

AMERICAN RANDONNEUR



VOLUME 25 • ISSUE #3 FALL 2022



IN THIS ISSUE

One Simple Way to Become a Better Randonneur — NIGEL GREENE

Vast Swaths of Nothing — CORINNE WARREN

The Low Lows of Randonneuring Make for High Highs — BILL WATTS

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Fall 2022 • Volume 25, Issue #3

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COVER— Volunteer Roger Hillas monitoring
progress of riders at Larkins Store on Day 2 of the
DC Randonneurs Mason Dixon 1200K.

PHOTO BILL BECK

WHAT'S INSIDE

President's Message	2
Dave Thompson	
From the Editor	3
Janice Chernenkoff	
Gold Rush Randonnee Re-imagined	4
Deb Banks	
A Natural Way to Learn History	10
Betty Jean Jordan	
New RUSA Members	12
The American Randonneur Award Nomination	18
One Simple Way to Become a Better Randonneur	24
Nigel Greene	
Photo Essay: Treasure Cove 1200K	33
Patrick Chin-Hong	
Vast Swaths of Nothing	34
Corinne Warren	
Tile Hunting via VeloViewer Explorer	38
Paul Toigo	
Ride Report: 2022 Treasure Cove 1200km	42
Joseph Todd	
2022 Cascade 1400: Behind the Scenes	44
Susan Otcenas	
The Low Lows of Randonneuring Make for High Highs	48
Bill Watts	
In Memory of Metin Uz	51
Rob Hawks with SFR Randonneurs	
RUSA Awards	52
COLUMNS	
#THATSRANDO John Cap'n Ende	14
RANDOM THOUGHTS Chris Newman	20
NUTS, BOLTS & GEAR Emily O'Brien	30
UNDER REVIEW George Swain	40

President's Message

Some Numbers, Looking Backwards and Forwards

The quote “may you live in interesting times” can be taken positively or negatively, depending on your point of view. Certainly, the last four years could not have been in anyone’s playbook but ... it is what it is, and we’ve had to adjust accordingly.

Our ride results are generally on a four-year cycle, tied to Paris Brest Paris (PBP). Ride volume surges the year before PBP, is a little less in the year of PBP, drops off the year afterwards and then builds again. The last PBP was

2019 and ride volume certainly dropped off in 2020! My wife Sandy and I were traveling in February 2020 and barely made it home before everything shut down.

The RUSA Board took stock and we stopped riding in April. In August we re-opened tentatively with the new Permanents program and regions very tentatively started holding events soon after. All of that is reflected in our rider charts below.

In the charts, “brevet” includes everything that isn’t a Permanent or a Populaire, i.e LRM 1200’s, Fleche,

UAF Audax rides etc. Permanents are both old and new program; Populaires are the RBA scheduled events, not permanent populaires.

I’ve tried to project the rest of 2022. I assumed that the ratio of 2022 to 2018, both pre-PBP years, would stay relatively constant for the rest of 2022. The only modification I made was to adjust for the extra 2018 Populaires held in August 2018, our anniversary year.

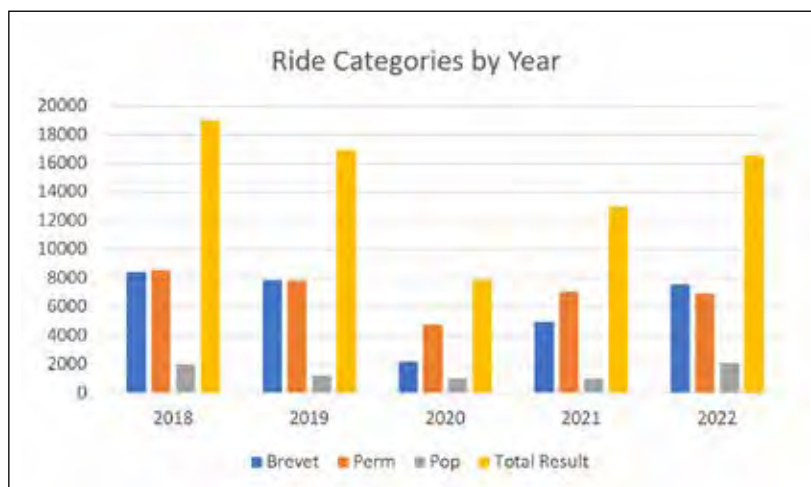
We are running a little behind 2018, except with Populaires, which I assume is the “Rouleur effect.” It could also be an aging effect — many of us are more comfortable with short rides these days. Some regions are still running at lower volumes than 2018 ... after all, we are still in a pandemic although many of us are choosing to ignore that; some are more careful than others.

In Other News

It’s time to consider your **American Randonneur Award nominations** for 2022. See information elsewhere in this issue of *American Randonneur*. Remember that current Board members cannot be considered nor can those rolling off the board, since the award is for 2022.

It’s also time to think about the **RUSA Board for 2023**. Nominations and the election period will be upon us soon. There will be vacancies to fill as some of us roll off the board at the end of our respective terms.

—Dave Thompson
RUSA President
 president@rusa.org



From the Editor

The Fall 2022 issue of *AR* is testimony to the return of long rides and big goals, for individual randonneurs as well as many regions and RUSA as a whole. A dizzying number of domestic grand randonnées has been on offer this year...and you will find reports from three of them in these pages. Still, we have not been allowed to forget the pandemic just yet as all events have been affected in some way: riders suddenly pulling out of events, volunteers suddenly unable to fulfill their event duties, and every service that organizers and riders depend on affected by labor and supply chain issues. That said, it has been a good year. We have enjoyed returning to riding long and been grateful for the opportunity to do so.

A few articles in this issue make it clear that some activities that we turned to during the pandemic are here to stay. The interest in dirt/gravel riding, for example, continues to grow and many events now include short sections of unpaved riding. The increased interest in virtual events and goal setting related to virtual events and/or new software applications remains strong as well. No doubt many randonneurs will continue to train and set a variety of goals using such programs and apps.

When I first started gathering material for this issue, I was thinking about some way to acknowledge Juneteenth on my bicycle, and I could not ride the event offered by NJ Randonneurs because I was volunteering on a different event

that day. Searching sites of historical interest to Black history near home, I discovered the Mt. Frisby African Methodist Episcopal Church Cemetery, the Reading Bethel AME Church, and the Thomas Rutter Mansion. The latter two sites both played roles in the Underground Railroad. I did part of the ride twice to find one of the sites I was looking for, which got me started thinking about historical sites that are easy to find and those that aren't... and why that is. I wonder if more regions might offer Juneteenth events in coming years, along with the International Women's Day rides that many have begun to schedule.

A year with so many events on offer is only possible, of course, because of the time, kindness and work of untold volunteers who organize and staff every event. Additionally, there is the work and time invested in the national organization and all it takes to keep randonneuring alive and healthy in the U.S. I've been a member of this organization for over 15 years; new



Headstone of Isaac Cole, a free African American whose family donated land for the Mt. Frisby church in 1856.

—PHOTO JANICE CHERNEKOFF

names appear and lots of names disappear, but many of the folks who have mentored and guided me are still actively involved. Please, I hope you will think about ways that you can contribute. If you have questions about how to get involved, talk to your local RBA and/or email the RUSA board. Please also give Nigel Greene's article a read. Your energy and talents are needed.

Finally, while I did not know Metin Uz, I have learned a little about him through emails exchanged with Rob Hawks and from riders who participated in Treasure Cove this year. I know his unexpected death is a great loss to the SFR group and to our larger community. I am sorry I did not have the opportunity to meet him, and for the loss his randonneuring family is experiencing.

Stay well and be as safe as you can.

—Janice Cherneckoff
Editor, *American Randonneur*
editor@rusa.org

Historic Bethel AME Church in Reading, now a regional museum.

—PHOTO JANICE CHERNEKOFF



Gold Rush Randonnee Re-imagined

BY DEB BANKS, RUSA 4405, RBA DAVIS BIKE CLUB

On June 4th at 10:47pm, the last of the 1200km riders pedaled into the finish of the Gold Rush Randonnée (GRR), wrapping up two years of “angst-ing,” planning, scouting and execution. Truth be told, I cried a bit at the end because so many months had been focused on this event, and everyone had returned safe and sound. Yes, tears of joy and relief.

The GRR was the first 1200km hosted on the West Coast, beginning in 2001 and offered every four years through 2017, when we skipped a year due to the pandemic. This year was the sixth running of this grand randonnée.

When I inherited the event from previous RBA Dan Shadoan and mentioned to him the possibility of changing it up, he encouraged me. “It’s your event now. Do what you want.” I brought a small team together: Bill Green, our route master; Gary Parsons, the chef extraordinaire; my lieutenant and scout, Mark Behning; and me, chief GRR wrangler.

Planning began in 2019. Looking at maps, thinking about where the coolest areas were in the Northern Sierras, and then thinking about how to get riders to those beautiful spaces, occupied our energy and time. Because the volunteer base of Davis Bike Club has dwindled in recent years, Bill and

I also spent time thinking about how to create a 1200km that didn’t rely heavily on them. Additionally, I wanted to hold onto many of the most beautiful sections of the old GRR while adding in sections unknown to our randonneuring crowd. Finally, we had to keep in mind the devastation from the Dixie Fire, which, in 2021, tore through much of Lassen National Park and the farther northern areas where I had hoped to send riders.

We decided on a cloverleaf route design, where riders would ride to Quincy, do two loops that returned there each night, and then head back to Davis. It had the look of a bow tie, with almost 40,000’ of climbing plus riding at altitude for extended periods.

Bill took my initial ideas and worked out a 600km that ran from Davis to Quincy, CA, and then picked up the old GRR route down the Feather River Canyon to Oroville and back to Davis via the Central Valley. In 2021, we ran the 600km as a “proof of concept,” and when riders told us how stunning the route was, we knew we had the gist of a viable plan.

Riders started in Davis and headed into the foothills of the Sierras, traversing horse farm country and across drainages to reach the S. Yuba River. They then followed the S. Yuba River drainage up past Downieville, with its world-renown mountain

Chef Gary Parsons in the “kitchen” at the Gold Pan Lodge in Quincy, CA.

—PHOTOS DEB FORD





Mike Sturgil, RBA AZ, enjoys the snowbank on Day 3. Not much of that in Phoenix!

biking trails, to Yuba Pass, and then into Quincy which would be our GRR headquarters.

This past year, I have been spearheading the incorporation of gravel into RUSA events, and just outside of Susanville is a Rails to Trails route called the Bizz Johnson Trail. The Bizz has a 3-4% grade with a couple of tunnels to ride through while following the Susan River. I thought it would be great to add 17 miles of dirt into the route, and so it was incorporated into Day 2. From Quincy, the route headed to Indian Valley, up to Taylorsville and Antelope Lake, following the old GRR route, over the steep and technical Janesville Grade, and into Susanville where riders would then pick up the Bizz.

I felt strongly about not having riders traverse miles of scorched land from the Dixie Fire, given that they were working hard and at altitude. The ride would be tough enough; why not try and make sure that the scenery was enticing, versus depressing? We

ended up running the route down the unknown Mooney Road, then continuing adjacent to Lake Almanor, dropping back into Indian Valley to return to Quincy.

We needed one more loop for Day 3 and decided to go into the Sierra Valley via Gold Lakes Road and Yuba Pass. Sierra Valley is a high-altitude wide-open expanse, known as the place where “spandex meets rawhide.” The

route circumnavigated the valley with spurs to both Frenchman’s Lake and Lake Davis (which was a must, given the name).

Bill tinkered with distances and was able to finalize both the 1200km and the 1000km. Mark Behning

First time 1200k rider Kevin Williams on the Bizz Johnson Trail, Day 2.



First time 1200k finisher: James Porter.

Renato Arnoco heading down the Feather River Canyon on Day 4.



Mileage and Elevation			
	600k	1000k	1200k
Day 1	215 mi/16,650'	215 mi/16,650'	215 mi/16,650'
Day 2	164 mi/3725'	173.3 mi/10,050'	173.3 mi/10,050'
Day 3	~	234.1 mi/7900'	180 mi/10,700'
Day 4	~	~	178.9 mi/3860'
Total	379 mi/20,375'	623.2 mi/34,600'	747.7 mi/41,260'

and I had scouted every inch of the entire route during the two years of planning. We were set; we would run a 600km/1000km/1200km concurrently.

Having Quincy as the central location for the ride helped with supporting riders. One drop bag location and all riders would be centrally located for the entire length of the event. The route is remote, with no cell service, so having “eyes on the riders” throughout GRR was an important safety feature. It was mandatory for all 1000km and 1200km riders to use a SPOT tracker.

Additionally, our fabulous chef, Gary Parsons, could feed everyone in Quincy, and well, let’s just say, he pulled out all the stops. Gary set up an outdoor kitchen with two full-sized stoves, a standard-sized refrigerator, a freezer, a microwave and an espresso machine (with accompanying espresso cups)! Two canopies, tables, and porcelain

dishes, plus real silverware (minimizing plastic waste) were used throughout the event. Gary was host, maitre D, and head chef, providing full table service for tired, hungry riders and volunteers for both breakfast and supper.

It was a challenging set of routes, scheduled early in the season. Riders would need to bring their A game! Sadly, COVID got in the way for several registrants and the final roster was split: half of the riders for the 600km and the other half for the 1000km/1200km combined.

At 5:00am on June 1st, riders departed Davis, headed to Sacramento and climbed up into the foothills. A handful of the riders on the 1000km and 1200km were tackling their first ride of this distance, which was impressive given the profile of the route. Everyone rode on their own through the foothills collecting receipts until Calpine, where they were given

food, shoulder rubs, and a boost of good cheer from volunteers. Marco, the first rider to Quincy (in daylight no less), looked fresh, beaming, and chatty, declaring it a great day on the bike. Others coming in talked about how beautiful the route was while they sat and ate plates of Gary’s beef bourguignon.

As expected, there were riders who scratched on Day 1. Heat on exposed climbs put many in the pain cave, and one rider arrived in Quincy deep in dehydration. Radiant heat reached at least 112 degrees, as evidenced by more than one Garmin. A plus about having Quincy as HQ was that riders who stopped after Day 1 could regroup, recover, and work out a plan to get back to Davis. Many rode back after resting for a day or explored parts of the route they wanted to experience, minus being on the clock.

The 600km riders departed for Davis on Day 2, while the 1000km/1200km riders headed to Antelope Lake, Susanville, and the Bizz Johnson.



Retired Davis RBA's Dan Shadoan and Daryn Dodge, who created the original GRR, awaited riders at the Antelope Lake dam with encouragement and refreshments. Riders continued over Janesville Grade to Susanville, after which they began the Bizz Johnson section. For sure, everyone was taxed by riding the Bizz; it slowed everyone down, but not enough to put anyone's ride in jeopardy. In fact, most talked about it as a highlight of the ride. Eric, riding in Vans, Carhart shorts and a T-shirt, really enjoyed the Bizz. He rides quite a lot of dirt, and this was just a part of another day on the bike.

Often on 1200km grand randonnées, if the rider makes it through Day 1 and 2, it is highly likely that they'll make it through the rest of the ride because the route eases up and has less climbing, giving riders some active recovery as they tick off the miles. GRR's Day 3 was long for both the 1000km riders and the 1200km riders. The 1000km riders rode a short spur to Portola and then, after

swinging back through Quincy, headed down the Feather River Canyon following the same route back to Davis as the 600km riders. The 1200km riders would work their way up and over Gold Lakes Road, the high point of the ride at just shy of 7000' and then drop into the Sierra Valley for the circuit around the valley plus the climbs to both Frenchman's Lake and Lake Davis.

Jasmine, a rider on the 1000km roster, sat down to eat and demanded to know who had started the rumor that she wasn't going to finish the ride. Jasmine is relatively new to randonneuring and she has what it takes: strong riding, coupled with a good attitude. That said, Day 3 can bring out weird things in riders who haven't slept much.

"Who started the rumor?" she wanted to know, but none of us at GRR HQ knew what she was talking about. "Whoever it is, doesn't know me, and do you know why?" Before we could respond Jasmine is thrusting her phone out showing it to us. "This



Lantern Rouges: Chris Ngo & John Quinn.

Eric Marshall in his vans, T-shirt and shorts. Heading up to Frenchman.

is my iPhone, and do you know what happened?” Before we could answer she continues, “It fell out of my pocket yesterday... into a porta potty.”

Eeeewww! There’s more: “And you know what? I FISHED IT OUT! So, if anyone is doubting me finishing this ride, think again. If I would fish my iPhone out of a stinky porta potty, then I will get this 1000km done!” Once the laughter died down, we urged her to get rolling. Jasmine finished with plenty of time to spare.

The 1200km riders took off early to reach the top of Gold Lakes Road for sunrise. James, another first time 1200km rider, spent time to check out the lakes dotting Gold Lakes Road, chatting with local fishermen, while Mike stopped to lay in a snowdrift and make a snow angel. Charlie and Kevin were farther up the road, all business and efficiency. They took a bit of time at Frenchman’s Lake with the volunteer dream team, tanking up before riding to Lake Davis and then back to Quincy.

The wind kicked up in the Sierra Valley, and riders were feeling the



accumulated burn of lactic acid and general exhaustion. Still, riders kept a steady pace. Often on Day 3, you are already thinking about Day 4 and the final miles home. Spirits rise and often riders “relax,” knowing that the last day will not be as tough... if all goes well.

“When are you leaving for Davis?” I asked.

“2:00am,” said Charlie and Kevin. They had completed the 600km in 2021 and knew how hot and windy it could be in the Central Valley in the afternoon.

“We’re leaving at 7:00am,” said everyone else, except James, who planned to leave at 9:00am. Sounds fine on paper. The ride is mostly flat or downhill. Plenty of time to get to Davis before 11:00pm.

Like many rando mornings, the sun rose, and everyone was gone. At this point, ten riders were on the route; everyone else had either completed or abandoned. After an espresso, Gary, Bill, and I packed up and cleaned the area where we had been feeding and caring for people for three days. We packed the stoves, refrigerator, and freezer in Gary’s truck, all the dishware, silverware, cooking pots and storing containers in his teardrop trailer, and everything else into Bill’s truck. We took a quick selfie, exchanged big hugs of thanks and went our separate ways. The parking lot of the Gold Pan Lodge was returned to normal. This rando circus had left Quincy.

The Feather River Canyon has always been a feature of previous GRR’s and is a stunning canyon with steep sides and train tracks perched high on the side of the canyon. Bridges



James Porter on Yuba Pass, Day 1.



and tunnels support the two-lane narrow road through the canyon. The Dixie Fire made its way into the Feather River Canyon burning much of the forest in the upper portion of the canyon. Three years ago, the lower

part of the Feather was hit by the fire that engulfed Paradise. Last winter, the road was closed for months due to a rockslide from erosion caused by the fires. On June 4th, the canyon was sunny and dry, making for a great ride to Oroville which ushered riders into the Central Valley.

I descended the Feather and swept the course, checking in on riders and volunteers. As is typical, there was a headwind in the Central Valley and it was warm. It was not the “easy Day 4” that riders had hoped for yesterday.

By the time I reached Davis, Charlie and Kevin had finished, showered, and were tackling their calorie deficit with more food. Given their early departure from Quincy, they had missed the headwinds that everyone else was battling. We settled in to wait for everyone else to arrive.

Throughout the evening, we followed the “Rando-dots” as riders approached Davis. We ran outside

to cheer them as they successfully finished, then took their bikes and returned to the conference room to collect brevet cards, to offer food, and share post ride stories. Finally, everyone was in except two riders, and the countdown was on. Like watching a pot that wouldn’t boil, it seemed like the rando-dots attached to Chris and John weren’t moving.

With 13 minutes to spare, the Lantern Rouges arrived, after having had a mechanical in the last hour of riding. Everyone was in. Woohoo! And that’s when I quietly wept.

Not a week later, a large rainstorm caused a huge rockslide, closing the Feather River Canyon once again. Mike sent me an email summing up the event, “Fantastic course, amazing food. Best 1200km ever.” Gary, Bill, and I are already thinking about another Sierra adventure for 2024. Randonesia has set in amongst our merry band of organizers. 🚲

Building a bicycle frame starts long before the torch is lit.

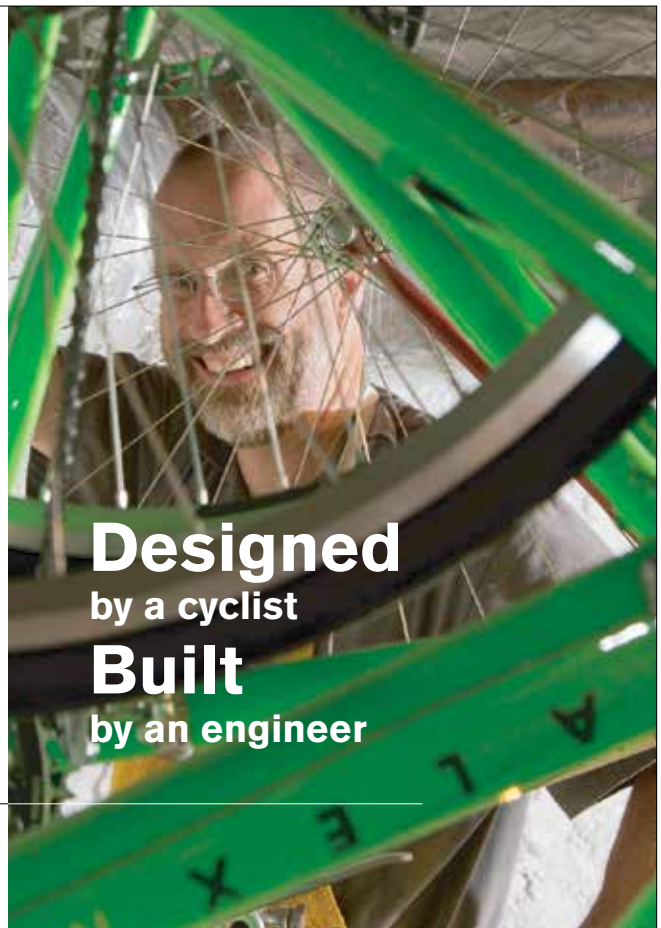
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A Natural Way to Learn History

BY BETTY JEAN JORDAN

I am a native Georgian and greatly love my home state even with its difficult history and present. One of my favorite things about Georgia is its amazing beauty across so many land types: coast, piedmont, mountains, and numerous subregions. Cycling has allowed me to explore my home in even greater detail.

Being disconnected from the natural world is one of the greatest environmental issues we face. If we don't understand and value the place we live, we have little incentive to protect it and, by extension, ourselves, because humans are also part of the natural world. Although I have never considered myself a history buff, randonneuring and other long-distance riding have unintentionally helped me learn a great deal about both Georgia's natural and human history, strengthening my connection to the world.

An especially meaningful ride was a 200km that I did in 2020 as part of

the Virtual Brevet Series offered by Hudson Valley Randonneurs. I was so grateful for this series because it gave me needed structure during the early days of the pandemic and offered a means to continue long-distance cycling. I enjoyed mapping routes to meet the various distance goals. This particular 200km route took me north from my home in Monticello and incorporated some roads familiar to me from Audax Atlanta brevets and populaires. Little did I know that I would learn two unexpected history lessons.

Toward the northern end of my route, I rode by Mount Perry

Missionary Baptist Church. The hundreds of crosses on unmarked graves caught my attention. Missionary Baptist churches are often African-American, and I wondered about all these unnamed souls. When I got home, I did some Internet research. I didn't find any information about the unmarked graves, but it turns out that this church and cemetery have great historical significance.

In 1946, four African-Americans were lynched near Moore's Ford Bridge between Monroe and Watkinsville: George W. and Mae Dorsey, and Roger and Dorothy Malcom (two married couples; additionally, George Dorsey and Dorothy Malcom were siblings). The KKK is suspected of the lynchings. The Dorseys and Dorothy Malcom were given funerals and buried at Mount Perry Missionary Baptist Church while Roger Malcom was buried in another cemetery. George Dorsey was a WWII veteran yet was treated as less than human upon his return. The lynchings received national attention. Amazingly, only about two weeks before my ride in 2020, a federal appeals court ruled that grand jury records from this case could not be released. Unbelievable.

Following this ride, I realized something. The Athens 200km route goes on Moore's Ford Road, and it has a bridge. I did some research and discovered that the bridge we ride across is not the exact same bridge, but it must be very close to the original location. I now say a silent prayer



Mount Perry Missionary Baptist Church.

—PHOTO BETTY JEAN JORDAN



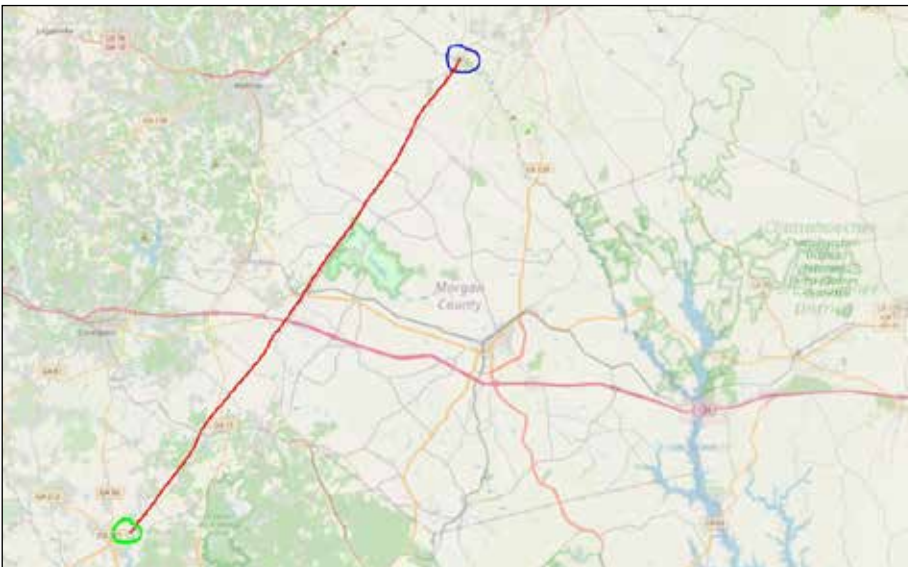
Ocmulgee/Oconee/Altamaha Watershed.
—PUBLIC DOMAIN MAP

whenever I cross the bridge. Additionally, I learned of a historic marker that notes this brutal incident, but it is located several miles away on a main highway. I rode to the historic marker on a subsequent Athens 200km permanent to pay my respects.

My second history lesson on the virtual 200km in 2020 involves Native American lands. The northernmost point of my route was North High Shoals. I have ridden through this town numerous times on the Athens 200km brevet and permanent in a south-to-north direction. However, on this 200km for the Virtual Brevet Series, I went north to south. North High Shoals lies on the Apalachee River. As I crossed the river, I noticed something unusual: a county line sign on each side of the bridge. Morgan County is to the east and Walton County to the west. I

was leaving Oconee County, and so that means all three counties converge at that crossing on the Apalachee River. Because I was going downhill fast, I chose not to turn around and go back for a picture. However, I mentioned this curiosity to my husband when I got home. As a land surveyor, he knows some fascinating history about North High Shoals and the Apalachee River.

This is the northern point of the territory that the Creek Nation ceded to the U.S. in 1805. This territory was distributed via a land lottery a few years later and was the first land lottery in the world. According to the treaty, the boundary begins at “the high shoals of Apalacha” (the Apalachee River), continues southwesterly in a straight line to what is today the mouth of the Alcovy River (not too far north of where I live), and encompasses all the area between the Ocmulgee River and Oconee River to their convergence at the Altamaha River. Robert made a sketch of the northwestern boundary of the ceded area, drawing a line from North High Shoals (blue circle) to the Alcovy River (green circle). For reference, I also found a map online that shows the Ocmulgee/Oconee/Altamaha watershed.



Earlier this year I had the opportunity to explore this region in more detail. My cycling friends in Macon do long training rides on Saturdays in winter, which we call Peach Peloton. My husband Robert came up with a great idea for Peach Peloton: ride from the Ocmulgee River to the Oconee River and back. His goal was to dip our bicycle wheels in each river and ride 100 miles total. It was tricky for him to plan a short enough route on decent roads, but he did it. As I rode through this beautiful region in the heart of Georgia, I thought of the thousands of Indigenous People who loved this area as home way before I did.

I have been amazed to discover so much history, of which I was unaware, all around me. Maybe you will be inspired to learn more about the area where you live via bicycle. 🚲



Dipping a wheel in the Ocmulgee River.
—PHOTO ROBERT JORDAN

Sketch of northwestern boundary of area ceded by Creeks in 1805.

—SKETCH BY ROBERT JORDAN

New RUSA Members

RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE	RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE	RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE
15492	Arians, Ben	Anchorage	AK	15445	Hunting, Trevor	San Francisco	CA	15573	Reddy, Gautam	Hopkinton	MA
15444	Chenoweth, Erica L	Anchorage	AK	15425	Miller, Ben L	San Francisco	CA	15422	Graham-O'Regan, Owen V	Lexington	MA
15495	Linfield, Jana L	Anchorage	AK	15460	Andrew, Richard A	San Francisco	CA	15578	Greene, Maxwell L	Maynard	MA
15501	Storkel, David C	Anchorage	AK	15461	Charlebois, Lisa A	San Francisco	CA	15438	Shire, Adam	Medford	MA
15464	Rogers, S E	Fairbanks	AK	15537	Hall, Jeff	San Mateo	CA	15599	Lorion, Michael D	Millbury	MA
15499	Witte, Riley L	Fairbanks	AK	15598	Levy, Oren S	San Rafael	CA	15582	Granger, William R	South Hadley	MA
15433	Glasgow Jr, William L	Athens	AL	15566	Macioce, Daniel L	Santa Clarita	CA	15414	Leverone, Andrew	Uxbridge	MA
15571	Wilson, Kenneth	Gadsden	AL	15600	Bull, River Clark	Santa Rosa	CA	15539	McDonald, Brian R	Waltham	MA
15468	Gregg, Hardwick B	Helena	AL	15489	Levinger, David D	Santa Rosa	CA	15569	Karma, Santosh	Watertown	MA
15602	Waldrop, Josh Kane	Hueytown	AL	15475	Cassidy, William	Tehachapi	CA	15417	Brown, Steve	Wayland	MA
15435	Ebert, James R	Huntsville	AL	15430	Ito, Greg	Temecula	CA	15548	Berwald, Torben	Winchester	MA
15545	Haskins, Megan	Huntsville	AL	15478	Dering, Gregory	Truckee	CA	15484	Flaherty, Patrick William	Winchester	MA
15552	Melczarek, Robert	Montgomery	AL	15586	Springer, Cole	Valencia	CA	15453	Dirico, John	Woburn	MA
15553	Barze, Henry	Mountain Brk	AL	15528	Tappe, William	Windsor	CA	15411	Summers, Michael	Columbia	MD
15542	Brown, Hugh C	Vestavia	AL	15549	Buchanan, Nancy	Zufikon	CH	15535	Edwards, Matthew	Portland	ME
15591	Kendrick, Mark A	Bardon	AU	15534	Morrissey, Patrick J	Boulder	CO	15510	Hadrot-Portes, Valerie	Bloomfield	MI
15408	Lokubalauriya, Bhanu	Sydney	AU	15404	Greif, Jeremiah Forest	Denver	CO	15509	Levy, E.J.	Bloomfield Hills	MI
15441	Wells, Donald H	Tucson	AZ	15412	Collins, Chris K	Littleton	CO	15567	Jones, Bryan M	Detroit	MI
15431	King, David B	Burnaby	BC	15508	Rice, Randall J	Madison	CT	15524	Peters, Paige A	Grand Rapids	MI
15581	OConnell, Sean	Berkeley	CA	15603	Brown, Sandra	Washington	DC	15505	Storts, Jackie	Lake Orion	MI
15454	Wolford, Dale E	Castro Valley	CA	15493	Meunier, Marc Olivier	Helsinki	FI	15504	Storts, Jeff	Lake Orion	MI
15455	Kimmelman, Tom	Chula Vista	CA	15514	Babilonia, Gabriel	Orlando	FL	15506	Rose, Donald P	Shelby Township	MI
15502	Chang, Ri	Davis	CA	15527	Perry III, James G	Orlando	FL	15507	Rose, Lori L	Shelby Township	MI
15450	Basobas, Leonard	Emeryville	CA	15587	Nix, Jason D	Pensacola	FL	15503	Hall, Bryon J	Sterling Heights	MI
15570	Moore, Kris	Encinitas	CA	15547	Winchester, Charles F	Dallas	GA	15576	Bixler, Cassandra	Minneapolis	MN
15496	Hautea, Haile	Fontana	CA	15490	Crompton, Terry	Iowa City	IA	15407	Ensminger, Phil	Minneapolis	MN
15486	Szcypiorski Jr, Henry J	Homeland	CA	15402	Flynn, Bernard	Mullingar	IE	15465	Salmon, Spencer T	Moorhead	MN
15543	Nylen, Gregory Alan	Irvine	CA	15482	Farren, Brian	Mahomet	IL	15572	Amaya, Maria	Robbinsdale	MN
15574	Atwater, Ben	La Crescenta	CA	15526	Letourneau, Paul	Naperville	IL	15457	Garibay, Jacob F	Saint Paul	MN
15416	Arita, Brian	Los Angeles	CA	15463	Goetsch, Benjamin	Plainfield	IL	15476	Bungarten, Ben	Shoreview	MN
15413	Miller, Carrie	Los Angeles	CA	15564	Eicholtz, Valerie Litznerski	Fort Wayne	IN	15426	Mottola, Chris	Bozeman	MT
15594	Reiss, John D	Los Angeles	CA	15469	Haslag, Stephen	Gary	IN	15529	Berremen, Dave W	Ennis	MT
15540	Trieu, Van N	Milpitas	CA	15485	Turner, Charles L	Lawrence	IN	15530	Berremen, Monica B.	Ennis	MT
15568	Caldera, Sigrid	Monrovia	CA	15436	Duffy, Joe	Shelbyville	IN	15459	Garry, Adam Davis	Asheville	NC
15544	Chau, Derrick	Monterey Park	CA	15409	Bouhet, Jerome Jean Thierry	Tokyo	JP	15458	Perrin, Drew	Burnsville	NC
15470	Eberle, Stefan	Mountain View	CA	15522	Kim, Jinhak	Incheon	KR	15491	Wilson, Derek R	Carrboro	NC
15559	Goksel, Kerem	Oakland	CA	15434	Page, John David	Overland Park	KS	15423	Aulay, Bjoern Mc	Spring Lake	NC
15481	Martinez, Jonathan	Oakland	CA	15511	Randle, Scott A	Wichita	KS	15520	Evans, Guy	Omaha	NE
15557	Schoenwaelder, Scott	Oakland	CA	15593	Estridge, Miitcheal G	Lancaster	KY	15452	Sakarcan, Kenan E	Hanover	NH
15583	Swain, Joseph F	Oakland	CA	15446	Mitchell, Richard J	Lexington	KY	15589	Lamarche, Andrew B	Lebanon	NH
15563	Manuel Jr, David C	Pasadena	CA	15494	Karpau, Vasili	Andover	MA	15477	Ambrogio, Sarah S	Manchester	NH
15428	Pablo, Trish F	Sacramento	CA	15419	Black, Shane A	Arlington	MA	15531	Knight, Paul	Portsmouth	NH
15427	Robertson, Blair A	Sacramento	CA	15580	Veltkamp, Robert	Arlington	MA	15451	Northrop, Edward R	West Lebanon	NH
15532	Gelashvili, Nikoloz	San Diego	CA	15418	Wojewoda, Jenny L	Arlington	MA	15483	Sinauskas, Dennis J	Basking Ridge	NJ
15488	Pham, V M	San Diego	CA	15512	Burke, Matthew C	Athol	MA	15467	Nodarse III, Felix D	Edison	NJ
15546	Bojda, Mateusz	San Francisco	CA	15497	Bergsten, Laura J	Bedford	MA	15498	Yam, Arthur	Edison	NJ
15562	Danker, Jason W	San Francisco	CA	15555	Primadana, Reza	Boston	MA	15604	Santhosh Kumar, Jineesh	Guttenberg	NJ
15439	Disney, Justin	San Francisco	CA	15437	Reed, David Charles	Boston	MA	15516	Hakenbeck, Susanne	Highland Park	NJ
15519	Evans, Greg J	San Francisco	CA	15518	Fabrizio, Anthony	Burlington	MA	15525	Kats, Garri	Jersey City	NJ
15556	Gerrits, Landon S	San Francisco	CA	15500	Lou, Jeff	Cambridge	MA	15447	Waite, Dennie	Middletown	NJ

RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE	RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE	RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE
15448	Pilone Jr, Joe	Ocean Grove	NJ	15480	Rasmussen, Sonny D	Sioux Falls	SD	15487	Underwood, Michael	Bellevue	WA
15536	Dangelo, Melody	Sicklerville	NJ	15560	Brudvik, Jason William	Lund	SE	15588	Cheng, Joseph K	Bothell	WA
15449	Hiller, Denise	Tabernacle	NJ	15474	Arendse, Germaine Veronique	Saskatoon	SK	15554	Olson, Christopher	Kenmore	WA
15595	Broat, Zachary	Brooklyn	NY	15473	Arendse, Regan Emile	Saskatoon	SK	15579	Dunford, Joshua	Kirkland	WA
15429	Roeleveld, Chris	Jackson Heights	NY	15541	Kaufhold, Ric F	Chattanooga	TN	15558	Bussadori, Marco	Medina	WA
15597	Manley, Rhys Kurtz	New York	NY	15432	Powers, Clyde R	Goodlettsville	TN	15605	de Ruiter, Andy A	Olympia	WA
15515	Mommen, Marcus	New York	NY	15561	Anderson, Leo	Austin	TX	15551	Merrick, William Ryan	Seatac	WA
15523	Crooks, Andrew Ramsey	New York City	NY	15565	Dreyer, Lucas	Austin	TX	15406	Adachi, Lorene	Seattle	WA
15577	Sebring, Jeremy	Cincinnati	OH	15424	Sfris, Andrew C	Austin	TX	15601	Huber, Kyle	Seattle	WA
15421	Blevins, Daniel E	Columbus	OH	15462	Wilson, James E	Dallas	TX	15584	Kipp, Jesse L	Seattle	WA
15596	Petreaea, Ruben C	Delaware	OH	15590	Chism Jr, Grady R	Euless	TX	15521	Klein, Wesley R	Seattle	WA
15606	Swabb, Matt J	Elyria	OH	15607	Mason, Lee L	Fort Worth	TX	15575	Mandrell, Ryan	Seattle	WA
15533	Silvaggi, Jacey L J	Windsor	ON	15479	Lee, Erin S	League City	TX	15585	Piyarali, Sahil A	Seattle	WA
15420	Oleksienko, Oleh	Cranberry Twp	PA	15538	Nguyen, C J	Sugar Land	TX	15550	Thiessen, Scott	Seattle	WA
15410	Hammond, Francis J	Harleysville	PA	15415	O'Neill, Patrick M	Willow Park	TX	15513	Sheehan, Alexander	Shoreline	WA
15443	Liang, Maxime Patrick	Lancaster	PA	15405	Wilby, Christopher B	Conwy	UK	15466	Mickelson, George M	Madison	WI
15442	Kern, David A	Philadelphia	PA	15471	Galovic, Brian	Salt Lake City	UT				
15456	Hogate, Calvin	Pittsburgh	PA	15472	Naddeo, Maria	Salt Lake City	UT				
15440	Sakr, Majd	Pittsburgh	PA	15517	Patterson, Brandon Henry	Salt Lake City	UT				
15592	Jones, Dennis	Daniel Island	SC	15403	Lee, Nolan	Alexandria	VA				



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We are planning our schedule for 2023. We have many possible tours, but we do not have time for all of them. Let us know which ones you prefer, and we will refine our schedule in the next few months. Email your choice to: haldeman@pactour.com

Possible 2023 Tours

Arizona Desert Camp **March**
Three weeks of assorted tours

Eastern Half of Route 66
Amarillo, TX to Chicago, IL **May**

Wisconsin Hill Country **June**

Wisconsin Door County along the Coast of Lake Michigan **July**

Northern Transcontinental
Everett, Washington to Rye Beach, New Hampshire **August**

New York State along the St. Lawrence Seaway **September**

Peru "Over the Andes" **October**

Going to Ghana, Africa **December**

Buzzee's Buzzards

Our team name was inspired by our host, David Buzzee (RUSA#14) and our feathered mascots who seemed to watch us closely throughout the event. David loves the flèche and it shows in his willingness to host the post ride breakfast. Imagine signing up to provide breakfast for 15-20 weary randonneurs/randonneuses arriving at your place at 7:00am. Yeah, that's dedication. For our team, Chez Buzzee in Columbus was our start/finish so we scored two breakfasts prepared by David and his lovely wife Lucy.

Every flèche rider knows that the most important detail after the team name is the choice of the 22-hour control. Our 22-hour control was a Waffle House in Canal Winchester, Ohio, targeted for 5:00am. What could go wrong at 5:00am at a Waffle House?

Waffle House is often utilized as the 22-hour control as its doors never close and the coffee is always hot. However, the pandemic has changed many things and one of those things

is the temporary closure of certain "all night" establishments in the wee hours of the morning. Our team enjoyed a short cat nap at the Hampton Inn in Winchester Canal just shy of our planned 22-hour stop. When the wakeup alarm sounded, our fearless captain, Greg Smith leapt out of bed and bounded for the Waffle House. Preordering our meals would be the most expedient way to continue making forward progress. His less than lively

teammates remained behind, fumbling with sheets and snooze buttons. Greg stood in the early morning cold peering inside, puzzled as to the complete absence of patrons. Fortunately for us, Greg got a toe in the door just before it was locked shut. The waitress explained the new temporary closure policy but Greg countered with his predicament and asked if he could come inside for a control card stamp and a coffee. She obliged his meager request and he stepped inside. How's that old randonneuring saying go, "Give them an inch, and they'll take a kilometer."

Once inside the warm Waffle House the request expanded to some food. Maybe just an egg sandwich and some hash-browns. Understand that this fine establishment was officially "closed" at this hour. As she was conceding to his food request, the remainder of his flèche team rolled up outside. Greg enquired perhaps if three other breakfasts could be had and we all stepped inside to the counter. The two cooks and one waitress were just happy to have a few unarmed sober patrons. They made our egg sandwiches and kept our coffees topped off as they told us stories of that evening and cleaned up piles of dirty dishes. We learned that this was one of the few Waffle Houses in central Ohio without an armed security guard. We weren't sure if that was a good or bad thing. We filled our

Rodney Geisert comes through with the big tip while Spencer contemplates the meaning of life. Waffle House, Winchester Canal, Ohio.

—PHOTO JOHN ENDE





bellies and regaled them with a few stories of our own adventures. These important calories would propel us the final 25 kilometers to our glorious finish at Buzzee’s house.

If you ever get a chance to enter a team in the Ohio Flèche, don’t hesitate. David provided us with a tried and true clockwise circular route that was a combination of bicycle paths, rails to trails and quiet country roads. The Ohio RBA Alex Bachmann and his wife Alyssa even met us on the course in Xenia, Ohio, at the Devil Wind microbrewery. Alex explained that devil winds are tornadoes and while we had no twister sightings, we did have plenty of wind. Xenia has been leveled by tornadoes in the past including an F5 tornado in 1974 that destroyed a thousand homes. Our stop at the Devil Wind was more productive than destructive and included stir fried rocket fuel rice from the food truck, rehydration samplings from the microbrewery, the 148th running of the Kentucky Derby, a lively local rock band and the pre-prom goers already

Team Are We There Yet tackles a gravel road “Closed to All Traffic.”

—PHOTO JONATHAN KARPICK

decked out in flowing pastel dresses and rented tuxedos. Typical flèche stuff. The stop was critical to our success because as we lingered, the expected unrelenting headwind that awaited us died down to a very manageable breeze. Sometimes a food stop is your best ally. Our heartiest thanks to David and Lucy for hosting and feeding us and to Alex and Alyssa for calming the devil winds.

Following are the accounts of the other two teams that also finished in Columbus.

Are We There Yet? by Jonathan Karpick

Our team of five gathered in Cleveland early on a Saturday morning to ride this strange and wonderful

Ominous clouds welcome Greg Smith and Spencer Klaassen to Washington Courthouse Ohio.

—PHOTO JOHN ENDE

event, the flèche. Of the five, two of us had completed a flèche in 2019; that was the extent of our flèche-perience. We were looking forward to a few things: testing out clothing and equipment, (for some) finishing the longest ride ever, ramping up to longer brevets, and enjoying a group experience.

The day before the event, the weather forecast was for rain and winds throughout most of Saturday. Fortunately, as we enjoyed coffee and



the best bagels in the world before our start, the rain cleared and the winds began to blow uncharacteristically from the northeast. This bode well for our southwest route.

Our plan was to stick close to the 360km minimum with a taste of Ohio hills to keep things interesting. From our start in Cleveland, we tucked into the Cuyahoga Valley National Park on the way to Akron. Our first control at the Mustard Seed Market and Café offered fancy coffee and treats plucked from the grocery aisles after 2½ hours of riding. Unlike brevets, where we tend to rush quickly through controls, our flèche would be punctuated by a good amount of faffing so as not to hit our 22-hour distance too quickly.

The route out of Akron turned flat and straight after traversing a bit of urban sprawl. Roads such as River Styx, Poe, and Bear Swamp make one wonder what was going on in the 1800s when they were named. The route from Ashland to Millersburg (“The Heartbeat of Ohio’s Amish Country”) was scenic. After swooping into a valley, we had a good view of the slightly menacing ridges that we would have to cross. Here, we encountered our mostly-planned gravel section. On our map reconnaissance, RideWithGPS tagged it as gravel and we decided a detour wasn’t necessary. It was indeed lovely gravel, although recent rains caused the waters of Killbuck Marsh to infringe on our route. Hoke proved the waters ride-able, and we mostly enjoyed the gravel diversion.

Our flèche-inexperience showed slightly as we settled for a Subway dinner in Millersburg. In the future, we would probably find a brewpub or

other suitable sit-down spot. Later, we made an unplanned bar stop a bit after midnight in lovely, dog-crazy, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. (We’re not kidding about dog-crazy. When visiting, the fountain is not to be missed.)

Given bar timing, our 1:30am departure from Mt. Vernon fortunately put us on bike paths as we headed to the 22-hour control. Unfortunately, the little blip that popped up on RideWithGPS turned out not to be a data error. Without warning, the trail turned to a tumble of gravel in anticipation of repaving in the near future. We grumbled forward, putting our recent gravel experience to the test. Annoyingly, the gravel path ended with mountains of construction materials and flooded areas for a few hundred yards before the next road crossing. With much huffing and muttering, we dismounted and picked our way through a field to get to the intact trail just beyond.

Field hiking experience complete, it was a fairly easy ride to the IHOP which was to serve as our 22-hour control. Alas, we are still in a pandemic and the IHOP had ceased serving food by our 4:30am arrival. We must have been a

pitiful sight, as the manager did offer coffee and didn’t complain too much when we ended up taking over a few booths for needed naps.

As day broke, we departed the food-less IHOP for the bike path run to the Buzzee residence in Columbus. Arriving in the cool morning sun, just shy of the 24-hour target, we met the other two teams and enjoyed the now-famous Buzzee hospitality of warm showers, great food, tall tales, and falling asleep while holding our coffee.

Sagamores of the Wabash by Bill Watts

For the Indiana Randonneurs team, “Sagamores of the Wabash,” the 2022 Ohio flèche was a wonderful blend of old and new. This was the fourth time we sent a team to Ohio under this name*; four of our six members are veterans of both the flèche and PBP while two were new to the sport.

Steve and Lydia Trott piloted a tandem, affectionately known as “Champaign Storm.” Lydia and Steve did their first flèche and LEL on this tandem in 2017, and they both finished PBP in 2019 on single machines. In recent years, Lydia has introduced randonneuring to northern Indiana,

No food to be had but plenty of coffee and space for napping. Josh Haley (L) and Jonathan Karpick (R) avail themselves of the services at the 22-hr control IHOP.

—PHOTO RYAN HOCH



and has brought the club into the Gravel Age. Kenney Smith finished PBP in 2015 and has been a member of all four of our flèche teams. Kenney is world-famous for his cycling adventures in sub-freezing temperatures, and for his bottomless box of spare parts. On a previous flèche, Kenney saved a team member's ride by producing just the right-sized chain-link from this box in the dead of night. I finished PBP with Kenney in 2015 and with Lydia and Steve in 2019. The four of us have had many adventures together and get along well.

This year, we were joined by two new team members, Ted Krischak and Joe Van Denburg, both from Terre Haute, on the western edge of Indiana, along the banks of the Wabash River. Ted has single-handedly gotten the club's electronic life in order and has already developed permanents and brevets for the club. In his relatively short time with the club, Joe has shown remarkable mechanical dexterity and an equally remarkable concern for the well-being of his fellow riders. While this was their first overnight randonneuring event, Ted and Joe are both strong riders.

The six of us made a cohesive and good-spirited team. We had no mechanicals on our ride together—not even a flat tire—but we did have one significant challenge: the wind. The wind was out of the northeast and east for all of our ride, and we were riding east and sometimes north. For long stretches of time, the wind was at or over 20mph, and it never fully let up. Even when the wind blew against our shoulders, rather than our faces, it was a struggle. But this is also where the team shone. At our first control, fifty miles in, we made some rough calculations and realized that if the wind remained so strong (and it did!), we might not have enough time to finish. When we returned to the road, we instinctively formed a double pace line, protecting against wind that was at about 10 o'clock. After working



together against the wind for a few hours, we had no real concerns about time. It was beautiful.

Our route for this year, as in past years, made maximal use of off-road trails. We took the Fall Creek Trail out of Indianapolis, and later joined up with the Cardinal Greenway, which runs from Muncie to Richmond, on the Ohio border. Once we got to Dayton, we entered Ohio's wonderful system of connected trails, through Xenia and most of the way into Columbus. I especially enjoy trails on the flèche, as they take away the worry of traffic and allow you to more fully enjoy the company of others. We did, however, have one moment of excitement and alarm. Just as we were about to enter the trail in Dayton, we saw a police officer take down the rider of a motorized trail bike with a taser. The rider landed on the asphalt with a loud bang and was immediately handcuffed and carried away. As we entered the trail, a police officer warned us to be careful. He said that motorcycle riders had taken to riding the trails without lights. For a few minutes, I worried that we were entering Mad Max territory,

Sagamores en route.

—PHOTO LYDIA TROTT

and that, at any moment, a motorcycle would slam into us in the dark. But our subsequent ride proved peaceful and uneventful. And, to its credit, the team took it all in stride.

Thus, we arrived in Columbus, a little tired and a little weary of the wind, but grateful for our time together and satisfied with our accomplishment. We were immediately embraced by the warm hospitality of Lucy and David Buzzee, and enjoyed meeting up with friends, old and new. I rode my first flèche with David Buzzee on a team organized by Toshiyuki ("Toshi") Nemoto in Ohio in 2014. I have long admired David's enthusiasm for randonneuring in general, and for this event in particular. In 2018, he rode the event on another team with Toshi, and then was back at his home to greet other teams when they finished. David's dedication to sustaining the flèche in Ohio is stellar. But this year, I got an even better appreciation of the extent of David's generosity. The transmission failed on the 18-year-old vehicle I left in Columbus to transport myself and the Trotts home. While we were discussing the logistics of getting ourselves home, David offered to drive the three of us and our bicycles all the way back to the start in Indianapolis. And he did. And that was part of the beauty of this year's flèche.

During a time when pandemic, war and fascist movements roil our country, the flèche gave us a moment of tranquility, ease, and fellowship. Let us bottle that feeling and drink again next year. 🚲

***Sagamore of the Wabash" is an honorary title conferred by the Governor on citizens of note in Indiana. "Sagamore" is an Anglicized version of a Native American word for "chief," and the Wabash is a celebrated river in Indiana.*

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 an 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. Alternatively you may fill out a candidate submission form and mail it to the address below. All nominations must be **received** by December 15.

PREVIOUS RECIPIENTS

2001	Johnny Bertrand
2002	David Buzzee
2003	Jennifer Wise
2004	James Kuehn
2005	Daryn Dodge
2006	Bill Bryant
2007	Robert Fry
2008	Dan Driscoll
2009	Mark Thomas
2010	Don Hamilton
2011	Mike Dayton
2012	Crista Borrás
2013	John Lee Ellis
2014	Lois Springsteen
2015	Vincent Muoneke
2016	Bruce Berg
2017	Shab Memarbashi
2018	Dan Shadoan
2019	Spencer Klaassen
2020	Janice Chernekoﬀ
2021	Jake Kassen

NOMINATION FORM

YOUR NAME

YOUR RUSA #

YOUR AMERICAN RANDONNEUR AWARD NOMINEE

NOMINEE'S RUSA #

BRIEF REASON FOR NOMINATION

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On Paper It Looked Easy

Last year's Northern Virginia Randonneurs' Cloverleaf 1200km was such a joy that when I received the email describing the 2022 Treasure Cove 1200km I was immediately tempted to register. The Treasure Cove would involve much less climbing, making the attempt at a May 1200km slightly less insane.

Unfortunately, my enthusiasm was dampened by the diagnosis, three weeks after finishing the Cloverleaf, of Lyme Disease localized to my left knee. My knee was so swollen that the fluid eventually infiltrated my entire leg; bending my knee was impossible and pedaling out of the question. The infectious disease doctor told me it might be six months before my knee would be back to normal and some quick rando math placed full recovery at approximately April. Not ideal for a May brevet but as the swelling slowly subsided and I was able to ride again, I added my name to the roster hoping I would not have to cancel as the date and reality grew closer.

I was able to start training but limited my hill climbs to care for my knee which was still intermittently painful. A local, flat 300km was the longest distance I finished before heading down to Virginia, once again very unprepared, for a 1200km.

The pre-ride meeting was a chance to see both old and new friends, including Hamid, the NVR RBA and his sweet wife and co-organizer/chef/cheerleader Shab. I was once again comforted by Hamid's calming pre-ride meeting and his exhortation to not panic when things go awry. "Don't worry, it's OK," became my mantra for

this adventure. We just had to pedal; Hamid, Shab and their team would take care of us, and we would finish.

Start time was 2:00am Thursday morning, the time chosen to avoid the traffic in a very busy metropolitan area. *If I had read the ride description more thoroughly this little detail would have given me pause....* I think I managed about three hours' sleep which was three hours more than I expected and the 2:00am start was accompanied by a steady but soaking drizzle. Given the heat wave predicted for the duration of the brevet, I appreciated the cool, wet send off.

I spent the early morning hours riding solo through what seemed to be

...and for cyclists!

—PHOTOS CHRIS NEWMAN





wooded, hilly country roads. The quiet was punctuated only by the birds who started singing well before daylight. The rain continued and eventually my shoes became swimming pools for my feet. Still, it was quiet and peaceful, a lovely start to an epic day and by the

time I reached the control at mile 62 I was dry, the storm had cleared, and I was making good time. The first day was the longest with 288 miles until the overnight control. I reasoned if I could finish this segment in under 24 hours, I could sleep for a few hours and the next day's 160 flat miles would seem easy by comparison.

Around mile 157 we entered the Virginia Capital Trail, a well-tended and predominately shady multi-use trail that provided 40 miles of car-free travel. We would take this trail to the Jamestown-Scotland Ferry that would carry us over the James River.

The day had been quite pleasant and much of the route had been shaded but by late afternoon, the dreaded heat wave was starting to make its presence felt. I stopped at any store on route where I could refill my bottles and cool down. The Spoke and Word café a few miles before the ferry was an oasis where I could change shorts, order the best sandwich of the ride and refill my bottles – again!

My wait for the ferry was mercifully short and the crossing itself was quick and uneventful. I was with several

The shade would not last long.

other riders, and we all seemed to find tiny spots of shade where we could doze off for the 20- minute excursion.

I had been riding by myself until then but after the ferry I was among a few other riders. We would leapfrog each other when a nature or photo break was needed. We arrived at a T-intersection and turned left. A pick-up truck had stopped, and the driver was trying to get our attention. I noticed that the passenger in the truck was one of our group. He exited the truck and was motioning for us to stop. Weird. We gathered around the back of the truck and he explained that there had been an accident at the next intersection involving a fellow randonneur and it didn't look good. The rider had decided to abandon and was getting a ride to the train station. We were stunned and sickened by the news. I felt as though I had been kicked in the gut. My heart was pounding, and I was breathing way too fast. I am sure all of us in this sport know riders



who have been injured or we have been injured ourselves. We have heard the stories and maybe witnessed the crashes. We start every ride knowing we need to be careful and aware of the risks. It still seemed unreal, impossible that it happened a half mile away.

The three of us pedaled slowly up the road. Emergency vehicles, lights flashing, were still parked in the intersection; we were waved through by a police officer directing traffic around the site.

I only had thoughts of the rider, Metin Uz, and the crash for the remainder of that first day. I didn't know Metin, I had never met him but over the next few days I would hear folks describing what a generous, passionate and upbeat rider he was, how he was careful, a meticulous planner—they could not fathom how this had happened.

My thoughts that first night centered on whether the brevet would continue, whether I felt I could continue, and what other riders might do.

I met up with a few more riders at the day's penultimate control. The mood was uniformly somber. We were just going through the motions of refueling. We had all heard the news. We just wanted to get through the next 40 miles so this day could finally end.

The last section that night was quiet and dark but not without excitement as I lost my phone when I stopped for a brief rest at a roadside church. Somewhat miraculously, Hamid and Greg had decided to backtrack the route to check on us and when they stopped to ask me if I needed help, I asked them to stop at the church and look for my phone.

Hamid wisely observed that given the high density of churches per mile in the region they would need a little more information, which I was able to provide, having obsessed over every detail since realizing I had lost the phone. When I finally arrived at the overnight, Shab greeted me with food, drinks, and the news that my phone had been recovered!

I was able to sleep a bit and by not deciding to abandon I had passively decided to continue. I felt very conflicted, but we were as distant from the start as possible, and dropping out would not change the past or get me home any sooner.

The next two days are difficult for me to recall in accurate detail. The unrelenting heat, as high as 108 degrees on my computer, forced “just survive”

to become my mantra. There were lovely sections along the route which I just could not appreciate, focused as I was on the absolute absence of shade. Anywhere. For miles. I had a Camelback, two water bottles and an ice sock but the heat beat me down and scrambled my thinking. I made a ridiculous—in hindsight—navigation error which added 10 blistering miles to the second day. My panicked riding once I discovered my mistake blew me up a bit and required me to employ a novel survival strategy whereby I pedaled through the heat, from shady spot to shady spot where I would stop, drink and wait until my heart rate and breathing returned to normal. This slowed my progress considerably, but it enabled me to survive until dusk and the oasis of the penultimate control.

A beautiful day for a ride
on the bike path.



Ferry crossing.

The overnight brought another very comfortable hotel, loads of food, and smiling volunteers who thoroughly pampered us.

Day three saw no relief from the heat but I was able to distract myself a bit by searching every church I passed for an outdoor spigot. My buddy Patrick had briefly mentioned how his group had “danced in the spray” at a church they had passed and once that thought was planted, “church spigot dancing” became my only goal. I was able to find one on my own and the next day spied two bikes parked at a church with a covered outdoor space and a well pump. Two riders had located this ice-cold water source and I reveled in soaking my head and filling my bottles. Praise the Lord indeed!

The last overnight was the finish for the 1000km riders. I was very jealous of their situation and wondered why I had changed my registration at the last-minute from the 1000km to the 1200km. I’m sure it was something like “It’s only 200km more, how hard could it be?” The answer was – absurdly hard. The heat would now accompany us on the last day for the projected 7,000 feet of climbing. I was not sure I was capable of both heat and hills. Hamid had recommended that we start early so we would have spare time and as usual it was wise advice. My time for that day was 13:34 which included waiting out a storm. The tragedy of the first day was still much on my mind and I was just too frightened to ride in such bad weather. I hung out with Mike from Texas who was successfully attempting his first 1200km. When he voiced concern for missing the time cut off, I reminded him, “It’s OK. Don’t panic.”

We rode in together, the lanternes rouge. After riding four days in scorching heat, an epic storm almost



drowned us a half-mile from the finish. The sky was black, the wind was whipping in every direction, and we were pedaling furiously to beat the rain. We got so close; if it had been a headwind we might still be out there. We arrived to cheers and a standing ovation from the riders, their families and the volunteers. I bet the first finishers didn’t get quite this reception! Our cards were signed, our medals presented, and we sloshed off to find a shower and some dry clothes.

On paper, this 1200km looked reasonable and not overly challenging. The climbing seemed doable – even in May – and I knew the support would be outstanding. In real life, it was easily one of the most challenging 1200kms I have ridden. I have never pedaled for so long in such heat and I was surprised

at how badly it affected me. And of course, my constant companion was the grief I felt for Metin and his family. And for his friends and fellow riders and for Hamid and Shab and their compassionate crew who go to such great lengths to keep us all safe and happy on these grand adventures. It has been two months and every time I ride, I think about the loss of a man I never met. We will never know what happened at that intersection but keeping that day and that man in my head and my heart has already made me a more careful rider. Just like his friends say he was. 🚲

One Simple Way to Become a Better Randonneur

BY NIGEL GREENE

Randonneuring is a sport where small improvements can make differences. Riders will spend money and time on new bikes, lighter gear, upgraded equipment, coaching and extensive riding while overlooking one simple way to become a better randonneur: become a randonneuring volunteer!

Most people think of volunteering as a way to be nice, to help others, or to make an altruistic sacrifice for the greater good. While all that may be true, and this all-volunteer sport would not exist without the volunteers, volunteering helps the volunteer become a better randonneur in many ways. In fact, the most accomplished randonneurs are often the ones who put on the events! So, if you are the rational self-interest type – or just want

to know what's in it for you – read on.

Let's start with being an event volunteer and examine how that can benefit your randonneuring.

The Pre-Ride or Worker's Ride

Volunteers have the ability to pre-ride an event. The pre-ride, or worker's ride, is an opportunity to ride the course within two weeks prior to the event. While the intended purpose of this ride is to allow the volunteers

to work the event and still get credit, the pre-ride option offers many other benefits to a volunteer. Let's consider a few:

Scheduling: You choose the date of your pre-ride. Do you prefer better weather forecasts for your rides? Are you on a training plan where a long ride would work better on a different day? Do you have another commitment which prevents you from riding on the scheduled date but allows you a few hours to volunteer? Would you prefer a different start time? Well, if you pre-ride, all these issues are solvable! You can simply choose the date and time that works best for you and spend a few hours on the day of the event volunteering!

Self-sufficiency: Randonneuring touts self-sufficiency as one of its hallmarks, and the pre-ride is all about self-sufficiency. On a typical pre-ride, there is no staff of volunteers to help you at controls or to call upon if you get in over your head. On a pre-ride, you either ride solo or with other volunteers. You take care of your needs. This self-reliance will directly benefit you in your future events because if you can get around a course with no support, it will be that much easier when you have support.

Navigation: On the pre-ride, you cannot take the cues for granted. The cue sheet or GPS track you have on a



Pop up rest stop.

— PHOTO ANDREAS PRANDRELLI



Post ride picnic.
—PHOTO ERIC PEDERSON

pre-ride is basically a draft. Pre-riders check the cues against the reality of the ride. There may be road closures, detours needed, or cue corrections. A pre-ride is not a thoughtless head-down charge around the route; it's more of a trail blazing adventure with the ever-present possibility of a mid-course correction. The navigation skills you hone on a pre-ride will serve you well during an event even when all the cues are spot on.

Camaraderie: Pre-riders often ride with other volunteers. This audax (a randonneuring ride where the group stays together) experience is perhaps the epitome of camaraderie. It is also an opportunity to meet other randonneurs and strengthen friendships with your regular riding companions. Riding with volunteers pretty much guarantees that you will meet people who share your love of riding and are the type of people who volunteer. With those two qualities in place, the rest

basically takes care of itself. Very few things in life lead to lasting memories and friendships like the experience of a shared brevet.

Event Volunteer

They say randonneuring is 99% mental and the other 1% – well – that's mental, too. Volunteering at an event adds a whole other level to the mental aspect of the sport.

Control efficiency: Being a good event volunteer means understanding and anticipating the needs of riders at the point in the ride when you encounter them. That may change from control to control, especially as the ride distances increase. Depending on the level of support being offered, those needs can range from something as simple as efficiently signing cards to providing food and overnight accommodations.

For the volunteer that is also a randonneur, this process of thinking

Rest break.
—PHOTO JOYCE GREENE





Final pre-ride instructions.

— PHOTO JOYCE GREENE

through the needs of a control improves the mental aspect of your own future ride preparations. Each time you consider what is needed at a control, you get the personal benefit of pre-thinking your own control needs. Efficiency at a control is one of the key elements to successful randonneuring, and working a control helps to improve that element.

Learning through observation:

Unlike many other sports, there are very few opportunities to watch randonneuring. Serving as a ride volunteer is one of the limited ways to watch and learn randonneuring. When working a control, you see everyone on the ride: the fast riders, the group riders, the solo riders, and the full-value

riders. You see how everyone gets through a control and observe first-hand the differences in time spent, food consumed, bikes ridden, etc. If you pay attention, you can gain a wealth of information from the riders on the event.

Camaraderie: As an event volunteer, you likely will interact with most people on the ride. Unlike event participants, volunteers get a chance to see the faces and hear the names of this community. If you are an extrovert, here's a great chance to grow your friend circle. If you are an introvert, the interactions are quick and relatively non-taxing, and you will likely find a few people who share your vibe. Either way it's a win.

Teamwork: Unlike those dreaded group projects where one person bore a disproportionate burden of the work, working with a team of volunteers

shows what a group can accomplish. It is truly a pleasure to be part of a team of motivated individuals who are given the opportunity to shine and rise to the challenge.

Ride Organizer

Like randonneuring has events of increasing distance and challenge, from sub 200km populaires to 1200km+ Grand Brevets, volunteering has increasing levels. Each level of volunteering brings increased opportunities to improve your rando game. Ride organizer is like the Super Randonneur level of volunteering because it combines all of the prior levels and adds the ability to set the tone of the event itself. As a ride organizer, you get to create the setting for the experience your participants will have. Do you think an event should be sparse, lean, and tough? You can put that event on. Do you think an event should be fully staffed and accommodating? You can put that event on. Prefer scenic vistas? Flat and fast routes? Historical connections? Focus on inclusivity? The canvas for your creation is blank, and the rules are fairly liberal. As a ride organizer, whether you plan to or not,

For the volunteer that is also a randonneur, this process of thinking through the needs of a control improves the mental aspect of your own future ride preparations.



your event will be a statement from you, so why not do it intentionally? In the process of planning, creating, and implementing, you will gain a breadth of randonneuring knowledge that can't be obtained any other way.

Beyond Event Volunteer

While an event volunteer may be the most visible aspect of volunteering, it is not the only one. RUSA is operated entirely by volunteers. That means that at the local and national level, there are places to volunteer. If you have a skill, or would like to learn a skill, related to running an organization, publishing a magazine, or cycling, there is likely a place where you can play a role. That includes accounting, editing, web design, route design, sales, management, creative writing, art, and the list goes on. All of the opportunities are there; you just need to step up.

A 2013 study at the University of Exeter Medical School found that volunteers live longer, are less depressed, and have enhanced feelings of well-being. So, if you are looking for a simple way to become a better randonneur, become a volunteer. 🚲

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 also published.

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
- Reprints of blog posts (occasionally. Material not printed elsewhere is preferred, however, exceptions may be made.)
- Reports on non-rando long-distance/endurance events of interest to randos
- Letters to the editor
- Book reviews
- Cartoons
- Sketches

Length of articles: articles of up to 2000 words would be appropriate. There is no minimum length requirement, but please contact the editor if you wish to write more than 2000 words.

Photos: must be high resolution and unaltered. They can be submitted as attachments to email messages. Other options are available and can be discussed with the editor.

How to submit articles: articles should be sent as Word files (no PDFs, no links to blog posts) to editor@rusa.org or jchernekoff@yahoo.com. Send photos separately; do not include them in articles.

The editor reserves the right to edit submissions for clarity, accuracy and brevity.

Paid advertising: is available. Please contact Jay Fichiolas (quadmod@gmail.com) for details.

Submission deadlines:

Spring issue — December 25 Fall issue — June 25
 Summer issue — March 25 Winter issue — September 25

Questions? Please contact the editor at editor@rusa.org.





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How to Carry Your Stuff on a Bike

An experienced cyclist I know always says, “Better looking at it than looking for it.” In other words, don’t leave things at home that you might need on a ride because you’ll wish you had them later.

So how do you carry all that stuff? These days there is a bewildering array of options available, of varying degrees of complexity and a wide variety of price points. In the interest of full disclosure, I produce bike bags myself under the name Dill Pickle Gear; there are several other lines designed and produced by fellow RUSA members as well: RuthWorks SF, Waxwing Bagworks, and EO Gear, to name a few.

Factors to consider when choosing a setup:

- Steering geometry of your bike: some bikes handle better with a load in front, others with a load in back.
- One bike bag for everything, or separate bags for various bits and pieces.
- Same setup for every ride or different setup for different rides: are you comfortable using the same size bag on every ride, or do you carry less on shorter rides?
- What your bike is equipped to carry: many touring bikes have lots of braze-on’s, but many road bikes don’t offer much in the way of mounting points.

Categories of bag options follow, including information about benefits and drawbacks for each option.

French or “Rando Style” Boxy Front Bags

Lots of classic randonneuring bikes sport these rectangular boxy bags in front. They are available in stock sizes, as well as custom made. This style of bag sits on top of a small front rack designed for the purpose and is stabilized by a decalcur that mounts to the stem. These bags have flat lids that can display maps or cue sheets, and they use hooks or snaps you operate with one hand.

Benefits:

- Bags may be big enough to carry everything all in one bag, and the bag can be easily removed and carried around.
- Everything is at your fingertips while you’re on the bike.
- The aerodynamic effect is minor.

Drawbacks:

- Don’t work well on every bike.
- Removing the rack and decalcur mount might be preferable sometimes.

- The weight can add up.
- Takes organization to keep the most needed stuff in easy-to-reach places.
- Not compatible with aerobars.

British-Style or “Transverse” Saddlebags

The other randonneuring classic is the transverse saddlebag. These traditionally mount to saddle frame loops, typical on Brooks and other leather saddles. The bag has a dowel inside from which it hangs and that supports the weight and keeps its shape. In theory, this style of bag can carry quite a lot in a relatively lightweight bag with little mounting hardware required.

Benefits:

- If you have bag loops on your saddle and plenty of clearance, it’s a very lightweight and simple way to carry a surprising amount of gear.
- You can strap more gear on top of the bag if necessary.
- Some bikes handle better with the load in back than in front.
- If you’re using one with a quick release mount, it’s easy to remove the bag and carry it around.
- You don’t need to rearrange anything on your handlebars: GPS, phone, aerobars, and so on.
- A saddlebag for bulky gear.
- Can be great in combination with a smaller handlebar bag or snack bag for food or other on-bike items.
- Can add lots of capacity to a bike that doesn’t have eyelets for a rack.



Small snack bag. Easy access while riding.

Saddlebag for gear not needed while riding.

—PHOTOS EMILY O'BRIEN

Drawbacks:

- Smaller bikes will require more hardware (bag supports) to make this option work.
- Takes time to mount and remove, unless you use one of the separate quick-release mounts.
- Contents not accessible while riding.
- Larger versions of these bags are wide, so there may be an aerodynamic penalty.
- Ultralight saddles and seatposts or suspension seatposts may not be compatible.

Bike-Packing Style Bags

Bike packing is a relatively recent trend in bike bags, originating with offroad touring. Instead of there being one type of bag, there are various methods for strapping your gear onto your bike in every location you can think of, including: handlebars, frame, saddle, and so on. These bags don't

have that much structure so rely on their contents being compressed to help them keep their shape.

Bike Packing Saddlebags

These bags mount to the seat post and saddle rails, sort of like your basic under-seat tool pouch, but with more robust straps and more capacity. They achieve that capacity by elongating out the back, as if your bike had a tail. They generally have a roll-top closure, important because you really do need to pack the bag tightly to keep it from dragging.

Benefits:

- Fit onto just about any bike with no special hardware needed.
- Possible to use the same bag on every bike.
- Usually lightweight for the amount they carry.
- Common enough to be available at many LBS's or chain stores.



- The bulk sticks out behind you instead of to the sides, so minimal aerodynamic effect.

Drawbacks:

- The bag is a long, skinny sack that loses its shape when you open it. Inconvenient for digging through by the side of the road.
- If you don't pack the bag tightly and strap it right, it will droop or sway and maybe rub your wheel.



Author's bike and bags... ready to go.

Bike Packing Frame Bags

These bags make use of the space inside the main triangle of your frame. Many are custom made, starting from a tracing of the bike; but there are also off-the-shelf models.

Benefits:

- Nothing sticks out, anywhere.
- Some designs can be easy to access while riding.
- Great for weight distribution.

Drawbacks:

- Frame bags on road bikes are often in the way of the rider's knees, especially on bikes with narrower spacing between the pedals.
- An awkwardly-shaped space for stuffing clothing into, without puffing it out too much.
- Often block bottle cages.
- Small frames or those with sloping top tubes don't have much space in the main triangle.

Back Packing Handlebar Harnesses

These harnesses strap a dry bag or similar item onto the handlebars. They're more often designed for flat bars, but they can work with drop bars, too.

Benefits:

- Strap bulky gear onto just about any bike, with no tools required.
- Supplement the total capacity of saddlebags or frame bags.

Drawbacks:

- Don't always work well with drop bars.
- Can get in the way of wrapping your fingers around the tops of the bars.
- Not great for quick access.

Handlebar Bags

There are many types of bags that strap on or clamp on to the handlebars, from bespoke options to big brands. Many are rigid, more like a box that cantilevers off the handlebar mount.

Benefits:

- Easy and convenient to use.
- Come in a variety of shapes and sizes.
- Inexpensive.

Drawbacks:

- Often heavy relative to the weight of their contents.

Rear Racks, Trunk Bags, and Panniers

Rear racks are a common accessory on touring bikes and commuting bikes and provide one of the most versatile ways to carry all sorts of loads.

Benefits:

- Lots of options available for carrying gear on a rack.
- Trunk bags come in many styles and sizes and are easy to find.
- Can attach panniers to racks, for carrying even larger loads.

Drawbacks:

- Can be relatively heavy for randonneuring.
- Many bikes don't have eyelets for mounting racks.

Small Bags

There are lots of ways to supplement your larger bags to help get stuff exactly where you want it, when you want it. These can be very simple, and some can even be great DIY projects. Some common ones include top tube bags, stem bags, feed bags, and snack sacks.

My Bike

My personal setup includes a handlebar bag for the things I want the quickest access to; a saddlebag for extra clothing that I might not need for long periods of time and will probably only dig through when stopped; and a separate tool pack so that if I need to change a flat I don't have to paw through my clean clothes. For shorter rides, I'll take the saddlebag off but leave the tool pack and the handlebar bag on.

Of course, there are many ways to carry what you need. One thing I've always thought is cool about randonneuring is that even though we have some stereotypes of what a rando bike looks like, there's actually a huge variety of styles and tastes to suit rider preferences. And that's just as true of the bags and packs we strap on to the bike. 🚲



TREASURE COVE 1200K

PHOTO MEMORIES BY PATRICK CHIN-HONG

Perry Wilderson, Misha Heller and Patrick meet the familiar face of Mimo DeMarco at the Culpeper overnight stop.



Perry Wilderson offers up a prayer of remembrance at the Ed Boltz memorial.



Corinne Warren taking a quick nap.



Riders on bike path passing under roadway.

Vast Swaths of Nothing

BY CORINNE WARREN

Spring in Colorado is both erratic and unforgiving. Woe to the randonneur who schedules a training ride without a backup plan; Mother Nature frequently has her own ideas, and they quite often conflict with cyclists'. And so, this past March, when it became evident we would get well over a foot of snow right before a planned gravel training weekend, we went to Plan B: drive over to the Western Slope where it would be dry and we could ride safely.

At around 11:00 pm, we pulled into the campground where we had rented a cabin. The lateness of our arrival time further affected our riding plans for the following day. My friends decided to go into the National Monument and explore the back roads there, but I was determined to stick to the original plan of riding gravel, settling on a 75-mile lollipop course featured in the 2021 Co2uT (Colorado to Utah) race.

The start that morning was cold, really cold, easily below freezing. I had added a long-sleeved wool jersey to my kit at the last moment and was very thankful I had. I was also wearing plastic bags over my light socks as I had removed the wool ones I initially packed in my bag, thinking shoe covers were overkill. They weren't. And I always bring a wind jacket instead of a vest because if I want an extra layer, I want my shoulders covered as well as my chest. I wanted the extra layer.

The first six miles out of town were paved, flat, and quiet with only the occasional truck passing by. Reaching

the edge of BLM (Bureau of Land Management) land, the pavement abruptly degraded into an amalgam of chewed up macadam, dirt, and rock. I saw a sign that said the trail head, presumably for mountain biking, was four miles up the road. Soon after, the road surface improved, and I could see the unimproved campgrounds dotted with RVs here and there and a couple of outhouses. No people were about at this early hour, but it was comforting to know that someone was out here as I had been warned that this ride would be very remote.

Once hitting this recreational hub, the road veered west and once again returned to dirt, but nice dirt. And the route now ebbed and flowed with the gentle rise and fall of the terrain carved millennia ago. A flat ride became hilly, and I was a lot happier! It also slowly warmed up, which was a relief. But that relieved feeling didn't last long. As soon as I passed a sign letting me know I was exiting BLM land, the road went from good to . . .



less than. But the landscape was scenic, in a barren way. This isn't the desert of Arizona with stovepipe cactus and sandy soil but a higher-altitude desert with scrub sage, rabbitbrush, and occasionally pinyon pines and juniper trees. Cattle graze here, and often the only evidence you see of humankind is a barbed wire fence.

At one point, my map showed that I was supposed to take a left turn off the roadway I was on, and onto... was that actually a road? Trail would be a more fitting word. It was clear that vehicles had used this route; you could see tire tracks left from an earlier, muddy time. But bovines also frequented this "road." Their hooves had sunk into the mud, chewing up the land and



Heading west into Utah.

—PHOTOS CORINNE WARREN

leaving a now-dried, pockmarked surface. This made for challenging riding, and my speed dropped below a paltry seven miles an hour. I then came to the first of a score of intersections I would see throughout the day. It amazed me that such a barren land could have so many paths through an open area. There was a marker; it had icons of hikers, an equestrian, a cyclist... and a jeep. This was a road, then, if only a largely unmaintained one. Still, I felt assured that I was not trespassing on someone's ranch land and was free to proceed into this flat labyrinth.

All around me, in the far distance, were mountains. I knew by name only the Book Cliffs, which I was riding at the foot of, and the La Sal Mountains, a

small range to the south, capped white with snow and towering over Moab, Utah. As for the rest of the ring, I didn't know what I was looking at, but I was struck by how much space there was. Desert, mountains, sky, and me. Alone. I felt small in this environment, but, curiously, I was not nervous. My interest at seeing what was over each

hill and around each bend eclipsed any consternation I had about the possibility of having a mechanical issue I could not handle. No sooner did I feel like I was as far away from civilization as I could be, when I saw a truck in the distance. And the truck was moving fast: too fast for a dirt road. I looked down at my map to see a yellow line cut in a diagonal from southwest to northeast, and I realized there was a paved road up ahead. Descending down one of the many swales I had climbed that morning, I cruised the hardened mud to find myself on actual pavement. A few vehicles passed, all taking the opposite lane to go around me, and less than a quarter mile later, I was back on another dirt road.

This road was better than the ones I had been on since leaving the BLM land. I saw not one but two trucks, both parked and empty with trailers attached, and figured I had entered more active ranching territory. After slowly climbing a long hill, I saw a small cowherd on the road ahead of me. I would have to pass them, and I hoped I wouldn't unnerve them. Off to my left, there was an actual cowboy in full leather chaps with three dogs moving toward the herd as well. A little uncertain about what I should do, I looked to him, and he motioned

My interest at seeing what was over each hill and around each bend eclipsed any consternation I had about the possibility of having a mechanical issue I could not handle.

with his arm to move forward. Getting closer, I could see that most of the cows were pregnant. There was one with a calf by her side, but the others were simply huge. The cow at the front of the herd was so big she must have been pregnant with twins, as she looked triple the width of the others. One of the slower ones at the back had what I decided was a placenta hanging out and dripping as she trotted along. And shockingly, the tallest of the bunch was jogging along, but I could see two small legs and hooves poking out; this poor animal must have been in labor! She turned back and saw me and gave a startled grunt, and the whole group sped up. I was afraid I had done what I wanted to avoid and spooked the lot of them. The cowboy and his canine posse had moved enough ahead of me that I could no longer see them. I crept to the top of the next hill and peered over, relieved to see the dogs moving the cows off to the right side of the road.

Shortly afterward, I reached the

Nearing the start of the loop again, I saw people ahead. Cyclists! This was a pleasant surprise because I had not said so much as “hello” to anyone other than a cow all day.

base of the lollipop, about a third of the way through the route. Looking ahead, it appeared I now would have another downhill section, and after the slow going of the past twenty minutes or so, I was glad for it. The road meandered up and down for a bit before the big descent. I like descents that twist and turn, and this one did not disappoint. At the bottom I came to the only water and mud I would see all day. The mush was too wide for me to jump, and I decided riding through it would be foolish. So, I got off my bike and carried it, having only my cleats to clean out afterward with the abundant twigs

from desiccated shrubs all around. At this point the road was busier (meaning, I saw a car), and the gravel had gotten bigger. I think if most “gravel” riding were *truly* on gravel roads, rather than just dirt, I would not do it at all. Lucky for me the large gravel transformed into pavement after a mile or two, and I had my fastest stretch of the day – a slight downhill with a small tailwind on tarmac.

Looking at my Wahoo, I could see that I would be making a hard left and rounding out the lollipop. What I didn't see was that I would be climbing again, up off the paved road and back onto

Not much out here.



Yep, it's a road, of a sort.

the plateau I had descended a few miles back. I am always happier when the road tilts up, and this was a very nice section of just a couple of miles. The next intersection was a bit of a surprise, however. The road in front of me was strung across with barbed wire and several posts, to make it appear as though there were a proper fence impeding my passage. How odd, I thought, that someone intended to keep me in, as I was thinking of it, and not out, as they probably intended. Although my bike was not light, I managed to cross the barrier. With the unfriendly fence behind me, I was on my way again, heading back to the base of the lollipop.

Nearing the start of the loop again, I saw people ahead. Cyclists! This was a pleasant surprise because I had not said so much as “hello” to anyone other than a cow all day. And soon I could see that they were towing a trailer! Out here? I thought they were nuts. As if this riding, with all the crusty mud and ups and downs in the landscape weren't difficult enough. They waved as I approached, and we greeted each other warmly. “We've been following your tracks all day!” the woman said to me. The man walked over to my bike and looked at my tires. “Panaracers, just like I told you,” he said to his wife. It turned out that Greg and Elyse were out pre-riding the Co2uT course that they were signed up to race in a few weeks. Only, they have a child and no babysitter, and hence the trailer. Out popped an adorable, 15-month-old moppet in a striped jumpsuit. “You are doing this with a kid in tow?” I asked in disbelief though I could plainly see they were.

I invited myself to sit down and eat the small lunch I'd brought along while I talked to this intrepid couple. Greg explained how he was going to do



the 125-mile race, and Elyse the 75-, sort of as a get-over-having-a-baby shift back to active outdoor life. As we chatted, their little boy climbed over his mom's bike, lying on its side, like it was a jungle gym. This kid already knew bikes are for having fun. “Doesn't he get bounced around?” I winced, thinking of how rugged the ground is and what a jarring I get from it. “He loves it!” Elyse exclaimed, scooping him off the frame and putting him down in the dirt. He scrambled right back to the bike. We talked for some time, and I started to worry that they might not have enough time to finish before dark. So, I packed my trash and took a swig from my water bottle. They offered me more water if I needed it. “We have room, so we bring everything,” Greg said, pointing to the trailer. I thanked them but refused their offer and resumed pedaling, after warning them about the makeshift barbed wire fence that they, too, would have to deal with.

I have to say, what I thought was a bumpy, remote, and at times difficult course now seemed many times easier. I didn't have a trailer attached to my bike or a rambunctious toddler to care for. The downhill flew by, but the uphill did, too, as I thought of Greg towing all that extra weight up the same paths I was climbing. Approaching the trailhead I had transited hours earlier, I saw that the parking lot was now full. There were mountain bikes everywhere, a complete contrast to the quiet of this morning. Even though I still had several miles to get back to the campground, it felt like my ride was essentially “done” as I had completed the solo element. I had achieved what I had come to do; I had more dirty miles under my belt as well as practice dealing with rougher terrain. It had taken me significantly longer than most rides of that mileage would, but I had enjoyed the solitude, the scenery, and later, the company. 🚲

Tile Hunting via VeloViewer Explorer

BY PAUL TOIGO

For a few years, I had noticed that some European ultracyclists I know occasionally mentioned “tile hunting” on their Strava activities. After returning from Europe in August 2019, I decided to find out about tile hunting. I asked fellow transcontinental race (TCR) enthusiast, Chris White, what it was all about. He pointed me to VeloViewer.com, a website that, for a very reasonable annual fee, provides a number of different visualizations of your Strava activities including what they call the Explorer Score. One’s score is the number of unique tiles that one has passed through based on their Strava activities.

I immediately signed up and found I had already ticked off 17,800 tiles. This is a respectable quantity, but my maximum square was only 8x8 and my cluster number was a measly 204.

Then the pandemic arrived, and I elected to stay close to home, which did not bode well for increasing my gross tile count. However, I managed to keep my sanity by filling in missing squares close to home while brevets and permanents were unavailable. Even better, once the permanent program recommenced, I was able to kill two birds with one stone since free routing

is now explicitly allowed. My gross tile count has modestly grown to 22,673. Meanwhile, my maximum square and cluster numbers have grown to 44x44 and 3051, respectively.

Some tiles are easy to get with a simple right-left reroute instead of a left-right. Others require a bit more audacity. Sometimes it is necessary to ask for access to restricted areas, sometimes you face out-and-backs on dead-end gravel roads, sometimes it takes a hike-a-bike across a field, and I have made a few more questionable decisions.

One adventure was an overnight to Excelsior Springs, MO. On day 1, everything was going according to plan until I made a left turn toward Fishing River. There, I encountered a menacing, “BRIDGE OUT 1 MILES AHEAD” sign. Rerouting would add three kilometers to my planned ride. Pressing on and being forced to turn around at the bridge would make it an additional six kilometers and a steep climb. I took



Bridge not out after all.

Cheeseburger (and tiles) in Paradise.

—PHOTOS PAUL TOIGO





Just past the snow fence, cemetery, pavement, and into the cornfield is a tile.

the chance and went with my original plan. At the bridge there were plenty of barriers to keep motorized vehicles off the bridge, but the deck was in place and it was easy to hoist the bike over the barriers and ride on.

Along the way, I fiddled with other VeloViewer features and visualizations. In particular, I like the Wheel for visualizing a map, distance, and elevation of a multi-day ride. One metric that will keep me busy for the rest of my long-distance cycling life is Eddington.

As you might expect, a number of other RUSA members have signed up with VeloViewer. I invite you to take a look and see what you think. 🚲

WEBSITES OF INTEREST:

Tile heatmap
veloviewer.com/explorer

Tile "knowledgebase"
rideeverytile.com

Free tile visualization #1
statshunters.com

Free tile visualization #2
squadrats.com

What is a tile?

The short answer is, "About a square mile." The long answer requires math.

Imagine the world projected flat. Choose a zoom level, n . Then divide this projection into squares with 2^n divisions on a side. This results in $2^n \times 2^n = 2^{2n}$ squares. A zoom level of 14 has been chosen by VeloViewer for their Explorer Score. This results in 16,384 divisions on a side, a constant 1.318 minutes wide, and a total of 268,435,456 tiles.

How big is a tile?

To answer that question, I start with the question, "What is a meter?" Remember that it's 10,000 kilometers from the equator

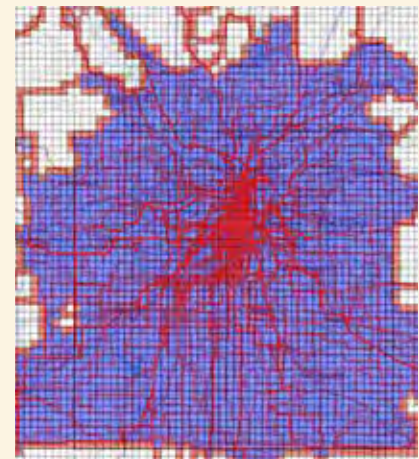
to the North Pole. That's a quarter of the way around the world. So the circumference of the earth would logically be 40,000 kilometers if it were a perfect sphere. It's not, but that is close enough. So a tile is $40000\text{km}/16384$ tiles = 2.44 km/tile in width and height at the equator. Multiply that value by the cosine of the latitude to get the tile size anywhere. Here in Kansas City with a latitude of very nearly 39° , a tile is 1.89km on a side. In a random spot on earth, say, Newfields, NH, with a latitude of 43° , a tile is significantly smaller at 1.78km on a side.

But wait, there's more! 64 times more.

Squadrats has their own vernacular for tile, cluster, and max square. Squadrat, Yard, and Übersquadrat, respectively. What's more, they subdivide each tile into an 8x8 grid of what they call Squadratinhos. (If you're still doing the math, that's a zoom level of 17.) A Quadratinho being about the size of a city block, it's great for exploring the nooks and crannies around town. Completing the analogy, the Quadratinho, Yardinho, and Übersquadratinho are analogous to the tile, cluster, and max square, respectively.



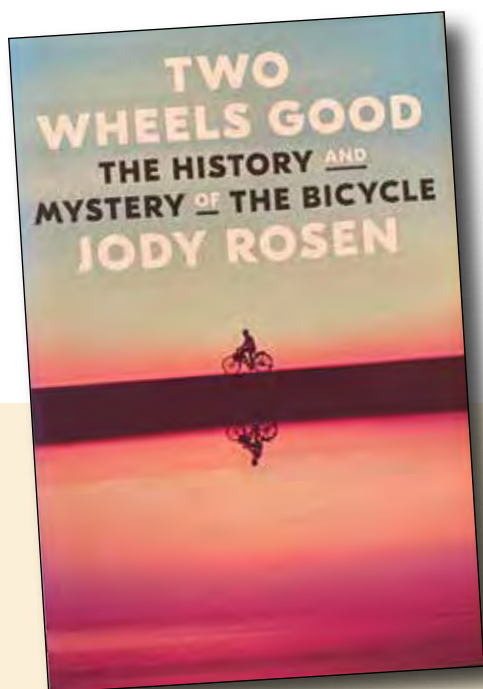
Author's 8x8 max square upon joining VeloViewer.



Author's 44x44 max square after 2.5 years of exploring.

Another history of the bicycle? Really? Don't we know this all already? The general outline will undoubtedly be familiar. The first proto-bicycle "running machines," known also as velocipedes, were invented in the early 19th century followed by the strange high wheel penny farthings of the 1860s and '70s and the modern "safety" bicycles" of the 1880s and '90s.

Since then, modern bicycles have been endlessly refined for speed and weight. Yet it is remarkable how little they have strayed from their original—some might say almost perfect—design. While we may already know these facts, good history is far more than a collection of facts and journalist Jody Rosen does a fine job telling the stories that link these facts together in interesting, fresh, and unexpected ways as the word mystery in the book's subtitle suggests.



Two Wheels Good: The History and Mystery of the Bicycle

BY JODY ROSEN

Crown, 2019
396 pages

Those in search of a detailed chronological history of the bicycle may be disappointed. Rather than march through the past in a linear fashion, Rosen chooses to explore a collection of select moments and themes across the entire span of time during which the bicycle has existed. Throughout this journey, he shines light on some of the less well-known corners of the cycling world and makes some very interesting connections. We learn, for instance, how the earliest bicycles were playthings of the elite that generated the type of ridicule and class rage not unlike that seen demonstrated today by the "coal rolling" pick-up trucks on rural roads in many parts of this country. As the most efficient use of energy on the planet, the bicycle has long been seen as an effective means of getting from one place to another and in some countries today, bicycles are in far greater use than cars, although this is rapidly changing.

While there is much that Rosen does not cover in this volume, there is also much that he "un-covers" which may be surprising to even the most ardent bicycle fans. Rosen's choices are both interesting and idiosyncratic. Notably, there is virtually no racing covered here, a fact that some may find to be refreshing and others will see as a shocking omission. On the other hand, we are treated to a curious chapter on the bicycle as an object of sexual desire as well as a play-by-play account of the author's visit to trick cyclist Danny MacAskill's ancestral home in Scotland. More tragically, though, the author also draws startling connections such

"Hobbies; or Attitude is Everything, Dedicated with Permission to All Dandy Horsemen." This handcolored etching was published in London in 1819 and is included in the book.

as those between the turn of the century bicycle boom and the extraction of rubber and frame materials by European powers in places like the Congo which caused the deaths of millions of workers and enslaved vast populations in an exploitative colonial economy. Clearly, the bicycle has not always been an unambiguously "green machine."

A headsatcher I still find difficult to comprehend is that the bicycle was such a latecomer in the transportation scene. While wheeled carts and carriages had been used since ancient times, no one developed a self-powered, wheeled personal transportation device until the velocipede in 1817. What's more, these foot-powered, Fred Flintstone-style "running machines" were not even given pedals and cranks until quite a few decades later. Shockingly, the steam engine locomotive actually predates the bicycle, having been invented in 1804. In other words, the bicycle is a thoroughly modern invention.

Despite an interesting chapter that explores the epic Bikecentennial crossing of the United States during the summer of 1976, there is very little discussion of endurance cycling in general and the specific ways that people have sought to push the boundaries of distance using a bicycle. Also missing is an examination of recent technological innovations in building materials and lighting that enhance our contemporary experience.

So why would a book about bicycles



that generally overlooks racing and endurance applications be of interest to an audience filled with randonneurs? In part because the bicycle's interesting and complex lineage is our lineage, too, and because a more three-dimensional understanding of the peculiar and sometimes troublesome history of this object of our passions will help us to understand it and, in turn, ourselves just a little bit better.

There is a good chance that most readers, even those not obsessed with



bicycles, will find *Two Wheels Good* to be an enjoyable read. Jody Rosen is a talented writer with an engaging prose style and a playful sense of humor. His background as a journalist is evident, yet perhaps a bit of a drawback in that the chapters of this book at times feel like a series of essays rather than a complete package with a unified narrative arc. Nevertheless, if you do not already own a copy of this book, you really should get your hands on one. While I am generally a fan of both libraries and e-books, this one may be worth owning in hard copy. Well-produced and entertaining, the hardcover edition is the sort of book you may want to hold in your hands, have on your shelf, and be able to refer to often. It would also make a very nice gift. 🚲

Author Jody Rosen.

—PHOTO WHITNEY CHANDLER

Ride Report: 2022 Treasure Cove 1200km

BY JOSEPH TODD

This Grand Randonnée was two years in the planning, I had heard, and the excellent organization showed that this was likely true. The cue sheet was clear, and the route had been checked, so I never made a wrong turn. Maybe I should have re-routed one area though.

About 11:00pm on Day Two, a few dogs began to chase me at a time when I happened to be eating a small bag of pungent beef jerky. I sprinkled the food behind me as I made my escape. Fighter jets have magnesium flares to throw off heat-seeking missiles. I have jerky.

Overall, the ride had beautiful countryside, favorable weather (most of the time), good roads with low traffic,

and friendly people. Central Virginia has much history and beautiful, rolling farmland. A historical marker explained that Westover Church was founded in 1613, in Charles City, VA, as colonists expanded westward. Lots of wonderful memories of this ride will stick with me; watching a bald eagle flying parallel to us, fittingly, near Washington D.C., is just one. Another memorable segment,

with shade and a tail wind, is the Virginia Capital Trail, leading to historic Jamestown, VA, and a ferry crossing of The James River. The trail is 52 miles long, fully paved and has services along the way. It connects the former capital of Virginia, Jamestown, to the current capital, Richmond.

Variety keeps things interesting, and so it was with the terrain: flat on Day One; lumpy on Day Three, and downright hilly on Day Four. Most of this brevet I rode alone because I'm too slow to keep pace with anyone. However, it was nice to sometimes see in my mirror a variety of randonneurs from various locales, foreign and domestic, as we leapfrogged one another repeatedly. Strong, friendly, and kind riders chatted as they passed me. Nice strangers at churches and stores helped keep my mood positive.

Yes, there were difficulties. The heat, humidity, and headwinds made riding 10mph difficult for me early on Day Two. The final 200km, on Day Four, was painful; yet there is so often a change of circumstances ahead. In this case it was a cooling rainstorm while climbing out of Maryland, back to Virginia. At times, the white crust of salt on clothing and on riders' faces evidenced the challenging weather. But then sunset felt like air conditioning



The reward.

—PHOTO JOSEPH TODD



by comparison, and suddenly the ride took on a new feel. These high and low points in any brevet repeatedly underscore the lesson for me: at any given point, whether I feel strong or weak or poorly, that feeling will change; just keep moving forward. That was especially true on one flat, dry, dusty segment when a crop-dusting airplane sprayed a yellow chemical just before I passed by. I held my breath and tried to pedal out of it.

Of note, I had zero bicycle problems, and I got about nine hours of sleep, more than on any other 1,200km that I have ridden. It is a great luxury to be off the bike during the wee hours of the night, and that was purely due to

Happy to arrive at first overnight control.

—PHOTOGRAPHER NOT KNOWN

the outstanding support at overnight controls. At each hotel, my bag was in the room and the food was ready and waiting! This positive overnight rest built upon itself, leading to a better start the next morning, and so on, throughout the ride.

If you get a chance to ride with the Northern Virginia Randonneurs, go for it. I predict you will enjoy the experience. And don't forget to bring jerky. 🚲

Attention Members

The RUSA newsletter is mailed via third class mail to the address on file of all current members. It is critical that you inform the membership office of any change of address, so that your newsletter will reach you in a timely fashion.

Update your address online at:

www.rusa.org/cgi-bin/memberaddresschange_GF.pl

...and to renew your RUSA membership!

Memberships run from January through December.

Renew online at:

www.rusa.org/cgi-bin/memberrenew_GF.pl



2022 Cascade 1400: Behind the Scenes

BY SUSAN OTCENAS

My cell phone rings for the umpteenth time on the fourth morning of Cascade. My wingman, Liam, picks up the phone and says to me, “It says it’s Bill Gobie.” I steer the van to the shoulder.

Me: “Hey, Bill, what’s up?”
Bill’s wife, Lorene: “We found Nyssa’s wallet.”
Me: “Oh, hi Lorene....Wait, WHAT?”
Lorene: “We found Nyssa’s wallet.”
Me: “What do you mean you found Nyssa’s wallet?”

Lorene: “On our way home from Wenatchee, we stopped at the store in Mineral Springs. We found Nyssa’s wallet in a dumpster when we threw away our trash. It was just sitting right there. But we can’t bring it to the finish tomorrow because we have another commitment.”

Me: “OMG, you’ve gotta be kidding me.... What are the odds? Ok, hang on to it while I figure out how to get it from you.”

Nyssa had lost their wallet “somewhere” during Day 3, on their way to Wenatchee. When they rolled into the overnight, it was simply gone. Mineral Springs is 80km from the overnight, and yet the Gobies had stumbled on the wallet. After talking with Lorene, I spent 15 minutes figuring out how to get the wallet from the Gobies to the finish, where Nyssa could

collect it. Then I messaged the finish control captain to expect a wallet hand-off and I messaged Nyssa with the good news. Whew! I put the van in drive and moved on.

2022 was my third time organizing Cascade. With 6 overnight locations, five remote on-course staffed locations, two luggage trucks, one sweep vehicle, 55+ volunteers, multiple caterers, and an eclectic mix of riders from around the world, organizing an event of this magnitude should earn one a master’s degree in logistics, and organizing it

three times ought to be worth a PhD. My Google drive folders for the event are bursting with procedures, spreadsheets, and lists. But for all the advance planning that goes into a grand randonnée, the number one thing an organizer needs to plan for is staying flexible and reacting to the unplanned.

8:01pm on night one, my cell phone buzzes. It’s a friend whose wife tested positive for COVID that day. One of our riders had stayed with them for several days leading up to Cascade, and she’d dropped him off at the ferry to the start just yesterday.

Friend: “I sent him a text and let him know he might want to get a test.”
Me: “I have 22 tests in my van.”
Friend: “Of course you do.”

Blewett Pass on course control.

—PHOTO SUSAN OTCENAS





Luggage truck transporting bikes.

— PHOTO KEITH MOORE

I huddle with the overnight control team. We make a plan to present the rider with a test when he arrives at the control. I go to bed at 11:00pm. When I wake up at 2:00am and return to the control desk, I learn the rider rolled in just before 1:00am, took the test and was positive. The rider was isolated in a classroom (this control was at a school), had been taken some food by the

control captain, and was now asleep. I confer with the school superintendent on what our options are for public transportation and we figure out the bus schedules.

As riders filter in for breakfast, I let them know we have a positive and offer up more masks for riders to use at stores in the communities they visit. Quite a few riders take some.

After the riders depart, the control captain takes the positive rider to the shower room, gets him breakfast, and directs him to the bus stop where he can catch a ride (double masked) to the nearest community with a hotel.

Four days later, the control captain tests positive for COVID.

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COVID threw all sorts of wrenches into the works for Cascade. Who would be required to wear masks and where? How could we minimize “close contact” at the overnights? How would DNF’d riders find their way home? What if a rider or volunteer turned up sick on the ride? How many meals could we serve outside?

Van HQ.

— PHOTO JEFF MENDENHALL



Costco — van tetrís.  
—PHOTO SUSAN OTCENAS

Several weeks before Cascade, our rider list was at a capacity of 85. Over the next few weeks, it dropped to 72, mostly due to current or recent cases of COVID. The day before the ride I received three additional messages from riders dropping out because of illness, including an international rider who was isolating at the start hotel because he had tested positive that morning. The week before the ride, a volunteer who was supposed to staff a remote on-course control late in the evening turned up positive and had to be replaced on short notice. The next day, the general manager of the start hotel turned up positive. Half of her staff was out as well, so they couldn't get us early check-ins because they couldn't clean the rooms quickly enough. I started to wonder if the 22 home tests I had stockpiled would be enough.

9:45pm on night two. The innkeeper at our overnight control approaches me with a phone pressed to her ear. "OK, hold on", she says, "the organizer is right here." She passes the phone to me. The caller is the daughter of X, who was in some kind of distress, but the problem was unclear. He'd called his wife, the wife had called the daughter, the daughter called the inn....

My phone lights up with a text from a different rider: "Susan, can you please send someone to pick up X? I think he is not OK. Around 5 miles out." We dispatch a control volunteer to go search for X. My phone rings: "Susan, I'm with X. I'm staying with him until someone comes." I let the caller know a volunteer is already on the way and thank them for sticking with X. We eventually find him walking along the road, bring him back to the



overnight, get him settled and fed, and call his emergency contact to let them know he is okay.

11:45pm night three. Another 300+ km day for our riders with temperatures approaching 100 degrees midday. It's cooling off now, but riders are strung out for miles as they slowly work their way towards Wenatchee. The sweep is along the course, dot watching the riders still out. I send him a text.

*Me:* "How are you holding up?"  
*Him:* "Getting the stink eye from every cop and parking lot I settle in. Middle-aged man sitting in a dark parking lot late on a Sunday night. What is he doing? Oh, he's a randonneur."

8:01pm night four. I get an email from Thai, who has been riding well ahead of the rest of the peloton and has decided to ride through the last night to the finish instead of stopping at the overnight.

Thai texts me: Re: Hwy Construction—"Mile Marker 145—bikers asked to load onto pilot truck."

Ruh roh. Cyclists in a pilot truck are cyclists not riding. I shoot a message back to Thai asking how far the truck transport moved him but know I'm unlikely to receive a response as he's in an area with little cellular service. I call

Mark Thomas. The Cascade course is 6km over the nominal 1400km distance. What happens if the transport is more than 6km? Mark tells me that if the transport is more than 6km, when riders arrive at the finish, I need to send them back out to do enough distance to make the full 1400km. This





Packwood Team.

—PHOTO NARAYAN KRISHNAMOORTHY

was the expected answer, of course, but my stomach does a flip flop anyway. I've only done one 1400km, but I arrived at the finish thoroughly thrashed. If someone had told me I needed to go back out to ride a few more kilometers, it might have broken my will to live.

At 7:45am the next morning, Thai responds with the good news: transport was less than 3km. Whew! Crisis averted.

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You can look at the route map for the Cascade and see it as a finite thing, with a start and a finish. But really, as riders clip in at the start, an organizer knows that an infinite number of possible permutations of experiences



are waiting down the road, and that it's the unknowable sum of these experiences that will create the event's memories for the riders and volunteers alike. I hope this peek at a few brief moments in time provides a perspective

not often seen in the pages of AR. Whether on or off the bike, no two people experienced the 2022 Cascade the same way, and we'll all be telling our stories for years to come. 🚲



Finish control.

—PHOTO KEITH MOORE

Bikes loading for transport.

—PHOTO SUSAN OTCENAS

The Low Lows of Randonneuring Make for High Highs

BY BILL WATTS

Not every challenging ride is epic. But near-epic rides matter, too. I relearned this lesson on this year's Small Town 300km, on May 21, 2022. An out-and-back from Indianapolis, where I live, to Seymour, ninety miles to the south, this ride did not register high on my scale of difficult rides. Seemingly more challenging events included riding through a tornado at the end of a 600km in Wisconsin and the 2009 London-Edinburgh-London, when the temperature dropped to the upper 30s in Scotland (*in July*), and it rained so hard that I could not see for hours.

But this year's Small Town 300 did register.

The first unusual thing about it was that there were only two of us on it. I am the RBA, and I developed the route almost ten years ago and have ridden it almost every year since then. For various reasons, no one else in my club signed up; however, Sarah Rice had driven from Chicago the night before for the event.

I had not met Sarah before, but she turned out to be one of the more remarkable riders I have ever met on the road. She had completed only a couple of randonneuring events, but she has been a Category 2 racer and

has a string of criterium victories. She also worked on the support crew for Phil Fox in the Race Across America (RAAM) this summer.

My first impression was that Sarah is someone completely immersed in the

world of cycling. She punctuated every other sentence with the exclamation, "Dude," and she was full of details from her own racing and from Phil Fox's upcoming ride.

In addition, Sarah has the ability I have often encountered in serious athletes to talk about the physical aspects of the sport in frank terms. She referred to her seat-post bag as her "beetlebutt," and she could talk about the virtues of different chamois dimensions, and how they affect one's undercarriage, in very direct ways. Endurance sports require one to confront the body with its strengths and weaknesses, ugliness and beauty, but my Protestant reticence prevents me from speaking so directly. I admire people who can.

As we rode along, I learned that Sarah also has a Ph.D. in biophysics and had been a professor in the medical school at Northwestern University. Five years ago, she left her tenured position to become a physical therapist. She seems mostly to have made this radical career transition out of a desire to help others more directly. One of the pleasures of a long ride, I find, is peeling back the layers on other people's experiences and attitudes and discovering the complexity you might initially have overlooked.

We were an odd pair on the road. I am an experienced randonneur, having done three consecutive PBPs, beginning in 2011, but I have never raced. I come out of the plodding tradition of commuting and touring. My riding motto comes from friends in



Selfie while fording a stream.

—PHOTO SARAH RICE

An unidentified conservation officer took this shot as we crossed over fallen limbs.

—PHOTOGRAPHER UNKNOWN

Seattle, “Relentless Forward Motion,” and I have never aspired to win a contest on the road. Sarah could have left me in the dust at any moment and finished the ride hours before me. I think she stuck with me because I knew the route and because we knew there would be some challenges ahead.

I knew in advance about the first challenge, but I wasn’t sure how to get around it. A bridge over a creek was closed for reconstruction 75 miles into the ride, and the official state detour took you onto Interstate 65. That wasn’t happening, and I wondered if there might be enough left of the bridge for us to get over it by bike.

When we got to that point in the ride, however, two motorcyclists told us the bridge was completely closed, and they directed us on a three-mile detour. This part of Indiana is quite lumpy, and circumventing a creek crossing means climbing up onto a ridge with 18-20 percent grades. The detour was completely manageable, but it is not the sort of thing you want to do often on a long ride.

After this detour we had smooth sailing to the turnaround point in Seymour. After we turned around, though, we watched the sky grow increasingly dark. The storm hit about ten miles into our return.

We did not ever get the sort of helmet-thumping rain that thunderstorms sometimes bring, but it did rain moderately for a couple of hours, and there was some lightning. More importantly, though, we went through the kind of massive headwind that threatens to throw you off your bike until you shift your weight and adjust your direction. If I had not experienced actual tornadoes in Oklahoma, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, I might



have thought this was one, too.

Eventually, we turned north, and the wind abated. From this point on, however, the road was strewn with branches and downed trees. At many points we passed places where tree trunks had been freshly cut up to clear the road with logs stacked up on both shoulders.

When we got near the place of our earlier detour, a sizeable tree lay across the road, and a crew was working with chainsaws to clear it. Sarah and I managed to hoist our bikes over the tree trunk and its many branches.

As we were climbing over the downed tree, I asked a member of the crew, who turned out to be conservation officer with the Hoosier National Forest, if there were any other way around the closed bridge. He told me that the only other way around the bridge was longer and hillier than the way we had come. BUT, he said, we could probably make our way through

the construction site, as sandbags had been placed in the stream.

And, so, that is what we did—we forded the stream. At one point during our crossing, Sarah put her whole shoe in the stream, and our passage was also quite muddy. For the rest of our ride, we looked as though we had been through a moderately wet cyclocross race. But we made it.

That was not the end of our adventure, however. About ten miles up the road, we came to a place at the top of one of the longest climbs where a tree had come down across the road and had taken down a live electric line. A police officer was stationed on the road to turn everyone away from the danger.

Because I have a long history of making my way through apparently closed roads, I asked the officer if there were not some way to get around the closure. She said “no.” She had a gun. We obeyed.

And so we went back down the hill we had just climbed and took a second detour of about six miles, which again entailed quite a bit of climbing. It was a beautiful road, but it was not entirely pleasant to do those extra miles. Again, though, we managed.

During the detour Sarah began to worry that we might not finish the ride in time. She said she was willing to cut her time in the two remaining controls to a minimum. And, she went on to say, even if we did not get credit for the ride, the experience would still be valuable.

Because I knew that we would soon leave the heavily forested section of the ride and would experience less road

One of the pleasures of a long ride, I find, is peeling back the layers on other people’s experiences and attitudes and discovering the complexity you might initially have overlooked.

debris, and because we had nearly three hours in hand before the detour, I knew that we were not in any real danger of failing to finish the ride in time – unless another massive storm came through.

When we got to the next stop, the two overnight gas stations we have sometimes used for controls were both closed. Sarah spotted an ice cream place across the street that was open, and so we went there for water. It turned out that the ice cream place also had real food, and by this time Sarah had realized that we had plenty of time to finish. So, we sat down for our only real meal of the day.

These are the moments I cherish most in randonneuring: You've endured some period of difficulty and then enjoy some period of pleasure. I remember once riding through a difficult night in Germany and coming to a bakery in the early morning. The bakery didn't open for another hour, but the baker saw us peering longingly through the window. She opened up the shop and gave us our choice of the wonderful pastries ready for the new day. It was delightful.

In randonneuring we journey from islands of stress and despair to islands of comfort and joy. And the comfort and joy we feel are all the greater for the

Beyond the usual lessons of perseverance in the face of setbacks, this ride also reminded me of the value of companionship.

stress and despair we endured.

Life itself is like that, too.

The rest of our trip was uneventful.

A light tailwind gave us a push home, and we finished with more than two hours to spare, pleased to have endured the challenges this ride had thrown at us.

Beyond the usual lessons of perseverance in the face of setbacks, this ride also reminded me of the value of companionship. I belong to the "solitude is not loneliness" school, and, because I am at the slower end of the spectrum, I am used to riding hours and days on my own. And I generally enjoy that.

But it is also good to get to know other people and to see how they deal with the challenges of the road. Early on in the ride, I realized that I had lost a screw on one of my cleats, and this was making it difficult to click in and out. At the first control Sarah opened up

her beetlebutt and revealed a Russian-doll-like system of interlocking bags and boxes. She handed me a box containing various small parts, including enough spare screws for several cleats. Sarah told me that she was even better equipped for medical emergencies. She probably carries a defibrillator in her beetlebutt.

In addition, Sarah projects no fear, and she took each of the challenges of the ride in stride. Massive wind and lightning? No problem. Climbing over fallen trees and fording streams? Piece of cake. Unexpected detours with additional climbing? Let's go!

I, too, try to live life without fear, and this is one of the values I appreciate most in randonneuring. But it's a lesson that one must continually relearn, and it does not always come easily. For this reason, it is always inspiring to see others model the kind of behavior we hope to achieve. 🚲

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RUSA Elections

By the time you receive this edition of *AR*, information on the annual RUSA elections will have been shared in our new *Between Controls* email newsletter.

If you missed the email notice, check the RUSA website:

[rusa.org](https://www.rusa.org)

In Memory of Metin Uz

BY ROB HAWKS WITH SFR RANDONNEURS

Regardless of how we come to randonneuring, one common thing hooks and holds us in this crazy endeavor: the people we meet, the people who seem to be waiting for us to join in.

Some of us were waiting for Metin Uz to join us, and the rest found him when they became randonneurs. We all found a kindred spirit, someone who loved the challenge that began with all-day rides and ended when we rode through the night toward the sunrise and the next day's adventure. No matter the wildness of the idea, Metin was ready to join in the adventure: traveling to Oregon to ride a Super 600, and warming up to that by riding a DART planned to coincide with an eclipse; completing a K-Hound by riding nothing but brevets; riding from Badwater in Death Valley to Whitney Portal, summiting the mountain, and then returning; joining a group to cross Tuolumne Meadows and climbing to Tioga Pass and then racing to outrun the afternoon Sierra thunderstorms. There were many such adventures with Metin.

Some of us only crossed paths with Metin, and some of us rode the same path for hours or days at a time, but all of us found a truly accomplished randonneur, someone who was completely prepared, who knew how to fix whatever broke, who pedaled with an elegance, and always looked as fresh at the finish as he did at the start. And every one of us remember his smile.

You can't be a randonneur without a bicycle, and Metin certainly had a passion for bikes. His collection numbered more than 20 and ranged from high-end contemporary bikes to vintage bikes made around the time

he was born. He owned, and more importantly rode, bikes in all disciplines: road, track, gravel, mountain, commuting, and on. When you saw Metin on a ride of any type, his was the most exquisitely maintained as well.

Off the bike, Metin was also a remarkable person. In past lives, he competed at the highest levels in bridge, winning a national tournament. He scuba dived and explored caves, and he was an accomplished trail runner. Growing up in Turkey, he achieved the second highest score in the national academic testing prior to college, and in the US he studied at Columbia University. In his work life, he made integral contributions in the technical aspects of video and when described by his college professor, the word 'genius' was used.



— PHOTO JOE BUNIK

The friends Metin made in randonneuring are still coming to terms with his passing, and as this process goes forward, we've found that sharing memories helps provide context. The accompanying photos only scratch the surface of all the rides Metin joined but do begin to convey a sense of Metin.

Metin, you will be sorely missed. 🚲

The San Francisco Randonneurs will be hosting events on Sept. 24th that use 3 of Metin's favorite brevet routes.

More info at: sfrandonneurs.org.



— PHOTO ROB HAWKS

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.

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Alexander, Ron [11]	Overland Park, KS	6/3/22
Anderson, Randy T [3]	Peoria, IL	6/12/22
Bingham, Bob [9]	Greensboro, NC	7/15/22
Bryant, Bill [4]	Santa Cruz, CA	6/26/22
Castellano, Steven J	Metuchen, NJ	6/5/22
Gomon, Robert	Idlewydle, MD	4/20/22
Gottlieb, Gary P [10]	Aledo, TX	6/27/22
Gridley, Ross [9]	Pickerington, OH	5/11/22
Huber, Kerin (F) [8]	Pasadena, CA	7/13/22
Ishihara, Mitch [7]	Issaquah, WA	6/28/22
Ivory, Shaun [2]	Woodinville, WA	7/2/22
Lentz, Rick [2]	Vineland, NJ	5/2/22
McDermott, John T.	Seattle, WA	7/2/22
Midura, Lawrence A [4]	East Syracuse, NY	7/2/22
Moy, Colin S	Castro Valley, CA	4/19/22
Ogilvie, Raymond [9]	North Plains, OR	7/1/22
Pacino, Dana A (F) [5]	Aledo, TX	6/27/22
Quoc, Myvan	Fremont, CA	5/21/22
Ranson, Emily	Ellicott City, MD	6/7/22
Smith, Gregory H [5]	Richland Center, WI	4/19/22
Springsteen, Lois (F) [6]	Santa Cruz, CA	6/7/22
Thomas, Mark [9]	Kirkland, WA	7/9/22

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, within two years of the first counting event:

- 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.

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Barankay, Iwan	Philadelphia, PA	6/14/22
Dorobek, Russell [2]	Austin, TX	4/25/22
Karpick, Jonathan [2]	Cleveland, OH	5/24/22
Newberry, Jeff [10]	Austin, TX	7/3/22
Peterson, Eric [2]	Naperville, IL	7/10/22
Russell, Amy L (F) [5]	Waco, TX	7/18/22

Ultra RUSA Cup Award

Whereas the RUSA Cup award recognizes members who accumulate at least 5,000km during two-year period including all of the RUSA event types, the Ultra RUSA Cup recognizes the attainment of ten (10) RUSA Cups. There is no time limit. [RUSA Cup award details].

To be recognized, the member must have earned and applied for ten RUSA Cups..

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Newberry, Jeff	Austin, TX	7/3/22

RUSA American Explorer Award

By definition, a randonnée is a long ramble in the countryside. The American Explorer Award recognizes the achievements of RUSA members rambling across the United States. The award is earned by riding events that cover at least ten (10) different U.S. states and territories.

This is an ongoing achievement program that recognizes continued exploration of additional states and territories. The maximum achievable number of states and territories will depend on the availability of routes and the member's desire to explore. Once a rider has credit for all 50 states (territories and DC are 'extra credit'), they can start again.

NAME	CITY, STATE	TOTAL STATES	APPROVED
Burke, Brian P	Dawsonville, GA	22	7/20/22
Castellano, Steven J	Metuchen, NJ	11	7/6/22
Claussnitzer, Mario	Jackson Heights, NY	24	7/12/22
Diehn, Dan S.	Black River Falls, WI	26	5/7/22
Driscoll, Dan	Arlington, TX	34	7/10/22
Geisert, Rodney D	Columbia, MO	27	6/6/22
Heller, Misha Marin (F)	Alexandria, VA	15	7/1/22
Klaassen, Spencer	Saint Joseph, MO	44	5/12/22
Mathews, Craig	The Woodlands, TX	26	5/2/22
Newberry, Jeff	Austin, TX	19	6/29/22
Nguyen, John D	Seattle, WA	11	6/6/22
Phillips, Calista (F)	Frederick, MD	18	7/11/22
Plesco, Craig	Harrison Township, MI	10	7/16/22
Ray, Joseph	Bernardsville, NJ	14	6/14/22
Russell, Amy L (F)	Waco, TX	11	7/18/22
Tulloh, Robert F	Austin, TX	14	4/30/22
Wright, Pamela (F)	Fort Worth, TX	31	7/10/22

Galaxy Award

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

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Pacino, Dana A (F) [2]	Aledo, TX	7/3/22

Ultra P-12 Award

The Ultra P-12 award recognizes the accomplishment of ten P-12 Awards over any number of years.

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Gottlieb, Gary P	Aledo, TX	6/27/22

RUSA Awards

RUSA Coast-to-Coast Award

The Coast-to-Coast 1200km award is earned by RUSA members who have successfully completed four different Randonneurs Mondiaux 1200km-or-longer randonnées held in the United States.

A member may earn multiple Coast-to-Coast awards. No event or different editions of the same event may be used more than once among multiple awards. For example, if Boston-Montreal-Boston 2002 is used in a member's Coast-to-Coast award, BMB'06 (or other edition) may not be used to claim another award.

The four events needed to qualify can be completed at any time and over any number of years.

RUSA congratulates the riders who earned and applied for the Coast to Coast 1200km Award.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
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7/8/22	Adere, Andrew Steven	Reston, VA
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EVENTS 2021 Western NY Waterfalls
2021 Northern Virginia Clover
2022 Treasure Cove
2022 Cascade

7/6/22	Chin-Hong, Patrick	Amherst, MA
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EVENTS 2012 Taste of Carolina
2013 Gold Rush Randonnee
2018 Great Lakes Mac 'n Cheese
2022 Treasure Cove

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
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6/6/22	D'Elia, John	Middletown, CT
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EVENTS 2002 Boston-Montreal-Boston
2018 California Central Coast Randonnee
2021 Northern Virginia Clover
2022 Treasure Cove

7/1/22	Heller, Misha Marin (F)	Alexandria, VA
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EVENTS 2021 Western NY Waterfalls
2021 Northern Virginia Clover
2022 Treasure Cove
2022 Mason-Dixon

6/7/22	Martin, Charlie A [2]	Sunnyvale, CA
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EVENTS 2021 Western NY Waterfalls
2021 Northern Virginia Clover
2021 Crater Lake 1200
2022 Treasure Cove

6/7/22	Todd, Joseph H	Decatur, GA
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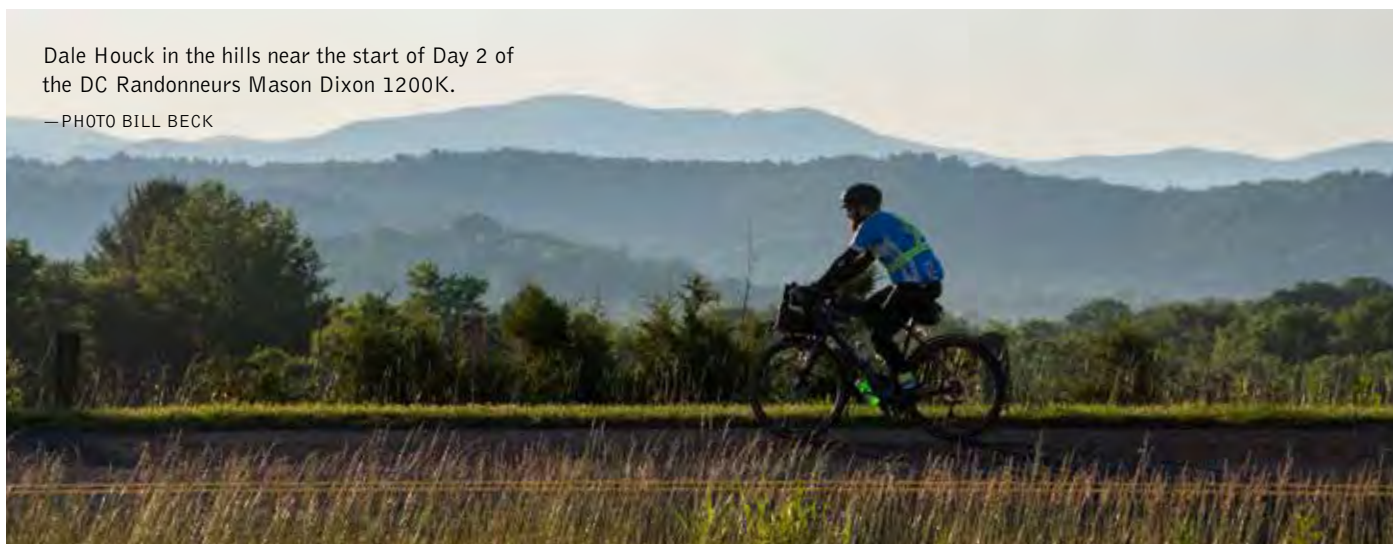
EVENTS 2014 Taste of Carolina
2017 Taste of Carolina Spring
2021 Western NY Waterfalls
2022 Treasure Cove

6/21/22	Warren, Corinne Downs (F)	Monument, CO
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EVENTS 2014 Colorado High Country 1200
2016 Cascade
2017 Gold Rush Randonnee
2022 Treasure Cove

Dale Houck in the hills near the start of Day 2 of the DC Randonneurs Mason Dixon 1200K.

—PHOTO BILL BECK



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.

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Bigler, Wallace J [10]	Houston, TX	5/14/22
Carlson, Chris M	Minneapolis, MN	6/18/22
Diehn, Dan S. [4]	Black River Falls, WI	4/24/22
Driscoll, Dan [18]	Arlington, TX	6/12/22
Dunlap, Wayne [10]	Austin, TX	4/17/22
Gottlieb, Gary P [17]	Aledo, TX	6/27/22
Guslyakov, Oleksiy	Doylestown, PA	5/17/22
Haley, Joshua J [5]	Canton, OH	5/12/22
Jones, Gregory A	La Canada Flintridge, CA	7/18/22
Karpick, Jonathan	Cleveland, OH	5/10/22
Kline, Stacy (F) [9]	Newport Beach, CA	5/8/22
Lanteigne, Ken [7]	Gresham, OR	7/11/22
Maglieri, Christopher [9]	Weatogue, CT	6/12/22
McAlister, Grant [6]	Morro Bay, CA	4/17/22
McCaw, Richard G [13]	San Jose, CA	6/3/22
Nadovich, Chris [8]	Easton, PA	6/12/22
Nicholson, Jack [10]	Arnold, MD	5/18/22
Pacino, Dana A (F) [15]	Aledo, TX	6/27/22
Povman, Michael D [4]	Sleepy Hollow, NY	5/17/22
Ross, Graham A [6]	Portland, OR	5/18/22
Russell, Bill [8]	Vineyard Haven, MA	4/22/22
Schenkel, Mark S [7]	Orlando, FL	4/20/22
Stevens, Sharon (F) [14]	Richardson, TX	7/13/22
Turek, Michael Gerald [6]	Longmont, CO	6/18/22
Vlaikov, Michael A	Edgewater, MD	6/30/22
Wright, Pamela (F) [16]	Fort Worth, TX	6/25/22

Mondial Award

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

Mondial: 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 is achieved by a member for the completion of every 40,000 km in RUSA rides. (That is, after achieving 40,000 km, 80,000 km, and so forth.)

It is automatically recognized upon completion of the required distance.

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Adams, Charles J	Midland, TX	7/5/22
DelNero, Gary M	Leawood, KS	5/15/22
Diehn, Dan S. [2]	Black River Falls, WI	5/22/22
Donaldson, Paul H [2]	Richmond, VA	5/5/22
Engstrom, Dawn M (F)	Philadelphia, PA	7/12/22
Gottlieb, Gary P [9]	Aledo, TX	5/21/22
Hands, Ian Page [2]	Asheville, NC	7/17/22
Kanaby, Gary [2]	Salado, TX	6/13/22
Lanteigne, Ken	Gresham, OR	4/14/22
Midura, Lawrence A [2]	East Syracuse, NY	5/22/22
Moore, Keith	Woodinville, WA	4/17/22
Nguyen, John D	Seattle, WA	4/29/22
Nicholson, Jack	Arnold, MD	5/18/22
Pacino, Dana A (F) [5]	Aledo, TX	7/3/22
Ross, Graham A	Portland, OR	6/20/22
Selby, Ron	Zionsville, IN	6/17/22
Smith, Paul K	Cooper City, FL	5/8/22
Tulloh, Robert F [2]	Austin, TX	7/17/22

RUSA Awards

RUSA Rouler

The RUSA Rouleur award is earned by completing at least one event within each type and distance range of event listed below.

RUSA Rouleur recipients must complete, in the same calendar year:

- 100-124 km populaire
- 125-149 km populaire
- 150-199 km populaire
- 200-220 km brevet
- and an 8-hour Dart populaire team randonnée of 120 km or longer. At least three team members must finish the ride together for this event to count for the award.

The recipient must be a current member of Randonneurs USA during each of the qualifying rides.

Each counting ride must be an event on the Randonneurs USA calendar. Permanents and foreign events cannot be used to earn this award.

The award can only be earned once per calendar year per member.

Longer events cannot be substituted for shorter events (e. g., a 130 km populaire cannot be used for the 100-124 km counting event requirement; a 13.5-hour Dart team randonnée cannot be used for the 8-hour Dart team populaire.).

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Aviquivil, Fatima C (F)	Seattle, WA	5/26/22
Bryant, Bill	Santa Cruz, CA	6/26/22
Glantzberg II, Hughes J	Sterling Heights, MI	7/8/22
Gobie, Bill	Seattle, WA	5/26/22
Kanaby, Gary [2]	Salado, TX	7/8/22
McAlister, Grant	Morro Bay, CA	6/26/22
Medina, Anthony M	Bainbridge Island, WA	5/26/22
Neff, Philip J	Seattle, WA	7/8/22
Smith, Gregory H	Richland Center, WI	7/18/22
Springsteen, Lois (F)	Santa Cruz, CA	6/26/22
Tocco, Marcus	Sterling Heights, MI	6/27/22
Wright, Duane	Seattle, WA	7/12/22

Ultra R-12 Award

Whereas the R-12 award recognizes the completion of a 200km (or longer) randonneuring event in each of 12 consecutive months, the Ultra R-12 Award recognizes the completion of ten (10) R-12s. There is no time limit; there may be gaps between any of the 12-month sequences that define each R-12.

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Dunlap, Wayne	Austin, TX	4/17/22
Nicholson, Jack	Arnold, MD	6/2/22

Ultra Randonneur Award

The Ultra Randonneur Award is for RUSA members who have ridden ten (10) Super Randonneur series. The Super Randonneur (SR) series of brevets (200 K, 300 K, 400 K and 600 K in a calendar year) that are used to qualify for the Ultra Randonneur Award need not be in consecutive years, nor is there a time limit on how long it takes to accumulate the ten SR series. Note that it is possible to earn more than one SR series per year, making it possible to earn this award in fewer than ten seasons.

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Lanteigne, Ken	Gresham, OR	6/14/22
Martin, Charlie A	Sunnyvale, CA	7/1/22
McKee, James	Seattle, WA	6/21/22
Ross, Graham A	Portland, OR	5/18/22

Volunteers at the start of the DC Randonneurs Mason Dixon 1200: Theresa Furnari, Emily Ranson, Dave Ripton, Leslie Tiersten, David Qi, Laurie and Walt Pettigrew, Gardner Duvall, Roger Hillas, and John Mazur.

—PHOTO BILL BECK

Rando Scout Awards

Created to encourage exploring new routes, the Rando Scout recognizes RUSA members who have ridden at least 25 distinct routes in brevet, populaire, or grand randonnée (1200km and longer) RUSA events. (Permanents do not count.) The route must be in the RUSA Brevet Routes database and be linked to the event ridden by the member. There is no time limit to accumulate routes.

NAME (25-49 unique routes)	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Batek, Jon	Batavia, IL	5/6/22
Donahoe, Tim	Minneapolis, MN	7/13/22
Gardes, Yonnel	Bellevue, WA	5/18/22
Harding, Dustin B	Loveland, CO	6/12/22
Hosokawa, Takeshi	Poway, CA	4/14/22
Kehler, Mike	Longwood, FL	5/21/22
Koss, Brian	Palo Alto, CA	7/3/22
Levy, Deacon Matthew J	Le Claire, IA	6/29/22
Mestemacher, John	Carlsbad, CA	4/14/22
Milsom, Dave	San Diego, CA	6/21/22
O'Connor, Patrick F	Washington, DC	5/17/22
Povman, Michael D	Sleepy Hollow, NY	5/16/22
Prandelli, Andreas	Forked River, NJ	7/12/22
Reiche, Karl	Anchorage, AK	6/9/22
Reuter, James R.	Bethel, ME	6/12/22
Walker, Kirsten H (F)	Tres Pinos, CA	5/21/22

NAME (50-74 unique routes)	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Brier Jr, Bill A	Fremont, CA	5/21/22
Claussnitzer, Mario	Jackson Heights, NY	5/4/22
Danhaus, Paul E	Wausau, WI	6/7/22
D'Elia, John	Middletown, CT	7/12/22
Edwards, Joe	Glenwood, IA	4/19/22
Hillas, Roger	Washington, DC	4/20/22
Jurczynski, John	Box Elder, SD	5/4/22
Nichols, Eric M	Newfields, NH	6/28/22
Phillips, Calista (F)	Frederick, MD	6/28/22
Ray, Joseph	Bernardsville, NJ	6/5/22
Rollman, Gary	Reading, PA	6/27/22

NAME (75-99 unique routes)	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Anderson, Michael	Mansfield, MA	5/4/22
McKee, James	Seattle, WA	6/10/22
Sturgill, Michael R	Phoenix, AZ	6/27/22

NAME (100-124 unique routes)	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Shopland, Ian	Olympia, WA	6/10/22

NAME (150-174 unique routes)	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Pacino, Dana A (F)	Aledo, TX	5/6/22
Wright, Pamela (F)	Fort Worth, TX	6/5/22



AMERICAN RANDONNEUR

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