, MN 55124	612-801-4196	612-801-4196		TCBCBrevet@aol.com
MO: Kansas City	Bob BURNS	PO Box 1387 Blue Springs, MO 64013	816-229-6071		816-229-6444	bobgburns555@aol.com
MO: St. Louis	John JOST	9122 Conser Court St. Louis, MO 63123	314-843-4486			stlbrevets@yahoo.com
MS: Jackson	Michelle WILLIAMS	213 Hillside St. Ridgeland, MS 39157	601-573-2057		601-932-3987	mwilliams_spmr@hotmail.com



# 2012 DIRECTORY | RUSA RBAs

Region	RBA Name	RBA Address	RBA Phone	RBA Phone2	RBA FAX	RBA E-mail address
MT: Bozeman	Jason KARP	713 Cheery Drive Belgrade, MT 59714	406-388-1099	406-599-2897		belgradebobcat@msn.com
NC: High Point	Tony GOODNIGHT	1939 Barringer Rd Salisbury, NC 28147	704-637-6289			rusa.contact@bicycleforlife.org
NC: Raleigh	Alan JOHNSON	308 Ashe St Morrisville, NC 27560	919-467-8457			alanmj@mindspring.com
NJ: NYC and Princeton	Katie RASCHDORF	5 Blanchfield Court Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423	n/a	201-341-9024		katielarch31@hotmail.com
NM: Cedar Crest	John MAZZOLA	PO Box 811 Cedar Crest, NM 87008	505-263-7090			nmnightrider@comcast.net
NY: Central/Western	Peter DUSEL	1119 Lake Road Ontario, NY 14519	315-524-8519			pdusel@sprintmail.com
NY: Saratoga	John J. CECERI JR	7 Pearl Street Schuylerville, NY 12871	518-583-3708			john@adkultracycling.com
OH: Columbus	Bob WADDELL	254 South Westgate Ave Columbus, OH 43204	614-561-4914		866-712-2207	rba4914@ohiorand.org
OR: Portland	Susan FRANCE	25797 SW Neill Rd. Newberg, OR 97132	503-628-7324	503-685-1337		oregon_randonneurs@earthlink.net
PA: Eastern	Tom ROSENBAUER	300 Burke St Easton, PA 18042	610-559-1145		610-559-1145	trosenbauer@rcn.com
PA: Pittsburgh	Jim LOGAN	215 Lindenwood Dr Pittsburgh, PA 15209	412-822-7778			jimlogan@verizon.net
TN: Nashville	Jeff SAMMONS	1512 Aberdeen Dr Brentwood, TN 37027	615-373-2458		615-833-3407	jsammons@bellsouth.net
TX: Amarillo	Nick GERLICH	P.O. Box 53 Canyon, TX 79015	806-499-3210			nickgerlich@gmail.com
TX: Austin	Wayne DUNLAP	3108 Creeks Edge Parkway Austin, TX 78733	512-402-9953	408-857-5458	512-372-7139	wgdunlap@aol.com
TX: Brownsville	Edward ROBINSON	3750 N. Sam Houston Blvd. San Benito, TX 78586	956-276-9171			edward.e.robinson@gmail.com
TX: Dallas	Dan DRISCOLL	2811 Hollywood Dr Arlington, TX 76013	817-460-5734	817-925-0158	817-461-5100	dansmark@flash.net
TX: Houston	Robert RIGGS	4418 Kingfisher Houston, TX 77035	713-301-7093			elantier@hotmail.com
TX: West Texas	Mark HARDWICK	2512 Concord Avenue Midland, TX 79702	432-683-3322	432-553-8553		mark@mphardwick.com
UT: Cedar City	Lonnie WOLFF	PO Box 416 Cedar City, UT 84720	435-559-0895		435-586-0594	lonnie@oldairhead.com
UT: Salt Lake City	Richard STUM	11874 E 18500 N Mt. Pleasant, UT 84647	435-462-2275	435-851-9558		Richard@DistanceBiker.com
VA: Northern	Matt SETTLE	67 Cullers Lane Strasburg, VA 22657	540-335-4981			mattsettle.roma@gmail.com
WA: Seattle	Mark THOMAS	13543 160th Ave NE Redmond, WA 98052	206-612-4700		425-527-6926	mark@muthomas.net
WA: Tri-Cities	Paul WHITNEY	226 Piper St. Richland, WA 99352	509-627-4951			pdwhitney@gmail.com



WHAT WE RIDE

## A Randonneuse for a Randonneuse

BY BILL BRYANT

RUSA president Lois Springsteen recently finished her sixth consecutive Paris-Brest-Paris. A while back she asked for a new randonneuse bike for her 2011 campaign and this is what I made her. The frame is designed to fit her anatomy and be stable and comfortable during long hours in the saddle. The accompanying pictures show it after being cleaned and re-assembled following the flight home from France.

All in all, it is a conventional steel road bike, and not too different from her original Bill Bryant bicycle used at her first PBP in 1991. The new frame is made of lightweight Kaisei .7-.4-.7 tubing (and my last pair of feathery Prestige chainstays), good choices for a rider of

■ Continued on next page





## What We Ride (continued)

Lois' size. Nowadays she prefers an over-size top tube and down tube for a bike with a loaded saddlebag. Along with a laid-back seat tube angle and short top tube for her long femurs and relatively short arm and torso length, the frame's head tube angle and fork rake are carefully chosen to provide light but predictable steering. (The bar-end cable housings also act as subtle steering dampeners, so that was factored into the front-end geometry design too.) Along with the oversize top tube and down tube, probably the main difference between then and now is that Lois currently prefers the handlebars to be level with her saddle. As her PBP time in 2011 was only one minute slower than twenty years ago and she got about the same amount of sleep in both events, I guess the more upright position isn't slowing her down any...

There are a number of special braze-ons (lights, pump, dyno wires) and extra fender clearance on this bike. Many riders think fenders are just for rainy days, but we often have to deal with mud-covered roads during our long brevets in the Salinas Valley. The frame and fork were designed to have the pads at the bottom of the Shimano BR650 brake calipers and avoid the vexing problem of mud-clogged fenders. There is also a special front rack to hold a Pedalpower+ auxiliary battery and E-werk that keeps her GPS going throughout long events. It is kept re-charged by her Schmidt hub. I made the rack from hollow 3/16" tubing and it only weighs three ounces. The current GPS mount on the Velo Orange stem is temporary; when I get done overhauling my mill this winter, I'll try to make something more elegant. In front of the GPS is a small "feed bag" that Lois keeps her food in; she says during long rides she is more inclined to eat out of that than reaching into her jersey pockets. I also did some modifications to the Bagman saddlebag support to increase its reliability.

All of the components are proven



performers and reflect a strong desire for reliability—cutting edge parts don't have a place with a self-sufficient randonneuse serious about finishing a 1200-kilometer grand randonné. We prefer 9-speed chain and use mostly Shimano Ultegra-level parts, along with the great-shifting Campagnolo front triple derailleur. Our local Santa Cruz Mountains have many steep climbs; Lois' chainrings are 48-36-24 and the rear cassette is a 12-27. (Lois doesn't use her inner chainring too much at PBP but likes having it "just in case.") A Sugino crankset with TA Zephyr chainrings and auto-extractors rolls on an SKF bottom bracket, while the front Schmidt dyno-hub and rear Powertap hub are laced to a pair of 32-spoke Mavic Open Pro rims. Shimano XT pedals, Salsa quick-release skewers, Wheelsmith 14g double-butted spokes, Nitto #176 han-

dlebars, Chris King headset, Berthoud fenders, Deda chain-keeper, Thomson seatpost, Serfas saddle, Edelux headlamp, Dura-Ace alloy chainring bolts, and a pile of titanium fasteners round out the parts list. Lois usually rides the reasonably priced Panasonic Pasela 700c x 28mm tires, but she installed a pair of Grand Bois 26mm tires for PBP. She had no punctures and was very pleased with their performance. Indeed, the entire bike performed perfectly during the 1230 kilometers; Lois has learned over the years that for a good PBP ride, one wants to simply focus on the pedaling, eating, and sleeping—any fit or mechanical problems are to be avoided like the plague. She arrived back in St. Quentin-en-Yvelines last August feeling remarkably good, the best of any of her PBP rides. From the builder/fitter/mechanic's perspective it was "mission accomplished."

# E-WERK



The E-WERK from Busch & Müller converts the AC output of a 6 volt dynamo to DC, which you can then use to power and charge the batteries of a variety of devices such as cell phones, GPS and PDAs. Both DC voltage and amperage limits are adjustable, so you won't overload your device. Think of it as a battery charger that, instead of being plugged into a wall outlet, is plugged into your bicycle's dynamo.

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E-WERK can also be used to charge the batteries of several Busch & Müller battery powered headlights, such as the Big Bang, Ixon IQ Speed and Ixon IQ. Some devices require an intermediate cache battery which provides the constant voltage needed by certain devices, such as the Apple iPhone 3GS and iPhone 4.

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# The American Randonneur Award

Once a year, the RUSA Board of Directors and the RUSA Awards Committee present an award to a member of the organization who has made a significant and outstanding contribution to randonneuring in the United States.

This person is to be recognized for having gone above and beyond the call of duty to help our niche of cycling grow. It can be a RBA who has dramatically increased brevet participation, a hard-working RUSA volunteer, or someone who has helped randonneuring flourish by a selfless act, good sportsmanship, camaraderie, or by being a good samaritan.

RUSA wishes to recognize that special volunteer and inspire others to do the same. This is a most prestigious award, a high honor of American Randonneuring. It is the only award we have that names a single winner; all other awards can be earned each season by any number of our members who qualify successfully.

This person must be a RUSA member. (Check the RUSA website Members Search to see if the person that you have in mind is a current member and note their membership number).

The American Randonneur Award is given by the RUSA Board. The nominees' names come from the general membership. The Board then votes on the award winner. Please note that the Board has decided to exempt itself from any active nominations for this award in order to avoid possible conflicts of interest that could then affect other Board matters. If an American Randonneur Award nomination comes in for a sitting Board member, it is held over until that person's term of office is ended and then placed among the next batch of nominees.

You may nominate a member by email. To make a nomination by email, send your name and your RUSA membership number with your nominee's name and RUSA membership number to Johnny Bertrand at johnny\_bertrand@mindspring.com. Or fill out a candidate submission form and mail it to the address below by December 31.

The previous recipients of the award:

Year	Recipient
2001	Johnny Bertrand
2002	david Buzzee
2003	Jennifer Wise
2004	James Kuehn
2005	daryn dodge
2006	Bill Bryant
2007	Robert Fry
2008	dan driscoll
2009	Mark t homas
2010	don Hamilton

## NOMINATION FORM

Your name: \_\_\_\_\_ Your RUSA # \_\_\_\_\_

Your American Randonneur Award Nominee: \_\_\_\_\_ Nominee's RUSA # \_\_\_\_\_

Brief reason for nomination: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Send this form to:  
**Johnny Bertrand, 858 Carrick Pike, georgetown, KY 40324**  
e-mail: johnny\_bertrand@mindspring.com

# Eating Under The Radar

BY MILES STONEMAN

“Freeze!” My wife ordered. “Put down the drill and step away from the work stand.”

I set my cordless drill on the work bench. My most recent “good idea” — drilling holes in the frame of my Surly bicycle to remove a little weight from its steel frame — was apparently not one of my best “good ideas.”

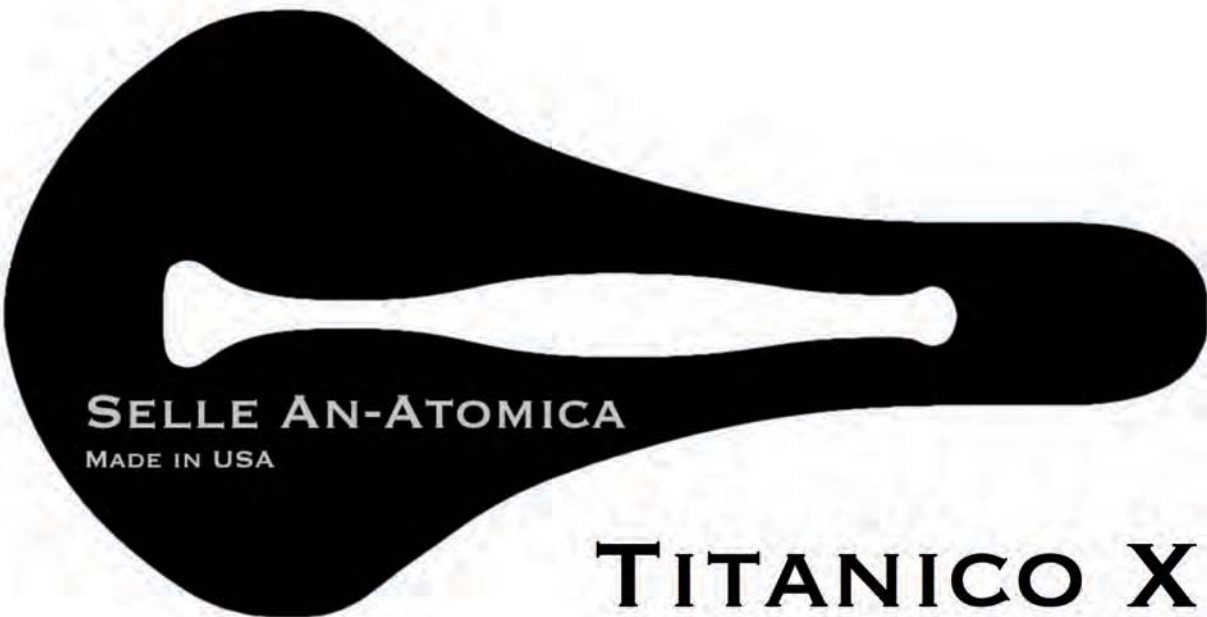
“My results have changed for the worse since I bought the Surly,” I whined. “I thought that if could lighten it up a little, I could finish faster.”

“Wait here,” she said, “and don’t touch that drill!”

My wife retrieved our bathroom scale from the house and placed it on the

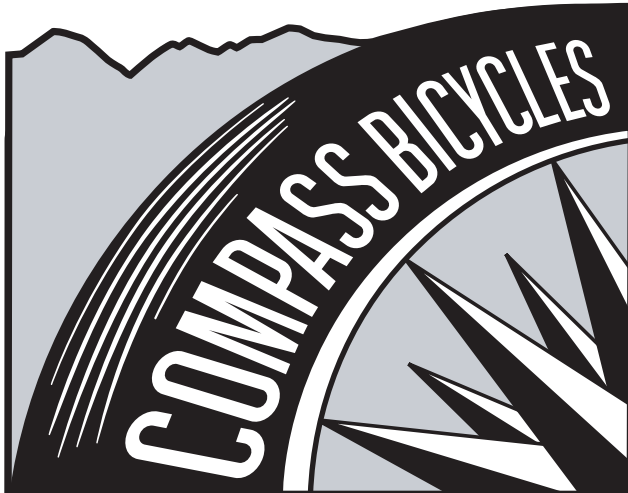


■ Continued on page 24



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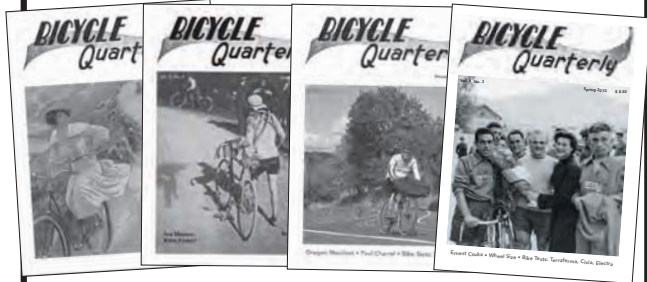
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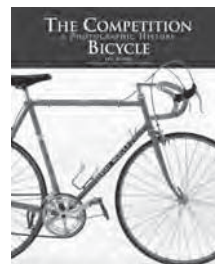
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## Under the Radar (continued)

wooden floor of the work shed. “Step on up, friend,” she intoned, imitating a carnival barker. “Let’s see if we can solve the mystery.”

Placing both feet on the scale I watched the numbers blur by.

“Well, Sir,” she said, looking at the three digit number showing, “if you were just a buck sixty five 2 years ago, I’d say we have a case of inflationary pressure. It looks as if you are about a buck-eighty now.”

I had to admit she was right. Maybe it wasn’t the Surly after all. Maybe the reason for my slowing results times was my lengthening belt. I had put on about 20

pounds in the last couple of years. It was time to lose some weight.

I formed my weight-loss philosophy in 1979 when I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps and arrived at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego nearly 70 pounds overweight. My Drill Instructor, Sgt. Kevin S. McHenry, became both my personal trainer *and* dietitian. At each meal Sgt. McHenry positioned himself at the end of the serving line.

Pointing to items on my tray, he would command, “Eat half of this, half of this, and don’t touch that! Show me your tray when you’re done.”

By the end of the 12 week training, I was a 170 pound lean, mean, fighting machine. Sgt. McHenry’s “eat half of this, half of this, and don’t touch that!” weight-loss plan had worked.

Stick with what works, I always say. Recently, my wife watched as I prepared a sandwich to put into my lunch box. I cut the sandwich in half and bagged each piece separately.

“Why did you put each half into a separate baggie?” she asked.

“Simple,” I responded. “I’m cutting back. I used to take two sandwiches. Now I only take one.” “*But,*” I announced, pleased with my strategy, “I bag each half separately to fool myself into believing that I still have two sandwiches!”

“Then you must be pretty stupid.” She said — lovingly.

She’s right. The problem with cutting back, old school, is that your body resists and your mind resists. You have to fight your environment. You must learn to eat “under the radar.”

Brian Wansink, Ph. D., of the Cornell Food and Brand Lab at Cornell University refers to this as the “mindless margin” in *Mindless Eating*. His research indicates that, although you would probably feel hungry (and grouchy) by cutting back 1000 calories a day, you will never notice a reduction of just 100 calories. That’s the “mindless margin”. Over time, then, if you eat just 100 calories fewer every

day you can lose weight, and *keep* it off.

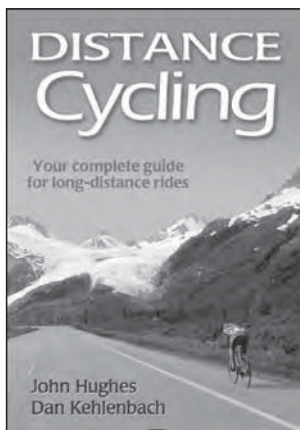
For instance, giving up just one tablespoon of mayonnaise every day (100 calories) would save you a little over 10 pounds a year. But you have to keep the cuts within the “mindless margin.” Sgt. McHenry’s “eat half of this, half of this, and don’t touch that!” plan, while productive in the short-term, will not continue to produce losses. Mostly because deprivation diets cause your body to conserve energy, making you as fuel efficient as a Toyota Prius.

Your belly transmits an urgent message to your brain that there’s a famine in the land. The brain responds by lowering the metabolism - using less energy. This survival instinct, great for a real famine, makes it possible to maintain your weight while eating less! To permanently lose weight, you will need to circumvent that evolutionary survival design. You will need to eat just a *little* less each day; you will need to “eat under the radar.”

This winter, as you enjoy holiday meals with your family and friends, bear in mind that next year’s results on the bike will be directly affected by this year’s intake at the table.

Don’t give up holiday celebrations. Start eating “under the radar” — every day. In the Spring, your jersey will fit better; your pace might be a little faster; *and* you won’t have to drill holes in your favorite frame.

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# THE FUOCO FIVE HUNDRED

## Or, A Few Tips and Tricks to Get You RAAM Qualified

By GREG CONDERACCI

You've heard of the Indy 500. And, of course, the Fortune 500. Here's my account of the Fuoco 500, AKA The Texas Time Trials (TTT).

I had a long conversation with Dallas RBA Dan Driscoll at Paris-Brest-Paris this year about RAAM-Qualifying (RQ) at this event. Dan, TTT organizer, is famous for many things in Randonneuring, but mostly for his smooth sales pitch. I was hooked.

As soon as I signed up to RQ in Texas, I knew I was in trouble. My last really successful time trial was in Grand Rapids, Michigan – in 1973. And that was only 25 miles. This one would be 20 times longer (the RQ standard is 500 miles, 30,000 feet of climbing, in 48 hours or fewer).

Fortunately, I could tap the wit and wisdom of one of our DC Randonneur veterans – John Fuoco. John has a lot of ultra-experience and that's exactly what I needed. The TTT would be a *race*. It's one thing to move quickly through a 7-11 on a brevet; it's a whole different experience when your competition shows up with motor homes, pitches shelter tents and sets out cots in the pits. These folks are *serious*.

John's advice was good – *scary* good, in fact. Not only did it get this 62-yr-old

through the TTT, it gave me a MUCH better performance than I could otherwise have expected. So, if you've ever thought of ultra-racing or RAAM Qualifying, read on. Thanks to John, this is how it was done. (His emailed advice is in *italics*.)

John said: *The tortoise beats the hare: you should ride strongly in the beginning but you should also, at all times, have a sense of holding back at least a little. It will pay off for you in the long haul.*

The TTT starts at 6 pm on a Thursday night and ends 48 hours later (or whenever you cover 503 miles). We roll out into the fading Texas sunshine in beautiful Glen Rose, Texas, about 20 of us riding pretty darn quick for a long trip. Three riders ahead disappear in a couple of miles. A few behind pass, then, all is darkness.

We are doing 19 laps of about 26 miles. I settle in. Glen Rose topography is a lot like the Maryland countryside where I train. Soon, I find that the rollers are propelling me along at better than 17 mph on average. I go fast on the downs, easy on the ups....

On my fourth lap the frame on my saddle breaks. I find I can ride it, but it totally changes my position on the bike...with 420 miles to go.

John said: *Be totally flexible. You have a rough plan—and*

*it is a good one—but be prepared for unplanned stuff to happen. Hopefully just minor stuff, like rain or wind or a tough flat. Whatever it is, roll through it with aplomb. We want all of your energy to go into the pedals. No hand wringing.*

I ride another 40 miles before I can flag down a sag wagon to see if they can get me another saddle. They do. On my next lap, I have a loaner saddle waiting for me, courtesy of another com-

petitor's team. But the saddle is *way* harder than I'm used to. I tell myself that the good news is that I am using different pressure points. But after about 60 more miles, I realize I need the change the saddle – again. Fortunately, volunteer Pam Wright, whom I first met at 2007 PBP, deftly reaches into her car and produces one. You gotta love a woman with a

■Continued on next page



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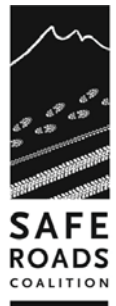
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Fuoco 500....(continued)

spare saddle in her trunk – especially when she even installs it on the bike for you.

John said: *Your brain may simply demand some sleep the first night...don't put yourself in danger. I think building a sleep break into your plan will get you there safely and much more comfortably.*

I'm about two hours ahead of my schedule. It's the wee hours of the morning, the really dead time "after the bars close." I decide to sleep. My hotel is 200 yards from the course. I shower and collapse for an hour. I come back before first light, refreshed. I pass a

rider who has taken a sleep break on the side of the road. Tougher than me...it's 53 degrees, for Pete's sake.

John said: *How will you handle the mental aspect of riding alone for that length of time? I've evolved into someone who can handle it just fine but I don't think it comes natural to everyone. So consider that and develop an honest strategy to deal with it.*

My answer to John's question is simple: iPod...just in one ear so I can hear traffic. Not that there's much of it in Glen Rose. A steady stream of rock, country, blues and even

bagpipes keeps me cranking down the road. It's better than caffeine. But the night is lonely. The TTT is non-drafting, like RAAM. So when I see a tail light in the distance, I work steadily toward it. When I pass the rider, I get a lift.

The Beatles are singing "Here Comes the Sun" in my right ear as first light brings the promise of warmth. Strange that Texas, so long in a withering drought, can be so cold at night. Before the sun sets tonight, I will know whether I will qualify.

John said: *You have to keep the calories coming in like clockwork. Never take an hour off. Watch out for decreased intake once you get tired. You have to be alert as the hours progress to keep up with the basics.*

I budget two feed bottles a lap, one with water or unsweetened tea and one with a mix of HEED and Perpetuum, laced with a little energy drink, supplemented with a liberal supply of Hammer Gel. I am living on liquids because eating solids seems like soooo much work, though I work in a couple of ham and Swiss sandwiches and a few Pay Day candy bars.

The sky is a brilliant, cloudless blue and I am bathed in sunblock. I roll past ranches baked brown, empty stream beds, and the parched town of Glen Rose. The hills are relentless rollers, and as I get to know the course, I name them: Johnson Hill, Bumpy Hill, Dead Deer Hill, XXX Hill and 18-,19-, and 20-Mile Hills.

Around 6 p.m. I realize that I have set a new personal 24-hour record (344 miles) and I know that I will RAAM qualify sometime the next day. I begin to relax.

John said: *Riding 500 miles is never a plum even if you have a generous 48 hours to finish. To your favor it is nondrafting and you should revel in the fact that you can ride your own pace the whole time.*

I want to sleep again once the sun disappears, but I need two more good laps – 52 miles before I do so. I can feel my own pace slackening. A woman whizzes by; she's part of a relay team. I need a rabbit to chase, so I cruise about 100 yards behind her. She's very good, clearly knows the course, and her pace never slows.

I register a nice fast lap, down a 16-ounce Coke in a chug and do an "easy" recovery lap. Like an angel from above, Debbie Breaud, a veteran randonneur and racer, volunteered to crew for me and the other self-supported riders. She mixes feed bottles, goes out to buy more energy drinks and organizes the back of my SUV, which looks like the remains of a teen slumber party gone bad.

John said: *If near the end you are into the second night and feeling awful and you have lots of time in the bank, then you may luxuriate in a longer snooze.*

Around 10 p.m., I tell Debbie I am turning in for a luxurious shower and two-and-a-half-hours of sleep on a real bed in my hotel. She


■Continued on next page

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Fuoco 500... (continued)

tries to talk me into a half hour nap on a cot in the cold. Ah, no. So she makes me swear to be back on the road before midnight. And I am. I come back energized and do another 50 miles with no problem, but then I start to run out of gas again in the early morning hours

John said: *Let your body decide when you need it. You'll know when you can no longer keep your eyes open. Take a cat nap. 10-20 minutes will clear your head.*

I find myself weaving on the road, so I stop and ask one of the road marshals if I can nap in the back of his car. Ten minutes later, I'm better, but still pooped.

John said: *Don't kid yourself. You will feel rotten and you will tell yourself you can't do it and why should you do it anyway and what a fool I am to even undertake this grandiose task.*

**Don't listen to any of that bull!** *Keep your eye on the prize.*

I am just two laps – 52 miles – from the end, but I am cold, miserable, tired and in the dark. Okay, I am going back to the hotel for a half hour nap in a real bed and eat

the buffet breakfast.

John said: *Enjoy! Remember why we are doing this. Yeab to RAAM qualify yada yada but the underlying reason is we love to ride our bikes!*

I walk out of the hotel into the first light of a new day...a new man loving to ride his bike. It's a little before 7 am. After cranking out a quick lap, I look at my watch: 8:27 am. And then, it dawns on me: if I can run the next 26 miles in an hour and a half, I will finish under 40 hours.

Just two days earlier, to finish my last lap as fast as my first would have seemed impossible. But there will be no tomorrow. I'm not saving myself for anything anymore. I am flying down the road, passing riders who are competing in shorter distances. Sprinting through the brilliant sunshine to the finish I can just make out the time clock: 39:53:00.

At the awards dinner, I am stunned to discover I finished third against riders in their 40s who had pushed through with no sleep. True, they had beaten me by hours,

but they had braved intense fatigue and even hallucinations to do so. Because of John's advice and a little rest, I had enjoyed a much easier ride and successfully quali-

fied for RAAM.

John said: *Your whole purpose is to get the job done and dammit nothing short of that will cut it.*

Thanks, John.

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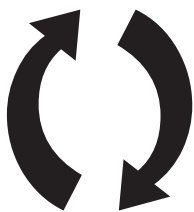
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# Vive Le Vélo! Vive Le PBP!

BY BILL WATTS

*Paris-Brest-Paris is a 1200-kilometer ride that takes place every four years. One of the established customs of the ride is that those who have completed it write a report of their experiences. I completed the ride this year, and this is my contribution to the genre of the rider's report.*

Participating in the 2011 Paris-Brest-Paris ride was one of the great experiences of my life. Completing the 1,230 Km course in 88 hours and 3 minutes (within the 90 hours allowed) is a source of great pride for me, and, depending on how I look at it, represents the culmination of a season, or three years, or a lifetime of effort as a cyclist. Even more than a sense of personal accomplishment, however, I took away from the event a deep joy in joining more than 5,000 cyclists from around the world who came to Paris to test themselves. Ultimately, PBP for me was about joining something much bigger than myself, and, in my small way, becoming a part of the history of a ride that stretches back to 1891.

I even enjoyed the bureaucratic exercises that preceded the ride. During the bicycle inspection and registration, the excitement and the good spirits were palpable. The volunteers who did the paperwork and directed the cyclists through the maze of bike inspection and registration were invariably cheerful and generous, as they were throughout the four days of the ride. The night before the ride began, there was a concert followed by a wonderfully well choreographed fireworks display to kick off the ride. At the end of the show, the announcer shouted out, in the overly excited manner peculiar to French emcees, "Vive le velo, vive la France, vive le PBP!"

The actual beginning of the ride was all about waiting. I slept in late the morning of the event, had a leisurely lunch and early dinner, and then ambled over to the starting line at about 5 p.m. I was

somewhat surprised to discover that I was near the end of the line of riders queued up for the 6 p.m. start, putting in the very last 90 hour starting wave. We did not get underway until 8 p.m. This was by far the hottest day of the ride, and by the time I reached the starting line, I had finished much of the water I carried with me, and was still parched.

Once we finally got rolling, all was well. We had a motorcycle escort through the suburbs of Paris, and we all rode with great spirit. Those early hours introduced me to the many pleasures of PBP: spectators along the route yelling out "Bonne route" and "Bon courage," giving us water and snacks; casual conversations in English and French with fellow randonneurs; and an unbroken line of red lights before me and white lights behind me. If you are devoted to long-distance cycling it doesn't get better than this.

The first full day of the ride was smooth sailing for me. There were occasional periods of rain, but they weren't heavy enough to require rain gear, and were generally refreshing. I got used to working my way through the crush of spectators and riders at the controls, and developed a routine for getting my brevet card stamped, getting some food, filling my water bottles, and leaving with reasonable efficiency.

Sooner than I expected, I arrived in Loudéac, 450 Km into the ride, ahead of schedule, and feeling fresh. Here, though, I made a bit of a tactical error. After getting my card stamped, eating a nice dinner, retrieving my drop bag and showering, I decided that I was feeling too good to stop for a rest, even though I had I had been on the road for nearly 24 hours without sleep. I decided to go on to the sleep stop in Saint Nicolas-du-Pélem, 30 Km down the road, or possibly on to Carhaix, 80Km from Loudéac. In retrospect, I should have taken a cot in Loudéac, and had a nice sleep.

Soon after I left Loudéac, there was a fantastic display of lightning, and it poured down rain. Moreover, the road was hilly, with sharp climbs and even sharper descents. My greatest weakness as a randonneur is descending, particularly when I cannot see very well; I find myself braking down hills that others take at great speed. This made the road to St. Nicolas-du-Pélem very, very slow. Luckily, Jerry, a very kind rider from North Carolina, stuck with me through this stretch. He said that he wanted to stay with me because I had a GPS and could follow the route with confidence. I think that he saw that I was struggling to see the road and wanted to help me out. This was one of many kindnesses I received during the ride.

There were no more beds available at St. Nicolas-du-Pélem, because so many riders were seeking shelter from the storm. Eventually, I claimed some space on the floor of the dormitory, and lay down for three hours. Unfortunately, I was unable to sleep. I was wet and uncomfortable, and I'd never witnessed such snoring before. One of the snorers seemed to be doing excavation deep in the earth, and the whole room reverberated with his efforts.

When I got up three hours later, the rain had mostly stopped, and the riding was much easier. I did have some trouble, however, with heavy fog on the Roc Trevezel, the longest climb of the ride. Actually, climbing was not a problem, but the fog made it difficult to see on the way down, and I descended much more slowly than I wanted. Eventually, though, I got to Brest, and found that I had spent only 39 of the 90 hours allotted to me. I was happy with this time, and had a beer—my first and only during the ride. (To my amusement, there was beer and wine on offer at every control; it was an odd thing to contemplate this array of

■Continued on next page



## Vive le Vélo! (continued)

beverages at 5 in the morning, after going days without sleep.)

As I was riding out of Brest, early on Tuesday afternoon, the weather cleared up, and I was stunned by the scenery that had been concealed by darkness and fog the previous day. I could see layers and layers of hills, in variegated shades of green, off into the distance. I also had the pleasure of traveling down the Roc at a good speed, and, while I was beginning to feel tired, I made steady progress back to Loudéac. I again got clean cycling kit from my drop bag, and had a wonderful shower and a good feed. This time, though, I decided to correct my earlier mistake, and booked a cot in Loudéac for a three-hour sleep. Sadly, though, the earth-moving snorer got there before me, and, again, I was unable to sleep because of the noise in the hall.

While I was short on sleep, I felt good leaving Loudéac early the next morning. Wednesday, the last full day, was the most beautiful day of the ride. The temperature was cool but pleasant; there was no rain and mostly blue skies. Also, as we got closer to Paris, and most of my fellow riders realized that they were going to complete the ride, their spirits rose, and the rolling community that is PBP became progressively more festive. In many ways, Wednesday was my favorite day of the ride, and I remember thinking to myself how sad I would be when it all

ended.

At the same time, however, Wednesday also brought me challenges. For one thing, my lack of sleep was catching up with me. At Tinténiac, I had a wonderful breakfast of mashed potatoes and chicken, after which I crawled under the table at which I had just eaten, and slept for two hours. (This is the unspoken rule of PBP—sleep whenever and wherever you can.) This turned out to be my only real sleep of the ride, and, while I felt better, my sleep tank was still severely depleted. When I got to the next control, Fougères, I ate another good meal, and stretched out on the grass for an hour. I didn't sleep this time, and I knew the next stages would be difficult. Even so, I made my way, albeit slowly, to Villaines-la-Juhel, which is only a bit more than 200 Km from the end.

Then things got really tough. The stretch between Villaines and Mortagne-au-Perche is quite lumpy. I felt pretty good as I tackled the first hills, but I was slowing perceptibly, and, as night came, I got sleepier. As I rode along, I saw cyclists sprawled out along the road next to their bikes. It was quite apocalyptic, and it looked like hordes of cyclists had been asphyxiated by an invisible but deadly gas. Eventually, I succumbed too, and pulled out my space blanket for 15 minutes of kip along the road. This time, the stop brought me no real comfort, and when I started

out again, I felt worse than when I lay down.

Eventually, I came to a small village, and, for the first time, I stopped at one of the many stands set up for cyclists. I had a wonderful coffee and cake. It was so good, in fact, that I decided to have another round, but when I looked for my wallet to pay, I found that it was gone. Riding a long randonnée requires you to keep track of lots of important stuff, and thus far I had done well. But in my sleepiness I had gotten sloppy, and I probably lost my wallet when I stopped along the road for my 15-minute rest. All of my cash and all of my credit cards were in the wallet, but I did still have my brevet card and passport.

Here I was, in the middle of god-knows-where, France, so tired that I could not think straight, and without the means to feed myself. Everything on PBP costs something—three Euros for a shower, four for a cot, and ten for a proper meal—and I now had less than a euro on me. For the first time, I allowed myself to think that I might not finish the ride. I sat down by the side of a dark road, despondent and unsure what to do next.

But this bleak moment was also my moment of rejuvenation. I gave myself a good talking to, and reminded myself that I had come here to complete this ride, and I must not let anything—especially not anything as trivial as losing a wallet—

stop me from finishing. I took stock of my food and realized that I probably had enough energy bars and Hammer tablets to see me to Paris, even though they tasted worse than cardboard to me. I also realized that there would be people along the road who would give me more palatable food for free. I rode on.

I continued to struggle with the hills, but then something wonderful and unexpected happened. At the top of a tough hill, in the pitch dark, I came upon a group of people gathered around a camper. A jovial man was passing out coffee and cake. I drank a cup of coffee that tasted better to me than any I had before (and I drink a lot of coffee). I had some cake, and that, too, made me feel better. I wanted to move on, but the man insisted that I sit for a bit in a chair he brought out for me. He told me that he and his wife had ridden PBP many times before, but were now too old to do it, and wanted to help other riders. They had chosen this spot to set up their camper because they always found it the most difficult of the ride. I looked around for his wife, but there was no woman in the group. Later, he embraced another man, and, while I was too groggy to know for sure, I inferred that they were a gay couple, and that this was, for them, a kind of coming out party in the mostly masculine world of randonneuring.

As I sat there, they asked me where I came from. "The

Vive le Vélo! (continued)

U.S.," I said. "Where in the U.S.?" they asked. "Indiana," I said. Just then, another rider came up, proclaiming, "My back is killing me." My hosts asked, "Where are you from?" "Indiana," he answered. I was astonished to hear this. There were only six riders on PBP from Indiana, and I had a passing acquaintance with four of the other five. As I looked at this figure arriving in the middle of the night, I realized that he was Phil Connor, with whom I had ridden a few hours of my last 600K of the season in June in southern Wisconsin. He got off and joined the party. As we talked about our experiences,

I told him about losing my wallet. "Do you want some money?" he asked. "Sure," I said, "ten euros would see me to the end." He pulled out a wad of cash, handed me a 50-euro bill, and said, "If you don't pay me back, I won't lend you money again." I am not a religious person, but as I left that warm, bright place and threw myself again into the dark, I felt blessed. A bit earlier, I was worried that I might not finish the ride. Now, I felt so enveloped in generosity and good will that I could not fail to finish.

With lifted spirits, then, I arrived in Mortagne, which was the next-to-the-last control, about 120 Km from the

Call for PBP Stories, Photos, and Artwork

Janice Chernekoff has generously volunteered to edit a volume of PBP 2011 American stories and memories. Fortunately, her colleague and desktop publishing expert, Amy Brien, has graciously agreed to help with the design of the volume. We are pleased, therefore, to solicit PBP 2011 stories, photos and other art work that you think suitable for inclusion. Please try to select stories that have not been widely published elsewhere. All submissions must be submitted by December 31, 2011. We hope to have the volume ready for publication not later than mid-June 2012. Electronic submissions are preferred. Questions and submissions can be sent to Janice Chernekoff at [jchernekoff@yahoo.com](mailto:jchernekoff@yahoo.com). Please title all inquiries and submission with an appropriate subject line such as PBP Submission. We look forward to hearing from you.

finish line. I did a quick calculation, and realized that I had at least three hours to spare. I again had a nice meal, and I decided to take a cot for an hour, spending freely from the 50-euro treasure Phil Connor had given me. I don't remember a lot of snoring this time, but I still couldn't sleep; my mind was too occupied with the experiences of the night and with my approaching arrival in Paris to shut down.

I left Mortagne a bit after 3 a.m., which gave me almost 11 hours to cover the last 120 Km. I was grateful when the route began to flatten out, and I reached Dreux, the last control, without incident. The last 50 Km seemed like a victory lap; there were a few sharp hills coming into Paris, but I scarcely even noticed them. I, and the people I was riding with at this point, knew that nothing could stop us from finishing.

I crossed the finish line a few minutes after noon, almost two hours before the limit. I stumbled through the formalities, got my free beer, and sat under a tree for an hour or so with a group of riders from San Francisco. One of them said, "This is the Olympics of randonneuring, and we just did it, man." I thought there was some truth to that, but I fell asleep before I could say anything in response.

After I picked myself up and headed home, I rode for a while with a Belgian rider, who had also just finished, and was on his way back to his hotel. I asked him if he would do PBP again, and he responded, without hesitation, "Why would I want to ruin a perfect ride?" As I talked to him, it became clear that the ride had gone so well for him that he did not want to endanger his good memo-

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Vive le Vélo! (continued)

ries of the event by doing it again, and perhaps creating less happy memories. I completely understood what he was saying, but I had the opposite response. I had enjoyed myself so much—even when the going was difficult—that I wanted to do it again, as soon as possible. But I will have to wait another four years.

At 52, I am, to paraphrase Thomas Jefferson, an old man and yet a young randonneur. I only started the sport three seasons ago, after I was hit by a car and broke my leg. As I was recovering from the surgery, which involved putting my tibia back together with nine screws and a metal plate, I resolved to not allow the accident to stop me, and to embrace cycling all the more fervently. At that point, most of my cycling experience was as a commuter, relying on a bicycle for most of my day-to-day travel, although I had discovered in my early forties that I could ride long distances if I set my mind to it. Randonneuring seemed at the time both a challenge and a logical extension of the kind of cycling I had done my whole life.

One of the things I love most about randonneuring is its emphasis upon self-reliance. In my three years of randonneuring, I have become a far better mechanic, navigator and rider. Strange as it is to say this at my age, I think I have also gained emotional maturity. In particular, I don't think that I could have coped as well with the loss of my

wallet and managed to carry on when I started randonneuring two years ago. But what PBP taught me this year takes me in the opposite direction, and reminds me of how important other people are to what we do.

As I reflect on my experiences, I think of Jerry, who rode with me through that storm, of the generous French man who was passing out coffee and cake on the way to Mortagne, and of Phil Connor, who handed me 50 euros on that dark road without blinking an eye. I also think of the many kind people along the way who offered me water, stamped my brevet card, and cheered me on. Most of all, I think of the French family I stayed with before and after the event.

One of the luckiest things I did for PBP was to arrange to stay with a family. More or less on a whim, I responded to a posting on the website for PBP where riders could request housing and residents and hotels could offer housing to riders. Because my wife could not join me in Paris, I thought that I might enjoy staying with a family, rather than in a hotel, and that this might make the experience more personal. I had not imagined, however, that I would meet such generous people as the Rosselle family, or that they would take such good care of me. Olivier and Marie Agnes Rosselle took me in sight unseen. They gave a comfortable place to stay, just three kilometers from the start-line,

for the two days before and the two days after the event. They fed me wonderful food, and gave me excellent wine, much of it from Bourgogne, where they had grown up. They washed my clothes. They loaned me money to help me to get home after I lost my wallet. Olivier, who is a physical therapist by training, gave me a leg massage after I finished the ride, and this helped me to recover without the knots in my leg muscles that usually follow

such a long ride. He also drove me to the airport when I left, thus solving the last cash-flow problem following from the loss of my wallet.

As I was experiencing the generosity of the Rosselle family, and as I have thought about it since, I have often wondered why they took such extraordinary steps to help me, and to make the experience so special. Part of the reason, certainly, is that they

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## Vive le Velo! (continued)

are inherently generous people. Another part of the reason is that helping me gave them a way to participate in an event that was important to their community; eight years ago, they had done the same for a pair of Italian riders they housed before and after PBP. In addition, I found in the Rosselles a love of sport that one often finds among the French which does not depend on the heroic efforts of superstars; they are capable, as were the many spectators along the route, of appreciating the near-geriatric efforts of a 52-year-old cyclist who is quite determined but who practically crawls along some portions of the route.

As apt as these explanations are, however, I think the deeper explanation for the generosity of the Rosselles lies in something that Olivier said to me about doing PBP during the first of several meals we shared: "You have to follow

your dreams." This is not my natural way of speaking; I am a taciturn Midwesterner, and am much more at home with the wry understatement of Phil Connor's "if you don't pay me back, I will not lend you money again." But Olivier was certainly right, and doing PBP was about the realization of several different dreams I have had. Moreover, he possesses a kind of wisdom that sometimes eludes me, for he understands that we rely upon others to help us to realize our dreams. However proud we might be of our self-reliance, we can't do it all on our own.

At the end of the day, then, I am filled with humility and gratitude after completing PBP. I am grateful to the Rosselles. I am grateful to all of the volunteers, and to all of the people who offered me water and food along the way. I am grateful to my wife for sup-

porting me and putting up with my increasingly crazy cycling habits. I am grateful for everything I learned and everything I experienced during that wonderful week at the end of August, 2011. And I am grateful to have been a part of this great event.

Vive le velo, vive la France, et vive le PBP!

**Postscript:** Two weeks after I returned home to Indiana, my wallet arrived in the mail. The return address indicated that it was sent to me by a woman in Barcelona. There was no note in the envelope, but the wallet contained all of the cash and all of the credit cards I had when I lost it. I don't know what to say about this final act of kindness, except that it fit in with everything I felt and experienced during PBP, and somehow completed the story for me.

30<sup>th</sup> Year

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# Paris-Brest-Paris 2011 by Tandem

BY ED FELKER AND MARY GERSEMA

This year we rode our first Paris-Brest-Paris together on our Co-Motion tandem bike. We've been riding brevets for a few years now on tandem and previously completed two multi-day randonnées, so we were not new to tandem randonneuring.

Yet, PBP is the big show, with more than 5,000 randonneurs from all parts of the world participating, and all the pressures that come from a major time and money commitment.

This was Mary's first PBP, so everything about the ride was new to her. It was Ed's fourth, yet completing it on a tandem made it feel like a whole new PBP. Both of us were thrilled to have completed PBP on tandem, together. Here are a few of the reasons why — and a few of the challenges we had to overcome.

## 1. The "Special Bikes" early start.

We were the only American tandem team to choose the 84-hour time limit. As a tandem we got to start 15 minutes earlier than the single bikes, at 4:45 a.m., in a group of other tandems, trikes, velomobiles and recumbents. The 84-hour group is already the smallest, and our special bikes group smaller still — a few dozen in all. We enjoyed a stress-free ride out into the French countryside with a French tandem couple as our main companions, and then rode alone for another hour before the single bikes started overtaking us.

## 2. Group riding with single bikes — a big no-no.

The conventional wisdom at PBP is that you save energy by riding in the big groups that form along the way. Ha! We tried to stick with a fast bunch early on the



Photo by Michael Hansmann

first day for a few kilometers, only to find out that our momentum was totally out of sync with packs that take up all of the lane and more. After a scary moment trying to avoid crashing into the riders slowing on a hill, we realized that PBP was no place to draft on a tandem.

## 3. A tandem is the ultimate defense against bad weather.

When the big downpours hit us on the first day and evening, we knew that the tandem's weight and momentum would allow us to plow through water and wind. We put down our heads and pedaled hard, pulling riders along the way behind us. The roads drained well and we just kept going, saving valuable time that would come in handy later.

## 4. You're never alone!

We had each other to while away the hours together — the very best thing

about tandem randonneuring. But we also "met" a lot of folks who figured the tandem would provide a good pull down the road. Our friend Jon Gardner was our constant companion throughout and protected our rear wheel, but that didn't stop many others from settling in behind for a segment here and there.

We spent our second day with a French rider, Guy Soudière, who spoke as little English as we spoke French, but despite the language issues we formed a solid foursome. We also scooped up fellow Americans Jeff Bauer, Rob Hawks and others we knew from past rides but don't get to see very often. If you like company, ride a tandem.

## 5. Tandems keep your piloting skills sharp.

■ Continued on next page

## PBP by Tandem (continued)

An eight-foot long bike with two riders aboard, as you'd expect, rockets downhill and then slows on the uphill. That fact meant we needed a lot of running room on a descent or flat and we're going to block the road a little on the uphill — often with riders trailing close behind.

Fortunately the 84-hour group represented the tail end of the event until the third day, when we started mixing in with some 90-hour riders, and there were not many groups to navigate around. Still, we got a lot of practice overtaking riders, giving them a clear “à gauche” as we approached, and backing off if we'd have to cross the center line.

### **6. You have your partner to share the highs — and the lows.**

During an event as long as PBP, there are going to be times when one would rather lie down and sleep than get keep pedaling. One time for us was the return segment from Villaines to Mortagne.

We had arrived in Villaines in the early evening to a giant international randonneur festival, where the wonderful townspeople and volunteers gave us a huge lift.

But as night fell and we charged off toward Mortagne, the hills started to feel like mountains and Ed was suffering a little from sleep deprivation and an aching Achilles tendon. A couple of talkative riders felt we'd make a good audience for their views on politics and their life stories, which is mostly OK, except they would not pay attention and ended up blocking our momentum on the descents.

Mary shared those frustrations, but wasn't experiencing the same pain or irritation. She kept things calm during this stretch, basically by telling me (Ed) not to freak out. We arrived in Mortagne and did not lose our cool along the way. Helping each other through the highs and lows makes all the difference between enduring and enjoying the experience.

'Let's face it, people are fascinated by tandems. They're eye-catching. Kids think they are neat. People are curious about what it takes to ride together on the same bike. Tandems are a great conversation starter....You're a bit of a parade on a tandem to begin with, and riding one at PBP takes that to a new level.'

### **7. Tandems are popular.**

Let's face it, people are fascinated by tandems. They're eye-catching. Kids think they are neat. People are curious about what it takes to ride together on the same bike. Tandems are a great conversation starter. Many times we would get an appreciative wave from a passing car or a heartfelt “courage!” as we passed through a town. You're a bit of a parade on a tandem to begin with, and riding one at PBP takes that to a new level.

We enjoyed the atmosphere at controls, and fed off the attention we got as a tandem couple. The French love cycling, they love romance, and the tandem combines both — provided you smile and avoid “tandem team meetings.” We did our best to return the love at the controls and felt better every time we rode on.

### **8. Tandems set their own pace. Sometimes you go slower, but other times you will go faster. It's all OK.**

On a tandem, if one person needs to stop, both people stop. Even if one person feels great and wants to push the pedals, if your partner needs to take it easy, you're probably going to take it easy. When Ed developed an Achilles tendon problem we had to ratchet back our pace over the last 500K to what his

body could withstand and roll easily into the finish. I (Mary) wanted to go faster, as I generally like to push the final miles. However, we had to modify our pace. That's part of the deal on a tandem.

On the other hand, the PBP course is replete with tandem-friendly parts. We took full advantage of the tandem's momentum and sailed through fast segments whenever we could. Brest to Carhaix—

fun! Tinténiac to Mortagne—even more fun! Motoring across the French countryside, completely in sync with each other, is a great memory.

### **9. You share the accomplishment.**

When you set out to do something like PBP, you can put in all the work and focus into it that you like, but ultimately things have to fall into place “just so” to make it happen. Health. Work. Family. Completion of the qualifying brevets. Life must leave a space for PBP, and just getting to the starting line is a huge accomplishment.

Getting to the starting line with your tandem partner is a huge thrill because it took both of you, working together, to make it happen. Seeing all of our teamwork culminate at PBP was a huge payoff for so many months of cycling together.

Tandeming is not for everyone, and getting the two-wheeled beast to Paris, and then to Brest and back, was no small endeavor. Yet we were rewarded throughout PBP with great luck, the best of French hospitality, and the company of many friends old and new.

Congratulations to all who participated in PBP. We were thrilled to share it with you.



# the Stages of a 1200K (or longer)

BY SPENCER KLAASSEN

Much has been written about equipment, food, clothing and the speed needed to cover a 1,200K brevet. Little seems to have been written about the emotions and thoughts along the way. I had a lot of time to think about this subject while riding a few long brevets and a multi-day tour through the Nebraska sandhills. So, put your power meter, heart rate monitor, and bike computer away, and come with me on a journey of the mind.

♦♦♦

**Day One.** For me, the first day of a long ride is always the hardest. All the stress and anxiety from the preparation comes to a head. My mind is in the usual “day to day” world, full of today’s stresses (work, deadlines, bills, phone calls, e-mail, meetings, etc). It is difficult to get my mind to quiet down because of the clash of worlds, which is changing to the one of a two-wheeled traveler. I often listen to music or news that I would be too busy to enjoy otherwise to help my mind get through this day. When I finally reach the end of day one, I can rarely sleep well due to the continued internal conflict that rages in my mind.

♦♦♦

**Day Two.** After a fitful sleep of usually less than three hours, I am back in the saddle trying to build up a little time cushion. At this point of the ride, my body has usually found its groove and still feels strong. I have started to become more removed from the world around me but am still quite concerned with making steady progress. My mind now needs much less diversion (music, news, talking) and is protesting much less. I start to

withdraw from much of the day-to-day world and make the transition to the simple enjoyment of following the route sheet and maps. Also, at this point, the camera comes out more as I start to take in the beauty of what is around me.

I continue to ride until I am exhausted or have made sufficient progress for the day. My mind is now relaxed and sleep comes easy. I usually get a couple REM cycles of sleep and am up without an alarm (usually three to four hours) feeling very well-rested.

♦♦♦

**Day Three.** I generally wake full of energy. Heading out into the pre-dawn day is not a chore. As the miles/km pass, the uncertainty and doubt of completing the ride is lifting. My previous day-to-day world now seems like a previous life. I will spend long stretches of the day either spacing out or lost in my thoughts. Many other riders have come upon me at this stage and later told me that I appeared to be in a trance or some type of meditation. If I am in a group and feeling interactive, I tend to get a bit silly and slap happy. Stupid jokes, puns, and funny stories are the norm.

The miles pile up as I attempt to get within striking distance of the end before retiring for another three hours of rest. During this time, I can truly say that I feel very happy. If there was a way that I could stay at this mental state, I would.

♦♦♦

**Day Four.** I wake from another excellent rest knowing that the end is near. For many people, this fact would be pure joy, but for me, I find sorrow in the thought. If my body is not experiencing any difficulty, I look at the distance and the time of day and

often try to find reasons to prolong the ride, such as picnics in the grass and stopping at cafés for good coffee.

My mind becomes much more conflicted and distracted and I tend to struggle between my finishing time versus my finishing enjoyment. The end gets closer and closer and I am trying to enjoy every pebble and blade of grass that I pass. Finally, I take the last pedal stroke and the end is here. Getting the last signature on the card is an incredible feeling of personal accomplishment, but I also feel sorrow as the ride has been completed. I will have some wonderful discussions about the adventure but yet still feel disappointment. I notice many of the other riders with whom I shared the road start to become more anxious as they return to their “usual” world and prepare to return home to their spouse and family. There are always quite a few riders that I didn’t get to say goodbye to or to hear their stories of the road. These days, I am very thankful for blogs, so that I can at least read about their adventure.

As I prepare to go home, I become much more emotional and philosophical. The need for another new adventure or ride is at the top of my mind. My reality slowly returns and I go back to work as a changed person.

You know the day destroys the night  
Night divides the day  
Tried to run  
Tried to hide  
Break on through to the other side  
-The Doors

I want to thank my touring buddy (Joe Edwards) for helping me understand what I feel on day one. Also, to John (Cap’n) Ende who encouraged me to write about this topic with our talks of Yad Moss(ian) philosophy while riding LEL.



Alaska's inaugural 1200K grand randonnée, the Big Wild Ride, has been described as "one giant loop through Interior Alaska, traveling from the fog-shrouded fjords of Prince William Sound, through the glacier-clad spires of the Alaska Range, past the ramparts of Mount McKinley (Denali), to the shores of Cook Inlet's Knik Arm."

BWR participants enjoyed scenic train-and-ferry transportation from Anchorage to the start in Valdez, then cycled for four days past picturesque coastal fishing towns, modern cities and quirky roadhouses — holdovers from Alaska's territorial days. Riders also experienced nature's very own light show with a dazzling display of the Aurora Borealis.

The route took riders through Denali National Park, to Alaska's legendary climbing town of Talkeetna, over six majestic free-flowing rivers (the Delta, Tanana, Nenana, Chulitna, Susitna, and Knik) and through miles of unbroken forests of black spruce, birch, and aspen.

Thanks to Alaska RBA Kevin Turinsky, who took the photos on these pages, and a hearty congratulations to all participants in the inaugural Big Wild Ride.



Above: Ryan Watson's Boulder outside of the beautiful Lodge at Black Rapids. Below (l-r): Tom Bardauskas; roadside repairs at the Paxon Lodge control; Tom Parker.





The Big Wild Ride (continued)



Big Wild Ride 1200K   Results		
Last	First	total time
Bardauskas	Tom	89hr 05min
Bevan	Roland	89hr 34min
Carpenter	Rick	87hr 20min
Cernak	Wayne	76hr 40min
Fafrowicz	JoAnn	88hr 35min
Hansen	Chris	89hr 05min
Imaizumi	Hiroshi	89hr 45min
Jensen	Jan	88hr 35min
Lieberman	Dana	89hr 34min
McCaw	Richard	72hr 30min
Midura	Larry	86hr 08min
Olsen	William	85hr 33min
Parker	Tom	87hr 20min
Preston	John	88hr 40min
Richeson	Mike	83hr 50min
Shenk	Catherine	76hr 40min
Shipper	Ben	85hr 23min
Vargas	Luis	88hr 50min
Whilby	Chris	87hr 20min
Zinbergs	Martins	88hr 35min



Photos (l-r): JoAnn Fafrowicz. Below (l-r)) William Olsen, Larry Midura, bikes on the ferry ride. Bottom: Riders & volunteers at the Speedway Cycles BWR Meet & Greet-Bicycle Inspection.



## 3 Amigos & the R-12

BY KEVIN KAISER

On paper, the R-12 never seems that difficult. We've all ridden 125 miles in a day, and most of us feel comfortable that we should be able to repeat the effort 12 times in a year. It's a simple enough goal, but making it happen is often times much more challenging than it appears. Three riders from Augusta, Georgia (Phil Cohen, Clay Sprouse, and Greg Howard) recently accomplished this feat, and in the process exemplified what randonneuring is all about.

The first ride for the group was in November 2010 with mild temperatures, but it didn't take long for winter to settle in. One memorable day never got above 30 degrees. Greg was convinced that he would lose a finger or two, Phil battled through bronchitis, and the snow finally took its toll on all of them. The only rider to finish that day was a fourth rider, Brian James, who managed to borrow a paintball mask to keep his glasses from fogging up. A DNF

like this would end most people's hope for an R-12, but it didn't stop these guys resuming their efforts shortly thereafter.

Work and family obligations kept things interesting. Greg finished five of his permanents the last week of the month, and two of the permanents came down to the final day. Most of the time the group would ride together, but schedules wouldn't always align. Start times would range from 2 a.m. until late afternoon after work, so there was plenty of night riding involved. The odd hours and crazy weather, which included rain and lightning, meant that the group also had to be resourceful. At one point or another they all had to rely on the kindness of strangers for water, make use of vending machines in the middle of the night, and also find a laundromat to dry their clothes.

Summer heat in Georgia presented one of the most difficult challenges. The hottest day was well over 105 degrees. Finish times were never under 10 hours, so despite a 4 a.m. start the riders would still have to survive some intense heat in the early afternoon. Time limits would become a factor while trying to avoid heat exhaustion.



Photo (l-r): Greg Howard (RUSA #5966), Phil Cohen (RUSA #2647), and Clay Sprouse (RUSA #5854)

In the end, all three riders managed to complete their R-12. In somewhat unusual fashion, the trio finished on the second day of October (instead of waiting until the final day). As an outsider, I feel confident that none of the three would have completed all of the events without the camaraderie of the others. All felt like quitting at some point, but somehow found the motivation amongst themselves to persevere.

## MN 'Natural' R-12

BY ROB WELSH

Sometimes we need to take a moment to recognize and congratulate particularly outstanding efforts. Last fall, I started an email chain on the RUSA Permanents email list about how the R-12 award was very difficult for those of us in northern climes. I got a lot of feedback, mostly pretty positive, that recognized our unique climatological challenges, but nobody was suggesting the R-12 criteria be changed to accommodate our very challenging winter weather conditions. I couldn't disagree with their desire to keep things as they were, but was a little discouraged that this recognition award was not likely to be reached by our local riders riding only Minnesota brevets or permanents.

As of Saturday though, I am delighted



Michele Brougher, Gary Bakke

to report that two of our randonneurs have actually achieved a Minnesota 'Natural' R-12, with all rides based on Minnesota Randonneur routes in Minnesota and Western Wisconsin. Several of us rode one of our 200K permanent routes in blustery conditions then celebrated Gary Bakke's reaching his R-12, along with Michele Brougher, who completed her 'Natural' R-

12 last month (and 2nd overall R-12). Their fortitude was amazing, especially the December through March rides, forging through low temps, snowstorms, drifting snow and icy roads. They needed studded tires for two of the rides, which help on the ice but have a 2-3 mph performance handicap. I would be remiss if I didn't also point out that Gary is 71 and Michele is a woman, although both of them are very hardy and do not need any special consideration from their peers. Actually the rest of us are in awe at their fortitude.

After the ride we had the party at a Mexican restaurant with a special engraved cake made to celebrate. The restaurant manager mistook our celebration for a birthday party though and gave Gary a sombrero, stuck some candles in the cake and insisted everyone in the place join in a Happy Birthday rendition. It really was a fun day and very cool to see Michele and Gary reach their goals.



Photos (l-r): Bryan Rierson and Mary Florian on the road; a couple tough old goats along the way; Joel Lawrence with finishers' medal. Photos by Geof Simons.

## A Taste of Carolina 1200K

BY TIM LUCAS

I'm going to write about an enjoyable event, the Taste of Carolina. We had a pre-ride dinner in Greensboro Friday evening from the parking lot of our base hotel. Teriyaki chicken, stir-fry veggies, rice and noodles, etc. It was all excellent! We listened to tales from the recently-run PBP 1200K (Paris) as we prepared to begin our own adventure. I was again too anxious to sleep well Friday evening. I still need work on rest and sleep.

We had a rather large group at the 4 a.m. start, with 21 riders lined up for the main event (1200K), a couple riding the 1000K event, and 7 riding the 200K warm-up ride, including some of the volunteers who would see us through the weekend and beyond. The 1200K group is riding 752 miles, including 25,000 feet of ascent. The first 40 miles are rather flat and we mostly stayed together at a sane pace. After that John Olmstead and I rode with a more conservatively paced group, resisting the urge to ride up front.

All is well at the 100K control at Salem Fork at the base of the mountains. We say farewell to the control volunteers and 10 miles later at Low Gap, we start the 3 mile steady 8% climb up the mountain towards Sparta. I drop nearly everyone "off the front," keeping my own pace up the hill,

climbing up to the to the Eastern Continental Divide. We stopped for lunch at Twin Oaks. We cruise deeper into the mountains all the way to Warrensville, only 15 miles from the Tennessee border. From there we loop back through Jefferson and Laurel Springs then returning to Sparta for dinner. I'm hanging out with John Olmstead and Bryan Rierson. We also maintain contact with others just ahead of us and some behind us. I had made a master plan on what I needed to do to get this done in 85 hours. It became a useless sheet of paper. I was thinking 22 hours for the first 400K, but it was becoming evident that it'd take every bit of 24 hours. I was starting out in the hole, but I wasn't too worried yet. I was riding a pace that allowed me to enjoy some of the great scenery around us. It was truly a beautiful course with lots of expanded views as well as a few river and valley roads which offered more subtle grades. Most of the roads were also in great shape. The first 400K was a showpiece. We cruise back down the mountain and back to Greensboro. 24 hours of riding with no sleep. I lay down for an hour maybe getting a 30-minute nap then it's back on the bike.

We are now headed for Troy nestled in the Uwharrie National Forest. Again a showpiece area for North Carolina though a bit tough for the gravity-challenged folks like myself. I was riding mostly solo but

keeping tabs on John, Bryan, John Pertalion, Vance Ricks and Gator Cochran. The hardest climb was on Flint Hill. Lots of paint writing on the road expressing how much pain you must be enduring with smiley faces. Seems to be a popular bike route! From there on to Ellerbe where Tony claimed the hills tapered, but still to go was Rockingham, by the race track, then on to Laurinburg. They are called the sand hills of North Carolina for a reason. John O. and I stop in Ellerbe for some lunch. Shortly after eating we stop again at a church and take a 20 min. nap on the porch. We are battling a headwind for almost the entire day which is keeping our average speed well below what it needs to be in order to get some real sleep.

Rockingham to Laurinburg, 350 miles into the event was my low point for the ride. Average speed hit bottom. No sleep, the heat, the continued hills and the headwinds have taken their toll on the big guy. John Olmstead was not feeling well either. We even considered throwing in the towel on the 20mi run into Laurinburg. I had absolutely nothing left and I needed sleep with time for only 1 hour of down time. I was done. John O., who hasn't had a lot of seat time because of work schedule combined with still not finding a saddle that would allow him to go the distance, had

■ Continued on next page



**Taste of Carolina 1200K** (continued)

more serious issues than I. I told RBA Tony Goodnight that I might not continue and headed off to my room in Laurinburg. Two days now on 1 hour of sleep, I was frustrated. Coach Tony comes into my room a couple minutes later and sits me down. "The next 200 miles to the beach and back to Laurinburg is completely flat. This is your turf," he explains, "And you can make back plenty of time and still get some power naps along the way." John P adds, "Crash and burn, but don't give up." I give a "thumbs up" and head for the shower. I then lay in bed for about 30 minutes. Dang, I can't sleep. My legs/feet are trying to cramp. I drink more Heed. I may have

dozed for 10 or 20 minutes after that settled down. I get my stuff ready to go.

As I'm walking out, Joan from S.C. was leaving. We wave and I head for supplies. I nudge John P. awake as we're already 1 hour behind the clock. He wanted more sleep. I realize that I am the last one leaving Laurinburg who would actually finish the ride. I rode a brisk pace to catch Joan. We chatted a bit then I stopped to plug in some tunes to help pace me and keep me awake. It's 11 p.m. Sunday evening. The wind has died down. I was cruising 18 mph. I threw in some 20 mph intervals to bump the average and fight off the sleep. Yes, Virginia, you can fall asleep while pedaling a bicycle, right off

**taste of Carolina 1200K Finishers**

Name	City, State / Country	t ime
BOUHUYZEN, Henk	Ontario, Canada	75:48
BRANDT, Curt	Brandon, FL	85:45
DONOHUE, Joan	Columbia, SC	85:50
FLORIAN, Mary J	Lumberton, NC	85:45
FRITZINGER, Micah	Georgetown, IN	83:30
JAGEL, Donald	Germansville, PA	69:30
LASHLEY, Lynn	Raleigh, NC	69:30
LAWRENCE, Joel	High Point, NC	85:45
LUCAS, Tim	Wilson, NC	85:45
Nix ON, David W	Commerce, GA	69:30
OLSEN, Mark W	Rochester, MN	85:50
OLSEN, William	Califon, NJ	85:50
RIERSON, Bryan	Garner, NC	83:10
SATHER, Charles	Charlottesville, VA	85:50
SIMONS, Geof	Cary, NC	83:30
WELSH, Rob	Apple Valley, MN	79:07

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## Taste of Carolina 1200K (continued)

the dang road.

Time for a power nap. I find another church and take down a 20 min. nap on the side porch. I ride some more at a good pace stopping one more time for a power nap. 100 miles later I reach Ocean Isle right at sunrise Monday morning. I slow down and savor the ride over the causeway and along the strip. The control is a six-bedroom cottage. I stop to check in and socialize but have no intentions of sleep. I chat with Jerry Phelps, Geof Simons, Mike, Mary and Chuck while I'm there but some of the others are still asleep. I'm there for about an hour then I start cruising again. My turn for real sleep will have to wait until back in Laurinburg.

About 475 miles into the ride I finally catch a break and have a tailwind back to Laurinburg. The wind gusts and I'm cruising 20 mph at times with a big smile on my face. I stop at McDonalds to fill up the tank then sail on. There are storm clouds a couple hours into the return. It's time for another church break, a picnic shelter with a metal roof and lots of rain. Dreamland! I stop one more time before Laurinburg for another power nap. There is lots of traffic today as people are returning from the beach. It's a little hairy at times with their excess speed and their big boats. I'm back in Laurinburg shortly after 5:00 pm. Monday afternoon. Control closes at 1:00 am Tuesday morning so I finally have time for real sleep. Food, shower and 3.5 hours of much needed sleep. We have 578 miles in the bag, only 175 more miles to go.

At 10 p.m. I'm ready to cruise some more. Everyone has left me except the Olsen brothers. They are watching the grim weather forecast for our last leg of the journey. Another storm from the Gulf threatens to cut off our path back to Greensboro. Thunderstorm and tornado watches are in effect along with expected 4 to 6 inches of rain. They wait another hour or so to leave, but I head out into the misty rain for Pinehurst. Just another nice pleasant ride with me, myself and I.

I'm conversing with Geof via phone as they are up ahead and planning to get a cou-

ple rooms there to get out of the expected weather. I stop a couple times for power naps. The last stop I make is at another church just a few miles outside Pinehurst. Getting back into a few hills now and I'm exhausted. I get up in time to still meet them at the motel but the skies let loose with a hard rain and I hit the snooze button. Rain stops and I finally cruise through Pinehurst around 8:00 a.m. It is rush hour, so I keep heading away from town to ditch the traffic. Again I leap frog the other riders. Only 85 miles left but we're back into some serious hills today between Pinehurst and Asheboro. Geof phones and we determine I'm 7 miles ahead of him and Mike. I scope out a Subway restaurant and they join me for lunch. I ride with them for a few miles, but they want a good finish time and I just want to enjoy the day and finish, period.

Ominous storm clouds keep brushing me as I inch closer west. Finally one opens up and I park my bike under a big tree and rest my head on the handlebars listening to the rain. Before I can nod off and make an embarrassing splat to the ground, three more riding buddies cruise by, waking me up. They seem to be enjoying the rain and I gather my senses and give chase. I will ride out the rest of the event with friends Joel Lawrence, Mary Florian and new friend Curt from Florida. Riding into Asheboro was like climbing the mountain all over again. At the final control, we take a much needed extended break. Thirty-three miles to go and we're all smiles. Chuck and the Olsens join us before we take off. Joan is the only one left and not far behind. We leave and Joel smells the barn. He throws down a bit as we give chase. He checks up and now it's my turn. We give it a couple hard runs but we stay together as storm clouds are brewing again as we near Greensboro.

The ride wouldn't be complete without an epic finish so here goes. Ominous clouds are rolling swiftly across the landscape. They appear to be attacking from all sides. At one point the temperature drops 20 degrees. A heavy rain starts a few minutes later. We are heading for shelter but the rain stops and maybe the bulk of it is going around us. We

keep riding, trying to outrun it. Ten miles from the finish, we're hammered with a very cold hard rain. Eight miles left and we're on city streets now. There is lots of flooding on the road. Evening traffic picks up as rush hour nears.

A hundred feet up ahead of us a van smashes hard into a car. Joel pulls us over to the side thinking this wreck may not be over yet. We approach slowly and both drivers are out talking on their cell phones. We pass within a few feet of a little girl standing outside the car crying but she appears ok other than her blood-stained dress. Her dad then ushers her away for cover from the rain. We want to help but there is not much we can offer. We mosey on still under a hard rain.

A mile later we climb, and Mary stands up. Her foot leaves the pedal and then her rear wheel slides out from under her. She goes down hard. Curt is behind her and runs over her bike and goes down hard as well. I go farther into the lane to stay up and I make it by without incident. They are scrambling out of the road. I grab leftover stuff, waterbottles, pumps, etc. Mary is holding her shoulder, arm is limp. Later I find out she dislocated her shoulder and she replaced it. Ouch!

I attempt to replace her chain but the wheel is locked. Then I realize her wheel is a pretzel. Joel tries standing on the wheel to bend it back enough to get her home. We both stand on it but no luck. I call Tony and order up a rear wheel so we can get this finished. We stand in the cold rain for about 30 minutes then Bob and Tony arrive with a fresh wheel. The rain finally stops as we roll the last six miles to the finish. The rest of the field rolls in a few minutes later.

Sixteen of the 21 1200K riders finished the ride. We showered up and headed across the street to Ruby Tuesday's for celebration dinner. We'd sleep later.

I'd like to thank all the volunteers that helped out! Tony is a one man show but made up for it by staying on top of things around the clock. Thanks also Tony for the continued advice and coaching. Thanks to the others as well. John M., Steven B., Jerry P., Beth, Lee Ann, Bob B., and those I may



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