

AMERICAN RANDONNEUR



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Paris-Brest-Paris ***stories from the road***

Bon Courage: Our 2015 Paris Brest Paris Ride

My 7th PBP Adventure

PBP 2015 Ride Report

Living the dream. One account of Paris-Brest-Paris



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COVER—The American team before the
start of PBP 2015.

PHOTO BY JENNY OH HATFIELD

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President's Message

I'm nearing the end of my term on RUSA's Board, and I want to pass along my sincere thanks to the many volunteers who keep our organization running smoothly. At the risk of missing some folks, let me give these volunteers a public shout-out:

- **Don Hamilton** has run our Membership Office for years and years. He is the guy who mails items to our new members.
- **Don Bennett** and **Ian Hands** and **Lynne Fitzsimmons** are largely responsible for keeping our website up and running.
- **Lois Springsteen** wears many hats, and none are more important than those of Brevet Coordinator and Safety Coordinator. Also, she successfully completed her seventh PBP!
- **Crista Borrás** has truly earned the title of permanista for her contributions to the permanents program.
- **Craig Matthews** and his team on the Routes Committee put their stamp of approval on our new routes.
- When **John Lee Ellis** is not helping on the Rules Committee, he has a hand in a thousand other tasks for our organization.
- Three treasurers have made sure our finances are in order—**Tim Sullivan**, **Eric Vigoren** and now **Susan Otcenas**.
- Thanks to our very talented editor, **Janice Chernekoff**, for the inspiring mix of articles and pictures that appear in each quarterly edition of *American Randonneur*.
- Thanks to **Paul Johnson** and the crew on the Team Randonnées Committee for guiding our policies on flèches and similar team events.
- **Susan France** has served as our insurance wrangler for many years and is the person we turn to with insurance issues.
- A tip of the hat to **Ed Felker**, **Ken Knutson**, **Dan Driscoll**, **Johnny Bertrand** and **Greg Olmstead** for their handling of various RUSA awards.
- Thanks to all of the folks on RUSA's board who have taken in part in regular, and sometimes overly long, board meetings while also helping with special projects.
- Thanks to the hardworking RBAs who host all of the events we ride. We couldn't do it without the time and effort you put into our sport.
- Thanks to the permanent owners across the country that make it possible for us to ride for credit just about any time and just about anywhere.
- A special thanks to **Mark Thomas** for pitching in on projects too numerous to mention, especially when Excel is involved, and for being the person who drags the bunch of us along on crazy adventures while reminding us that "it's just a bike ride" when we take things too seriously.
- Thanks to **Bill Bryant** for years of guidance and counsel. He is literally the guy who wrote the book on randonneuring—our handbook content is largely due to his efforts.
- Finally, **Jennifer Wise**, RUSA #1, has worked tirelessly for years at the RUSA store, filling all of our orders for merchandise and awards. Her efforts have not stopped there; she has done just about every other job for RUSA and was our first newsletter editor. It was Jennifer's act of kindness on behalf of a good friend that got me started as a

volunteer for RUSA. Thank you, Jennifer!

I'd like to point out that some of volunteers I named have been helping out RUSA ever since the organization was formed in 1998. I'm sure they wouldn't mind a helping hand. Please consider giving back to the organization that has given so much to you. Step up as a volunteer today. Email me or anyone on the board and we'll find a way to get you involved.

You've probably seen recent discussion about our finances on Google's random and other lists. Let me assure everyone that RUSA is in sound financial shape and that we are in capable hands. We have a healthy and promising future in front of us.

We've seen our expenses rise, especially for insurance and the newsletter, and that has prompted a dues increase for 2016. Some of our insurance expenses are related to our permanents program. RUSA currently covers the cost for those rides. As that program continues to grow, it may make sense to review how we cover that cost. As for newsletter expenses, some members have advocated for digital-only editions of our newsletter and our handbook. There are good arguments on both sides of the print vs. digital debate. However, any change in how we deliver those publications must go hand-in-hand with an overhaul of our website. Modernizing the site, while preserving its backend functionality, will be a real challenge, but efforts are under way to make that happen. If you have programming or coding skills that might be useful, here's your chance to volunteer.

continued on page 44

From the Editor

We come to another winter issue, signaling the end of another randonneur season. Most of us have more time for reflection now, time to think about our achievements and about lessons learned, and time to begin planning for next year.

With PBP in August, this was a big year for many randonneurs. Congratulations to everyone who trained and showed up on the start line for this most fabled of randonneuring adventures, and much admiration and respect to all who finished. I finally made it to PBP even if not as a participant. It was great to see firsthand the massive organizing effort, the chaos, and the nervous energy that is PBP. It was fun as well to meet or see people that I've only corresponded with by email. Mike Dayton and I finally met; we've been working together on American Randonneur for two years, so it was about time that we actually have a face-to-face conversation.

A section of this issue is devoted to PBP stories, and there will be a few more in the Spring 2016 edition. This time we have reports by first-timers Nigel Greene, and Theresa Furnari and Gardner Duvall. We also have a ride report by Lois Springsteen, who has now completed seven PBPs, and finished this one not without a little drama near the end. And finally, there is a ride report by Vickie Tyer who returned for a second PBP to try to complete the ride with more grace and less anxiety than the first time.

Reflection seems to be the theme for columnists Paul Johnson and Chris Newman. Believe it or not, Dr. Codfish is urging randonneurs to begin their preparations for PBP 2019 now. Chris



Newman, who finished PBP this year in under 84 hours, reflects on the importance of a DNF to her training.

There are two articles on permanents, both describing challenging rides. Sean Caffrey's article about the Oahu 200K describes a beautiful route that isn't easy if you're suffering from jet lag, unfamiliarity with the route, and the possibility of heat and wind. Still, it's a great ride, and he makes it clear that it was well worth it even if he didn't officially finish. Eric Larsen offers ride reports on the inaugural runs of two challenging Northern California permanents; the routes are beautiful but demand a good set of climbing legs.

Other articles in this issue provide food for thought. Lynne Fitzsimmons makes me appreciate my local RBA and other RUSA officials a lot more after reading her account of the process required to make a brevet happen. And speaking of RBAs, Paul Rozelle is the featured RBA in Jennifer Wise's RBA profile, and as it happens, Paul Rozelle offers readers a preview of the Cracker Swamp 1200K to take place in October 2016. Also from Florida, Dave Thompson, organizer of the highly popular and successful Sunshine 1200K earlier this year, offers information on hyponatremia. While most people had a wonderful time on the Sunshine 1200, Australian Rus Hamilton ended up in hospital with a serious case of hyponatremia. Hamilton has written a long piece about this condition for the Australian randonneur magazine Checkpoint, and Dave Thompson has included a long section of Hamilton's write-up in his article about this potentially dangerous condition.

As the year ends, I'm also aware of two more randonneurs who have recently died on the road. John Fauerby and Lynne Rosenbusch were killed while riding their tandem on October 31st in Maryland. My thoughts are with their families and friends.

Be as careful as you can out there, but have fun, too. It's clear from the photos circulating on FB that John and Lynne loved being on their bike. We cannot account for every eventuality. We can be cautious, and we can look out for each other out there.

Wishing you a good holiday season and time with family and friends.

—Janice Chernehoff
Editor, American Randonneur

Bon Courage: 2015 Paris Brest Paris Ride

BY THERESA FURNARI & GARDNER DUVALL

Among the many endearing cheers from the French citizens was, “Bon Courage.” It was my favorite, for it accurately stated what it took for the two of us to successfully complete Paris-Brest-Paris 2015. This year there were 6094 registered PBP riders, 6% of whom were women, from 66 different countries.

Our route to PBP began under a bright sunny sky, when we arrived in Paris on Thursday morning, August 13. Home for the next two weeks would be a 5th-floor walk-up apartment in the Montmartre section of the city. Bike check was scheduled for Saturday, so we spent the next day and a half exploring parts of the city and various restaurants. On Friday, although Gardner was unsuccessful in finding a bike shop to do a minor repair, the ride took us to the Arc de Triomphe, the Champs-Elysees and the Gardens of Tuileries. It was so fun and a dream come true, to ride through the city on our bikes. On Saturday, we packed our bikes, as if we were riding PBP, and rode the eighteen miles to the National Velodrome in St. Quentin-en-Yvelines. On route to the velodrome, we were able to ride through the Gardens of Versailles and see the Chateau of Louis the XIV. The opulence and immensity of the grounds suggested some reason for the French citizens’ opposition to the government in 1789.

At the velodrome, we waited in line for the safety bike check and sought some bike maintenance after I learned my front derailleur had been bent in

transit. We met up with other riders on Saturday and took a number of pictures. Although it would take the patient bike mechanics several tries to make the derailleur adjustments, I was set to go by the beginning of the ride on Sunday.

Sunday was another beautiful day and because our start time was not until 7:00 p.m., we had all day to sit and worry about PBP. Instead, we met Scott, a friend of Gardner’s, for lunch. The best way to pass the time was with

friends, eating wonderful food and talking about something other than PBP. After walking Scott to the train station, we packed up our bikes, and headed for the Velodrome for the start of the ride. Our group went off at 7:00pm, but not without a small incident. A few minutes before the start, Gardner’s bottom bracket came loose. All the contents of the Relevate bag came out to get the tools buried at the bottom, tighten up the bottom bracket and then repack everything in time to be off as scheduled.

The start of the ride was unforgettable. The streets were lined with residents, wishing us “bon voyage,” “va vous,” and “bon courage.” It was emotionally uplifting to experience this outpouring of support. Moreover, once the fans saw that I am a woman, the cheers were more vocal and more personal. PBP is still primarily a man’s



THERESA FURNARI.
—PHOTO GARDNER DUVALL



Gardner Duvall, Theresa Furnari and Mike Wali.

—PHOTO GARDNER DUVAL

sport, so seeing women participate in the activity is welcomed warmly and loudly.

Motivated by this outpouring of support, a cool night, and surrounded by other riders and a beautiful countryside, the eighty-seven miles to Mortagne were fast and easy. Then, under the cover of night, we rode to Villaines, and the next day, we cycled through Fougeres, Tinteniac and Quedillac. In the towns, we were often greeted by children, seeking high fives as we rode past. Throughout the route, there were residents of all ages, regardless of the time of day, wishing us well, giving directions and offering food and coffee. Although we are both coffee drinkers, we don't recall ever drinking as much coffee as we did during this ride.

A little behind our planned pace, we arrived in Loudeac (287 miles) about twenty-four hours after we started, feeling good and with time to get some food, rest and a shower, before our planned departure at 1:00am. However, we were unable to locate our hotel for a few hours, as I had left the voucher back in Paris. Finally, with the help of a friend, we located our rather primitive hotel room. We had planned to charge our lights in the room, but that was impossible as

the room had no functioning electrical outlets. We learned this after Gardner attempted to plug in a power strip only to blow out the lights for the entire apartment building. With so much going wrong, we did not get to bed until 11:30pm.

Our alarm failed to sound at 12:45am and we woke up at 1:30am in a panic. Packing up as quickly as possible, we left the hotel and wandered around the city for a few minutes to find the start area, before finally getting back on route at 2:05am. Needing to travel the forty-nine miles to Carhaix before the closing time of 7:33am, we maintained a steady pace and arrived in Carhaix in four hours. Still running too close to the closing times of the controls, and under the impression that we had to be in Brest before forty hours or 11:00am, we ate a quick breakfast

and left. It was during this leg that we experienced the biggest climb on the route, the Roc Trevezel, a 2.5-mile uphill. It was hard, but nothing we had not experienced before; all of that hill training had been worth it, after all. The view from the top was beautiful and the downhill was long and steady. As a result, we arrived in Brest at 10:43am. Here we learned that our actual closing time was 2:23pm, so we took a well-deserved break, enjoyed a pizza and chocolate mousse.

The leg from Brest to Loudeac was memorable, but also difficult. The long downhill leading into Brest became a long uphill and we were getting tired. It was during this leg that we began to take part in the PBP custom of ditch naps. A variety of rest stops were used; we saw one rider, for example, curled up in a telephone booth. During one of our naps, a group of Irish riders passed by singing a traditional song.

Local residents continued to cheer us on, even though we were now days into the event. There were quite a few memorable moments, such as when a little girl of about ten, frantically rode her small bike toward us from a side road. When she reached us, she leapt onto a stone wall to cheer us on. In another place, the patients from a rehabilitation home were all seated on the road to cheer us on. In another

Throughout the route, there were residents of all ages, regardless of the time of day, wishing us well, giving directions and offering food and coffee.



Gardner Duvall and Theresa Furnari.

—PHOTO GARDNER DUVALL

location, an amputee sat alone cheering us on with a strong voice. Making good use of our DC Randonneur pins, we gave them out to all of these people and others along the way. When Gardner gave one to the amputee, he offered to roll his wheelchair into his house to get us some coffee, but Gardner politely

begged off to keep up our pace.

Although we had slowed, in part caused by a strain in Theresa's right Achilles tendon, we arrived back in Loudeac at about 11:30pm, having completed four hundred and eighty-four miles. After a quick meal, shower and an hour and a half of sleep, we

departed for the final leg at 3:11am. We were behind our planned schedule, but we hoped to make up time. We pushed hard to Tinteniach, arriving a few hours before the closing time. There, we had breakfast and took a short nap. The leg to Fougeres was fun, as it was in the daylight and we were able to see the immense fortress there. Gardner bought a grilled sausage and beer in a neighborhood shop. Feeling a bit more comfortable with our pace, we stopped and had wonderful crepes at La Tanière, in exchange for the promise to send a postcard from Maryland. Theresa received her first "French" kiss (on both cheeks), from a five-year-old child, as we chatted with his mother and enjoyed another cup of coffee. We arrived in Villaines to a hero's welcome and were treated to table service by the children of the town. We felt embarrassed by such an outpouring of support and it motivated us to continue on. We rolled into Mortagne at 12:00am.

We had eighty-eight miles left and they proved to be the hardest. On the ride into Dreux, Theresa's left thigh cramped and Gardner's injured toe (he had dropped something on it the week before the ride) was swollen and painful. We were out of Ibuprofen, and to top it off, we lost each other for a while.

In Dreux, it was raining. After finding each other, we had breakfast and chatted with friends. We were determined to finish, so we left quickly and cycled in the rain for the last thirty-nine miles. Mental determination and courage kept us going and made us push ourselves as hard as we could. The scenery was pretty, but we were extremely glad to end the 767-mile ride at 11:38am (88 hours, 38 minutes).

"Bon courage" to all who take part in this most unforgettable event, in the future. 🚲

Once the fans saw that I am a woman, the cheers were more vocal and more personal. PBP is still primarily a man's sport, so seeing women participate in the activity is welcomed warmly and loudly.



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My 7th PBP Adventure

BY LOIS SPRINGSTEEN

Oh no! It's less than 65K to the finish and my ride seems to have gone up in smoke. I feel like a complete idiot. I'm lying on the ground in a wet, dark tunnel near Dreux with a broken wrist. PBP isn't supposed to end like this. Since my success of 2011, there's been some doubt in my mind. Could I do it again? Am I too old and too slow? Do I still have what it takes to go seven for seven? Things are looking pretty grim at the moment.

For me, PBP was not going to be easy. As I have gotten older, I've gotten slower so the margin for error is smaller. I train hard and the body sensations of feeling fit and strong are the same as ever, but my speed, high end heart rate, and night vision have all declined. Despite these changes, my legs felt good throughout the event due to the expert training plan that Coach John Hughes designed for me. The plan for PBP was to ride control to control while keeping a two-hour buffer against the closing times. Hopefully, I could grab

“A PBP participant must permanently believe that to quit is the worst thing that may occur.”

ROBERT LEPERTEL

ninety minutes of sleep on the second, third, and fourth nights. The ride went amazingly close to this plan because Bill Bryant (RUSA #7) and Johnny Bertrand (RUSA #2) made sure of that. Bill and Johnny were wonderful at getting me through those rough patches and keeping me on track to be successful. I'm so very fortunate to have had such wonderful help from these three guys. Total focus, total pros—all I had to do was eat and pedal, at least that was the plan.

Of course, things don't always go

according to plan. Qualifying for this PBP was difficult. I'd been sick for most of April and May and had to travel to Colorado in late June to earn my 600K brevet under very hot conditions. I'd finished in around thirty-eight hours but this certainly didn't bode well for having much sleep time during PBP. Still, Bill and I had a prescription that we felt would work. He'd meet me at

Me standing around at the “start holding pen.”

—PHOTO BY TIM SULLIVAN





every control, replenish my food and water and keep me moving on the lightest bike possible. We had a realistic concept of my ability going into the ride and felt that an official finish would be possible. If not, I'd try my best to settle for an "hors délai" finish (one that is over the time limit and without a finisher's medal).

As we made plans for our trip to France and pre-PBP tour, Johnny changed his vacation plans and graciously volunteered to help Bill with my support during PBP. I am the luckiest randonneuse in the world. How could I fail with Bill and Johnny on my team?

But why go back? It's hard to describe the wonderful feel of PBP. At times it is more a festival than a grueling challenge. Cheering crowds and street parties, bicycle art, impromptu roadside coffee/snack stands abound. There were six thousand cyclists on this special, quadrennial 1230K/90 hour pilgrimage with red taillights glowing as far as one could see during that first night. While I have not ridden many other 1200K randonnées, I will venture to say that this one is the most unique of all due to the sheer number of

participants. Even though I have become one of the oldest female riders, I still wanted to be part of it.

The Sunday night start was just as exciting as ever. I was in the wave that departed at 6:30 PM.

Johnny and/or Bill met me at each control and took me to the car for refueling (and a nap in the car as needed). Based on Bill's parking location, I sometimes went to the car first and then did the control check-in process after resupplying food and drink.

The weather at PBP was very good—the best in my experience since 1991, with the possible exception of 2003. I was surprised to see many riders napping on the roadside before dark on the first evening but perhaps they'd arrived in France very recently and were suffering from jet lag. Or, maybe they knew something I didn't know about sleeping during the event. No doubt they were speedy enough to make up whatever time they lost while napping during the ride. I planned to ride until at least Loudéac (440K) before doing any napping and pressed on according to my plan.

I don't like riding with a CamelBak,

Peg Miller, Lois Springsteen, and RUSA President, Mike Dayton climbing the Roc'h Trevezel.

—PHOTO JENNIE OH HATFIELD

but I used one on the first 140K leg so I could ride all the way to Mortagne-au-Perche without stopping. I did a good job emptying the water and food and arrived there feeling good. I took a short stop to drop off my CamelBak and replenish my food stash before heading off to the first timed control at Villaines-la-Juhel (220K). Waves of later, faster riders had passed me all night, but I was fine with that. I just did my own ride and felt strong and consistent though certainly not speedy.

Monday morning was foggy and cool so I was happy when the sun finally emerged. I found an impromptu coffee/pastry stand and took a quick stop at dawn. In Fougères at noon, I put on fresh shorts and jersey and ditched my warm clothing and spare taillight and batteries. A key part of our plan was to keep my bike as light as possible by not hauling extra clothes and this was working perfectly. I felt good to be one quarter of the way finished, but I

Me at the “Finish.”
—PHOTO BY BILL BRYANT

tried hard to resist thinking in those terms. I know to just take PBP control to control, to just keep moving forward steadily.

I had a chance to ride with Clyde Butt between Fougères and Tinténiac where we already started seeing the fast guys on the return. We enjoyed a Coke stop along the way but he got ahead of me when my front tire went soft. I had trouble getting enough air into the new tube with a CO₂ inflator that I'd never used before (rookie mistake) so I wobbled into Tinténiac. I never found the cause for the flat so I asked Bill to investigate it while I ate. He did his usual magic—performed a full inspection and added adequate air and I was soon on my way to the secret control at St. Nicholas de Pelem (where Bill and Johnny were not allowed to meet me) and then on to Loudéac.

Loudéac (449K) to Carhaix (525K) is always a difficult stretch in the dark for me. There's a fair bit of climbing and no fog lines or center lines on the road make it seem a bit creepy and scary. I also noticed that my Garmin had discharged somewhat during my sleep stop so my headlamp would occasionally dim down to give preference to charging my Garmin. This was somewhat disconcerting but I was too lazy to stop and set up my backup headlight. Riding slowly uphill with a dynamo headlamp also causes the headlamp to dim; I ride slowly because I can't see very well which causes my light to dim further, making it even more difficult to see. I still like this lighting setup but I should have just run my battery-powered Dinotte backup system as an additional light.

I was happy to arrive in Carhaix and take another quick stop with my crew and then head off to Brest on Tuesday morning. I'd also planned a pastry stop in Sizun along the way to Brest, a popular place to stop and refuel



on PBP. Lots of downhill on this stretch always makes me fear the climb back out of Brest, but many riders feel a burst of energy in Brest at the “hairpin.” This always amazes me, but it happened again, as usual. Halfway done! I put on fresh clothing in Brest and headed out to climb back to Carhaix. I was lucky to pass Peg Miller on the way out of town so she joined me for the long Roc'h Trevezel climb. We rode at talking pace and had a wonderful time—it felt like we had a tailwind, too, so the climbing was effortless. RUSA President, Mike Dayton, slowed to ride with us and pal Cap'n John Ende did as well. This was probably my favorite section of the ride. It seemed like we were back to Carhaix (703K) in no time.

Peg and I agreed to try and continue on together, but we somehow missed each other leaving the control. Fortunately, one of my favorite riding companions, Jim Bradbury, found me at the Carhaix departure and we made it almost all the way back to Loudéac

in daylight together. The sun set on Tuesday as we neared town and pal, Theresa Lynch, also cruised by, chatting with a French rider. Just to put things in perspective, the fastest rider at PBP was finishing the entire course about now.

After my second sleep stop in Loudéac (after 782K and over 48 hours of riding), I really couldn't find my rhythm and struggled to stay awake in the dark. It seemed like hundreds of riders flew past me like I was standing still. This was a difficult stage and I finally had to give in to the need to lie down on the roadside and take a short nap—I just wasn't able to make good progress despite eating well and adding caffeine pills. I have no idea how long I slept, but things seemed slightly better after that and I finally made it to the secret control followed by stops in Tinténiac and Fougères. In Fougères and 75% done, at midday on Wednesday, I put on my last set of clean clothes, dumped my warm

clothing and felt pretty positive. If I could press just a little bit harder (but not too much) I could make it to Villaines-la-Juhel and then finally to Mortagne-au-Perche with enough time for another much-needed sleep stop before the final push to Dreux and then to the finish. The home stretch seemed in view at this point.

At PBP, things can turn around fast. I arrived in Villaines-la-Juhel (1009K) an emotional basket-case. I really don't know what was wrong since I'd ridden fairly well on that last leg; all we could figure was that I was bonked. I felt overwhelmed by emotion and the ride just seemed too hard and too long to finish at that point. My excellent crew fed me everything in sight and successfully talked me off the ledge and I left feeling like an official finish was within my grasp, after all. I know from experience that the fourth night presents special difficulties for me so I wasn't out of the woods yet.

I got to Mortagne-au-Perche after taking a short break in La Hutte (to sit at a bus stop for a few minutes) and I grabbed a Coke at Saint-Rémy-du-Val. Ian Hands cruised in while I was there. The sun set again on the final approach to Mortagne-au-Perche and I made it in at 11 PM in time for one last sleep. I napped for ninety minutes and even woke up before my alarm went off, so it seemed like I'd hit this final sleep cycle just right.

At 1 AM, I bundled up for the descent out of Mortagne-au-Perche and long night ride to Dreux. My neck muscles were beginning to fail and my hands were feeling weak. Descending on the drops was getting hard now. I was actually happy when the climbing in the forest began. I even had to stop and stow my warm clothing as the nighttime temperature was quite nice. Johnny and Bill had suggested a pastry stop in Senonches but the route managed to skirt the edge of town and miss the bakery. It seemed like a really long haul to Dreux from there. I tried to stop at a roadside café for a cup of

While I have not ridden many other 1200K randonnées, I will venture to say that this one is the most unique of all due to the sheer number of participants.

coffee and a quick snack only to learn, when I got to the front of the line, that they were out of coffee. This next section was very slow. Farther along the route, Bill was starting to be concerned that I'd slipped past him in Dreux because I was definitely overdue based on his estimate of my speed.

Finally, the sky showed an inkling of dawn coming. Unfortunately it started to rain, too. It actually felt refreshing in a way and kept me more alert than I'd felt in a while. The rain became steadier and steadier, then heavier and heavier until I finally stopped to put on my rain jacket. I was completely out of food, feeling hungry but glad the rain was keeping me awake. Since I wear glasses it was hard to see and the roads felt slippery.

As I approached Dreux around dawn of Thursday (the penultimate control) I noticed a small tunnel coming up. What a perfect spot to stop and clean my eyeglasses and readjust my clothing for the final ride to the control. I pulled into the tunnel, started moving to the right to stop when, boom! I'm on the ground. I hadn't seen a curb. I landed forcefully on my right wrist and bumped my helmet on the ground. I immediately felt a sharp pain in my already mangled right wrist and feared that I'd broken it again. I lay on the ground for a moment, as several riders passed by without giving me

a thought. I took inventory before standing up and vowing to press on. I was mad at myself for falling—what else could go wrong? As I started to ride, a fellow in front of me slipped on the painted center line and also went down. I stopped to ask if he was OK. He didn't respond to me but I assume it was because he did not speak English. It took him a while to get up (I feared he'd broken his collarbone), but he eventually stood up and began riding so I was relieved that he seemed OK.

A short time later, I made it to the control where Bill and Johnny were waiting. I explained that I'd crashed, Bill gave my bike a quick check and declared it to be fine. He brushed the mud off of me while Johnny filled my feed bag, and fed me a pain au chocolat that I could barely swallow. I was sure it wouldn't stay down but tried to swallow it anyway. Bill assessed my wrist with a

me at "Brest".

—PHOTO BY BLACK GROUP BIKE



worried look on his face. He shrugged and gave me a long searching look as if to say he was in doubt about the wisdom of continuing but it was my call. I said, "I can ride," so he hurriedly sent me to the control to get signed in and said, "Don't stop for anything." I'd really eaten into my time cushion on that last stretch so "Don't stop for anything" became my new mantra. Bill also knew I'd have a useful surge of post-crash adrenaline to help me ride faster for a while and didn't want me to squander it.

Things weren't going so well but once I got out of town and on the country roads it was clear that I had time to finish. It also became clear that my wrist was likely broken. I couldn't put any weight on it so I had to break the "Don't stop for anything" rule a few times to grab a drink of water but I wasn't able to even try to eat at this point. It was all I could do not to throw up, though my stomach was empty. So, are we having fun yet? I rode and gagged, lifting my hand off the bars for any kind of bump in the road. I tried

to put the fleeting thoughts of having to change a puncture out of my mind since I'm quite sure I wouldn't have been able to do it. Amazingly, though, I'm sure that I can finish within the time limit now if I just keep pedaling slowly.

The final stretch didn't seem very triumphant as I walked the steep climb near Gambaiseull. I couldn't risk trying to stand with my throbbing wrist despite the fact that my legs were still pretty good. The final miles to the Velodrome finish were spent trying to work out my stomach issues so I wouldn't embarrass myself by vomiting as I crossed the finish line, but I finished! I heard the chip reader beep as I crossed the line and immediately saw Bill standing there to greet me with a big smile. We did it again!

It's hard to describe the feeling of accomplishment of finishing a single PBP. To be a seven-time finisher is especially sweet. These rides never really go without a hitch, which might be one of the reasons I keep returning. The perfect ride of consistent energy

and no mistakes always seems to elude me. No matter how hard I try not to have it happen, there always seems to be some sort of drama. This is a long and hard ride, at least for me. I don't have any special athletic talent, but PBP somehow feels like a ride I can do. The final stats show that I was only about forty minutes slower than in 2011 which was essentially the same time as 1991 and that I spent four hours less time stopped during this event so I'm sure I got more sleep than in 2011. I attribute the success to my crew and, of course, Coach John Hughes for helping me train smart despite my lack of free time. I also learned after the ride, whether I like it or not, I was the oldest American female finisher this year.

During the rough patches in the ride (and even beforehand), I decided I probably would not do PBP again. Now that I am feeling the relief and pride of my success, I just can't seem to rule it out in the future. Nothing ventured, nothing gained I suppose. Or maybe I just have rocks in my head. 🚲

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PBP 2015 Ride Report

BY VICKIE TYER



Vickie Tyer at the start of PBP 2015.

—PHOTO CATHY SMITH

I named my front wheel *Faith* and my rear wheel *Determination*. Together we would win redemption against the course that almost conquered me in 2011.

Before I went to PBP, I heard stories about people doing PBP as their first 1200K. Why do people cross the pond to ride their first 1200K? Not me. I'm just like a Boy Scout—BE PREPARED. I set out and rode several 1200Ks before my first PBP in 2011. That spring, I was the picture of ready. Bring it on! But then tragedy struck my family and I was off the bike so much that I became the picture of unready. It took everything I had to drag my sorry slow aching body to Paris with little time to spare. I put on the fake happy face and graciously accepted congratulations, but inside I ached

with despair because I knew how poorly I had managed my ride and how close I came to the dreaded DNF on the biggest ride of my life.

This was not going to happen to me again. I was having another go at it.

I'm 61 years old, on a recumbent, and my bike is four pounds heavier. I go a lot slower up the hills. Did anyone tell you they got some hills in France? There is about 40,000 feet worth of climbing on the PBP course. I knew the deck was stacked against me, but I would not be denied. Preparation and riding smart would surely carry me to a victory I could be proud of.

The PBP start was like a hero's send off. Thousands of people lined the streets, cheering and clapping, yelling Bravo and Bon Courage! They made me feel like a million bucks. This doesn't

happen anywhere in the world but in France. What a magic moment. I felt like a rock star taking flight.

After the fanfare of the send-off, I settled into a ride of efficiency, through the French farmlands. I stopped only to get water and pee. I didn't eat much, but I drank Spiz. I had my nutrition routine down this time. I'd mix a little powder drink mix in the Spiz, alternating it with a caffeine mix; I call it Caffeine Kool-Aid. Every thirty miles, I'd indulge in a little junk food to change it up, but my sights were set on Villaines and drop bag #1.

I rode along, aggravated by my cranky derailleurs. Boy—did they both need an adjustment! I started hearing a clunking spinning noise. This wasn't going well. I figured out it was the idler, the wheel that the chain runs over. I needed a mechanic.

There wasn't a hope or a prayer of one until Villaines. Guess what they had there: a mechanic! I was thrilled. He adjusted both derailleurs and took a look at the idler. He pretty much said good luck with that idler, but to my surprise it became happy and silent along the way. I thought my front derailleur was happy, too, until I realized I couldn't get the chain to fall to the granny gear. Then, I wasn't very happy. I was facing big hills, on a bent, without a granny.

I tried to see a mechanic in Fougères, but the line was way too long. At my speed and on a bent, I didn't have a moment to spare. I set out to figure it out on my own—and I did! To get into my granny gear, I had to stop

pedaling, drop the bar end shifter, give a one half pedal stroke, then shake my handle bars vigorously and, presto, the chain would fall to the granny! So I rode to Loudeac, shaking my handlebars like a goof.

In Loudeac, drop bag #2, I wolfed down another cold can of ravioli from my drop bag, refilled my Spiz, got more junk food, reloaded batteries and got the hell out of Dodge. I rode with all haste—westward ho!

By this point, I was feeling old, fat and slow. At Loudeac, I was only averaging 12 mph. I'm not fast on the bike, so I have to be fast off the bike. I was at controls only long enough to get my card stamped, chug some water or a Coke, refill my bottles, grab a baguette and get out. I was in the bulge, so I couldn't waste time in the cafeteria, or take a shower or change clothes. I wore the same clothes for the whole ride. I changed my shorts once, that's all. I had to be efficient. I had to get to Brest!

I rode into the big hills and left the bulge behind me. I was almost to Carhaix, when it got dark. After another quick stop, I pushed into the dark night alone. Well, on PBP you are never really alone. A trail of red lights dotted the road ahead. The second night on a bike, it starts to get tough, so that's when you have to dig deep and ask yourself, how bad do you want this? The skies got foggy, and the night got chilly and lonely. I had to dig deeper. I was determined to see Brest before sunrise, no matter what. I kept drinking caffeine and pushing onward.

Then there it was: the big bridge over the bay. YEAH! I had made it half way. This time in Brest I would not be caught fighting the morning traffic and losing time, like in 2011. I would arrive ahead of the Tuesday morning rush and better yet, ahead of the bulge! I slept at the control, in a comfy real bed, with a pillow and a blanket, for two and a half glorious hours.

All too soon, it was time to get up and get rolling. Fighting off sleepiness and regaining some sense of alertness,

I climbed back on my bike and pushed out, east bound and down. The route makes a loop and splits before Brest and then comes back together on the return, before the big climb up over the Roc, the highest point of the route. The sun was shining, the skies were blue, as I topped over a small hill and there it was: "The Bulge" and I was hours ahead of it! My heart filled with emotion and all I could think was, this was my moment of REDEMPTION! I was doing this one right!

It was time to enjoy the wonder that is PBP, and the people of the French countryside. The people come out and set up their tables to and offer water, cakes, crepes, jam, coffee and more. But more than the food, they offered themselves, their love of anyone who rides a bicycle, anyone who rides the great randonnée. They offered their cheers, their clapping, their respect, their song and dance. They treated us like superstars. My ride back to Paris became a ride of celebration. How many times could I stop? Well I couldn't stop at every roadside stand, but I tried. One man gave me a Coke and reached into his pocket to pull out his PBP finisher's medal from 1987. One word: *magnificent*.

The French countryside was decorated with bicycles. The bicycles were like Christmas lights in the villages. In some villages, they were on every light pole. In others, they were across the store fronts, on the roofs, on the doors and on banners hung across the streets. It was like a celebration of the bicycle. There were novelty bikes, bikes of all sizes and all colors. Vive le velo!!!

At dawn on Wednesday, I pushed out of Fougères, slowly going up a long hill, alongside another randonneur. A very fashionably dressed local lady, with a big smile on her face, approached us from a side street. She rode out in front of us, with a big happy smile and a big wave, and then went spinning up the hill without any effort. Our jaws dropped in complete awe, then we looked at one another and at the same

time yelled, "electric assist"! The French love the bicycle.

Back in Villaines, the bike mechanic was able to adjust my derailleur, so I could get into my granny gear with ease. Oh, this was a lovely ride to Paris. I left Mortagne streaking downhill through the city, waving my jambon. Oh, this was a fun ride. But, alas the fun was winding down as I approached Dreux. Many people stopped in Dreux and waited for morning to continue on toward Paris. But not me. I wanted to see Paris as quickly as possible. I pushed out into the dark night again, for the last leg to the finish.

Sometimes I tell people to follow me on your next 1200K, because I find good weather or else it finds me. Last time at PBP, about 30 drops of rain fell on me. This time, I counted every drop that fell on me; one, two, three and then I was crossing the finish line, with a crowd of wonderful people cheering for little 'ole me. What a blast. What a sense of accomplishment. What redemption. What a ride. Words cannot describe it. You need to ride PBP at least once in your life.

Some people believe you can take the numbers and crunch them to figure out who will make it and become a PBP Ancienne (official PBP female veteran) and who will not make it. I say, you can take all those numbers and throw them out the window. Numbers can't measure how big your heart is, how much willpower you have, how much faith is in your soul, or how much luck you're going to have. It takes all these things to become a PBP Ancienne.

Don't let anyone tell you that simply riding a 200K, 300K, 400K and 600K will prepare you for PBP. Because it will not. You need to start now. Find domestic 1200s and go ride them. Get out your calendar and look at 2019. In the spring of 2019, ride several 400Ks, several 600Ks and a 1000K. Most important of all, learn time management and how to be fast off the bike. Then you will be ready for PBP. Then go, and RIDE LIKE A GIRL. 🚲

Living the Dream. One Account of PBP

BY NIGEL GREENE

After five years of randonneuring, after a full season of training specifically for this ride, I thought I was ready for the 1230K Paris-Brest-Paris (PBP) bike ride. After all, according to my friend JB, who completed PBP twice before, PBP is “just a bike ride.” JB has been right about many things, but about this, he was just wrong.

PBP is more than a bike ride.

PBP is an entire region of France coming out to welcome and support a diverse collection of adventurers from around the world.

PBP is an arduous personal challenge whose origins reach back to the very birth of cycling.

PBP is a dream made real.

This brief account cannot capture the experience of 6000 participants

from 48 countries—no one account can. Telling the story of PBP is like recalling the details of a dream: some are strong and clear; others linger at the edge of recall, slipping away from easy description; and some may be lost in the haze of time. But this is a remarkable event so, with those shortcomings in mind, I shall try to share a sense of living the dream that is PBP.

Gathering at the velodrome

Randonneurs from around the world gather outside of the St. Quentin Velodrome in a kaleidoscopic mixture of colors and sounds. There are riders from Brazil, Greece, South Africa, Taiwan, Japan, Great Britain, Italia, Australia and Germany to name just a few of the countries

represented. The palpable excitement needs no translation.

Two friends, JB and Katie, riding a tandem they call “the Tandemnator,” will start at 17:15. I will depart at 17:30. Fifteen minutes is not an insurmountable lead so it’s possible that I may see them again.

A group of Americans coalesce around the “North Carolina boys”: Mike D., Luke H., Brian R., Captain Ende and Ian H. The tie-dye jersey that Ian wears seems perfect for his *laissez-faire* approach and joyful attitude.

I recognize Jenny O. from California from her Facebook posts. Although we’ve never met, I call out “Hello” as if I’d known her for years. She responds in kind. We are first timers and share the nervous excitement of what we are about to undertake.

At the starting line, the announcements blare from speakers in multiple languages over background music and the cheers of the crowd, culminating in a French countdown. *Trois, deux, un* and off we go. With a collective swoosh of tires, PBP 2015 is underway.

Riding out of St. Quentin

The course begins on a slight downhill. Children and adults line the street, applauding and cheering us on.

The afternoon sun is high above the horizon. We fly down a road lined with tall buttonwood trees that form a canopy of green leaves, their mottled trunks stately and picturesque, alongside golden fields under a French blue sky. I am awestruck by the beauty



The tandemnator in action.

—PHOTO NIGEL GREENE



and the spectacle. This is real. I am here.

My daughters wove a bracelet for me to wear during the ride—orange on one half, blue on the other. The colors happen to match the signs which point the way to Brest and then back to Paris. I take it as a sign. I ride on, my heart full with thoughts of my family and of the days to come.

We ride through a charm bracelet of small, quiet French towns linked by long and winding roads that border spacious golden fields. The towns and fields roll into the background as I make progress toward the next control.

First Night

In northwest France, in August, darkness comes late, the sunlight reluctantly trickling away like the last guests after a good party. At night, the riders become bright lines of reflected light, points of glowing red, white circles of light dancing on the blacktop, will-o-the-wisps floating in the dark.

The sheer number of spectators diminishes as we reach smaller towns, but, at every town along the route, people are there to greet us. Men. Women. Children. Old. Young. All day. All night. Cheering from street corners. Leaning out of bedroom windows. Sitting outside the town church and at cafes. Calling out words of encouragement as if they are waiting just for you. They call out, “Bon Courage!” “Bonne Route!” All along the way, local

townspeople stand vigil to bear witness to our passing.

Loudéac the first

The temperatures drop overnight. Dawn comes shrouded in cold fog. As the sun burns through in late morning, I stop for a cup of unbelievably delicious French café, served in demitasse tea party cups, along with a French pastry. I am fueled for the next control.

At about a third of the way through the course, Loudéac is a pivotal control. I plan to sleep before moving on to Brest. But first, I get in line and wait to buy food. As I sit to eat, my tired head bows over my plate.

Despite the large number of riders, I have been riding alone. I did not want to ride someone else’s pace and no one seemed to be riding mine so I arrive at Loudéac on my own. As I sit and slowly eat, I feel a hand rest softly on my shoulder. Not a pat, not a tap, but the steady hand of reassurance that you would put on the shoulder of a friend who needed your support. When I look up, I meet the kind, concerned eyes of a gray haired volunteer whose face is lined with a lifetime of experience. He holds a pitcher of ice water. As he holds my shoulder, he quietly says, “de l’eau” and fills my glass then, in response to my “merci,” he simply says “bon courage.” My eyes swim at the thought of him reaching out to me in all the hubbub that swirls in the control and lifting

One roadside rest stop compliments of the people of Brittany.

—PHOTO NIGEL GREENE

away the fleeting burden of loneliness. I drink the cold water to wash away the lump in my throat.

The sleep stop at Loudéac is a comedy of errors. The sleep station has four people behind the table. Perhaps it is the language barrier or impatience brought on by fatigue but it seems that every decision requires extensive discussion and debate. This line takes a while.

A man takes my cot ticket and guides me into the “disco morgue” which accurately describes the large gymnasium at Loudéac. It is filled with canvas cots that are filled by bodies covered in white foam paper sheets. Lights, covered in green glass, dimly light the room. The hundreds of exhausted sleeping bodies, with all the accompanying, grunts, coughs, snores and rustlings, sound like livestock.

A sheet covered body is sleeping in my cot. The man with my ticket wakes the poor guy and tells him that he is in the wrong cot. The poor guy, still half asleep, goes wandering off. The man with my ticket offers me the still warm cot and used morgue sheet. *Viola!*

Too tired and too short of time to protest, I accept the used offering. I open my drop bag to discover it is not



Welcome to Villaines.

—PHOTO NIGEL GREENE

my bag. I persuade a volunteer to return it but I have no change of clothes. Conscious of the time being wasted, I decide to do the best I can. I put my thumbs in my ears and sleep with my head on my hands.

One hour and fifteen minutes later, I wake up. I slowly gather my wits and my possessions before leaving the control to enter the quiet of the night.

The kindness of strangers

Night in northern France is eerily quiet. I am on the verge of hallucinating from lack of sleep. Bodies accumulate alongside the road as people sleep in ditches and fields along the route.

A home appears in the darkness. The children pour hot coffee into small cups. *Maman* serves fresh bread. *Papa* directs. In the middle of the night, in the middle of nowhere, a family opens their home to the riders of PBP. The people along the way restore our souls.

Sunrise on Roc'h Trevezel

I remember *Roc'h Trevezel* as an endless climb at the end of an endless night.

I remember climbing from one crucifixion scene to the next, each cross unique but appearing regularly along the road. Riding past these potent symbols of sacrifice and redemption, I realize that I am on a secular pilgrimage; I am one of many who have come from afar to visit a place that only exists for a moment, to share a transformational experience created by the faith, sacrifice and effort of many.

Near the top of Roc'h Trevezel, a beautiful sunrise reveals the world.

Brest

From Roc'h Trevezel, the course descends in rolling climbs to the bay of Brest. Brest is the halfway point and is both a physical and mental milestone. The closer I get, the better I feel.

When I arrive at the control, to my surprise, I find Team Tandemnator: Katie and JB! After I check in, we talk a bit and decide to ride together for a while.

I am concerned about the climb back up the Roc'h; if I bonk there, my ride will be over. On the way out of town, I stop at a pizza delivery place and order a pizza. I tell them to ride on. I take my pizza for two across the street and eat the whole thing.

Katie and JB wait for me in the town of *Sizun*. Riding with them adds a new dimension to the ride. We share stories, laughs, and the experiences of the day. We “*bonjour*” the people of France, plan our meals together, climb the hills and then bomb down the other side. Despite the accumulating fatigue, growing saddle discomfort and repeated climbing, I am having a wonderful time.

We move on toward *Loudéac*. Katie and JB have alternate sleep plans there. I, on the other hand, return to the disco morgue.

Loudéac the second.

The second go at *Loudéac* is a little better. Yet another line, but, eventually, I get a cot. This time, I find my drop bag, and with ear plugs and a mask I get to sleep for about two full hours.

When I leave, I join a small group of mostly American riders, including

Controle dining.
—PHOTO NIGEL GREENE





Jenny O. They ride at a pace in my comfort zone and, glad for the company, I ride with them to *Tinténiac*. The control reminds me of a refugee camp for cyclists. People sleep on mats on floors, with heads on tables, anywhere and everywhere. Exhaustion is taking its toll.

Eat. Sleep. Ride.

After *Tinténiac*, I feel even stronger. I am saddle sore and have numbness in my left pinkie, but on the bike, I am in my element. My life becomes eat, sleep, ride, repeat. On less than three hours sleep in over 60 hours, I am thriving in this primal state of being.

As I fall into the rhythm of the ride, I begin to rely more on the support of local people. They appear out of the darkness to provide water when needed, to provide coffee when needed, to cheer us on. They celebrate our journey and uplift our failing spirits.

I will always remember *Villaines la Juhel*. I was riding with Ian Hands. This was his second time at PBP. As we made the final turn into the town, Ian said, “Get ready to feel like a pro.”

We turn into a tunnel of cheering fans. Hundreds of people greet us. Loudspeakers. Bands. Cheering kids. Applause. Ian high-fives kids along the way. They greet us like returning heroes, like prodigal sons. It takes my breath away.

At *Villaines*, I re-connect with Team Tandemnator. At about this point, it becomes clear that we do not have

enough time for any significant sleep. We are bumping up against closing times. The rest of the ride will test us.

The next control is *Mortagne-au-Perche*. There we make a frank assessment of our situation. There is no time for any real sleep but I am hoping for another hour and all of us are desperate for at least five minutes. After eating, we crawl under the table and sleep for a few precious minutes on the cafeteria floor.

Dreux

I remember riding solo to *Dreux*, but I honestly don’t recall how that came about. I arrive in *Dreux* at 5:42 and plan to leave at 7:00. With a half hour of sleep, I am ready to roll at 7:00. Outside, a soft steady rain falls. I take it as a good sign. Rainy days have been good to me. Then, just as I am about to leave, in come JB and Katie! They made it! I am elated. I can also see the exhaustion on their faces.

After some back and forth, I decide to delay my departure and leave with them at 7:30. We start out together, climbing the hill that that leads out of *Dreux*. I remember coming to the realization that I can not help them to finish any more than they can help me. We just have to pedal our bikes and finish the ride. The difference between success and failure would come down to desire.

I remember thinking of my wife and kids who would be at the finish, about how much I want to see them

Roadside crucifix.

—PHOTO NIGEL GREENE

and to have them see me finish this thing that I started years ago. My voice breaks with emotion when I tell Katie and JB that they have everything they need to finish and I will be leaving to see my family. As I pull away, the last thing I hear is JB cheering me on. The rain washes away a tear.

Arrivée

On this, the last day of PBP, I feel strongest of all. My left pinkie is numb. Saddle sores make sitting difficult. I have no odometer because the computer was lost on the course. But, despite all that, I feel supercharged. Perhaps everyone else in their sleep deprived state is moving at a crawl, or perhaps, just perhaps, under cool overcast skies, with a light rain falling, with just forty miles to go, the conditions are just right for me to give full rein to the spirit of the ride. Whatever the reason, every pedal stroke over the last 65 kilometers is an act of thankfulness. Thankfulness for the people along the route. Thankfulness for the friends I made over the last five years. Thankfulness for my wonderful wife and fantastic kids. Thankfulness for this opportunity to ride—fast, strong and joyful—across the final stage of Paris-Brest-Paris.

Je suis un randonneur. Je suis un ancien. 🚲

The Secret Ingredient

Most people who have done it say that the ‘funnest’ part of riding PBP is the riding: the gathering, nervous laughter and anticipation as you wait for your group to roll out; the warmth of all those supporters along the way; getting to meet riders from all over the world; and the exhilaration of finishing, completely spent and completely satisfied. I agree, there is nothing else like riding PBP. Even if you have done it in the past, there is no better part of the experience than the riding.

For me, though, one of the ‘next best’ things about PBP is the stories. No matter what their personal goals were when riding PBP, everyone comes home with a treasure trove of stories, anecdotes, and reminiscences, many of which are remembered for the rest of their lives.

This year as with every other, once the event was over and people had time to fall back in love with their bikes, riders started relating their experiences. On line, in print, and in encounters either at rides or chance meetings, the stories came pouring out. Nowhere more than in the randonneuring community can people turn pain, suffering and sheer dogged determination into a compelling, heartwarming, or often hilarious tale.

I have read some fabulous writing on the subject of the venerable jambon-beurre baguette, or the finer points of the ditch nap. Nowhere else can you tell a tale of 1200 kilometers of nonstop kindness of strangers, of people who simultaneously want to


give you whatever you need to complete your journey while at the same urging you to stay just a little longer.

I recall first hearing of PBP in the last century. The first tales I heard were of exhausted riders struggling through dark and rainy nights across the French countryside to finish a ride that was thousands of kilometers long (what was a kilometer, I thought?). It had all the appeal of a visit to the dentist for help with gum disease. I was at that time an accomplished club century rider and found myself looking for more challenge on the bike. This story I had heard, however, seemed more like masochism than bike riding.

Looking for that ‘more challenge’ element I moved on to a three day charity event called The Courage Classic which took us across two mountain passes in three days! It seemed like an outrageous accomplishment at the time. Little did I know that a few years later I would ride those two mountain passes, and considerably more miles in under 40 hours. Of course, by the time

you have been bitten hard enough to successfully complete a 600K brevet you begin to fixate on something much further down the road. And so I found myself in the company of PBP anciens and anciennes who related experiences nothing like that first story I had encountered.

These stories were the romance and enticement that transformed my image of PBP from a sentence in hell to a goal I wanted to accomplish. More than entertainment, they spelled out in great detail how to avoid or overcome obstacles of every sort: how to go a little faster, how to finish, or how to just get to the next control. There is a wealth of information on line and in print on how to ride a 1200K randonné, covering every aspect of preparation for such an undertaking. By all means soak up as much technical information as you can about training, nutrition, fitness and equipment, but in addition to your formal preparation, make efforts to ride with a PBP ancienne, or ancien, or better yet, share a post ride meal and beverage and listen to the stories. There is no better manual for how to finish.

Why this topic, at this time in the four-year PBP cycle? There are many stories and memories fresh in the minds of those who rode in 2015, and four years is plenty of time to prepare for the next opportunity to join the club of PBP finishers. 

New RUSA Members

10752	Timothy McDonald	Auburn	AL	10806	Will Middlebrooks	Bellingham	WA	10860	Sharon Rea	Bellevue	NE
10753	Stephen Rocchio	Huguenot	NY	10807	James Thurber	Mountain View	CA	10861	Luis Alers	Manchester	CT
10754	Ryan Young	Anchorage	AK	10808	Stephen Butfilowski	Greenwood Lake	NY	10862	Adrian Vogwell	Portland	OR
10755	Bruce Fuller	Saint Petersburg	FL	10809	Martin Cooper	Thornhill	ON CAN	10863	Bill Kerr	Seaside	CA
10756	Valerie Leggett	Saint Petersburg	FL	10810	Henri Revet	San Jose	CA	10864	James Thomasson III	Newnan	GA
10757	Stephanie Miller	Sunrise	FL	10811	Donna Hewlett	Omaha	NE	10865	Judy Brusslan	Long Beach	CA
10758	Louis Galbiati	Saratoga	CA	10812	James Mulherin	Iowa City	IA	10866	Jon Lumpkin	Durham	NC
10759	Lorraine Dean	Rentz	GA	10813	Christian Whitchurch	Alexandria	VA	10867	Brian Kear	Bellevue	NE
10760	Vinay Devanathan	East Rutherford	NJ	10814	Mary Foley	New Egypt	NJ	10868	Kirk Ervin	Severna Park	MD
10761	P Borgen	St Paul	MN	10815	Charles Simpson, Jr	Flagstaff	AZ	10869	John Beem	San Francisco	CA
10762	Brer Marsh	San Diego	CA	10816	David Ciha	El Cajon	CA	10870	Michael Russiello	Staten Island	NY
10763	Robert Nealan II	San Francisco	CA	10817	Navanshu Sehgal	Milpitas	CA	10871	Charles Luzader II	Columbus	OH
10764	John Fugett	Anchorage	AK	10818	Tim Gehres	Bloomington	IN	10872	Mary Hall	Dallas	TX
10765	Matt Hale	San Diego	CA	10819	Adam Goodman	Ann Arbor	MI	10873	Vincent Scauzzo	Ridgewood	NJ
10766	Michael Syracuse	Brooklyn	NY	10820	John Donahue	New Brunswick	NJ	10874	A Casioppo	Winter Park	FL
10767	Matthew Vanderschaaf	Edmond	OK	10821	Nicholas Manta	Philadelphia	PA	10875	Gene Schaffer	Sioux Falls	SD
10768	Louise Borda	Irvine	CA	10822	Taylor Gold	Apopka	FL	10876	Loyal Erickson	Sioux Falls	SD
10769	Guillermo Mendez	Miami	FL	10823	John Cumming	Ilderton	ON CAN	10877	E Stinson	San Francisco	CA
10770	James Paul	Dallas	TX	10824	James Hahn	Houston	TX	10878	Greg Arment	Saint Petersburg	FL
10771	Robert Cauthorn	San Francisco	CA	10825	Roger Barr	Snohomish	WA	10879	Scott Gregory	Saint Paul	MN
10772	James Becker	Arcana	CA	10826	William Roudebush	Mount Pleasant	SC	10880	Charles Chancellor	Clemson	SC
10773	Walter Lay	Trinidad	CA	10827	Harry Brooks	Tarpon Springs	FL	10881	Allen Pezewski	Milwaukee	WI
10774	Mark Griffin	Arcata	CA	10828	Ricardo Sagols	Tavares	FL	10882	Ralph Butler	Chesapeake	VA
10775	Aaron Baer	Pitman	NJ	10829	Skip Yentes	Danville	IN	10883	L Gladstone	Rochester	NY
10776	Nathan Hoida	Olympia	WA	10830	C Burns	Natchez	MS	10884	Bryan White	Portland	OR
10777	Amy Hoida	Olympia	WA	10831	Sneha Ranganathan	East Rutherford	NJ	10885	Lynne Blake-Hedges	Port Tobacco	MD
10778	J Behrens	Dobbs Ferry	NY	10832	Stephen Ducker	Eustis	FL	10886	Michael Ellman	Webster	NY
10779	Felix Estevez	Weston	FL	10833	Timmy Aquino	Plainsboro	NJ	10887	Richard Roberts	Virginia Beach	VA
10780	Christopher Kahn	Los Angeles	CA	10834	E Roberts	Atlanta	GA	10888	Maxine Roberts	Virginia Beach	VA
10781	K C Kahn	Los Angeles	CA	10835	Alexandria Vidalon	Portland	FL	10889	Michael Schmitz	Davis	CA
10782	Crockett Bohannon	Orlando	FL	10836	Jacob Layer	Jamaica Plain	MA	10890	Randy Olson	Yucaipa	CA
10783	Juan Rosell	Pembroke Pines	FL	10837	Christopher Jones	Portland	OR	10891	Jonathan Horen	Greenacres	FL
10784	Thomas Cummings III	South Bend	IN	10838	Fred Corsiglia	Houston	TX	10892	Leon Bahr	Pembroke Pines	FL
10785	Gustavo Vallejo	Hollywood	FL	10839	Bill Crane	Sandy	OR	10893	S Williams	Somerdale	NJ
10786	Jessica Dumont	Doral	FL	10840	Shun Ming Lin	Hayward	CA	10894	Ron Morse	Overland Park	KS
10787	Julio Pallares	Weston	FL	10841	Michael Sakosky	Grand Junction	CO	10895	Kristi Kay	Mt. Dora	FL
10788	John Falconer	Anchorage	AK	10842	Ashleigh Young	Portland	OR	10896	Nick Schwellenbach	Washington	DC
10789	Paul Ehlers	Rhineland	WI	10843	Gregg Vicinanza	Glen Rock	NJ	10897	Jasmine Tsai	W Windsor	NJ
10790	Kay Tsui	Arlington	VA	10844	David Barrett	Greenville	RI	10898	Adam Deffes	Eustis	FL
10791	Kimberly Hinton	Saint Clair Shores	MI	10845	Roger Stark	Washougal	WA	10899	Robert Young	McLean	VA
10792	Adam Torres	Chicago	IL	10846	Gary Ruhl	Shoreline	WA	10900	Grigorij Kail	Sanford	NC
10793	Jeffrey Babcock	Atlanta	GA	10847	Dean Dobberteen	Bonita	CA	10901	Jason Singleton	Severna Park	MD
10794	Doug Davis	Murphy	TX	10848	Nichole Davis	Bellevue	NE	10902	Fabrice Medio	Sausalito	CA
10795	Ben Carsten	Austin	TX	10849	Kristin Kuhn	Kerrville	TX	10903	Amy Cools	Oakland	CA
10796	Misty Haskins	Hartselle	AL	10850	John Coffey	Portland	OR	10904	Mark Seedall	Oakland	CA
10797	John Kingsolver	Tucson	AZ	10851	Dave Nicolai	San Diego	CA	10905	James Moyles	Redwood City	CA
10798	David Hartley	Santa Cruz	CA	10852	Cyndi Wong	Albany	CA	10906	Dean Kayser	Waukee	IA
10799	Jeanine Lovett	Santa Cruz	CA	10853	Frances Williams	Saratoga	CA	10907	Sallie Smith	Rutherfordton	NC
10800	Andre Franca	San Francisco	CA	10854	Francie Hankins	Arlington	VA	10908	Patty Moore	Raleigh	NC
10801	Patrick Gill	Sioux City	IA	10855	Sean Heron	Seattle	WA	10909	Paul Lieberman	Corvallis	OR
10802	Laurence Brown	Portland	OR	10856	Thomas Pease	Windsor Locks	CT	10910	J Jacobsen	Steilacoom	WA
10803	Elaina Rowe	Cresson	TX	10857	Mark McDuffie	Longwood	FL	10911	Amy Krivda	Berkeley	CA
10804	Alicia Roberson	Fort Worth	TX	10858	Carlos Villarreal	Oakland	CA	10912	Erik Chapman	Seattle	WA
10805	Leonard Roberson	Fort Worth	TX	10859	William Cruz	Apopka	FL				

It's Not Always About Finishing

BY SEAN CAFFREY



Changing a flat.

—PHOTO SEAN CAFFREY

I live on a rather nontraditional sleep schedule. There are days I wake before dawn and go to sleep while the sun is coming up, and there are days I sleep until noon and go back to bed ten hours later. I think this is why I adjust to time changes better than most other people I know, and why I get the most out of international travel.

After my nearly twelve-hour flight to Hawaii from my home in New York City, I immediately began the activities I had planned. My day lasted thirty hours rather than twenty-four. During my vacation, I spent more time hiking, surfing, swimming and cycling than I did sleeping or eating.

The Oahu 200K permanent was at the top of my list of activities in Hawaii, and I planned a lot of my trip around having a free day to do the ride. My parents would be arriving the same day and I knew they'd be able to entertain

my girlfriend while I was out riding the island.

I drove a few of the roads in the days before the ride. There really aren't that many roads on Oahu, so to get anywhere on the island it's hard to miss a portion of the permanent course. I knew there wouldn't be much climbing but that the winds and heat could be factors. I'll take a climb over a headwind any day.

I had a hard time sleeping the night before this ride because I was worried about the weather, my packing for the ride, and my fitness since I had not done anything of this distance for more than a year. In the past twelve months, I had ridden consistently so my total mileage was high, but most of the rides had been 30-mile loops around town, and I had done nothing longer than 75 miles.

I started the ride at 7:15. The first few miles were on the urban streets of

Honolulu, but the route soon took me toward Diamond Head and up the coast for seventy miles. Winding along the Leeward Coast I watched as the more committed surfers climbed back up from Diamond Head Park after a sunrise session and as the hopeful fishermen cast their lines into the crashing waves. This part of the route was as picturesque as one could hope for, just shoreline and calm serpentine roads.

I cruised through Kailua and Kaneohe to my second checkpoint. I was feeling good and making good time. I decided on a short break for a granola bar and smoothie. My next stop wouldn't be until around mile 70 in Haleiwa, but I knew exactly what I was going to do there—eat an enormous acai bowl for lunch. I'd had one before in Haleiwa and it was the best I'd ever eaten. Tons of granola, shaved coconut and honey drizzled on top, perfect to cool down on a hot day.

My plan was not so well-conceived as it relied on using food as an extra push to keep me motivated, but food is what keeps you fueled and going on brevets. By the time I arrived in Haleiwa I was starving, exhausted, and jittery. I took a much longer break than I should have, lounging in a backyard eating my Acai surf bowl and rehydrating.

This is when the cramps started coming on. I'm not sure if it was the change of position, lack of movement or inadequate intake of food and water, but I started getting really powerful

cramps in my legs. After several bouts of buckled-over agony, fighting against my own body to stay vertical, and waving off concerned acai-slinging workers, I was ready to hit the road again. I vowed to drink more and eat on a regular basis. I knew if I just got moving and didn't stop I'd be okay. One last explosion of pain gripped me as I lifted my leg over the top tube to get back in the saddle and I was good for another sixty miles.

After leaving Haleiwa, I turned inland and the rest of my ride took me through the middle of the island and back to Honolulu. The ocean was gone and I now began climbing through fields of coffee. This was the first real climbing and it was mild but long. The roads are lined with pine trees which absorb the salty ocean air and protect the coffee from the corrosive breeze. Once the climb leveled out, the coffee plantations gave way to miles-long stretches of pineapple groves only contained by the rocky crags of lava-formed mountains. It's amazing how much this tiny island in the middle of the ocean has to offer. I felt like I'd been transported to an entirely different place. As nice as riding next to the breaking waves of the Pacific was, I was happy for this change of scenery.

Oahu is home to several U.S. military bases: Fort Shafter, Tripler,



Banzai Pipeline.
—PHOTO SEAN CAFFREY

Schofield Barracks, Hickam Air Force Base, and of course, Pearl Harbor. A steady stream of army trucks with soldiers in combat gear holding M16s, all sitting in the open air beds passed me. I must have seen thirty of them. With the humid air and fields of exotic fruit nearby, it was hard not to imagine a scene from a Vietnam war movie.

When the pineapple groves ended and the military convoy had passed I started to see a hint of civilization off to my left. I got excited as it grew and grew. My main concern was making it to Tantalus Drive, the final climb of my journey, before dark. I knew I could safely navigate city streets in darkness, but this climb, and more importantly the descent that follows, would be very dangerous after dark.

As more of the city came into view I realized I was approaching my next checkpoint, a 7-Eleven on a busy corner of a Honolulu suburb. I made a quick stop here to refill my water bottles and

have a snack. Once I took off all I could think about was getting to Tantalus. The map indicated that the next section was the "Pearl Harbor bike path," and I imagined a respite from traffic and a few easy miles along a historic site.

Disappointment doesn't describe my feelings about the bike path, which was full of kids on motorized scooters, many of whom I assume weren't old enough to have licenses to operate their machines on the road, and their reckless riding kept me alert. Moreover, the view I had been looking forward to turned out to be just a drainage ditch behind dilapidated houses. Finally, the path featured many broken bottles which helped me to get a flat.

As I sat in a patch of grass and looked out over retired warships with the sun falling in line behind them, I saw my chances of finishing this ride fade away with the daylight.

Finishing actually wasn't the only objective of this ride. I also wanted to see the island at my own pace and

Waikiki.
—PHOTO SEAN CAFFREY





Photo of me was taken with a timer.

—PHOTO SEAN CAFFREY

I had accomplished that. The main point of bike touring for me is seeing a place in a way that is both quiet and self-propelled, as well as disarming to people you meet. People are much more interested in talking to a cyclist traveling through their town than a person in a car or bus. You are more on their level and it's a great way to get to see how people are when they let their guard down.

That said, I still hoped that maybe I could push myself and Tantalus wouldn't be as bad as I thought in the fading light. At this point I'd ridden one hundred and twenty miles, partially due to a wrong turn, and I was becoming obsessed with riding these last twenty. I pushed on past Pearl Harbor to a bike path that led me under the interstate past tent villages and bridge huts. The locals who inhabited

these little hovels all seemed to own the same tan Chihuahua. Every time I came upon one I thought it was going to chase me, as small dogs love to do, but they all laid patiently next to the path and barely watched me pass by. Pushing on along this path I was convinced I could just make it up Tantalus and then either call for a ride or slowly descend the other side, taking no risks.

Once I crossed Middle Street, I saw Tripler Army Medical Center in all its pink glory to my left, tucked up on the hill with darkness rolling in behind it, and I knew that I was close to my sister's house. If I turned left now I wouldn't have to ask for a ride later if I couldn't finish. I knew it couldn't be more than five miles to her house from here, but it was only about fifteen miles to my final destination.

I began thinking about how my

parents had just flown in this morning and how I could go and meet them and still have dinner. I thought about how it would inconvenience everyone to have to pile in the car to come pick me up, and that if I just showed up they would be surprised and relieved that I had returned on my own. Even though my total mileage would add up to the same one hundred and thirty miles I had planned to ride, it wouldn't be the same as finishing the planned route. I also wanted to climb Tantalus, something I had been dreading, but also wanted to do.

After minutes of careful consideration and thoughts back to all of the dangerous and careless things I'd done in my life and miraculously come through unscathed, I decided it was best not to tempt fate again. I took the left and rode the steep climb up Ala Amoamo to my waiting family.

I was right—just in time for dinner.

Looking back now I wish I had completed the route, but not by carelessly pushing through the darkness towards a winding climb. I wish I had planned better and made it there earlier. I still think abandoning when I did was the right decision.

It's a part of randonneuring to mess up every once in a while so you can learn how to do it better. You also never know how far you can push yourself if you don't try. I now know that I can ride through very powerful cramping, but I was reminded of how important proper diet is on a long ride. Completing or not completing a solo ride like this doesn't really make much of a difference. You get a stamp that matters only to you, or sometimes you finish with a story and an experience that may be appreciated only by other randonneurs. In the end you do this for yourself and you can make what you want out of the ride, whether it is 10K or 1200K. 🚲

People are much more interested in talking to a cyclist traveling through their town than a person in a car or bus.

Cracker Swamp 1200k (13–16 October 2016)

BY PAUL ROZELLE

In 2016, 100 million people are expected to descend on Florida in a quest for sugar-sand beaches, perfectly manicured golf courses, shuffle-board courts, early bird dinner specials and, of course, Mickey Mouse. Among the goals and aspirations we have for riders on the inaugural Cracker Swamp 1200K, is that you won't see any of these people (except perhaps at one of those buffets; randonneurs do like to eat...).

There is another, lesser-known Florida. One that, despite persistent and near-sighted attempts to subdue and pave it, rendering it yet another nondescript part of commercial and suburban America, remains a wild and wondrous place. Most of the state's 20 million residents don't know this place and the legions of tourists never discover it, either. On the Cracker Swamp 1200K, you will. If you've always wanted to visit Oklawaha and Okahumpka, then this ride is for you. (Many of the control towns take their names from the Timucuan, Ocali, and Tocobaga tribes who inhabited the area, long before European settlement in the 16th century.)

Our goal is not only to take you off the beaten path in search of an engaging, unique experience, but to create an accessible 1200K. As every randonneur knows, there are no "easy" 1200s, although our lack of vertiginous terrain and our excellent weather (60-80F & relatively dry in mid-October), certainly deal a few cards in favor of the Florida randonneur. Here, we will ease riders' burdens with a rare, perhaps unheard of, comfort on a Grand Randonnée: the overnight controls are the same as the start and finish of the ride. That's right: no drop bags or other



logistical hassles. Riders sleep in the same hotel room every night. Bring as much gear and other stuff as you want. Don't bother with food, though; we'll send you off in the morning with a full breakfast and dinner will await you at the end of the day's journey.

Each day of the clover-leaf route will bring a new adventure. Based out of Tavares (an hour north of the Orlando airport), the route first travels north toward Gainesville, traversing orange groves, forest, and natural springs. The second day heads west, across the Ridge (it's not part of the Appalachians, but rather what's left of a series of sand islands; Florida was underwater a million years ago), across the Green Swamp, to the Lake Lindsey Mall. Don't worry, it's not a mall, but rather a character-filled, country general store that makes an excellent pressed Cuban sandwich.

The third day gets you over to the dunes of the Atlantic Coast via remote fire roads traversing the Ocala National Forest and the St. John's River. Among the highlights of the day are the wading birds and other abundant wildlife in the Tomoka River basin, which you should have time to enjoy, owing to

the day's nearly flat elevation profile. If you don't see an alligator, look harder. They're there.

The ride's final day heads northwest, through the gently rolling hills and horse farms of Marion County. Of course, no visit to this part of the state would be complete without a stop at the "Big Daddy," Don Garlits Drag Racing Museum, your turn-around control.

Thus divided, the 1200K breaks into an almost reasonable-sounding four-day ride in a familiar 400/300/300/200 format. For riders looking for a little less adventure due to desire, time constraints, or simply to satisfy the requirements of the R5000 or RUSA Cup awards, we'll offer the Cracker Swamp as an ACP-sanctioned 1000K, too (you'll have to see the 34 different Swamp Rat dragsters some other time... or ride the last day as a separately offered ACP 200K).

In addition to this abundance of rural Southern charm, your entry fee will include a pre-ride check-in party, meals at overnight controls, and shared sleeping arrangements. Additional details and registration information can be found at <http://floridarandonneurs.com/wordpress/>, or by contacting the Central Florida RBA, Paul Rozelle, at prozelle@gmail.com. So whether you're a relatively new randonneur, attempting your first 1200, or an old-hand who's cycled brevets throughout the world, I hope you'll pay us a visit next Fall to seek out new roads, experiences, and friendships—things too easily missed by the other 100 million visitors. 🚲

The Best Worst Ride

Just like many of you, well at least 478 of you, I spent the last year training for Paris-Brest-Paris. And unlike many of you, the smart ones at least, I decided to take the 84-hour start. My friend Joe K, the K-Hound whisperer, had spent the frigid snow bound winter months lobbying for the PBP Monday morning start, explaining all the benefits of voluntarily giving back six hours before taking one pedal stroke. Some days this seemed like a good idea and some nights it kept me awake for hours.

My 84-hour buddies and I spent the spring riding permanents, pedaling our fixies on all of our P-12, R-12 and SR rides. We had a foolproof plan—make the training rides harder and then use the bike with gears to make PBP seem like a summer stroll. Well technically, just Paul and I had that plan. Joe's plan was to the ride the fixie in France.

I made the questionable decision to ride mostly flat permanents throughout the spring and since our NJ series was also flat, I didn't get much hill work during the first six months of 2015. I figured riding a fixie was actually like conquering mountains but

without, you know, the mountains. At least that's what I told myself. Repeatedly. We were riding hard, riding loads of kilometers, increasing our average speed. I earned a personal best on the 300K and I have to admit that I was starting to feel a bit cocky.

At some point we got the bright idea to ride the very hilly, unsupported Blue Ridge Vistas 1000K hosted by the Capitol Region club. We rightfully thought that completing a hilly ride with no outside support would be great preparation for PBP.

So Paul S, Joe K, Dawn E and I headed to northern Virginia one hot, humid June weekend to attempt a ride that none of us, at that point, were too excited to be attempting. If one of us had suggested staying home and riding a few permanents instead of the 1000K, the rest of us would have reluctantly agreed while being secretly thrilled. But no one wanted to be the quitter (not yet anyway), so we found ourselves heading off into a dark and moist morning at 4am.

I was riding my geared rando bike that I hadn't touched since the previous fall. It's kind of funny how you forget the little quirks a bike has when you ignore

it for ten months. I was reminded of one such quirk within the first few miles, the first short downhill really, when I hit a bump and my water bottle went flying into the tall grass along the edge of the dark-as-pitch country road. My friends were ahead of me so they had no way of knowing I had to stop and search for the damned thing for a frustrating ten minutes. This might have been the first harbinger of how smoothly the next 370 miles would go, but there was no way to know that five miles into the adventure.

I didn't feel too bad at the first control, which isn't the same as feeling good, but I wolfed down a mood-altering breakfast of sausage and biscuit sandwich and I started to feel a bit better. Unfortunately, my new positive attitude didn't last as long as the after-effects of the greasy breakfast treat. The day then started to heat up which was annoying and then there was a downpour, which at first felt good but quickly became annoying, and all the climbing was annoying, and by this point my increasingly poor attitude was incredibly annoying. The silent mental griping, which is a potential companion on any ride, started in earnest and I am not sure if the mental defeat or the physical defeat occurred first, but I was beginning to appreciate how weak and painful my legs were. Months of avoiding hills, albeit on a fixie, had not prepared me for these Blue Ridge climbs. My legs had not felt this painfully inadequate since PBP 2007 when I DNF'd. The panic started to set in. What have I gotten myself into with this 84-hour start? There are only sixty-three days to train from now until PBP. I will never be ready. I am such a fool, so arrogant with that damn fixie. AARRGHH.

About this time, as Joe was pounding up another hill, we all heard the distinctive SNAP of a spoke breaking. Joe had trashed another spoke and his front wheel was decidedly unstable. It was some fancy

I figured riding a fixie was actually like conquering mountains but without, you know, the mountains. At least that's what I told myself. Repeatedly.



racing wheel so a fiber fix spoke was of no use. We gingerly rode the few miles to the next town where we discovered that the bike shop we had located online existed only in the ether, the actual physical structure having closed a while ago. I will not bore you with all the details of the rest of the first day, but three of us managed to get to the overnight control, which was also the start, in a reasonable amount of time, although a monsoon had reached us and we finished the ride soaking wet. The forecast was for a storm of semi-biblical proportions, our support vehicle would be heading home with Joe and his damaged bike, and I personally felt horrible although Paul and Dawn were in pretty good spirits. Once I filled them with tales of potential floods, with predictions of too-close and too-fast cars splashing rainwater on us along narrow, slippery country roads in the middle of nowhere, we managed to talk ourselves into a DNF.

We all promptly passed out and the next morning when we arrived at breakfast we were treated to the

company of fifty percent of the starters who had also decided to call it quits. We regaled each other with horror stories of the first 400K while voicing considerable admiration for the intrepid group who had headed out into Noah's storm. We headed out into the storm in our cars and during the long, wet trek home decided to salvage our weekend by tackling a very hilly 200K at home the following day.

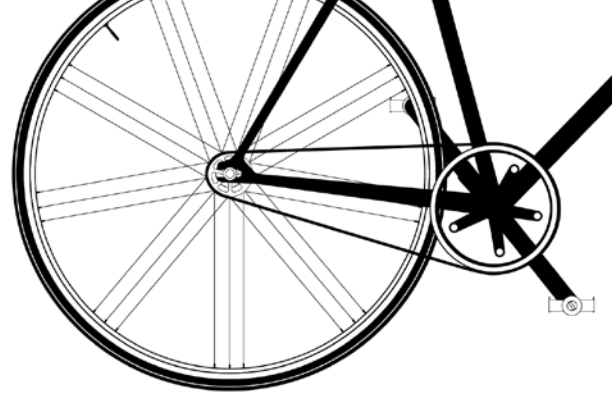
My legs were still sore and fatigued the next day but our little group managed to keep a steady pace throughout the day and I posted a personal best for the route. That ride was a revelation. I belatedly recognized that the ability to comfortably ride a mountainous brevet requires training in hills, which seems self-evident, but until that point I hadn't quite understood or accepted it. Those folks, who due to geographical limitations train exclusively on flat terrain yet manage to routinely conquer very undulating routes, truly amaze me. I learned that weekend that I am not one of those riders and so began my

Dawn E. and Paul S. on the ride from hell.
—PHOTO CHRIS NEWMAN

summer of riding my own neglected permanent, which includes 4200 feet of climbing over 100K of lovely country roads. I rode it eight more times over the next seven weeks, spurred on by the specter of another PBP failure. By the time I arrived in Paris, my legs felt great, I was newly confident that I would finish in the allotted time and for the first time I was eagerly anticipating the start. I finished comfortably in 80:42 and had a great deal of fun along the way. And I truly believe the most important ride all year was the 1000K that I didn't finish. That failure highlighted my training shortcomings and motivated me in a way no success would have. I am not suggesting DNFing as a training strategy but every once in a while it is useful to be reminded that failure is sometimes a vital detour on the circuitous route to success. 🚲

How A Brevet Happens

BY LYNNE FITZSIMMONS



Introduction

As riders, we show up for a brevet, sign a release form, get our control card and cue sheet, enjoy a brevet, turn in our card, and, eventually, our card is returned to us with the homologation number (or certificate number, as we call it in the USA). But what happens behind the scenes to bring us that brevet, report our result, and return our homologated card to us?

Note: throughout this article, the term “organizer” is used. The organizer is often the RBA, but can also be someone delegated by the RBA to organize and host the event, although the RBA is responsible for ensuring that the brevet is run according to RUSA’s requirements.

Calendaring

By early October, RBAs must submit their calendar of proposed ACP-sanctioned brevet dates and distances for the upcoming calendar year. Before that, RBAs are looking at the calendar, and hopefully coordinating with neighboring RBAs to create their schedule.

The RUSA Board reviews all the submitted calendars, and then sends everything to the RUSA Brevet Coordinator. The Brevet Coordinator converts the calendars into a single, ACP-format document and sends it to the ACP, in France, by mid-October. The events are then entered on the world-wide calendar of ACP-sanctioned events (brevets).

RUSA-sanctioned brevets and populaires can be placed on the RUSA calendar up until five weeks before the event occurs, and are often added to the calendar as the year progresses.

Only RBAs can schedule brevets.

The Route

As well as a date for a brevet, there must also be a RUSA-approved route. An RBA may choose to use an existing route, or create a new one. Designing a route to find attractive roads and usefully placed services is worthy of an entire article; it won’t be discussed here, other than to say it isn’t trivial.

New routes must be submitted to the RUSA Routes Committee for review and approval well in advance of planned use. The Routes Committee verifies that the route as designed doesn’t have possible plausible short-cuts, the cue sheet is correct, the route distance is at least the brevet distance, and that the cue sheet contains the route information as described in the RBA Handbook. When all criteria are met, the route is approved and available to be used for a brevet.

Insurance

The RBA must have liability insurance covering them, the ride volunteers, and RUSA. Many RBAs use the RUSA insurance, although some purchase insurance elsewhere.

The Worker’s Ride

Volunteers often pre-ride the course up to two weeks before the ride, ensuring the cue sheet is correct (sometimes road names change, intersections are unsigned, construction happens), and the route is currently rideable as written. They also track down info control questions, and verify that any services noted on the cue sheet are still in business and will be open when riders will be passing by. They may alert on-route businesses at controls that business could be higher on the day of the ride.

In return for the opportunity to do the pre-ride, the riders are expected to volunteer for the ride day-of, or in some other capacity (printing, shopping, doing other tasks).

The cue sheet and brevet card will be updated as necessary.

Before the Ride Logistics

Before the ride, the organizer has to make a best guess on how many riders will show up. Some RBAs restrict their rides to pre-registered riders only, just for this reason.

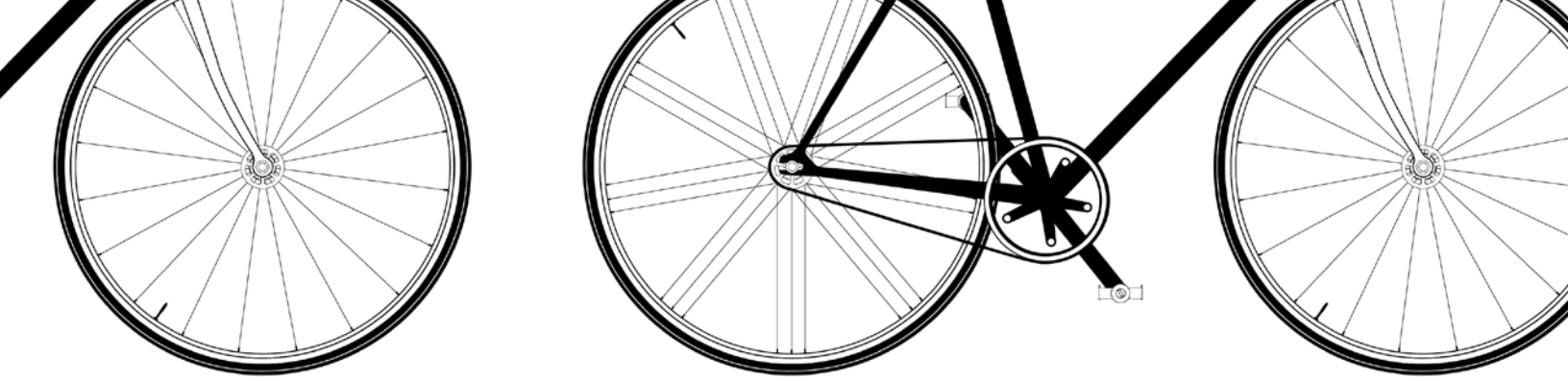
The organizer (or another volunteer) will then print the required number of brevet cards, cue sheets and release forms.

Supplies will need to be purchased or pulled out of storage—little pencils, baggies, control signs, chairs, tables, coolers. If there is going to be a staffed control with food, the food must be procured.

Multi-day rides (600K and up) may need lodging for at least the volunteer(s). Some clubs reserve a block of hotel rooms at the sleep stops, and feed and “hot-bunk” the riders as they come through. Multi-day rides may also offer drop bag support, in which case a volunteer and a sufficiently-sized vehicle are required to transport the bags. Many rides are self-supported and the riders plan their own sleep stops. Riders check with the organizer in advance to work out the logistics as needed.

Volunteers

It goes without saying that rides do not happen without volunteers. Volunteers must be recruited, and, at least the first time, trained. One important thing I learned as a



volunteer at a staffed control late into the ride: “Don’t give riders a choice of what to eat, or even whether to eat. They can’t make a decision very well at this point. Just place the food and drink in front of them.”

Again, on the multi-day rides, some riders choose to ride through, rather than stop for sleep. The organizer must ensure that the controls are available when they arrive, either by substituting an info control question, providing a postcard, or providing a staffed control during the night.

Day Of

Finally, the day of the brevet arrives. The organizer shows up anywhere from 30 minutes to an hour before the start, has riders sign the release and pay for the ride if there is a fee, and hands over a cue sheet and brevet card.

If there are drop bags to be collected, they are collected by the volunteer who is managing them.

Just before the start time, the organizer updates the riders on the route, mentioning any number of things, from construction, steep technical descents, to a new ice cream stop. Finally, the ride begins.

The start-line volunteers remain at the start for one hour after you leave to make sure late arrivals have a chance to start. After one hour, the start control is closed.

In these modern times, some organizers will track riders by watching their GPS trackers progress throughout the ride. Other riders are using social media to post pictures along the way, and the organizers may follow that. Some riders just ride.

Some organizers have volunteers

out on the course. On a really hot day, with long distances between services, a volunteer with cold water is a vision.

And now you have finished! A volunteer may be at the finish control, signing and collecting your card, or, you may have been given a self-addressed stamped envelope to return your card to the RBA, after getting a finish time receipt.

Results

Before brevet results can be entered into the RUSA database, all the control cards must be collected. If the cards were collected at the finish, that part is done. But if cards are mailed, the RBA must wait for them all to arrive. It may take a phone call or email to remind a rider to send their card in.

The RBA must verify all the cards, checking times against control open/close times, and checking all the info control answers and receipts. If there is a question, the RBA may contact the rider for clarification. If the cards are collected at the finish, this can be done right then, but otherwise, there might need to be follow-up with the rider.

The results are then submitted to RUSA, either by copying a CSV file to the RUSA site or by entering each rider’s RUSA member number, name and time (alphabetically). If the RBA is using the RUSA liability insurance, payment is collected at that time. Results need to be entered within ten days of the event.

The Brevet Coordinator reviews the results, and, for an ACP-sanctioned brevet, downloads them from RUSA’s website to the ACP format, and then uploads them to the ACP’s website. The Brevet Coordinator immediately receives homologation (certificate)

numbers and posts them on RUSA’s website. The ACP mails homologation stickers (over 7000 total in 2014) to the Brevet Coordinator in batches and they are collated for mailing to the RBAs.

RUSA brevets have the certificate number assigned when the results are entered. The Brevet Coordinator approves those results.

Returning the Card to The Rider

The RBA matches the homologation number to the correct event and rider, and affixes the sticker to each card before mailing them to each individual rider.

For RUSA-sanctioned events, the RBA will either hand-write the certificate number, or create their own sticker.

Sometime later in the year, or early the next year, the rider will receive an envelope with the completed brevet cards from the RBA.

Error Corrections

Of course we are all human so sometimes mistakes are made. If a rider or RBA notices an error, such as a missing RUSA number or incorrect name or time, the Brevet Coordinator fixes those and works with the ACP, if needed, to correct those errors.

Acknowledgements

The author would like to thank Lois Springsteen, RUSA Brevet Coordinator, for her thoughtful proofreading and clarification. 🚲

Northern California Scenic Permanents

BY ERIC LARSEN

Northern California has an amazing variety of cycling options: from rolling coastal hills to flat, windy farmland; dense redwood forests and oak groves to open grassland. Here I offer ride reports from the inaugural rides of two new routes: one in the Sierra foothills and the other going right to the top!

Country Roads

A few of us camped Friday night at Pardee Reservoir, while the rest met us in the morning at Valley Springs. We climbed, single-file, up CA-12 and soon were off the unpleasantly busy highway onto Campo Seco Turnpike, all joyously riding up the oak-dotted, high-rolling

hills. Now we rode in a pack, two or more abreast, chatting while climbing a seldom-used road into the quaint mining town of Mokelumne Hill to our first info control where we topped up our water before the start of the real climbs.

After a short leg up CA-12, we turned right up a steep climb to Jesus

Maria Rd; at the crest we stopped for photos in front of the heavily-stickered HILL sign which has been locally modified to 'CHILL,' then dropped into the exhilarating, steep, winding descent into a luscious canyon valley. We regrouped and pedaled along the creek through the trees before we began our long climb out.

The hill was long, but not crazy steep. We climbed out of the oak and laurel valley, up the chaparral slopes of the Sierra foothills into the pine and sequoia forest, all the way up to Railroad Flat where we regrouped for

Eric Walstad climbs Sheep Ranch Rd.

—PHOTO ROBERT SEXTON



Kaley McCumber climbs
Mormon Emigrant Trail.

—PHOTO ERIC LARSEN

water and chips at the Golden Spur market before our ascent on Sheep Ranch Road. The climb up to Sheep Ranch is a sustained 10% grade for a mile up to the town stuck in the 1890s, left nearly the same as the 49ers must have found it after someone discovered a nugget of gold under a school house. If you come early enough in the year there will be hundreds of sheep milling about town, as the herders were the few to stay after the town went bust. From here, it was a short, fast descent across a creek and then up the real climb, now 13% over the next two miles. There was a false pass, a descent into a lovely creek bottom valley and farm, followed by two miles up a manageable 8% grade before dropping into the tourist town of Murphys. This road was rough and steep. The climbs were not bad, but the descents were very technical with broken pavement and potholes that required focus and constant attention to changing road conditions. If your bike is too fast or too stiff, this road will beat the hell out of you! My titanium Merlin was perfect, super quick to respond and terrific at absorbing the road; other more relaxed steel bikes did well, but the carbon fiber racing bikes and their riders took a beating.

We eventually regrouped in Murphys, having got spread out over the climbs. The toughest part was now over, and a few rode on to Sonora for lunch while a couple grabbed lunch in Murphys and the rest at least got a quick snack before our descent on Parrotts Ferry, where we crossed the shockingly dry New Melones Reservoir before the long, hot, and exposed climb up the other side.

We worked our way down into Sonora, famished and ready for lunch.



We didn't see the others as we passed through town, but we stopped at a terrific taco truck at the other end and ate big burritos under the shade of a pop-up tent. Soon we were on our way, descending the single-lane country back-road of Wards Ferry. We caught the other group; they had stopped to fix a flat and encouraged us to continue. Time was running short—only seventy miles into our 125-mile ride had taken a good seven or eight hours to complete. However, the hardest part was over and we had planned it this way, using only untimed info controls for the intermediate controls to allow us to recover much of our lost time in the second half of the route.

A sharp right turn from the lovely, quiet rolling oak hills of Wards Ferry onto Algerine's, and we were descending into the heavenly, green, deep, and lush shade; we passed a fabulous old ranch house in the woods and I grabbed my brakes to slow down, not wanting to leave, not wanting to go too fast, simply amazed. I felt like

I was in another world, somewhere in heaven. Simply fabulous.

After a few more quiet, gentle roads, the width of the road and number of cars began to increase until we were riding in a pace line on the shoulder of CA-120. After a right turn on O'Bryan's Ferry, we took a swooping descent to the Tulloch Reservoir. Finally, we reached the Payless Market—thirty miles and 3.5 hours left to go. We knew we could make it, but we didn't hang around too long to tempt fate.

We passed through Copperopolis, crossed CA-4 and were again on seldom-traveled back roads, pedaling in the evening light across rolling expanses of grassy hills still pale green from the last bit of rain. As we passed Salt Springs Campground, the road became a rough single-lane road that took a long steep dive down to the valley floor, surrounded by oaks with the occasional break, providing an awesome view of the truly great expanse of the Central Valley in the sunset.

We finished in twelve and one half

hours, and soon the others came along; everyone was happy, grinning ear-to-ear.

For more information about this route, see http://rusa.org/cgi-bin/permview_GF.pl?permid=2712

One Big Hill

Some of us camped at Pardee that night while the others went home. The next day we rode out to Ione to start Emigrants Climb. The route begins with seventy miles and 10,000 feet to the junction of Mormon Emigrant Trail and CA-88. We left a little late in the morning, crossed the rolling oak hills, and rode up through the vineyards on the slopes of the Sierra foothills and into the sweet-scented pine forests above the Consumes River.

We barely made the first control on time, just thirty-five miles in, where we fueled up for the next thirty-five miles up Sly Park, then up to Mormon

Emigrant Trail with no services until the downhill on CA-88 at Ham's Station. We turned the corner onto Mormon Emigrant, passed the reservoir and started the real climb—twenty-five more miles at 5-8% grade with pitches over 10%. I noted that at 5 mph we'd be there in five hours!

We climbed up into the sequoia forests, passed native dogwoods in full bloom, and climbed up higher into the firs. There was very little traffic on Mormon Emigrant Trail, with only a few people going downhill as they returned from their weekend camping, and the pavement was good. I asked my riding companion how she was doing—she was out of water. Oh no! We still had ten miles to the top. I had two half bottles, which I'd been milking gently. I gave one to her and told her to drink it, and then I flagged down the next car that passed by. He stopped right away and gave us three bottles of water;

he was stunned when I explained we had started our ride in Ione. We refused his offer of a ride to the top, and continued on, up into the sub-alpine. Grand vistas of the Sierra Mountains were now visible as we wound our way up the steep slopes near the top; the snow pack was still in place in the shade on the northern sides. Finally, we saw the gate! We had made it to the top! It only took three hours, but it was 5:00pm and now we had just two hours to get thirty miles down to Volcano. We stopped for pictures and made a right turn onto CA-88 for our fifty-mile descent.

As we joined CA-88, the highway started out rather flat but felt uphill with the strong headwind. Soon, however, we were descending at forty mph. We stopped at Ham's Station, had a Coke and bag of chips, and chatted with old Tom, the caretaker, for a bit. We then continued our very fast

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highway descent, which was a little nerve-racking with the shoulder being fairly broken up and high-speed traffic descending as well. But the drivers were courteous and probably impressed, watching us fly. Soon we made our right onto Shake Ridge Road and continued our descent on a smaller, beautiful, car-free road with great pavement that allowed us to keep our speed up.

Shake Ridge Road goes to the right but we continued straight onto Rams Horn Grade—maybe it was the totality of the ride, but it seemed quite simply one of the very best descents I've ridden. Rams Horn Grade was thrilling and exhilarating, with fantastic sweeping curves as it winds quickly down the shoulder of the ridge, great pavement, no cars, and the most beautiful scenery. We descended into the oak, maple and laurel valley, reaching knee-high green grass and blue flowers, happy cows and a large herd of deer in the pastures on

the valley floor. "I see why you don't tell anybody about this place!" I hollered to a woman walking her dog at the bottom. She laughed. I laughed. The birds must have been laughing, too.


We reached Volcano with half an hour to spare; it's an adorable little western mining town, full of climbing roses, historical markers, and old buildings from the 1850's. We continued on. There are three ways out of Volcano; from the map it had appears that two take ridge routes out, and one looked to be in a canyon, possibly with a stream. I had chosen the latter for our route, and I had done well! We followed the Sutter Creek-Volcano Road for 12.5 miles through a wonderful, lush canyon full of wild flowers, and mossy maples and oaks along Sutter Creek, a lovely brook.

The canyon eventually opened up into a wide valley and the town of Sutter Creek, a well-to-do tourists' wine town. We climbed a very steep

route out past the cemetery and school, crossed CA-49, and took more fabulous descents of the rolling oak hills in the evening as twilight set in. With lights and reflective gear on, we finished back in Ione at 8:30PM, just twelve hours, 125 miles and 11,000 feet after starting!

For more information about this route, see http://rusa.org/cgi-bin/permview_GF.pl?permid=2711

Riders

Shepherds Run (day 1): Robert Sexton, Eric Larsen, Tim Mason, Scott Agatep, Eric Walstad, Gary Brady, Andrea Symons and Francisco Indradjaja; Emigrants Climb (day 2): Eric Larsen and Kaley McCumber. 

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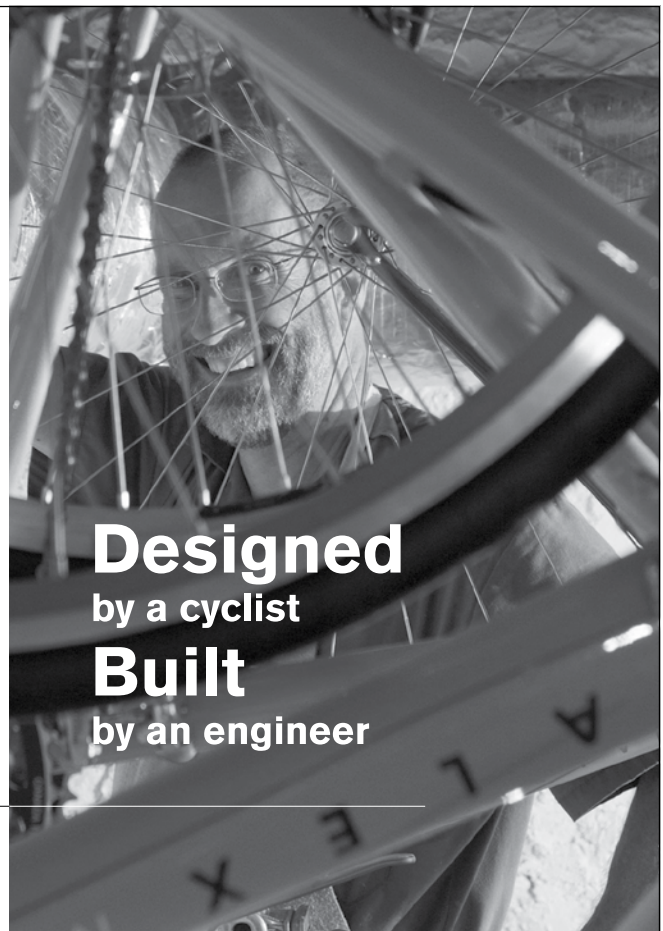
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RBA Questionnaire

BY JENNIFER WISE

Paul Rozelle Central Florida Regional Brevet Administrator

How did you get involved in randonneur cycling?

In 2004, I was riding a winter century series in Ohio hosted by then-RBA Bob Waddell (#1261). Each Saturday tested whether your water bottles froze before your fingers and toes. On one particularly awful ride Bob told me, “You’re nuts. You should try randonneuring.”

When did you start hosting RUSA events?

In 2012, Tim Bol (RUSA member #1009) passed the RBA mantle on to me. I’ve continued the region’s tradition of running a full series (January to April) and the occasional 1000K.

What made you want to be a RUSA RBA?

I have benefitted from so many, who have given so much to the sport. It was my turn to give back.

What is the most popular (well-attended) brevet distance?

The 200K. The 100K is popular, too. They’re both great for introducing friends to randonneuring; about half of all my riders are new to randonneuring.

What is the most rewarding reason to be an RBA?

Seeing new randonneurs complete rides they never thought possible, never gets old. I get more joy from others finishing these events than from riding them myself.

What is the most difficult part of being an RBA?

On a 600K brevet weekend, the total distance covered by my whole group of riders, will total over 12,000 miles. That’s halfway around the world! A lot can go wrong, and I worry. Getting the last horse back in the barn safely is always a big relief.

What attracts brevet riders to your region?

Perfect weather, gorgeous scenery, and lots of Old Florida charm and quirkiness. When the snow piles up, and the gun-metal gray skies seem never-ending, come ride with us!

What does the future hold for randonneuring in your region?

We hosted the Sunshine 1200K in May 2015 and have the Cracker Swamp 1200K on tap for 2016. We aim to attract new riders, while keeping it fresh and interesting for the veteran riders.

Who is the cyclist you most admire?

Our daughter, Sally, age 7 (RUSA member #9965). She’s adventurous and tenacious, just like a randonneur should be. She brings a contagious enthusiasm to her cycling.

What is your favorite bike ride?

A few years ago, I climbed Mont Ventoux, (in Provence, France) four times in one day. It was beautiful, historic, and challenging. Riding a fixed-gear added to the aura. Bob was right: I am nuts.

Editor’s Note: Paul is registered member #374 of Club des Cinglés du Mont-Ventoux: i.e. Mad Men of the Mountain

What is your greatest randonneur cycling achievement?

Completing Paris-Brest-Paris three times. It’s our sport’s capstone event. The honor of riding in the USA contingent, and basking in the ride’s magic, is uniquely special.

What is your motto?

“If you don’t do it this year, you will be one year older when you do.”

— Warren Miller 🚲

Paul Rozelle on the Brest bridge.

— PHOTO JAY YURKIW



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Hyponatremia

BY DAVE THOMPSON AND RUS HAMILTON

It was late on the first evening of the 2015 Sunshine 1200K. My phone rang and it was a rider who had been stopped by the police thinking that he might be part of the same group as a rider who had just been taken by ambulance to the hospital in Fort Lauderdale. They'd found him having some sort of seizure.

Our drop bag truck was close, so I asked them to see what was happening. They found Rus Hamilton from Australia in the ER awake but unresponsive. The diagnosis was hyponatremia. It would be days before we knew that Rus was going to be ok.

Hyponatremia, simply put, is a reduced concentration of sodium in the blood. Usually associated with over-hydration, in our sport it can be coupled with dehydration and, without adequate sodium intake, can show up long after we've stopped riding. It can be deadly, and we came very close to losing Rus.

The following is an excerpt of a piece that Rus has written for his bicycle club in Australia. Rus is a medical doctor and has been trying to analyze what happened through reconstructing events. He has no memory of anything between changing planes in Dallas on the way to Florida and waking up in the hospital.

The full article will appear in the October issue of *Checkpoint*, the Audax Australia magazine. Eventually, the article will also appear online at <http://audax.org.au/checkpoint>. Below is an edited and abbreviated version of Rus's article providing basic information on this potentially life-threatening condition:



The ride started on Thursday May 14 at 4am. I arrived near Miami at about 4:30pm. In Miami that day the temperature range was 78F–88°F. Around 8pm I had completed another 60K and was near the waterfront at Fort Lauderdale.

Around 11:30pm, I was still at the waterfront and a passing policeman found me sitting on the ground and called an ambulance. I had seven more generalized convulsions from then and in the emergency department. Then I stopped breathing and was intubated and put on mechanical ventilation. I was in ICU for four days, and for the first two days I had no spontaneous breathing. Brain scans were normal except for swelling of the brain. The first blood tests revealed a sodium level of 112 mmol/L (normal is 135–145), less than 120 is severe, and less than 115 is usually fatal. Also, my blood showed other elevated levels suggesting dehydration.

Since returning home I have consulted several sports medicine doctors, an endocrinologist, and others and had more tests. My creatine kinase (CK) has returned to normal, my kidney function is not impaired, my adrenal and pituitary hormones respond appropriately and my cardiac function is better than average for my age. I was advised to avoid long Audax rides for three months to allow for a recovery of my muscles and to begin with short rides and only gradually increase the distances.

So why did I end up in ICU? I have some speculations on what may have happened on that day: a sequence of hyperthermia, dehydration and hyponatremia.

HYPERTHERMIA

Leaving chilly Melbourne and flying to Florida and riding in hot humid conditions was the most obvious thing that was different from previous rides this year. Optimum acclimatization can take fourteen days, with most changes occurring after seven days

of conditioning exercising in a hot environment. The most important changes are the expansion of the blood volume and autonomic changes that result in increased blood flow to the skin; more efficient sweating that starts earlier; and increased flow rates of sweat. The sodium level in sweat is reduced from 70 mmol/L to 20 mmol/L, when fully acclimatized. The lack of acclimatization would mean that I would have more trouble keeping my body temperature normal with exercise in the heat.

DEHYDRATION

With exercise in warm conditions, most water is lost in sweating. The amount of water that is absorbed by the gastro-intestinal tract (GIT) is limited as blood is diverted away from the GIT to supply muscles and sweat glands. When water loss exceeds intake, the concentration of sodium in the extracellular spaces will increase and the body responds by releasing anti-diuretic hormone (ADH). This acts on the kidneys to decrease the volume of urine produced and makes the urine more concentrated, including concentrating the sodium.

HYPONATREMIA

If the volume of fluid that is consumed is greater than sweat losses, the sodium level in the body will be reduced as the body fluids are diluted. This can be exacerbated if the sodium loss from sweat is greater than the sodium intake. Low body sodium is called hyponatremia. Exercise-associated hyponatremia is when the serum sodium falls below 135 mmol/L during or within twenty-four hours after the event. It can be caused by fluid intake exceeding fluid losses or by sodium losses exceeding sodium intake. At rest, a person with healthy kidneys could consume more than one litre of fluids per hour and could void a similar amount of urine, to stay in fluid balance. However, with prolonged, strenuous exercise, kidney function is

reduced by 75% (even more if anti-inflammatory medication is being taken). This is due to the reduced kidney blood flow and the action of ADH. Although ADH is usually released in response to slight amounts of dehydration, it is also released with prolonged strenuous exercise, particularly in hot conditions. This can occur even without dehydration, with the urine appearing concentrated even with low serum sodium levels. In this situation, drinking more water than is indicated by thirst may cause over-hydration and hyponatremia because the additional water is not excreted.

All the symptoms of hyponatremia result from the osmotic concentration of sodium outside the cells being lower than inside. Water then passes into the cells causing them to swell or even rupture. In the GIT this swelling causes loss of function and vomiting. The swelling of the muscle cells can cause rupture and the release of CK and proteins into the blood (rhabdomyolysis). Fluid leaks into the air spaces in the lungs. The brain cells also swell and the brain then pushes against the skull and brain stem, down the opening at the skull's base. This causes mental confusion, convulsions and respiratory arrest.

REHYDRATION

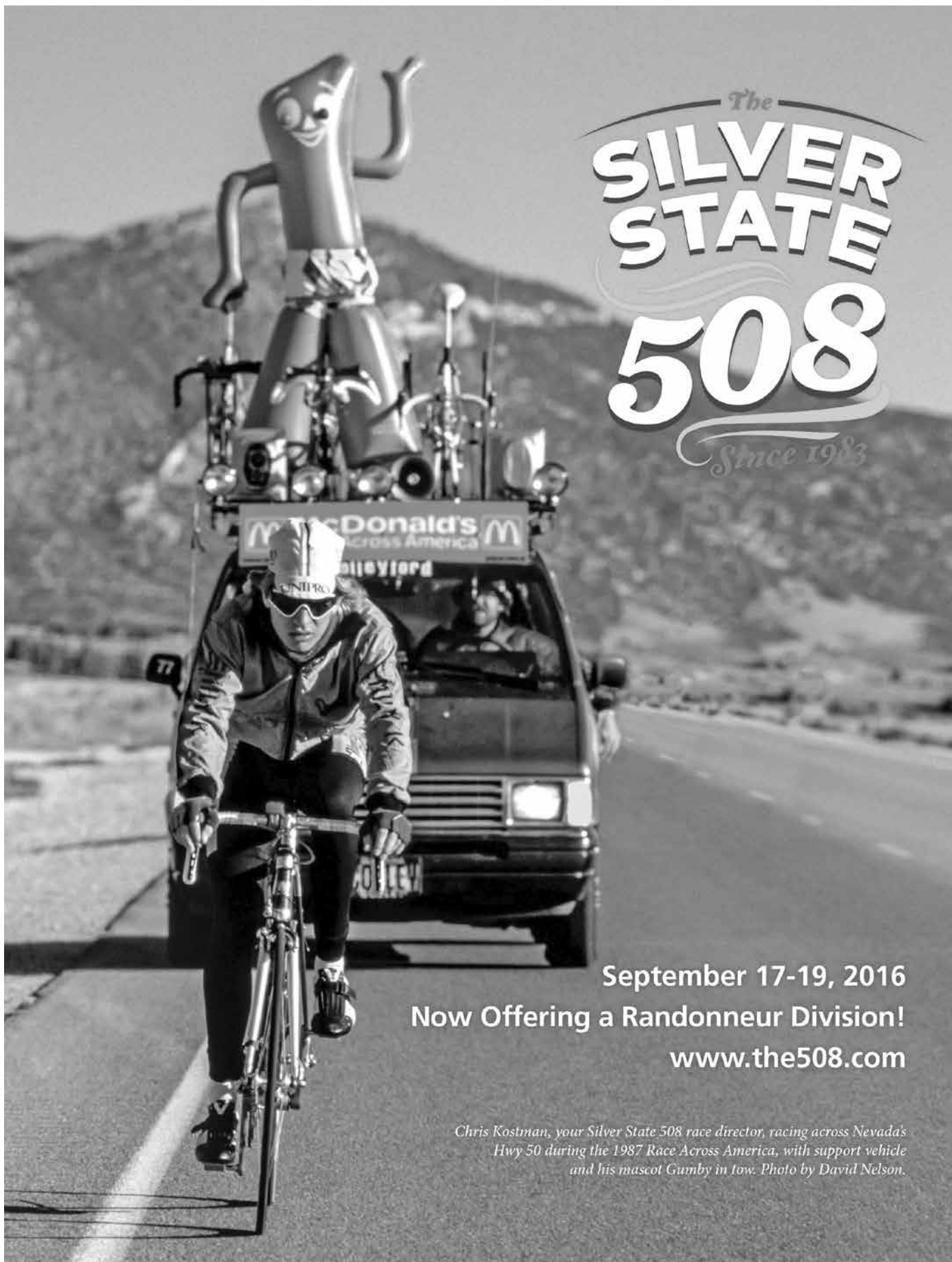
After I stopped at 8pm, any level of hyperthermia would have resolved with the cessation of the production of heat by the muscles, despite being quite dehydrated. However I would have been very thirsty. Apparently most convenience stores in Florida sell ice cold 'Big Gulp' sodas. These contain 40 fluid ounces (1.2 L) water, 50 mg (1 mmol/L) of sodium and 120 g (108 mmol/L) of glucose. Drinking three over three hours would have reduced my dehydration to an acceptable level. The combined sodium and glucose (110 mmol/L) of the drink would have lowered my osmotic concentration a little but when the glucose had been consumed over the next few hours

the osmotic concentration would then reflect the dilution of the sodium from the 'Big Gulp' (1 mmol/L × 3.6 L) drink. Replacing body fluid that has a sodium level of at least 135 mmol/L with soda with a sodium level of 1 mmol/L would restore my extracellular volume from 13 L to 16 L but could have pushed my sodium level down to the 112 mmol/L that was found in the emergency department. So I could be severely hyponatremic but still have signs of mild dehydration.

The real issue is how to rehydrate at the end of the day's ride. With a substantial level of dehydration, sodium has to be replaced along with the water. If the sodium level is not elevated, the sodium should be replaced prior to the water replacement, to avoid symptomatic hyponatremia. To make 3.6 L of soda the same sodium concentration as extracellular fluid I would need to consume about 30 g (five teaspoons) of table salt. The innate desire to consume salt to expand body water volume and maintain osmotic concentration is generally a delayed (>5 h) response and it may take twenty-four hours for sodium and water requirements to be in balance if left to thirst and salt hunger. 🚲

LESSONS

- It is fairly easy to die.
- Start each ride well-hydrated with clear urine.
- Acclimatize. This is a good reason to extend the holiday.
- In hot conditions have longer rest periods in cool or air-conditioned environments.
- Only drink to thirst; rehydrate slowly.
- At the end of the day or the ride, don't drink too much until after you start urinating.



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Chris Kostman, your Silver State 508 race director, racing across Nevada's Hwy 50 during the 1987 Race Across America, with support vehicle and his mascot Gumby in tow. Photo by David Nelson.

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 JohnnyBertrand@mykolab.com. Or fill out a candidate submission form and mail it to the address below by January 15.

THE PREVIOUS RECIPIENTS OF THE AWARD:

2001	Johnny Bertrand	2006	Bill Bryant	2011	Mike Dayton
2002	David Buzzee	2007	Robert Fry	2012	Crista Borrás
2003	Jennifer Wise	2008	Dan Driscoll	2013	John Lee Ellis
2004	James Kuehn	2009	Mark Thomas	2014	Lois Springsteen
2005	Daryn Dodge	2010	Don Hamilton		

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New Tours for 2016

Arizona Desert Camps and Tours February and March based from Tucson, Arizona. Each week has a different theme for different types of riders. You can combine weeks to extend your cycling season in Arizona. Come join us!

Week #1 February 20-27
Tour of the Historic Hotels
50-65 miles per day between classic Arizona hotels.
2 nights in historic Bisbee, Arizona.

Week #2 February 27-March 5
First Century Week
Four nights based in Sierra Vista 60-100 miles per day .
This week has a slightly different route with one night in Nogales to offer new route options.

Week #3 March 5-12
Chiricahua Challenge
75-90 miles per day to the Chiricahua Mountains with two nights in Bisbee, Arizona.

Week #4 March 12-19
Second Century Week
Five nights based in Sierra Vista 60-100 miles per day. Due to popular demand we are scheduling an additional week of riding similar to First Century Week.

Week #5 (8 days) March 19-27
Mountain Tour Mt. Graham
80-100 miles per day from Tucson to New Mexico and back.
This is a popular training week for serious riders.

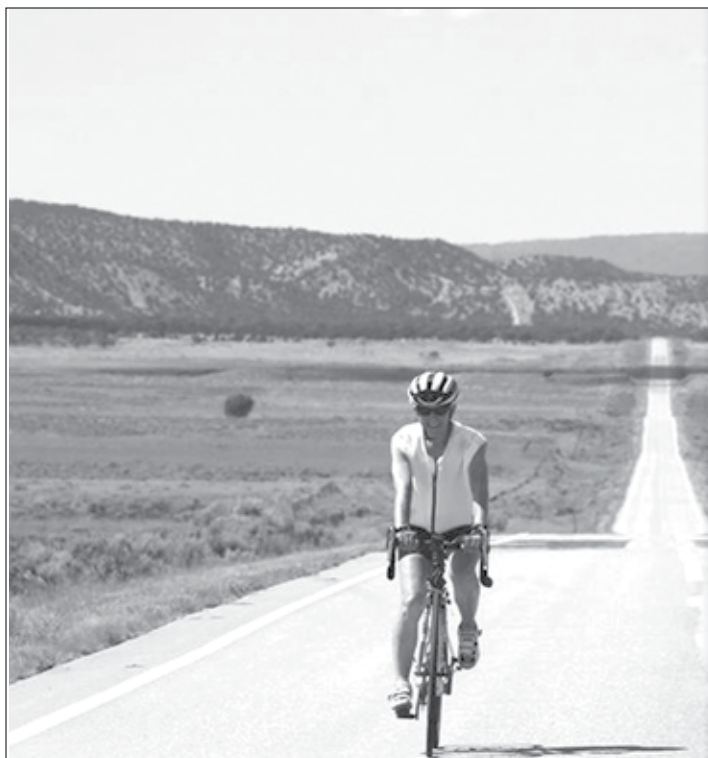
Cycling Historic Route 66
Western States April 9-29
Santa Monica, CA to Amarillo, TX
18 days (17 riding days) 65-90 miles per day
This tour will explore and celebrate America's Main Street on its 90th anniversary. We will visit many classic motels and cafes that have served cross country travelers since 1926. Bicycles with 32 mm tires are required for many gravel and rough road sections. A side trip to the Grand Canyon on the old steam train is included during one rest day in Williams, Arizona. This trip is limited to 15 riders!

New Northern Route
July 16 to August 18
Everett, WA to Boston, MA
3,601 miles 116 miles per day 31 riding days
This new route begins in Everett, Washington and goes northeast along the San Juan Islands before crossing over the Cascade Highway toward Grand Coulee Dam. The middle part of the route will pass through the mountains of Montana to Mount Rushmore and the Badlands of South Dakota. This has proven a popular route with daily distances ranging from 90 to 140 miles. A new change to the route will be the final 1,000 miles across Michigan, Ontario, Canada, past Niagara Falls, through New York, Vermont and ending in Boston, Massachusetts. We will ride many scenic roads and we are excited about visiting a different part of the country.

New Eastern Mountains Route
September 5-23
Portland, ME to Stone Mountain, GA
1,668 miles 17 days
This route will start in Maine and head southwest through the White and Green Mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont. Then New York, Pennsylvania, the Appalachian Mountains, Virginia and the Blue Ridge Parkway before ending in Georgia . This new route direction gives a different view to one of our favorite regions. There are over 500 miles of new roads while keeping the popular five days along the Blue Ridge Parkway.

Check the PAC Tour website in late August for dates, prices and registration information.

PAC Tour, helping make good riders better since 1981 www.pactour.com



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Hammer Nutrition powers coast-to-coast ride to honor troops

Janis Anderson spent the past 6 years of her life supporting U.S. troops in the desert of Afghanistan. When she arrived back home she decided to ride from coast to coast to raise awareness for the Fisher Foundation and the Wounded Warrior Project. After 6 years out of the saddle, Janis knew proper fueling and nutrition would be essential. "From day one, I fueled with a mixture of HEED, Perpetuem and Hammer Gel and supplemented with Tissue Rejuvenator, Anti-Fatigue Caps, and Endurance Amino. I cannot thank Hammer Nutrition enough for their products. **I rode for 49 days, without a day off, with no muscle pain or other issues!** Thank you Hammer. I love your products!"

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Janis Anderson completed her 3,677-mile trek from California's Sonoma Coast to Yorktown, Virginia, in 49 days.
 PHOTOS: TOM HAYNE



NEW Randonneur Starter Kit

Enjoy smooth digestion, sustained energy, and reduced muscle soreness even on the longest rides. This exclusive new kit includes everything you need to fuel, replenish electrolytes, and recover right. Order yours today, and save.

\$24.95

Kit contains: 3 HEED, 1 Perpetuem, 1 Recoverite, 2 Endurolytes Extreme, 4 Hammer Gel, and 2 Hammer Bars.

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Get one free tube Endurolytes FIZZ (\$4.95 Value) when you order the NEW Randonneur Starter Kit!*

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* Offer expires 3/1/16. While supplies last. Limited to stock on hand. Flavors vary.



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Rocky Mountain '04

5 clients 5 finishers PBP '15

Information for Randonneurs

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RUSA Awards

Randonneur 5000 Award Recipients

In 1961, the Audax Club Parisien created the Randonneur 5000 award to recognize finishing ACP and Randonneurs Mondiaux events totaling at least 5000km within a four-year period.

To qualify for this award, the randonneur must complete:

- A full series of ACP brevets (200, 300, 400, 600, and 1000km) [longer brevets cannot be substituted for shorter ones];
- A Paris-Brest-Paris randonnée;
- A Flèche Vélocio, or other ACP-sanctioned flèche (your team of at least three bicycles must finish officially); and
- additional ACP and/or RM events to bring the total distance up to at least 5000 km.

Some additional French events can also be used as qualifying rides. See the ACP rules for details.

The qualifying events must be completed within a four-year period, beginning on the date of the first qualifying event.

RUSA congratulates the latest recipient of this award.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2015/07/07	Hamid Akbarian	Great Mills, MD
2015/07/22	Narayan Krishnamoorthy	Kirkland, WA
2015/07/29	Tim Mason	Sacramento, CA
2015/09/14	Gardner M Duvall	Baltimore, MD
2015/09/14	Theresa A Furnari (F)	Baltimore, MD
2015/09/14	Nigel Greene	Elkins Park, PA
2015/09/14	Jenny O. Hatfield (F)	Oakland, CA
2015/09/14	Keith Moore	Woodinville, WA

2015/09/14	Jeff Newberry [2]	Austin, TX
2015/09/14	Shan Perera	Seattle, WA
2015/09/14	Jerry L Phelps [3]	Durham, NC
2015/09/14	Bryan Rieron	Garner, NC
2015/09/14	George Swain	West Park, NY
2015/09/14	Corey Thompson [2]	Olympia, WA
2015/09/14	Michael C Wali	Mount Airy, MD
2015/09/15	Kitty Goursolle (F) [3]	San Ramon, CA
2015/09/17	Paul G Shapiro [2]	Princeton Junction, NJ
2015/09/18	Jeff Loomis	Seattle, WA
2015/09/24	Calista Phillips (F)	Frederick, MD
2015/09/24	W David Thompson [2]	New Smyrna Beach, FL
2015/09/27	Joe Llona [3]	Lynnwood, WA
2015/09/30	Paul G Rozelle [3]	St. Petersburg, FL
2015/10/05	Massimiliano Poletto	San Francisco, CA
2015/10/06	Jon E Beckham	San Francisco, CA
2015/10/07	Rob Hawks [2]	Richmond, CA
2015/10/07	James Yee [2]	Fair Oaks, CA
2015/10/08	Phil J MacFarlane	San Mateo, CA
2015/10/08	Mark J Roehrig [2]	Redmond, WA
2015/10/12	Vincent Muoneke [2]	Federal Way, WA
2015/10/13	Nicholas Bull [2]	Arlington, VA
2015/10/13	Grant McAlister	Seattle, WA
2015/10/13	Theodore Roffe	Seattle, WA
2015/10/14	Michelle Grainger (F)	Boulder, CO
2015/10/14	David Harper	Seattle, WA
2015/10/14	Steve LeGoff	Boulder, CO
2015/10/14	Greg Merritt	Berkeley, CA
2015/10/14	Mark Thomas [5]	Redmond, WA
2015/10/14	Michal Young	Eugene, OR
2015/10/15	Don W Gramling, Jr	Jacksonville, FL
2015/10/15	Ken Shoemaker [4]	Los Altos Hills, CA
2015/10/16	Theresa Lynch (F) [2]	Palo Alto, CA

American Randonneur CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS



We welcome submissions of interest to readers of *American Randonneur*. Articles with photos or other visual elements are particularly welcome. While the focus of *AR* is on randonneuring events held in the U.S., articles on international events are welcome.

Types of articles include but aren't limited to the following:

- Ride reports
- Ride promotional articles
- Technical articles
- Gear articles
- Training, health, nutrition articles
- Humorous articles
- Collage articles incorporating tweets, facebook quotes and/or short quotes from blog posts
- Letters to the editor
- Book reviews
- Reports on non-rando long-distance/ endurance events of interest to randos
- Cartoons
- Sketches
- Reprints of blog posts (occasionally. Material not printed elsewhere is preferred, however, exceptions may be made.)

**Visit RUSA.org
for more information**

RUSA Awards

Barnell Earns Ultra R-12 Award

Brenda (Babbieeee) Barnell, RUSA #2362, has become the first female to earn her Ultra R-12 Award.

Brenda is no stranger to leading the pack. In 2007, Brenda along with four of her Lone Star Randonneurs Sisters, burst the 10,000K Glass Ceiling, to become the first Female K-Hounds.

Brenda is known far and wide for her happy demeanor; and she just keeps getting happier as the ride goes on, as anyone that has ridden with her on one of her many 1,200 km adventures can attest to.

Congrats, Brenda!



Two Riders Earn Galaxy Award

Two female Texas riders are the latest RUSA members to earn the “Galaxy Award” by riding more than 100,000 km in sanctioned events.

The Galaxy Award is for RUSA members who have successfully completed at least 100,000 km in RUSA events.

The qualifying distance for this award is based on all events on RUSA’s calendar (ACP brevets and flèches, RUSA brevets, populaires, arrows and darts), RUSA permanents, and 1200km events held in the United States after 1998. Foreign events (including PBP) are not counted.

RUSA congratulates these latest members to the Galaxy Club.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2015/07/18	Pamela Wright (F)	Fort Worth, TX
2015/08/08	Vickie Tyer (F)	Grandview, TX

RUSA Cup Recipients

The RUSA Cup is earned by completing at least one of each type of RUSA calendared event, comprising 5000km in total, within a two-year period.

Riders must complete:

- A 200k, 300k, 400k, 600k, and 1000k brevet
- A 1200k or longer grand randonnée
- A rusa team event (dart, dart populaire, arrow, or flèches-usa)
- A populaire
- Any other calendared events—including populaires—to achieve the required 5000 km.

RUSA congratulates the recipients of this prestigious award.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2015	Jason Pierce [3]	Oakland, CA
2015	Mark J Roehrig	Redmond, WA
2015	Matt Settle	Strasburg, VA
2015	Gregory H Smith	Richland Center, WI
2015	Kelly Smith	Fairfax, VA
2015	James J Szumila	Olympia, WA
2015	Mark Thomas [8]	Redmond, WA
2015	Vickie Tyer (F) [3]	Grandview, TX
2015	Michael C Wali	Mount Airy, MD
2015	George Winkert [2]	Highland, MD

continued from page 2

I’m not the only one leaving the board. Bill Beck, the former DC-RAND RBA who has served as RUSA’s secretary, is also retiring. He deserves thanks for his thoughtful input over the years. RUSA will have two new board members in 2016—Deb Banks and John Lee Ellis were elected by our members in the latest election. Congratulations to them both. Also, Spencer Klaassen was re-elected for another term as the RBA-Liaison. We had an excellent slate of candidates in the latest election and any one of them would have been fine additions to the board. Thanks to Roland Bevan, Dan Diehn, Nigel Greene and Luke Heller for tossing their hats into the ring. RUSA is a better organization because of their willingness to serve as volunteers.

—Mike Dayton, **RUSA President**

RUSA Awards

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 permanents—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 latest honorees, listed below.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2015/07/22	Mel Cutler [3]	Los Angeles, CA
2015/07/22	Tim Kirch	Olathe, KS
2015/07/31	Eileen M Lloyd (F) [2]	Richmond, CA
2015/08/02	Vickie Backman (F) [5]	San Luis Obispo, CA
2015/08/03	Christopher Heg [7]	Seattle, WA
2015/08/03	Timothy J Sullivan [4]	Coronado, CA
2015/08/05	Brenda Barnell (F) [10]	Dallas, TX
2015/08/06	Lynne Fitzsimmons (F) [5]	Portland, OR
2015/08/06	Vadim Gritsus	Paramus, NJ
2015/08/07	Norman Ehrentreich [2]	Minneapolis, MN
2015/08/08	George Winkert [9]	Highland, MD
2015/08/10	Ian Flitcroft [3]	Williamson, GA
2015/08/14	Sharon E Pico (F) [2]	Plantation, FL
2015/08/16	Steven T Graves [8]	Gretna, LA
2015/08/16	Patrick A Horchoff [8]	River Ridge, LA
2015/08/22	Steve Bredthauer	Vancouver, WA
2015/08/23	Earl Janssen [4]	Severna Park, MD
2015/08/29	Kathy Mullet (F)	Corvallis, OR
2015/08/29	Ron Mullet	Corvallis, OR
2015/09/01	Stephen D Haas [3]	Alameda, CA
2015/09/01	Richard Stum [7]	Mt Pleasant, UT
2015/09/05	Robert Riggs [10]	Houston, TX
2015/09/07	Charles Jenkins [8]	Denison, TX
2015/09/07	Patricia Jenkins (F) [8]	Denison, TX
2015/09/08	D Ishihara	Issaquah, WA
2015/09/12	Brian P Burke [3]	Cumming, GA

2015/09/14	Donna M Carlson (F)	Davie, FL
2015/09/14	Jeff Newberry [6]	Austin, TX
2015/09/14	Robert F Tulloh [2]	Austin, TX
2015/09/17	Linda Bott (F) [8]	Ventura, CA
2015/09/19	Eric Walstad [2]	San Francisco, CA
2015/09/21	Mark Metcalfe [9]	Duncanville, TX
2015/09/22	William Fischer [7]	Elmira, NY
2015/09/23	James P. Holman [2]	Sinking Spring, PA
2015/09/25	Linda A Dal Gallo (F) [4]	Mt Shasta, CA
2015/09/29	Phil Rogers	Point Richmond, CA
2015/09/30	Mary Lu Williams (F)	Orlando, FL
2015/10/03	Curtis B Hunter [4]	Alexandria, VA
2015/10/03	Mike Shaw [3]	Oceanside, CA
2015/10/05	Patrick Herlihy [2]	Redwood City, CA
2015/10/06	Tim M Dunaway	Columbus, IN
2015/10/08	Lynn Lashley (F) [2]	Raleigh, NC
2015/10/11	Casey Kerrigan	Shingletown, CA
2015/10/12	Robert D Bergeron [4]	Raleigh, NC
2015/10/13	Zachary Schrag	Arlington, VA
2015/10/14	Michal Young [4]	Eugene, OR
2015/10/15	Jonathan F. L. Gray [8]	Santa Barbara, CA
2015/10/15	Foster T Nagaoka [3]	Ventura, CA
2015/10/15	Foster T Nagaoka [4]	Ventura, CA
2015/10/15	Foster T Nagaoka [5]	Ventura, CA
2015/10/15	Foster T Nagaoka [6]	Ventura, CA
2015/10/15	Foster T Nagaoka [7]	Ventura, CA
2015/10/15	Foster T Nagaoka [8]	Ventura, CA
2015/10/15	Jeffrey Lewis Parry	Coppell, TX
2015/10/16	Jan Acuff (F) [4]	Seattle, WA
2015/10/18	Mark J Roehrig	Redmond, WA
2015/10/19	Timo A Haugen	Denver, CO
2015/10/19	Todd Nelson	Pleasanton, CA
2015/10/21	Will Sherman	Brooklyn, NY
2015/10/22	Alan S. Johnson	Phoenix, AZ
2015/10/22	Luis Vargas [5]	Davie, FL
2015/10/30	Terry L Beasley [3]	Saint Joseph, MO
2015/10/30	Chris Mento [9]	Glen Burnie, MD
2015/10/31	Michael A Hogan [5]	Raleigh, NC
2015/10/31	Bill Vanderslice	Sacramento, CA
2015/11/01	Nancy Chin-Vanderslice (F)	Sacramento, CA
2015/11/02	Sol Ameen [5]	Mount Shasta, CA
2015/11/03	Mark S Schenkel	Orlando, FL
2015/11/06	Keith N Olsen [2]	San Diego, CA
2015/11/07	Greg Bullock [2]	New Egypt, NJ

RUSA Awards

P-12 Recipients

The P-12 Award is earned by riding a sub-200km 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 P-12 Award are:

- Any populaire (100km - 199km) on the RUSA calendar.
- Any dart of less than 200km.
- Any RUSA permanent of 100km-199km. A particular permanent route may be ridden more than once during the twelve-month period for P-12 credit.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2015/07/24	Stephen Hazelton	Garland, TX
2015/07/30	Joshua Crixell [3]	Temple, TX
2015/08/01	Jacob Anderson [3]	Virginia Beach, VA
2015/08/01	Patrick A Horchoff [6]	River Ridge, LA
2015/08/03	Lois Springsteen (F) [4]	Santa Cruz, CA
2015/08/10	Ian Flitcroft [2]	Williamson, GA

2015/08/30	Greg Bullock	New Egypt, NJ
2015/09/06	Marie Villarba (F)	Seattle, WA
2015/09/07	Steve Bredthauer	Vancouver, WA
2015/09/07	Graham A Ross	Portland, OR
2015/09/08	Scott Brittle [2]	Sunnyvale, CA
2015/09/17	Vincent Muoneke [5]	Federal Way, WA
2015/09/24	Keith N Olsen [2]	San Diego, CA
2015/10/06	Gintautas Budvytis [2]	Castro Valley, CA
2015/10/08	Lynn Lashley (F) [2]	Raleigh, NC
2015/10/08	David N Staats [3]	Columbus, OH
2015/10/10	Ross Gridley [3]	Pickerington, OH
2015/10/13	Anita Olszyk (F) [2]	Lacey, WA
2015/10/20	Amanda Orr (F) [3]	Blacklick, OH
2015/10/21	Paul A Foley	Golden, CO
2015/10/29	John Vincent	Rochester, WA
2015/10/31	Michael A Hogan [4]	Raleigh, NC
2015/11/03	Gregory H Smith	Richland Center, WI
2015/11/03	Scott A Taylor	Austin, TX
2015/11/04	Ned Williams [4]	Columbus, OH
2015/11/07	William Beck [3]	Woodbine, MD

11 Members Earn Mondial Award

The Mondial Award is for RUSA members who have successfully completed at least 40,000 km in RUSA events.

The name "Mondial" comes from the French adjective meaning worldwide or global. The name relates to the fact that the circumference of the Earth is approximately 40,000 km.

This award can be earned just once by a member and is automatically awarded upon completion of the required distance (no application or purchase required).

The qualifying distance for this award is based on all events on RUSA's calendar (ACP brevets and Flèches, RUSA brevets, populaires, arrows and darts), RUSA permanents, and 1200km events held in the United States after 1999. Foreign events (including PBP) are not counted.

RUSA congratulates the riders who have just earned this prestigious award.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2015/06/19	Tim Mason	Sacramento, CA
2015/07/10	Robert J Booth	Madison, WI
2015/07/16	Martin Shipp	Raleigh, NC
2015/07/28	Raymond Ogilvie	North Plains, OR
2015/08/01	Paul A Foley	Golden, CO
2015/08/08	Carol Bell (F)	Baltimore, MD
2015/09/05	Foster T Nagaoka	Ventura, CA
2015/09/12	Tom Haggerty	San Francisco, CA
2015/09/13	Stuart Keith Sutton	Virginia Beach, VA
2015/09/19	Jonathan Levitt	Bronx, NY
2015/10/03	Linda Bott (F)	Ventura, CA
2015/10/18	William Fischer	Elmira, NY

RUSA Awards

15 Riders Earn Ultra Randonneur Award

Fifteen honorees have earned the Ultra Randonneur Award, given to RUSA members who have ridden ten (10) Super Randonneur series. The Super Randonneur (SR) series of brevets (200 K, 300 K, 400 K and 600 K in a calendar year) needed 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. Riders can apply with ACP brevets, RUSA brevets, or RM-sanctioned 1200k events.

RUSA congratulates these riders who are the latest to earn this prestigious award.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2015/03/16	Michael J Dayton [2]	Raleigh, NC
2015/03/25	Andy Speier	Seattle, WA
2015/05/18	Timothy Argo	Sharonville, OH
2015/05/25	Rodney D Geisert	Columbia, MO
2015/06/09	Lawrence A Midura [2]	East Syracuse, NY
2015/06/11	Carol Bell (F)	Baltimore, MD
2015/06/15	John D'Elia	Middletown, CT
2015/07/06	Roger Peskett	Tucson, AZ
2015/07/09	Tim Mason	Sacramento, CA
2015/08/03	Christopher Heg	Seattle, WA
2015/08/05	William Fischer	Elmira, NY
2015/08/11	Cathy Cramer (F)	La Veta, CO
2015/09/01	Hugh Kimball	Seattle, WA
2015/10/14	Pamela Wright (F) [3]	Fort Worth, TX
2015/10/31	Del Scharffenberg [2]	Milwaukie, OR

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