

AMERICAN RANDONNEUR



VOLUME 19 • ISSUE #2 SUMMER 2016

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Hit and Missive: Reflections on a Bike Wreck

The Most Popular Permanent Populaire in Oregon: A Photo Essay

It's Just a Flèche Wound





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



American Randonneur Magazine

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COVER—The colors of the American flag are a symbol of strength, unity, pride and inspiration. For the American Randonneur, the red, white and blue also represents camaraderie and the love of the open road.

PHOTO BY KEITH A. SPANGLER,
NIKON D7200 W/85MM LENS

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President's Message

My first bike, a used, balloon-tired, fendered bike with 20" wheels came with training wheels, but my Uncle Tom convinced me I didn't need those to learn how to ride. He would sit on the rack in back and put his feet down and right us if we veered or tilted to one side or the other. Of course, he hopped off halfway down the block and ran after me only a few houses before stopping. I, of course, didn't realize he was no longer there until I ran out of sidewalk at the end of the block and needed to make a decision. It all turned out just fine I guess, and from that point on I was hooked on cycling.

Later, as a teenager, I remember spending day after day watching the Olympics broadcast on television, paying particular attention to anything shown that covered cycling, imprinting the Olympic cycling logo in my memory. Many years later, when I joined RUSA I knew our logo was familiar for some reason and when the penny dropped and I linked the two things I poked around on the internet to find out a little more on the history of the symbol. I found then that a version of that symbol had been associated with the Olympics and cycling going as far back as the early 1960s (shortly after I was first learning to ride).

The current RUSA logo has served our organization since our founding in 1998. Nearly 18 years later we will undertake the job of selecting a new logo, though the current logo will remain a part of our history. Past RUSA President Jennifer Wise and current Board Member Deb Banks are heading the search for a replacement and this issue of the *American Randonneur* will carry an announcement about the project. Please read that article for more details but in short if you have design skills and a desire to contribute to RUSA please contact them.

If I may be allowed, I'm going to slip back again into RUSA's history to give context for this next topic. At the time I became active with RUSA, the four Bay Area RUSA Regions all offered pretty much the standard brevet series: a single 200, 300, 400 and 600km brevet. Occasionally, some of those local groups didn't even offer the full series and the season was confined to the early part of the year as well. This was largely true of all the RUSA Regions across the country. If you were an active rider you might do the full series and then a few more events, accumulating between 1500 and maybe 2000kms each year. Getting to 40,000km in RUSA distance would therefore take a rider a long time, perhaps a randonneuring lifetime, or so it was thought. Two big things changed that landscape: the expansion of the ride calendar beyond the spring time, and the RUSA Permanents program. This made achieving the RUSA Mondial Award a fair bit easier simply by increasing the opportunities to ride RUSA events. Two other awards, the R-12 and the K-Hound awards no doubt brought the goal even more within reach.

In RUSA's early days it was decided that the Mondial Award, 40,000km of RUSA distance (equaling the circumference of the Earth), and later the Galaxy Award (100,000km of RUSA distance) would be free awards. In RUSA's current days, the number of members reaching these goals is increasing to the point where it has put a strain on the RUSA budget, and reluctantly, the Board has decided to align the Mondial and Galaxy Awards with all other awards and have them begin paying for themselves. Going forward, members who reach the milestones of 40,000km and 100,000kms will be acknowledged

for that accomplishment, and then they can purchase the award through the RUSA store. As a recent recipient of the Mondial Award, I decided to retroactively pay for my award. No past recipient of either of these awards is expected or obligated to do this too, but should you be interested in doing that you can get details by dropping me a note at president@rusa.org.

Back in 2010, I rode the inaugural Central Coast 1000km, hosted by the Santa Cruz Randonneurs. On that ride I met Mike Dayton, visiting from North Carolina. Mike impressed me as an easy going, very likeable riding companion. Shortly after that, Mike rejoined the RUSA Board where I got to work with him for several years, particularly as he served as President. I followed Mike in that position, and shortly after composing and submitting my first President's Column I heard the news of a horrific collision involving Mike and three of his best riding companions, RUSA members Joel Lawrence, Lynn Lashley and Chris Patrick. These riders were hit from behind while riding a RUSA permanent, and news of this hit me hard. As cyclists we have a legitimate place on the road, and rather than have this incident scare me off the road, I instead plan to continue to take my place on the road and in some small way contribute to the greater awareness that cyclists will be there using the roads and belong there as well. The more we are seen on the road, the more we will be expected to be there. I ride for Mike Dayton. I ride for Joel Lawrence. I ride for Lynn Lashley. I ride for Chris Patrick.

—Rob Hawks
RUSA President

From the Editor

First, gratitude that the four riders—Mike Dayton, Lynn Lashley, Joel Lawrence, and Chris Patrick—mowed down by a North Carolina motorist some weeks ago are alive and recuperating. Reports are that Lynn and Mike have a substantial road to recovery, but with the support of their families, friends, and the randonneuring community, we hope that they will heal and return to good health. I know I'm not exaggerating when I say that we all have them in our thoughts.

This mishap rocked the RUSA community, and you will find references to it in the president's message as well as in Chris Newman's "Rando(m) Thoughts." We are also fortunate to have Mike Dayton's very recent post to Bike Law USA, reprinted here with their permission. Again, wishing a speedy recovery to all four fellow randonneurs.

On a lighter note, the summer issue also offers several articles exalting the blessings of the sport we love. Both Keith Spangler and Paul Johnson write about the camaraderie created, tested, and fortified by the long hours on the road. Michael Gary Allen, a member of the 1964 U.S. Olympic Road Cycling Team, discusses the strength of character developed and exhibited in randonneuring, and at the end of his piece there is even a shout-out to Lois Springsteen and the heroic conclusion of her 7th successful PBP. John Mathias takes a different tack, focusing on the generosity of people encountered while out on the road; he reminds us

to appreciate the kindnesses that we receive on our adventures.

Paris-Brest-Paris is still in the thoughts of many randonneurs. George Swain reviews three recent films that focus on PBP. Luis Bernhardt reviews the remarkable ride of Charly Miller in 1901, and his own attempt at a Charly Miller time in 2015. And Craig Mosher describes one incredible memory from the 2015 PBP. Finally, Georgi Stoychev offers a ride report on the tough 600K ride that earned him the right to do PBP.

Now, focusing on the current season, this issue offers a ride report from a spring flèche, and two narratives about possible rides. The flèche is, somehow, both a great deal of fun and an early-season opportunity to suffer in the best of randonneuring traditions. It was just this way for Team Flèche Wound that completed the Georgia flèche. If you'll be in the northwest any time soon, take note of Lynn Fitzsimmons' excellent write-up of a scenic populaire near Portland, Oregon.



Also, John Ceceri describes his unique event titled Montreal Double Double—two 300K rides with a rest day in Montreal sandwiched in the middle.

Finally, I am happy to publish the interview that Mary Gersema conducted with RUSA #1, Jennifer Wise. Jennifer has had a wide-reaching, long-term, and deep commitment to the growth of RUSA and randonneuring. If you were at the start line of PBP 2015, you might have heard her translating speeches from French to English. She has done much to translate this French sport for American enthusiasts, and it is a pleasure to acknowledge her contributions to our sport and organization in this issue.

I hope you enjoy the summer edition of *American Randonneur*, and I hope you have a good season of riding. Be safe out there, please.

—Janice Chernehoff
Editor, *American Randonneur*

A Tough D.C. Randonneurs 600K

BY GEORGI STOYCHEV

The 600K brevet was the only obstacle between me and PBP 2015. I was determined to finish, as I had been dreaming of PBP since my first randonneuring event in 2001. If I could just overcome this last obstacle.

The route was designed by Lynn Kristianson. I had met her briefly in 2011 on my very first ride in the United States, the Urbana 200K. She passed away recently, so this ride was also for her. Lynn designed routes that are notoriously tough, and I thought that if I could finish this ride with 22,000 feet of climbing, PBP would be a piece of cake.

We started early in the morning when the fog was thick as a blanket, creating a surreal effect over the Shenandoah Valley. We were very

lucky with the weather both days. Clouds protected us from the sun, and wind pushed us forward. Fellow rider Hamid told me that we would get a double tail wind. I laughed, but it turned out he wasn't lying. The wind was behind us the entire route, pushing us along the road, like a good friend until the last kilometer.

The sun appeared late the first day, poking through the clouds and melting the fog. We were pleasantly greeted by the gorgeous vistas of the Shenandoah Valley. Every time I looked

right or left, I was left speechless. Fog was coming from the mountains, which were covered in green. The view was like an artist's masterpiece, and the higher we climbed, the more beautiful the scenery was.

At the control before the next climb, we joined forces with Gardner and Theresa. What a great time we had riding together!

Between mile 160 and mile 205, there were some nasty climbs, which you can see on the elevation map. I heard many people walked one particularly steep hill that felt like at least a 15 percent grade at the very top. No shame in that.

Before the sleep stop, we descended for quite a while but had to climb once more to reach the control. Somebody had decided to build Raphine, the city in which our sleep control was located, on top of a mountain, and I wasn't happy about it! But finally it was sleep time.

My drop bag with fresh clothes and some microwavable food was also waiting for me there. And the shower was like a gift from heaven. Gardner and Theresa said they were taking four or so hours sleep. I claimed I would sleep 3 hours, but overslept. Still, after four-and-a-half hours my body felt fresh. When I got up, Kelly Smith and Mike Wali were ready to departure, too, so I rolled out with them.



Georgi Stoychev and Chris Mento on Mountain Valley Rd after control 2.

—PHOTO MARY GERSEMA



Georgi Stoychev near mile 60 after New Market, VA and before Control 2.
—PHOTO MARY GERSEMA

Georgi Stoychev with Ed Felker and Hamid Akbarian at the start.
—PHOTO SHAB MEMAR

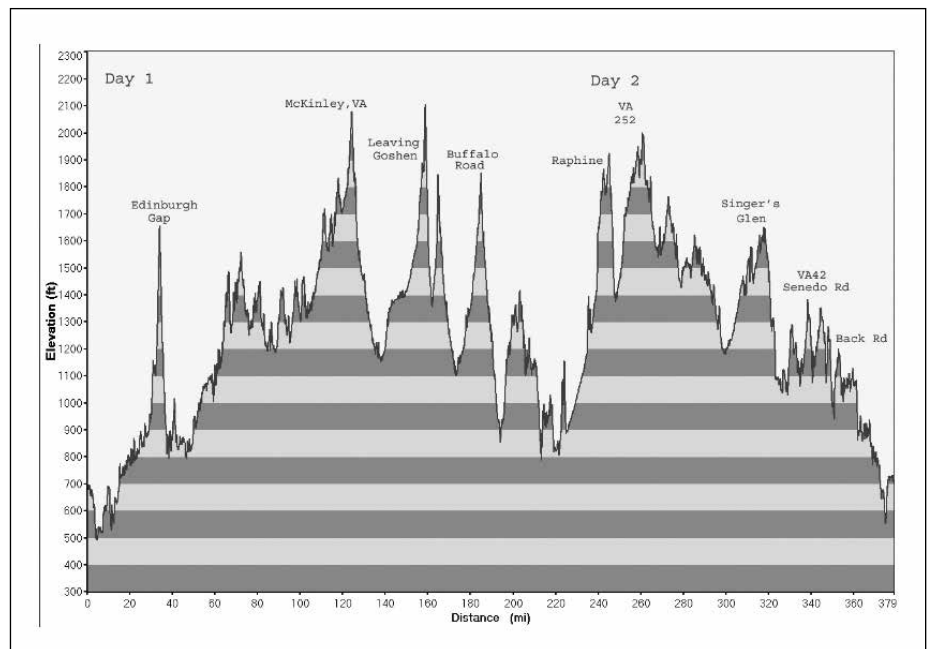


Amazingly, the wind was still behind us on the second day of this adventure. This was much-needed, as we were exhausted and sore. I felt sleepy again and generally uncomfortable. I decided to stop for five minutes every hour, stretch a bit, apply creams and elevate my legs. I remember lifting my legs on a light pole in a ditch, staring in the skies, inhaling and exhaling. Life in the ditch.

Toward the end of the ride, I felt better and my speed increased. Finally, we were at the last control before the finish. There was a big climb right after the control and just 40 miles to go. Mike told me that he would take his time and stay a little longer at the control so I left on my own.

Up the hill I climbed. As I approached the top, I heard somebody yelling. It was Mike. My GPS confirmed my suspicions; I was off track.

We were soon on the crest of the mountain overlooking the valley. It



was stunning, and a series of big rollers greeted us. I pushed on the gas and finished the D.C. Randonneurs 600K in a respectable 36 hours and 34 minutes. And I qualified for PBP! 🚲

Elevation profile of the ride.
—DC RANDONNEURS BLOG AT DCRAND.ORG

Hit and Missive: Reflections on a Bike Wreck

BY MIKE DAYTON

I got hit. Put me down for 44 years without an injury, save for the occasional tired knee and lungs. A careful rider with a mirror to see cars that approach too quickly. A careful rider who watches and slows for riders off the back.

Yes, a careful rider, but I don't remember seeing the car that ran over us on February 20.

The four of us were attempting Saturday's 200K. We each knew the route and we knew each other. Like every other Saturday, we'd get through without a headache or hassle. We'd finish with minor strains and big laughs.

I got hit when the car ran us down—all four of us. To be honest, I hit my head and I don't know anything about the wreck.

Twelve days later with my head ringing and my back aching, I was grateful to be alive. I've heard that in the ten or twelve days that I was unconscious, my wife was crying and my son was crying. I've heard that my friends showed up in the waiting room and consoled them, but I don't know anything about those days. I don't know who saw me, I don't know who prayed over me, or held my hand. I just know that dozens of people were happy to see me alive. When I finally woke

up, the wall was covered with posters and cards from neighbors and friends and riders across the country who had heard about my injuries and wished me the best.

Here's an aside. We spend this time on our bikes. We think of our victories, about the hills we have climbed in front of others, about the 250 miles ridden in one day, or the multi-day pulls that leave us intact and ready for more. I thought about those things. I'm a rider after all.

But I had more pressing problems to deal with now. The left side of my body was asleep and numb and my brain shut down every 2 hours, insisting on a nap. So, yes I was grateful to see another day. It would be two more weeks, however, before the full extent of my injuries became apparent.

Let me focus on the good things. As I talked to Kelly, I told her that I would start from zero and pick up everything emotionally and mentally again. When you live through severe injuries like I have, you get a chance to start over with your life. Instinctively I knew that, I acknowledged that, and I set my sights on a new beginning.

What does that mean to me? It means everything is positive and everything is a plus.

There are no negatives, only newfound opportunities. Never mind the sprints I had won or the hills I had climbed. Given my injuries, every step and every movement would be a positive.



Mike Dayton celebrating his 2015 birthday with a ride from Raleigh, NC to Occoneechee State Park, VA.

—PHOTO IAN HANDS

When I started talking again, Kelly was there. There was a relief in her eyes and a pained smile. My son Daniel acted closer than he's ever acted before, showering me with smiles and hugs. I hadn't expected these things from either of them. As I began my recovery, I was confused by their actions and also grateful for them.

Meanwhile, the left side of my body was paralyzed. I couldn't move my left eye or my left hand. I guess when you have a crash you pick yourself up from scrapes, burns and bruises and ride on. Not me. I was trying to make very basic things work again. So, what do you do when you can't bike anymore—I was set to find out. I had notes from friends on the wall. They said they were thinking about me and encouraged me to ride again. But they didn't know, no one knew the brain injuries I had suffered and how I would struggle to climb on my bike again.

Fortunately, I have Ann Groninger,

a Bike Law founder and North Carolina bicycle crash lawyer, handling my case and she will get to the bottom of what caused the wreck. Please stay tuned for details about the civil case.

In the meantime, I'm working to put my life back together from the physical and cognitive deficits that I suffer. I hope you will read as my case moves forward and my recovery progresses.

If you are headed out on your bike today, please remember that every trip, no matter how short, is monumental.

Forty-four years and no injury, but now I have one and it makes me rethink everything. I see biking as more important than ever, and I hope to return to it one day; after all, it has been my life. Please go out there and ride a 200K in my memory. Let's all be safe and let's all remember why we ride.

Now, about that driver. I've had drivers beep at me, throw cups at me, but this is a first. Driving carelessly and

hitting one person is bad enough. You hit four people and your actions are criminal. You can't run over four people and get away with it. I'll leave this to Ann to sort out. (www.bikelaw.com/2016/02/26/bicycle-crashes-are-not-accidents/)

Above are all my own thoughts. However, at this stage I would have never been able to reduce them to writing in an organized, coherent manner without the typing and edits of Kelly. So, as I recover, if you see more posts from me, please know of Kelly's behind-the-scenes role until I indicate otherwise.

Thanks to Kelly and Daniel, and I want to thank all my friends around the globe. Please know that I'm not riding yet, but I look forward to the day I get back on my bike and can enjoy each and every one of you as a cyclist. 🚲

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Chasing the Ghost of Charly Miller at Paris-Brest-Paris 2015

BY LUIS BERNHARDT

I thought it would be much easier. In 2011, I had ridden Paris-Brest-Paris (PBP) in under 65 hours on a fixed-gear bicycle. Completing the ride in 2015 in under 56 hours and 40 minutes—Charly Miller’s time in the 1901 PBP—seemed a not-too-difficult prospect, even on a single-speed.* And in my opinion, the real hallmark of a Charly Miller ride would be to do it unsupported, just as Miller did.

Of course, the conditions in 2015 were totally different. In 1901, the course followed what is now France’s N-12 autoroute between the Bois du Boulogne in Paris and the Café du Commerce in Brest. The 1901 PBP route distance was 1196 kilometers. At that time, the N-12 was mostly a dirt road between towns, while the streets in towns and villages were often paved with rough cobblestones. A hundred years ago, the N-12 was used largely by horse-drawn carriages, coaches, freight wagons, and the first motorcars, while modern randonneurs have to contend with motorized vehicles.

The N-12 is hilly, but not quite so much as the contemporary PBP route. The 2015 route followed secondary roads connecting tiny villages circuitously from west of Versailles to Brest and then back. The 2015 course was 1230 kilometers long, and started about 30

kilometers west of its 1901 location. The original PBP route was likely not marked with arrows, and probably only required following the main highway signs to Brest and back to Paris.

Charly Miller, who established himself as the first American to enter PBP in 1901, is little-known today, even among bicycle racing aficionados. Who was this remarkable rider?

In August of 1893, Miller arrived in the United States from eastern Germany.¹ He was about 17 years old. Miller likely landed on newly-opened Ellis Island, where the immigration official must have anglicized his name, from Klaus Mueller to how he is known to us today—Charles Miller. (He was known in the US as Charles or Charlie Miller—“Charly” came from the French journalists later.)

Miller was one of the millions of emigrants who made the journey from

Europe to the United States in search of opportunity for a better life. He continued westward to Chicago to live with his older brother and, interested in the latest developments of that progressive age, one of his first stops was the Chicago World’s Fair, the “Columbian Exposition” in honor of the 400th anniversary of Christopher Columbus’s arrival in the New World.

Among the many attractions at the World’s Fair was the increasingly popular sport of bicycle racing. The Columbian Exposition Bicycle Racing meet was being held on a track at 35th St. and Wentworth Avenue. This captured young Miller’s imagination, for he soon found a job in Chicago as a grocery clerk, saving five dollars each month to put toward his first bicycle.²

Miller showed some potential, and soon “he was spotted by scouts from the old Morgan and Wright bicycle tire manufacturing firm while racing as a recreation in Garfield Park. They sponsored him for his first race in Louisville, Ky., and he won in a breeze.”³

Miller became one of the best long-distance riders of his day. He won the last two single-rider six-day bicycle races held at Madison Square Garden (MSG Six-Day), in 1897 and 1898. These were demanding marathons where each rider rode the entire six days—142 hours. Many riders were unable to finish, or finished as hallucinating wrecks. Miller outlasted them all and covered enormous distances each time.

Near the end of the 1898 MSG Six-Day, with Miller far in the lead, his handlers arranged for a publicity stunt to pump up the paying crowds. They set

*Although Miller used a fixed gear on the track, he had always been interested in the latest technology. Like many riders, he became interested in motor-paced racing (“demi-fond,” or middle-distance), behind motorcycles and multi-rider tandems, and in 1899, he and fellow rider Tom Linton had brought over three motors from France to stir up North American interest in this discipline. He had also collaborated on the development of a motorized tandem. The freewheel had been invented in 1899/1900, and I’m sure he would have seen its advantages on the open road and had access to one.

Luis Bernhardt at the finish of the 2015 edition of the Silver State 508.

—PHOTO CHRIS KOSTMAN

up a trackside wedding with his fiancé, 17-year-old Genevieve Hanson, who had been hanging out at the velodrome all week watching Miller whiz by, lap after lap. The promoters brought in Miss Hanson's mother by express train from Chicago, and they interrupted the racing for a half hour on Saturday to perform the wedding ceremony between Miller and Hanson. Promoters also charged the spectators twice the normal admission to witness the event! Despite the wedding being a promotional scheme, Miller and Hanson remained steadfast. They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in Chicago in 1948 in the company of many old-time bike racers.⁴

In 1899, the MSG Six-Day changed to a two-man team format and Miller, partnered with Frank "Dutch" Waller, won again. The press referred to this team as "The Flying Dutchmen," a popular moniker for Germanic riders of that time, although neither rider was Dutch. Waller was originally from Munich, and both lived in Chicago. The two had covered over 2,733 miles



on the tiny 0.10-mile (160-meter) MSG track, a record that would stand until 1908.

Between his numerous Six-Day exploits, Miller made annual trips to France in April and May. Newspaper accounts refer to trips he made in 1898 and 1899. He rode and finished the Roubaix, a 96-hour continuous race, and he won a 72-hour race held in Paris. "When Charly Miller won a three-day race in Paris, France, in 1898, he took only seven five-minute rest periods in the seventy-two hours," journalist Alec D. Kennedy noted in the

Chicago Tribune.⁵ Miller was known to the French before PBP, and he would have been familiar to the racing crowd around Paris. More importantly, he was clearly accustomed to riding for hours on end at speed, a prime requisite for a gruelling contest like PBP.

The initial PBP in 1891 was a race open to French riders only, and was ostensibly a test of equipment over a long distance. PBP was so difficult to organize that the promoters—Pierre Giffard and the newspaper *Le Petite Journal*—decided to run it only every 10 years.

The second edition of PBP was sponsored again by *Le Petite Journal*, but with the added resources of Henri Desgrange, who would later found and promote his own race in 1903, the Tour de France. In the 1901 PBP, riders from outside France were admitted, including track ace Charly Miller. Unlike the first event, PBP racers and amateurs were split into two groups. The slower riders became the *touriste-routiers*, the equivalent of today's *randonneurs*. Unlike the professionals, they were not allowed any support.

“Charly Miller, who established himself as the first American to enter PBP in 1901, is little-known today, even among bicycle racing aficionados. Who was this remarkable rider?”

Miller arrived in Paris in 1901 after a forgettable couple of seasons. He had crashed in a Six-Day in September of 1900 and had to be taken to hospital. He suffered a concussion and broken collarbone. In December Miller had ridden the MSG Six-Day with Bobby Walthour Sr., and had retired early in the race.⁶ PBP was likely the key to salvaging his season and the 10,000-Franc first prize would certainly encourage him.

Miller arrived on his own, sponsored for PBP by both Crescent and Cleveland Bicycles. (Cleveland was a brand of H.A. Lozier and Co., one of the biggest bicycles companies of the 1890s. Crescent Bicycles was another American import in France; the two firms joined forces to save costs to have riders in the epic race.) Miller now had some “teammates” but support would go only to the fastest riders of the team; slower team members would have to make do with less. Unless he was in the lead, Miller would have no dedicated trainers or mechanics, no follow car with spare bikes, and no pacers to ride in front of him and shield him from the wind. Support between controls was not banned until 1911, and teams took maximum advantage of this.

Miller was riding against the top Continental professionals of the day, including a few who were now on his team. Maurice Garin, “the little Chimney-sweep” (le Petit Ramoneur) was a two-time winner of Paris-Roubaix. The odds-on favourite was one of Miller’s new “teammates”, Lucien Lesna, who was the French and two-time European motorpaced champion, and had won Paris-Roubaix earlier that year. Gaston Rivierre, another fierce competitor, was a three-time winner of the 600-kilometer Bordeaux-Paris marathon.

The 1901 edition of PBP was supposed to start and finish at the Parc des Princes Velodrome in the southwest of Paris. Today, the big 48,000-seat soccer stadium is there, but in 1901 it was a shallow, roundish,

“I plan to try for Charly Miller time again in 2019. I’ll be well over 65, but I think I will use gears next time to lessen the effects of the continuous hills. Like Charly Miller, and as a respectful tribute to his achievement, I will ride unsupported.”

egg-shaped 666.6-meter velodrome. However, rain caused the start to be moved to the posh Chalet du Cycle, which was “run as an establishment of good company, and located near the bridge to Suresnes.”⁷

Shortly before 5 a.m., the 25 professional riders set off. They charged over the bridge and into Suresnes, then over the hills west of the Seine to Dreux and beyond. Over 100 tourist-routiers started 17 minutes later. Lucien Lesna and Hyppolyte Aucouturier attacked from the gun and were the first riders to Dreux (km 81), having averaged 34 kmh. Miller, using the draft of other teams, was in eighth place when he entered Dreux only 15 minutes later.

Lesna was on a mission. By Saint-Brieuc, 451K, he had 10 minutes on Maurice Garin and 12 minutes on Aucouturier, who was prompted to jeer, “He must have forgotten that we have to turn at Brest and return to Paris!”⁸ By now, Miller was more than an hour behind Lesna, but still in seventh place at this point.

The 2015 PBP route was further to the south and went over a jagged sawtooth profile of hills. Although both Miller and I passed through Mortagne-au-Perche, our paths diverged at this point, with Miller headed east to Pre-en Pail as I headed a bit further south and climbed to

Villaines-la-Juhel. Our paths then criss-crossed twice. I headed due west to Fougeres, Tinteniac, and Loudeac on quiet country roads, while Miller traveled south to Laval and Rennes, then north to Saint-Brieuc on the main highway.

The flying Lesna and his team of pacers reached Brest at 3 a.m. on Saturday, having covered the first 598K in a shade over 22 hours, a remarkable average speed of close to 27 kph. Garin and Aucouturier were two hours behind when Lesna started his return. Then things started to fall apart.

Despite rain at the start, it had been a sunny and hot two days. Lesna, riding with bare arms and legs, had developed bad sunburns. His skin was blistered and charred. At his return past Saint-Brieuc, his lead over Garin was down to 1 hour and 45 minutes. In Rennes, he was so uncomfortable that he stopped for a bath to soothe his burnt skin. Although Lesna had left before Garin arrived, by Laval the headwind had picked up and his lead was down to just seven minutes. His fast-charging chaser, Garin, caught and passed him in Mayenne as night

Charly Miller in 1898.

—PHOTO COMMONS.WIKIMEDIA.ORG

was falling on Saturday, but Lesna immediately latched onto the faster wheel and the two rode together for the next 20K. But the effort of the two days and the sunburn were too much for Lesna. By Pre-en Pail, he lost fifty minutes to Garin, who rode off alone into the darkness. Rivierre was still two hours behind, and Miller was even further back with mechanical issues, but Lesna had had enough. Before reaching the 1,000-kilometer point in Alençon, Lesna announced his retirement from the race to the controllers.⁹

Rennes is southwest of Fougères, and 346K from the 1901 PBP finish. It was here, or near here that Miller's bicycle broke.¹⁰ There is no record of where or what part of it broke or how; we only know that when Miller finished, he was on a bicycle borrowed from his friend and motor-paced rival, the Welshman Tom Linton.¹¹ I can only surmise that Miller had something go wrong with his bike that made riding difficult but still possible. Fortunately, Linton had ridden to Rennes to check on the progress of the competitors, including his American friend Miller. Or perhaps Linton had agreed to help Miller in Rennes, a strategic place to have someone provide food and spares, as it was the control closest to the

midway point between Paris and Brest.

Maurice Garin completed the epic ride at the Parc des Princes Velodrome in a record time of 52 hours and 11 minutes. Garin was followed two hours later by Rivierre. Aucouturier and Michel Frederick finished together about 45 minutes later. Because this was a 666-meter track, the riders would have had one-and-a-half laps to ride after they entered the velodrome, and they were timed over this final kilometer.

On entering the velodrome, Frederick had sprinted ahead of Aucouturier, but he mistook the bell for the end of the ride and eased up. Aucouturier flew past him and held the lead to the finish a lap later, with a furious Frederick only ten meters behind.¹² Miller finished fifth, 1 hour and 50 minutes behind these two. Showing off his track speed, Miller also set the fastest time of all riders for the last kilometer, a scintillating 1:27.08, after riding nearly 1200 kilometers and much of it on a borrowed bike! While fifth overall at the 1901 edition of PBP, Miller's accomplishment is still remarkable. He became the first American to finish PBP, and his fast time of 56 hours and 40 minutes remains an aspirational goal for many riders today.

I wasn't able to finish within Charly Miller time this year, but my attempt clearly demonstrated to me just what a superhuman effort Miller made. He rode the 1196 hilly kilometers unsupported, on a single-speed bicycle, while he also maintained enough speed to remain within a reasonable distance of the leaders, who had pacers to follow.

Given the roads, food, and knowledge of training and nutrition in existence over one hundred years ago, Miller's ride is all the more impressive. My admiration for Miller and his achievement only grew as a result. I plan to try for Charly Miller time again in 2019. I'll be well over 65, but I think I will use gears next time to lessen the effects of the continuous hills. Like Charly Miller, and as a respectful tribute to his achievement, I will ride unsupported.

Miller quit bicycle racing "for a rest" that year. Two years later, he bought a car, and went into business as a taxi driver for larger taxi companies, until his retirement in 1945. He and Genevieve then sold their old Chicago home on North La Salle Street and moved to Franklin Park, where they lived until his death in 1951 at age 76.¹³ 🚲

The author and the editor of AR are grateful to Bill Bryant for his substantial editing assistance and PBP historical information.

¹ <http://www.cyclingarchives.com/coureurfiche.php?coureurid=38053> says Miller was born in Hildebrandshausen (Thuringen), while the Chicago Tribune, Aug. 15, 1943 says that he came from Saxony.

² Chicago Tribune, Aug. 15, 1943

³ Chicago Tribune, Dec 26, 1948.

⁴ Chicago Tribune, Dec 26, 1948.

⁵ Alec D. Kennedy, quoted in the Chicago Tribune, Aug. 15, 1943

⁶ <http://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/cgi-bin/paperspast?a=d&d=OW19010220.2.171>

⁷ Jacques Seray, Paris-Brest-Paris 120 Ans, 1,200 Kilometres, 2011, Jacques Seray

⁸ <http://www.randonneursontario.ca/history/phprace.html>

⁹ Seray, 2011

¹⁰ Bill Bryant, A SHORT HISTORY OF PARIS-BREST-PARIS ©, 1999; Randonneurs USA.

¹¹ New York Times, Aug. 19, 1901

¹² New York Times, Aug. 19, 1901

¹³ Chicago Tribune, Dec 26, 1948



The Essence of Our Sport

BY MICHAEL GARY ALLEN

Dear editors of *American Randonneur*,

Since my father, Michael Gary Allen, a member of the 1964 Olympic Road Cycling Team, has no email access, he has asked me to send the following submission on his behalf.

Many thanks for your support of the sport he loves so much; I know he enjoys your magazine immensely.

Cheers,
Mont Allen

Cyclists who have completed the Paris-Brest-Paris or other 1200K events are competitive athletes of the highest order. These athletes have executed a physical activity which is governed by specific rules and occurs in an environment which requires mental stability.

Challenges which they have had to surmount in order to meet the time requirement are geographic, physical, and mental. All three are omnipresent, ever-changing, and interactive. Even a cursory analysis of what the PBP riders have to battle produces admiration for their performance. They face 40,000 feet of climbing, fog, darkness, rain, variable road surfaces, and wind. Their bodies experience cramps, fatigue, hypertension, hypotension, loss of coordination, nausea, numbness, pain, sleep deprivation, and much more.

The bike ridden at the 1200K distance is a well-crafted machine. Yet the number, interaction, and complexity of its parts require constant attention

and are susceptible to malfunction and breakdown. Precious riding time is lost when replacing a spoke, tightening a cable, adjusting a derailleur, or changing a tire. This fact places additional stress on the rider.

The mind has to cope with a plethora of negatives. Rationales for quitting abound: I'll finish next time, why did I come back to suffer this way? And why can't I keep this food down? Frustrations caused by endless lines, sleeping arrangements, and missed directions erode strength and resolve. Fear and worry bombard the fatigued rider. Thoughts of crashing in the dark, and missing a control cut-off time, are but two of many.

A number of the riders shown on the cover and pages of the *American Randonneur* (Winter, 2015) are past the age of 40. Such individuals face additional handicaps: cardiovascular uptake, coordination, eyesight, flexibility, muscular strength, and a slower rate of recuperation. Also, the

PBP does not consider age or gender; both the 20-year-old male and the 60-year-old female must finish within ninety hours. During the late stages of a 1200K event, the knowledge that these age-related handicaps exist provide an additional rationale to DNF.

Without doubt, randonneurs are an adventurous, gregarious, and optimistic group who value and enjoy life. Many approach the PBP in personal terms and as an activity rather than a competitive event. Perhaps this is why comments made by participants, such as "I have little physical ability," "I'm not fast," "all I had to do was ride," are so prevalent. Collectively, however, such comments present to the uninitiated a composite picture of the rider that is highly misleading. Consider them one by one:

"I have little physical ability."

Both the PBP and the Western States 100¹ require that the athlete (1) meet a pre-event qualifying standard; (2) conquer a challenging course; and (3) finish within a specified time. Obviously both rider and runner undergo a long and systematic period of training. In both cases, a high degree of athleticism is necessary to finish.

"I'm not fast."

In sports competition, the terms "fast and slow" are often relative to distance and the prevailing conditions. Any cyclist who covers 1200K in 90 hours is indeed "fast."

"All I had to do was ride."

Although modest, this is simplistic to the point of absurdity. Imagine yourself in this situation: trying to

“Without doubt, randonneurs are an adventurous, gregarious, and optimistic group who value and enjoy life.”

control your bike while careening down a rain-slippery mountain road at 2 am. Add a gusting crosswind, aching neck, numb fingers, and fatigue, to the mix. All you have to do is ride? There’s a lot of ALL in all.

Many of the challenges I have cited also exist in training. I have not ridden a 1200K; my two forays at a 600K resulted in a DNF and a ‘skin of the teeth’ finish. However, I feel qualified to discuss aspects related to training. As a former Olympian and competitive distance cyclist, runner, and walker, I regularly trained with clubmates

who won national championships, set national records, and were themselves Olympians. At Olympic social functions, athletes, coaches, psychologists, and trainers often portrayed workouts as battles in a protracted war. It is the seemingly endless process of training that ultimately determines success at the PBP. Mind and body are both involved and eventually bond into a single unit. This fusion developed by randonneurs is equal to any in other ultra-distance sports.

The essence of our sport is contained within the character of each rider. Life is to be embraced, and what

Lois Springsteen described as “special difficulties” are part of that embrace. The fact that she trained for and finished seven consecutive PBPs is an astonishing feat! Yet it was her conduct during the 2015 event which encapsulates the spirit of our sport. She fell in a tunnel near Dreux. Her right wrist was rebroken. Only after satisfying herself that another fallen rider was okay (an act of Beau Geste) did she continue to ride. She was angry, close to bonking, exhausted, nauseated, and in pain. In this condition she was forced to one-hand the bike bars and walk the steep climb near Gambaiseull. Throughout this ordeal her guts and grit prevailed against adversity: true grace under pressure. Hurrah for our sport! 🚲

*Michael Gary Allen, Member 1964
U.S. Olympic Road Cycling Team*

¹ One-hundred mile trail run.

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Montreal Double Double: Two 300s and a Rest Day!

BY JOHN CECERI, SARATOGA, NY RBA

I'm hosting the Montreal Double Double as brevets, and it will be held August 5th-7th. The ride consists of a 300K brevet from Schuylerville, to Montreal on the 5th, a rest day to enjoy the city on the 6th, then a 300K brevet back to Schuylerville on the 7th. Schuylerville is located on the Hudson River in Saratoga County, about twelve miles east of Saratoga Springs and two hundred miles north of New York City. In fact, if you were riding from New York City to Montreal, Schuylerville would be almost exactly halfway.

The rides are a little on the long side for brevets, and come in at about 320K each day; however, they are not overly difficult, with a manageable 6,000' of climbing. The biggest issues are usually heat and wind, either of

which can make this an extremely difficult (or easy!) ride. Most years we're treated to a tailwind going north and have to battle a headwind on the way home, but we've also had years with a tailwind or headwind in both directions or neither direction. August is a dry month in this region, so rain usually isn't an issue and the worst we've had has been an occasional thunderstorm. Much of the ride travels along water (Hudson River, Lake George, Schroon River and Lake, Ausable River, Lake Champlain), so there can be early morning fog if it's cool enough, and we tell riders to be prepared for anything.

The route is defined by three distinct sections. The southern thirty miles between Schuylerville and Lake George is typical Saratoga/Hudson

Valley terrain, with rolling hills and a couple of short climbs. Just south of Lake George we climb into the Adirondack Park and once we get through the village, we're greeted with a four-mile climb to Warrensburg. That's the longest hill on the ride, but over the next one hundred miles there are several more hills in the two- to three-mile range, as well as a steady supply of short, steep rollers. Once we cross the Ausable Chasm, we're rewarded with a nice descent to Lake

RUSA members Bruce Tolda, Doug Haluza and Steve Bugbee riding with Amy Kemper and Dan O'Connor along Lake Champlain.

—PHOTO JOHN CECERI





The Northampton Cycling Club contingent making their way up one of the rolling hills in the Adirondack section.

Doug Haluza (RUSA # 6253) arriving in Schroon Lake.

—PHOTOS JOHN CECERI

Champlain, and the last seventy miles is a very flat jaunt to the finish.

Once we cross the border into Canada, you can feel the atmosphere change and everything becomes more relaxed. The people are a little more friendly, the drivers are mostly courteous, and the sight of a group of cyclists is not as uncommon as it is in the US. The only complaint is that some of the roads in Quebec are a bit rough, but they've been steadily repaving them, so the bad sections get shorter every year.

We stay on side roads as the run into the finish gets more urban, and we usually stay at a hotel in Longueuil, right across the river from the city. This helps with logistics and just makes our arrival and departure much easier. Montreal is only a short bike ride, metro ride or ferry away, and if riders want to stay closer, there is plenty to do right in Longueuil, Saint Lambert or Brossard.

The rest day is welcome and makes this ride special. Riders have a full day to explore Montreal and everyone takes advantage of their time. Some riders spend the day on their own or with new friends they have made. If a rider has a non-riding significant other, it's not uncommon for them to volunteer on the ride, and if we have an extra spot, we'll offer it to a non-rider.

We usually have two vehicles supporting the ride, with at least one



meeting us at each control to provide riders with water and pocket food. The vehicles also carry everyone's gear and luggage, so riders can travel light and fast.

My family usually comes along to help support the ride and most years we spend the day off at a museum, garden, park, festival, or just wander around the old city or go for a ride. Whatever our activity is, we always try to cap it with a nice dinner at a

local restaurant. Montreal is one of the world's greatest food destinations, and we wouldn't want to miss out on an opportunity to sample some of the cuisine. In fact, some of our regulars on this ride plan their dinner on Saturday night well in advance, and it's the highlight of their trip, and maybe even their summer.

This ride is limited to about fifteen riders, and we usually fill up, so if you're interested in doing it, don't wait! 🚲

Being a Randonneur Means to be Alive: A Review of Three Films

BY GEORGE SWAIN

No one loves an epic cycling story quite as much as a randonneur. Luckily, we're blessed with three new films this year that capture the magic of that most classic cycling event: Paris-Brest-Paris. Each film presents PBP 2015 in a unique fashion, yet together they contribute to a nuanced master narrative of the event that participants and non-participants alike should find quite compelling. Memory is a funny thing, especially when sleep deprivation is the order of the day, so riders who participated in this event may find not only entertainment, but also assistance in their quest to make some sense of their adventures. While my mind is filled with pleasant (and a few not so pleasant) recollections of PBP, it was not until watching these films that I was able to reconstruct a

Brevet
Curley Pictures
(79 minutes)

**Paris Brest Paris 2015:
The Full Film**
A Damon Peacock Film
(63 minutes)

PBP 2015: Le Film
The Official ACP Video
(42 minutes)

proper linear narrative of my journey from Paris to Brest and back again. In *Brevet*, filmmaker Michael Reis-Müller and his team have chosen to focus on three individual riders as a

window into the collective experience. The film opens deep in a German forest where Claus, a 72-year old retired social worker, is completing his final qualifying brevet in preparation for what will be his seventh attempt at PBP. He muses that while he is out buying new road bikes, others his age are shopping for "walkers." The film also follows Michael, a 36-year old nuclear physicist and three-time Ironman finisher, who claims that "Ironman is a breeze compared to this" and Sina, a 38-year old German engineer living in Paris with her partner (who works at Cycles Alex Singer) and their twelve bicycles. Through interviews filmed in the days and weeks before each rider clips in at the National Velodrome in August, *Brevet* helps us understand both what motivates riders to complete



PBP as well as what steps are required to prepare for it.

Brevet is a fine film with high production values. The cinematography is exceptional and conveys the majesty of the French countryside, the compassion and enthusiasm of the French spectators and volunteers, as well as the magical villages and homes that line the route. The small film crew cleverly placed tracking devices in each of the three riders' phones in order to know precisely where they were on the course at any moment and this enabled them to capture some wonderful footage at a wide range of locations along the way. Through skillful editing, the filmmakers refined the chaos inherent in an event with over 6000 participants that takes place over four days and 750 miles into a seamless narrative that contains a fine balance between the individual and collective experience of PBP. One of my favorite scenes involves the bureaucratic masterpiece that is the Loudeac sleep control where riders' cot locations and sleep schedules are managed with military precision.

Damon Peacock, an experienced randonneur and filmmaker from Great Britain, has taken a different approach with *Paris Brest Paris 2015: The Full Film*. He declares at the start that PBP is "something of a family affair" and goes on to paint a vivid portrait of an ever-expanding and increasingly diverse family of riders. We are told by an ACP official in the first few moments of the film that sixty-six nations are represented at this year's edition. The growth in participation from Asian countries was especially pronounced in 2015 with over 100 Chinese riders clipping in. Viewers familiar with Damon's previous work will find a similar effort here supported by his deep knowledge and passion for randonneuring in general, and PBP in particular.

While a bit rougher than the smoothly edited *Brevet*, Peacock's film is more impressionistic and, at times, seemingly random in its collection of interviews and images. Peacock is



a people person and his joy while interacting with riders of all shapes and sizes along the way is palpable. He spends much time in the controls and on street corners chatting with resting cyclists and, as a result, viewers are treated to a great sea of humanity and will find that the stories of the middle and back-of-the-field riders are especially well represented here. Outstanding footage on the roads filmed with a crisp wide-angle lens really captures the magical feeling of group riding on an event such as this. PBP is presented as an important cultural event, not only for the French hosts, but also for the thousands of riders who have traveled great distances to participate in this adventure.

The third major film released this winter is *PBP 2015: Le Film*, the official ACP video, which was shot and edited by Philip Dupuis and arrived in my mailbox in early February along with a full catalog of PBP results, a completed brevet card and a precious, hard-won finisher's medal. *Le Film* presents a third perspective on the event. In much the same way that *Brevet* is German and *Paris Brest Paris 2015: The Full Film* is British, *PBP 2015: Le Film* is primarily and appropriately a French film, made and distributed by the hosts of this amazing event. Whereas the other two films focus largely on the participants, the official video provides far more coverage of the officials who

German randonneur Claus Czzycholl in the film *Brevet*.

—CURLYPICTURES®

organize, the volunteers who facilitate and the route itself that provides a context for this grand adventure. With some wonderful drone footage of the countryside and villages, the film feels at times like a mash-up of the Tour de France and *Downton Abbey*. In addition to the lovely footage of the villages and countryside, *PBP 2015: Le Film* provides systematic coverage of each control location and interviews with various ACP officials that convey the importance of event in the local cultural life. There are other unique aspects of the official video, however; it is, for instance, the only glimpse we get of the fastest riders as they enter the controls and receive support from their crews.

All in all, these three films provide captivating entertainment for ancien(ne)s, randonneurs curious about PBP, average cyclists and the general public. American randonneurs will spot many familiar faces with RUSA members making frequent appearances both on the roads and in the controls. Randonneurs should, without a doubt, see all three of these films. Those who rode in PBP 2015 will find comfort in the familiar images and sounds but also a reminder of things they have forgotten. Cyclists contemplating a future attempt

at PBP will certainly enjoy the clarity and scope of the coverage. Non-cyclists may even come to understand the magnetic pull that PBP has upon so many. It was a great pleasure to watch these with my wife who might now better understand the appeal that riding brevets holds for me.

Perhaps Michael in *Brevet* captures the essence of PBP best when he states at the end of his journey that, "Being a randonneur means to be alive. Being in motion, in the open air and permanently challenging yourself. There is suffering, too. But there are beautiful things in life and not so beautiful things, and you need to find the right balance. The way randonneurs practice their sport, it's a philosophy for life."

Brevet and Paris Brest Paris 2015: The Full Movie are available for rent or purchase on Vimeo, whereas *PBP 2015: Le Film* is available through ACP or your local PBP ancien(ne) who received a complimentary copy with registration. 🚲

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.

You can update your address online at this address:

[www.rusa.org/cgi-bin/
memberaddresschange_GF.pl](http://www.rusa.org/cgi-bin/memberaddresschange_GF.pl)

**...and to renew your
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Get it Together

“If you want to go fast, go alone. If you want to go far, go together.” That’s an African proverb that has some application to randonneuring. It’s summer now, and you are just hitting your peak fitness, flying over hill and dale in shorts and a short sleeve jersey. Isn’t this great?

But remember last spring when you rode (or maybe you didn’t ride) that team event? It was early in the season, it might have been a little cold, windy or rainy, and you were not at your peak form yet. Still, drawing on the strength that comes from shared effort (and misery), you and your team rode to the finish.

Did you ever wonder why the flèche is always ridden in early spring? Well there is a little bit of mystery and,

like many things rando, a whole lot of history. Team events are a good way to introduce new riders to the sport, but let’s face it; casual riders are not likely to sign on for a 24-hour event in April. And then, before you know it, we are into the meat of the season riding 200 to 600K events and those friends of yours who were “thinking about it” are left behind. That is too bad because next to the populaire, our team events are the best opportunity to introduce

new riders to the sport. They are also a great way to help new members become more comfortable with long distance riding because randonneuring team events all have a strict no-drop rule. And as noted above, sometimes riding with a group can mean the difference between a finish and a DNF.

We’ll take heart; it’s possible to entice that friend, neighbor or co-worker out onto the slippery slope without it actually involving the risk of slipping on icy or rainy roads. All you have to do is put on a fall team event. This makes great sense, and here is why: later in the year that friend is more likely to have

From left to right: Charles Pailthorp, Narayan Krishnamoorthy, Paul Johnson Allison Bailey, Brian List.

—PHOTO SHEILA WALKER



achieved better bike fitness. She will also probably be much more amenable to a longer ride when it is warmer and sunnier, when daylight lasts longer, and when there is some assurance that the team will ride together for the whole event. Instead of conditions seeming overwhelmingly challenging, they will now be encouraging: less shared misery, more shared fun.

“Gee, I wish we had thought of that last fall when we were putting the club’s ride calendar together,” you might be thinking. No worries because it only takes a few weeks to add a RUSA event to your schedule. And in this case, you don’t have to go out and invent a course; that’s the job of the team captains. And by the way, it won’t be that long before your club is developing

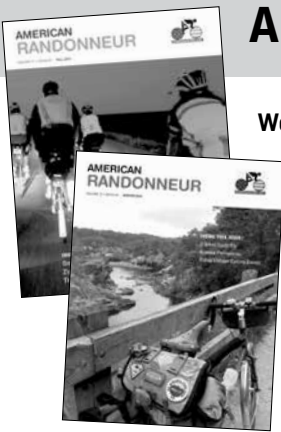
the 2017 schedule, so don’t forget to add this event to next year’s schedule.

Don’t get me wrong; I am not saying this will happen just because it sounds like a good idea. Someone still has to step up, to volunteer to put the event on. That’s not an insurmountable obstacle, it’s the same as every other brevet you have ridden, and every brevet you will ride in the future. You could be that person; you could be the one who organizes the first edition of what becomes an annual club tradition. If it seems like too much or you are too inexperienced, then ask someone you know to help you.

There are good reasons that we traditionally ride the flèche in April, but if you or your club are looking for a way to help new riders ease into the sport

then a dart, arrow, or dart populaire sometime between August and October is the perfect opportunity to make a great first impression. If your club does not have a signature event, a ride that members love to ride and followers love to hear about, your annual fall dart could become that ride. A great good-bye kiss to summer that attracts those friends of yours who were “thinking about it” back in April but who are now ready to take the leap. And even if they decide randonneuring isn’t the best thing since Biopace chain rings, those randonneuring fellow travelers may just become the core of the end of summer pack that look forward to your September 200K team event. Right now is the perfect time to get your September dart on the calendar. 🚲

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 Janice Chernenkoff (editor@rusa.org) for details.

Submission deadlines:

Spring issue — December 15
Summer issue — March 15
Fall issue — June 15
Winter issue — September 15

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

The Most Popular Permanent Populaire in Oregon: A Photo Essay

BY LYNNE FITZSIMMONS



Endless fields of berry bushes and fields of nursery stock are common along the route.

—PHOTO LYNNE FITZSIMMONS

Permanent Populaire #1095, North Plains Banks Vernonia Linear Trail 100K is by any measure, the most-ridden perm pop in Oregon. It is only five years old, but as of this writing, there have been 231 finishers. Even subtracting the route owner from the finishers, it still tops the list.

The appeal of this route is the forty-two miles of the Banks Vernonia Linear Trail, a rail-trail, with about ten miles of tranquil rural roads on each end.

The ride begins in North Plains, Oregon, nineteen miles west of downtown Portland. Proceeding west out of North Plains, you'll pass a mill (gravel alert), the historic Harrison Cemetery, and seemingly endless fields of berry bushes.

Past the information control in Roy, the scenery transitions to fields of nursery stock. Some years, the fields are planted in breathtakingly vivid crimson clover.

The trailhead is a few miles along, at the north end of the town of Banks.

Early miles on the trail are flat, paralleling highways 47 and 26. You'll hear the traffic, but not see it. The trail diverges from the main roads at the Manning Trailhead, passing through forested areas and farms.

You may pass Romulus and Remus, the well-behaved working dogs who herd the Jersey cows.

After crossing a few gravel roads, the trail climbs steadily, but gently. The crown jewel of the trail is the seven-hundred-foot Buxton Trestle, just before the Buxton Trailhead.

The trail is now in the forest, stands of birch and towering firs.

Continuing on, the trail passes through Stub Stewart State Park. Trail

Ray stops to visit with Romulus and Remus.

—PHOTO LYNNE FITZSIMMONS





The seven-hundred-foot Buxton Trestle is a highlight of this trip.

Riding through stands of birch and towering firs.

—PHOTOS LYNNE FITZSIMMONS



The appeal of this route is the forty-two miles of the Banks Vernonia Linear Trail, a rail-trail, with about ten miles of tranquil rural roads on each end.



Traffic on the trail increases as you pass through the tall trees of Stub Stewart State Park.

Lake Vernonia is the turnaround information control. An old mill building sits at the south end of the lake.

—PHOTOS LYNNE FITZSIMMONS

traffic increases here. Mile twenty is the summit of the climb; from here the trail drops down through a series of tight switchbacks to cross Hwy 47 at Tophill. Right across Hwy 47, there are three even tighter switchbacks to climb back up; the last pitch has a surprisingly steep grade. From here to Vernonia, the trail is downhill, and then flat.

The turnaround information control is at Lake Vernonia, or, as the locals call it, the mill pond. There is a shell of an old mill building at the south end of the lake.

After circumnavigating the lake, you can either return directly (where's the fun in THAT?), or pause at one of the several food/drink businesses in town. Our favorite is Black Bear Coffee/Black Iron Grill on Bridge St (a couple blocks off the route). If the kitchen





Excellent outside seating, weather permitting, makes Black Bear Coffee/Black Iron Grill a favorite stop for a cinnamon roll and beverage.

If visibility is good, you'll be able to see Mt Hood beyond the silos.

—PHOTOS LYNNE FITZSIMMONS

isn't backed up (ask!), I will get a half sandwich; otherwise it is my favorite cinnamon roll with frosting, heated, with butter on top. There is excellent outside seating in good weather, with a water cooler to refill your water bottles. There is no need to lock your bike.

The return is quicker, as there is less climbing out of Vernonia. After descending Tophill, those tight switchbacks you rode down reveal themselves to have some steep bits going up. From there, it's a mile to the summit, and then a wonderful downhill cruise through the forest.

The terrain flattens out just before the Manning Trailhead. After passing

through Banks, you will have a view of the rows of nursery stock from Wilkesboro Road. I am a sucker for stripes and patterns, so I take the same picture every ride.

If visibility conditions are right, after turning east, you'll be able to see Mt Hood.

A few more turns, one scenic barn, the mill, and you are back in North Plains.

Wildlife includes squirrels, rabbits, deer, and coyote (which you may hear, but are not likely to see).

This route is available year-round, although it is not recommended when there is black ice. 🚲



A scenic barn on the return to North Plains.

—PHOTO LYNNE FITZSIMMONS



It's Just a Flèche Wound

BY BETTY JEAN JORDAN

When I signed up for the Georgia Flèche, Kevin Kaiser, the RBA for the Audax Atlanta club, told me that I would have a fantastic time and if done right, a flèche can be the most fun you will have on two wheels. Kevin was right.

The Plan

A few months before the flèche, I started asking my regular rando buddies if they wanted to be on a team with me. Brian Burke, Daniel McKinley, and Robert Newcomer readily agreed.

My hometown of Monticello happens to be roughly 360 kilometers from Savannah, our flèche destination. I had a lot of fun planning my team's route. I kept it mostly south of Interstate 16 because it would take us through such iconic Georgia towns as Vidalia (as in onions) and Claxton (as in fruitcake). Brian tweaked the final few miles, suggesting that we ride through the historic part of Savannah—perfect!

A great route, quirky points of interest, fun friends—this was shaping up to be a highlight of my 2016 cycling year. But wait—there's more! I came up with an obvious team name: It's Just a Flèche Wound!

Friday Morning

My team met at Jordan Engineering, my husband's office. Not only did Robert (Jordan) graciously let everyone park there, he also agreed to drive to Savannah to bring us home the next day. I am so fortunate to have

such a loving husband who's also an excellent soigneur!

My first order of business when I met up with my teammates was to show them our mascot, the Black Knight, which I pinned to the back of my jersey. The limbs are removable. Although they have Velcro attachments, the designer had the foresight to add little plastic strings, like the ones that attach tags to new clothes. That way I didn't have to worry about the Black Knight losing an arm or leg during the ride. By the way, we decided that the Black Knight needed a name. We chose Nigel, a good British name.

We began our adventure at 8:00am on an overcast and misty, yet pleasant, morning. About twenty-five miles into the ride, we stopped in Gray at the Otis Redding memorial. Otis Redding lived most of his life in Macon, moving to the outskirts of Gray in his last years

before he was killed in a plane crash in 1967. What an incredible musician! The memorial has facts about his life and plays a number of his hit songs.

We continued south into Kaolin country. At mile 54 we reached our first control, the Blue Goose in Irwinton. The Blue Goose is a wonderful bike hostel, comfortable yet inexpensive. Donna Abell, one of the owners, graciously provided us with coffee and Cokes. Because of the moderate pace the flèche required, we lingered at our controls. We enjoyed chatting with Donna for a while. If you're ever in the area, make sure to plan an overnight stay.

Friday Afternoon

We continued on some great roads toward our next control in Dublin. Looking forward to an actual meal, we tried a bistro named Company Supply. The owner and staff were so nice. They immediately offered to bring us towels to wipe down our wet bicycles and were glad to let us park them inside. The food was terrific, too. The menu has a heavy Cajun influence and features a number of locally sourced ingredients. We had a wonderful array of gumbo, pimento cheese, shrimp étouffée, and

Betty Jean at Santa Claus Sign.

—PHOTO BRIAN BURKE





chicken & waffles. We even tried a deliciously different side dish, flash fried spinach. It's crispy, and you eat it with your fingers like potato chips.

Up to that point it had drizzled off and on, but as we left the restaurant, it was raining steadily. There's really only one way to head east out of Dublin because you have to cross the Oconee River. U.S. 80 through East Dublin is kind of dicey anytime, and the rain certainly didn't help. Fortunately, we made it safely through that worst part of the route.

Friday Evening

As late afternoon faded into evening, we reached our next control, Mt. Vernon. I looked for V-8 at the convenience store but couldn't find it. So, I got chocolate milk instead, always a good choice on an endurance ride.

We couldn't get to the Vidalia Onion Museum before it closed. There wasn't even a giant Vidalia onion for us to visit. I didn't cry or pout, however, because it was only a few miles to our next point of interest: Santa Claus!

Yes, Georgia has a town named

Santa Claus. There's even a life-sized Santa Claus at the welcome sign at the edge of town. Photo opp! Believe it or not, I had carried some reindeer antlers all this way just for this purpose. We arrived right after sunset. This made my photo even more hilarious. I had to strip down to my base layer to get a usable photo because of the reflective strips on my vest and jersey, similar to the ones on my ankles (see photo). Not

Robert, Betty Jean, Brian, Daniel.

—PHOTO ROBERT JORDAN

surprisingly, the guys had fun teasing me about playing reindeer games.

Soon we were ready for a substantial meal. It was only a couple of miles to the town of Lyons, where we discovered Hardware Pizza. I've been pleasantly surprised at how many



Betty Jean Sleeping at Waffle House.

—PHOTO ROBERT NEWCOMER



Nigel the Black Knight.
—PHOTO BETTY JEAN JORDAN

small Georgia towns have decent pizza places. I guess it's a matter of being a relatively inexpensive restaurant startup, and it's not hard to make palatable pizza. Not only was the food good at Hardware Pizza, they also had craft beer! Brian and Robert split a couple of flights (samples of four beers), and I got a pint of Red Hare, a craft brew made in Atlanta. We all had a blast shooting the breeze and hanging out.

The Wee Hours

It was now after midnight, and I started getting sleepy. I knew that I wouldn't be able to stay up all night without at least a short nap. I said something to the guys about taking a sleep break, and they were glad to oblige. We pulled over at the post office in Claxton. A post office with inside boxes is a great place to take a nap because it's open 24 hours, it's warm, and it's unlikely to have any foot traffic in the middle of the night. What a great randonneuring trick!

I was pretty out of it. First, I asked if it was OK for us to be doing this. Robert assured me that although we were occupying a federal building, we didn't have to worry since we were unarmed. Brian pointed to my nap space under a counter; I was the only

one of us small enough to fit under there comfortably. That hour's sleep gave me the boost I needed.

We arrived at an all-night convenience store in Pembroke and chatted with a policeman who had passed us. Understandably surprised to see us on the road at such a late hour, he enjoyed hearing about our adventure.

After the Pembroke control, I had my sleepest time of the night. I told the guys to start talking about something interesting. They talked about the waffles they planned to get at Waffle House, our 22-hour control. That sort of kept my attention, but they quit talking after about two minutes. I had to do something else to keep myself awake. I started singing to myself. The only song whose lyrics I could think of was "Doraville" by the Atlanta Rhythm Section. I wracked my brain trying to think of more songs. All I could come up with was theme songs to classic TV shows. I sang *The Addams Family*, *Laverne & Shirley*, and *The Jeffersons*, belting it out when I got to "Fish don't fry in the kitchen. Beans don't burn on the grill..." Then I moved on to cartoons: *The Flintstones*, *Scooby Doo*, and *Spider Man*. Finally, there was Popeye: "I'm strong to the finich cuz I

eats me spinach. I'm Popeye the sailor man! Ack yack yack yack yack yack!" With that laugh, I figured that I'd better quit before my teammates killed me. Besides, the singing worked; I was more awake.

Saturday Morning

Waffle House at last! The timing was just right. We arrived at about 4:30 AM. A waffle and some hash browns scattered, smothered, and covered hit the spot. I got a little more shuteye, too.

The guys woke me a little before 6:00 AM. It was time to ride the last 16 miles. We followed the Savannah River in the shipping district, crossing about a dozen sets of railroad tracks. Then we approached downtown Savannah. The sky was getting lighter as sunrise neared. The grand finale was riding down Bull Street around historic squares draped in Spanish moss. Savannah really is a beautiful city.

We rolled into the Courtyard Savannah Midtown at 7:23 AM. We completed our flèche in 23 hours, 23 minutes! A few hours later, fresh and dewy after showers and decked out in the team T-shirts I had gotten us, we met with Kevin and the two other flèche teams at a nearby deli. The other teams completed the flèche successfully, too. We swapped stories, but I'll bet they didn't have nearly as much fun as we did! 🚲



Brian at Otis Redding Memorial.
—PHOTO BETTY JEAN JORDAN



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Good People Turn an Unlucky 200K Into a Heartwarming Story

BY JOHN MATHIAS



In September 2015, I needed a 200K to keep my R-12 alive, and I wanted to get in a final long ride before the Race Across Iowa in a Day. For training purposes, I had gained permission to ride bonus miles as long as I stayed under the time limit and exited and returned to the course at the same location. So that Sunday morning I headed off to ride the Free State Border Patrol 200K.

It was cool when I left home in Olathe and I thought about adding a bag to my bike, but decided I could put my arm warmers, cap, and vest in my jersey pockets. After checking in at the Pleasanton control I headed off-course to ride some bonus gravel miles. At my furthest point south, I stopped near Prescott and took off my warm gear, repacked my pockets and headed back north. I re-entered the course in Pleasanton and rode on to La Cygne.

When I got to Casey's in La Cygne

I grabbed all of my normal ride food and piled it on the counter; however, when I reached into my pockets for money, I was shocked to find I had NONE! No money, no ride card, no receipts, no ID, and no credit card. My Ziploc with all the important stuff was gone! Even though I didn't have a penny, the nice people at Casey's let me take anything I needed. I was so thankful for their generosity but also befuddled about my lost card and cash.

Without my ride card, my ride wouldn't officially count, and without my cash it might be difficult to ride home. I knew I had everything at the south turnaround and didn't think I had reached into my pockets except for one time, about 10 miles back, so I convinced myself I must have lost my Ziploc bag at that point. I decided to ride my route backwards and find my stuff before riding home to try to save my 200K!

I never found my Ziploc, so I finally had to head home empty handed. I assumed my stuff was blowing in the wind, never to be seen again. It was a long ride home, not to mention I had blown my 200K. Luckily, I was able to take off a day during the following week to get my 200K done. I rode well past my normal bedtime that day, but I saved my R12.

I thought that was the end of this story. But, like the kind folks at Casey's in La Cygne, there are good people out there. A short time after this incident, I got home from a week out of town to discover mysterious mail. To my surprise and amazement, that mail contained a nice handwritten note, my ride card, my cash, my credit card, ID, and receipts: everything I lost on that ride!

A great American found my Ziploc while walking on a gravel road not far from his home. Then he took the time to write me a note and mail all my stuff back to me. There are GREAT people out there!

God bless this country and all the good people in it! 🚲

LESSONS LEARNED:

- Don't wait until the end of the month to ride your 200K.
- Don't keep all your eggs in one Ziploc.
- Pay attention to your stuff.
- There are great people in this country!

Calling all graphic design-minded randonneurs!

We are looking for submissions from RUSA members for a **new RUSA logo**

THE NEW LOGO MUST:

- Include our name—Randonneurs USA.
- Communicate that we are a cycling organization.
- Communicate that we are from the USA (so that anyone from the larger randonnuering community would understand that they were seeing the American logo).
- Use up to 3 colors + black and white, but also be usable in black and white only.

SUBMISSION INFORMATION:

- Electronic submissions only (pdf form)
- Email files to Debra Banks at Banksdebra@gmail.com
- Deadline is August 1, 2016



We hope to have a finished logo by the end of the year.

Light the way, your way.



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No Laughing Matter

Yesterday morning I overslept which is quite unusual for me. It would not have been a big deal except this was the one Saturday I was scheduled to work and getting up almost an hour late meant that I probably would not be able to commute by bike. But as soon as I was completely awake I realized that my bike was packed and ready so I got dressed, yelled “Bye, Honey, see you later,” and headed out the door; just another typical rushed morning heading out on my bike. Just another day of blind faith in the fact that I could hurriedly toss a farewell up the stairs with the casualness of someone who knows that she would return in a few hours before heading out to dinner with friends. That blind faith, that certainty that I will be able to return home safely has become harder to sustain.

I originally had a different idea for this article. I had even started it. Then on February 20th, four North Carolina Randonneurs, Chris, Joel, Mike and Lynn, were all struck by the same car while out on a 200K permanent and that harsh fact became all I could think about for weeks. I suspect I was not alone in this regard.

Last fall, when a different AR deadline loomed, I had started to write about John and Lynne, two Maryland Randonneurs who were killed by a drunk driver while riding their tandem. I had stared at their photos innumerable times. They had on so much reflective gear, they had rear view mirrors, they had head lights and tail lights, they shared decades of experience and countless road miles but none of that could protect them from the selfish individual who took the wheel after

too many drinks. I wanted to address the dangers we face participating in the sport we love, to try and make sense of their senseless, brutal deaths. I got several paragraphs written but it was just too sad, too heartbreaking, and too infuriating, so I gave up. But the thought of two riders killed in one screeching moment hovered in the back of my mind for months.

And then three months later, on a clear, dry, sunny winter day, a woman with a history of drug abuse plowed into four fellow cyclists because she panicked or she was texting or she was high or the brakes didn’t work, or perhaps she had another excuse; these drivers have lots of “reasons” for hurtling into us. Thankfully none of the cyclists were killed but on that day, when the horrible news was posted, that was not a foregone conclusion. Mike and Lynn were in critical condition; Mike was unconscious with a head injury of unknown severity and Lynn was rushed to surgery. Chris and Joel had not escaped damage but their injuries were relatively less severe and they were soon discharged. Friends, strangers and fellow cyclists from

around the world checked hourly on their condition, repeatedly scrolled through on-line coverage and begged their friends for updates. It seemed to me that *this* time, *this* crash had not only physically damaged our friends but had psychically traumatized our cycling community as well.

I found myself unable to think of much else. How many times had I been in the exact situation as these folks? Out riding “only a 200K,” so what could go wrong? Riding single file, tail lights competing with the sun, neon vest and ankle bands, friends who have your back, your legs feel great, back in time for dinner, and life is good...until you are literally blindsided and sent flying from your bike into a new reality which will be eternally defined by that crash, that moment which will divide your life into before and after.

Of course, this is true only for those fortunate enough to survive; there are too many who have not survived, a heartbreaking fraternity memorialized on the RUSA Passings page. And while not every member listed there succumbed to motor vehicle injuries, minor research reveals that

***I figure I will have more horns blown at me
but if they are blowing their horn it suggests
the driver can see me and might be more
likely to slow down and pass wide.***

Bruce, James, Matthew, Steven, Thai, Mark and Gregory were all crash victims.

In early January my friends Joe and Paul and I had registered to ride the North Carolina 400K to be held on February 27th, one week out from the crash. For the first time in a long time, I was anxious about participating in a brevet. We would be riding on similar roads, we undoubtedly would be riding after dark, and I supposed the route would be quite rural with narrow roads lacking shoulders—a route I would ordinarily eagerly anticipate. But all I could think about was how it all could go horribly wrong.

I shared with my wife that I had become obsessed with thoughts of the crash, that it occupied most of my waking hours, and she replied, “I feel like that every time you get on your bike.” Wow. I guess I’m pretty lucky she hasn’t physically blocked the doorway. I knew she worried but this gave me a new perspective.

So what can we do to be safer? Safety is built into the RUSA rules, and I think most of us tend to go beyond the minimum requirement in terms of lights and reflective gear. And no matter how conservatively we ride, we cannot control the actions of the drivers who fly past us. I don’t really have a comprehensive solution but here is what I plan to do:

I currently have one or two **taillights**, which I will increase to four, and I am going to run one or two of them during the daytime. I already have rechargeable batteries in them so there is no good reason not to have them on at all times.

I have started wearing my **reflective vest** during daylight hours, emulating my friend Janice who has been doing so for quite some time.

I have started riding with a **Go Pro camera**, which I previously jokingly explained wouldn’t prevent a crash but could be used to provide evidence after the fact. That doesn’t seem so funny anymore.



I have **drafted a letter** to send to my local newspapers asking drivers to be aware of the cyclists with whom they share the road.

I will bring my **SPOT tracker** along on any ride where I may be pedaling in the middle of nowhere in the middle of the night. On many of these long brevets I have no idea where I am most of the time and the SPOT’s 911 button and GPS locator could prove to be a lifesaver.

I have been experimenting with **riding to the left of the white line** when one is present with the expectation that drivers will be more likely to give me more space when passing. This is a somewhat controversial position and I have read arguments for and against this but if I have more space to my right I should have more room to respond to a careless driver or a road hazard. I figure I will have more horns blown at me but if they are blowing their horn it suggests the driver can see me and might be more likely to slow down and pass wide.

When possible, I will continue to **“educate” drivers** who pass me in an unsafe manner. Last week, I was riding

home from work when a school bus failed to slow down and passed much too close for comfort. Luckily for me, it was the end of his shift and he was parking his bus in the schoolyard right around the corner. I followed him to the parking lot and very politely told him he had not given me enough room and he had failed to slow down. He disagreed with me even after I assured him he had truly frightened me. I then called his supervisor and reported him. If I couldn’t persuade him that he was not driving safely and, more troublingly, if he really didn’t comprehend that his tight pass was dangerous, my hope was that his boss would be a bit more successful in convincing him otherwise. At least next time maybe he will be more cognizant of his responsibilities.

By the time you read this, I hope that our friends are well along their road to full recoveries, that nobody else has taken their place in an ICU, and that we all have become a bit more mindful when heading out on the next ride. “Bye honey. I love you. I plan to see you later.” 🚲

New RUSA Members

RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE	RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE	RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE
11137	George Retseck	Coopersburg	PA	11192	Mark Ramsdell	Jacksonville	AL	11247	Niles Woods	Anchorage	AK
11138	Ronald Gurth	Columbus	OH	11193	Brandon Stephens	Raleigh	NC	11248	Erin Redding	Buffalo	NY
11139	Samir Aboulhouda	Portola Valley	CA	11194	Rodolfo Lopez, Sr	Ridgewood	NY	11249	Walter Kennedy	Prattville	AL
11140	Dustin Schreader	Rochester	MN	11195	Miguel Lopez, Sr	Ridgewood	NY	11250	Pamela Kennedy	Prattville	AL
11141	Rick Robison	Perry	KS	11196	Jim Rupert	Fall City	WA	11251	Cynthia Potter	Fremont	CA
11142	Charles Ryan II	Champlin	MN	11197	Lisa Doane	Olathe	KS	11252	Thomas Fitzgerald	Merritt Island	FL
11143	Erik Metzger	Lincoln	MA	11198	Gary Ramsdell	Edmond	OK	11253	Chris Shue	McLean	VA
11144	Doug Bertrand	Long Beach	CA	11199	Randy Anderson	Peoria	IL	11254	Timothy Conheeny	Philadelphia	PA
11145	Doug Schumacher	Mason City	IA	11200	Christine Ryan	San Francisco	CA	11255	Thomas Forbes	Seattle	WA
11146	Frederick Fourie	Seattle	WA	11201	Rinaldi Wibowo	Berkeley	CA	11256	Bill Giffin	Kearney	NE
11147	Jan Skoropinski	Tumwater	WA	11202	James Ridge	Catlin	IL	11257	Makoto Miyazaki	Erie	CO
11148	Tanya Cool	Columbus	OH	11203	Derek Bentley	Bothell	WA	11258	Angelito Jusay	Sunnyside	NY
11149	Brendan O'Reilly	Kansas City	MO	11204	Takeshi Watanabe	Brooklyn	NY	11259	Harvey Kramer	Denver	CO
11150	William Ritch	Pell City	AL	11205	Yoko Miyazaki	Brooklyn	NY	11260	Adrian Hands	Asheville	NC
11151	Craig Bair	Sanford	FL	11206	Paul Thompson	Rockford	IL	11261	Michael Fay	Vienna	VA
11152	Brian Volkoff	Rocklin	CA	11207	Jimmy Bisese	Salida	CO	11262	Amanda Senn	Prattville	AL
11153	Luke Wilson	West Des Moines	IA	11208	Janie Hayes	Salida	CO	11263	Laura Dix	Sylacauga	AL
11154	Michele Paulson	Orlando	FL	11209	Naem Dowidar	Seattle	WA	11264	Josh Morrow	Oakland	CA
11155	Sandra Powell	Castro Valley	CA	11210	Kevin Bullock	Brentwood	TN	11265	Caleb Carl	Broomfield	CO
11156	Joelle Gernez	Los Altos	CA	11211	Steve Roggenkamp	Georgetown	KY	11266	Paul McCracken	Pell City	AL
11157	Andrew Scheu	Wayzata	MN	11212	Edvins Puris	Tappan	NY	11267	Rhonda McCracken	Pell City	AL
11158	Aaron Kaim	Chicago	IL	11213	Susan Lawton	Whitwell	TN	11268	Timothy Creyts	New York	NY
11159	Soraya Adorno	Casselberry	FL	11214	Richard Rozzelle V	Asheville	NC	11269	Palu Kingston	Seattle	WA
11160	Daniel Signorelli Heise	Weston	FL	11215	Isaac Silberman-Gorn	Binghamton	NY	11270	Christopher Butler	West Bloomfield	MI
11161	Luiz Caseiro	Weston	FL	11216	Donna Drury	McKinney	TX	11271	Rickey Morris	Union City	GA
11162	Henry Pretzer	Madera	CA	11217	Michael Wingfield	Plano	TX	11272	Rocco Mastromattei	Beverly Hills	MI
11163	Thomas Bamford	Lenexa	KS	11218	James Smith	Virginia Beach	VA	11273	Steven Rogers	Champaign	IL
11164	Von Doria	Midland	TX	11219	W. Corley	McMinnville	TN	11274	Lester Ogburn	Sterling Heights	MI
11165	Sukmi Ledru	Boulder	CO	11220	Alex Tellez	Moraga	CA	11275	Christina Beauchamp	Raleigh	NC
11166	Timothy Smith	Atlanta	GA	11221	Donna Williams	Norfolk	VA	11276	Nathan Harp	Portland	OR
11167	Carol Monaco	Winter Park	FL	11222	David Fullagar	Nederland	CO	11277	Jonah Frost	Austin	TX
11168	Deana Acklin	Montgomery	AL	11223	Drew Eckhardt	Sunnyvale	CA	11278	Edward Stapel	Haverhill	MA
11169	Katie Massen	Rochester	MN	11224	Kris Kenow	Portland	ME	11279	Paul Haanschoten	Wetumpka	AL
11170	Mark Pisaro	San Mateo	CA	11225	Nick Meszaros	Simsbury	CT	11280	James Wiedhahn	Alexandria	VA
11171	Sterling Peters	San Diego	CA	11226	Jeanmarie Stinson	Sandy	UT	11281	Jeannine Fallon	Medford	MA
11172	Roy Straughan, Jr	Atlanta	GA	11227	Tim Donahoe	Columbia	MO	11282	Thomas McKenna	Lowpoint	IL
11173	William Ewy	Clovis	CA	11228	Bennett Sigmund	Broomfield	CO	11283	Sean Angeley	Bellingham	WA
11174	Mark Myers	Fresno	CA	11229	Murat Tasan	Santa Fe	NM	11284	Terry Lauck	Eagle River	AK
11175	David Oustad	Fresno	CA	11230	David Wilcox	Portland	OR	11285	Allyson Parker-Lauck	Eagle River	AK
11176	Jason Korte	Georgetown	IN	11231	Andrew Ratzke	Portland	OR	11286	Mark Gatehouse	Greensboro	NC
11177	Holly Jones	Seattle	WA	11232	Albert Fin	Brooklyn	NY	11287	Russ Trobaugh	Irving	TX
11178	Caleb James	Silver Spring	MD	11233	Catie DeLuca	Frederick	MD	11288	David Arney	Roslindale	MA
11179	Carlo Innocenti	Wakefield	MA	11234	Dave Chiu	Carlsbad	CA	11289	John Hartman III	Austin	TX
11180	Jerry Rendon	Clovis	CA	11235	Gary Baierl	Lake Forest	CA	11290	Cassandra Powers	Austin	TX
11181	Carlton Duty, Jr	Hanford	CA	11236	Barry Miller	Bethesda	MD	11291	Timothy Kirk	Anchorage	AK
11182	Kevin Falcone	Waltham	MA	11237	Joe Bingley III	Albany	OR	11292	Julie Sadoris	Anchorage	AK
11183	Tesh Ebisu	Katy	TX	11238	Steven Zeller	Topeka	KS	11293	Marcus Berggren	Boynton Beach	FL
11184	Jeff Kirkham	Poulsbo	WA	11239	Jan Bell	Hoover	AL	11294	Ashley Hecló	Boynton Beach	FL
11185	Herman Lentz, Jr	Suffolk	VA	11240	Kazunori Akiyama	Carlisle	MA	11295	Cameron Lien	Tualatin	OR
11186	Andrew Luft	St Paul	MN	11241	Brett Trigg	Thornton	CO	11296	Heidi Blackstun	Columbia	MO
11187	Janet Lucido	Fresno	CA	11242	Jun Moncayo	Fremont	CA	11297	Jenny Magee	Anchorage	AK
11188	Tim Silveira	Clovis	CA	11243	Sarah Stolz	Seattle	WA	11298	Terry Hennessey	Anchorage	AK
11189	Randall Sloan	Midland	TX	11244	Steve Rosser	Atlanta	GA	11299	John Klingler	Grand Haven	MI
11190	Scot Castle	Petaluma	CA	11245	Rodney Holmes	Trussville	AL				
11191	Heidi Hartman	Englewood	CO	11246	Matthew Holmes	Burke	VA				



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Lon Haldeman and Susan Notorangelo
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New Northern Route (full)

July 16 to August 18

Everett, WA to Boston, MA

3,601 miles 116 miles per day 31 riding days

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

New Eastern Mountains Route

September 5-23

Portland, ME to Stone Mountain, GA

1,668 miles 17 days

This route will start in Maine and head southwest through the White and Green Mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont. Then cross New York, Pennsylvania, the Appalachian Mountains, Virginia and the Blue Ridge Parkway before ending in Georgia. This new route direction gives a different view to one of our favorite regions. There are over 500 miles of new roads while keeping the popular five days along the Blue Ridge Parkway.

Across Peru & Over the Andes

Oct. 19 - Nov. 3 16 total days

Puerto Maldonado to Nasca 11 days, 1,200 KM

This tour is planned to explore and visit the wide variety of sights and experiences in Peru. We will fly to the jungle town of Puerto Maldonado to hike and visit the jungle rain forest. Our road bike tour will cover 11 cycling days from the jungle over the mountains with 12 passes above 14,000 feet. Road conditions are on excellent paved routes suitable for road bikes. We will have one day to visit the ruins of Machu Picchu and other sacred regions of the Incas. The tour then continues six more days to the desert region of the Nasca Lines. We will stay in hotels most nights and two nights in rustic houses with local families.

Upcoming Tours for 2017...(so far)

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

Week #1 Mid February

Tour of the Historic Hotels

50-65 miles per day between classic Arizona hotels.
2 nights in historic Bisbee, Arizona.

Week #2 Late February

First Century Week

Four nights based in Sierra Vista 60-100 miles per day .
This week has a slightly different route with one night in Nogales to offer new route options.

Week #3 Early March

Chiricahua Challenge

75-90 miles per day to the Chiricahua Mountains with two nights in Bisbee, Arizona.

Week #4 Mid March

Second Century Week

Four nights based in Sierra Vista 60-100 miles per day .
This week has a new route with one night in Nogales to offer new route options.

Week #5 (8 days) Late March

Mountain Tour Mt. Graham

80-100 miles per day from Tucson to New Mexico and back.
This is a popular training week for serious riders.

Cycling Route 66 (Eastern Half)

Amarillo, Texas to Chicago

Late May to mid June 16 days 1,200 miles
How many milkshakes can you drink? We will ride the oldest alignments of America's most famous highway. The the tour will focus on the history of building the highway and the cultural changes that happened during the past 90 years. We will stay in many original motels and eat at the popular cafes and diners along the way. Bikes with 32mm tires are recommended for the rough concrete sections.

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

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

Jennifer Wise

For RUSA #1, Jennifer Wise, the connections to randonneuring go deep. Part of the group that founded Randonneurs USA (RUSA) in 1998, Jennifer also served as the organizer of Boston-Montreal-Boston (BMB) from 1993-2006 which, for many years, was the only grand randonné in the United States.

In our interview, Jennifer talks about what randonneuring has meant to her, as well as the ins and outs of organizing multi-day randonneuring events like BMB.

Jennifer, you have a long history of involvement in the randonneuring community. What drew you to become so active in cultivating randonneuring in the United States?

The French dressing. Randonneuring is long-distance cycling, with a French accent. I'd been cycle-touring every summer in France for many years, and done a few century rides. Randonneuring seemed to be the perfect combination of those two interests.

You've done a brevet, but generally, you prefer to be behind the scenes. You've been involved in administrative roles with Randonneurs USA, and as the organizer of Boston-Montreal-Boston (BMB)—the first 1200K in the United States—which you hosted from 1993-2006.

Organizing multi-day randonneuring rides are their own kind of endurance event, but

there's no finisher's medal at the end. What are the rewards of organizing multi-day events like BMB?

I found that I was better at organizing long-distance cycling events than riding them. I enjoyed working out the logistics—like putting a puzzle together. When all the pieces fit, it's a really satisfying feeling.

BMB was founded in 1988 by Charlie Lamb & Hauke Kite-Powell, two accomplished long-distance cyclists from Boston (they also created the Boston Brevet Series), to help Americans properly prepare for riding a 1200K event. They were among the few Americans who finished Paris-Brest-Paris (PBP) in 1987.

A huge percentage of Americans dropped out of PBP in 1987, apparently because they were unprepared for the demands of the event and the incessant rain. So BMB was intentionally a harder ride than PBP. If you could finish BMB, you could finish PBP.

In 1993, Charlie and Hauke entrusted me with BMB knowing that I would run a safe, scenic, and enjoyable event that would be enjoyed not only by American randonneurs, but international randonneurs, too. Charlie and Hauke also knew that Pierce Gafgen, my partner, who had worked at every previous BMB event as chief mechanic, would continue to serve BMB riders in that role.

BMB was run every year, except in PBP years. Back then, the ACP did not allow anyone to host a 1200K event in the same year as PBP.

The rewards of organizing were the friendships that developed at BMB and that have been sustained over the years between the BMB riders and me. (But I have to admit to keeping one BMB medal from 1993.)

What are the key factors to keep in mind when organizing a successful multi-day randonneuring event like BMB?

Safety: Rider safety is foremost. The roads need to be marked and the road surface needs to be in good condition.

Route location & design: The event has to take place in an area of a country that is easily accessible, attractive to riders and bike friendly. An easily accessible start and finish area with free long-term parking is important.

The route has to be scenic, safe, easy to navigate and yet challenging. There has to be something distinctive & appealing about a 1200K that makes riders want to come ride it and then come back and ride it again. The cue sheet must be accurate and easy to follow.

Weather: The temperatures have to be comfortable—all day and all night.

Seasonal savvy: BMB was always held in August (like PBP), and the date was picked to coincide with the full moon, to get maximum natural light on the roads at night for the riders.

Logistics: Eating & sleeping facilities at the designated distances are key—for the start, and all the controls.

Hospitality: At the start, at all the controls, and at the finish, hospitality is a very important element of the ride.

Volunteers (worker bees): Volunteers who are knowledgeable, congenial and comforting are vital. Many BMB volunteers were BMB veteran riders. There was also an EMT at each control.

The volunteers made BMB a memorable experience for each rider, whether the rider **finished or not**. Most BMB riders left wanting to come back and do it again or volunteer at a control.

Communications: It's important to communicate where riders are along



Boston-Montreal-Boston 1200k,
1993 Official Finisher Medal

Jennifer Wise, "The Flattest Century
in the East" Finish Line; Tiverton,
Rhode Island, September 2013.

—PHOTOS PIERCE GAFGEN

the course. For example—when the first rider left a control, the control worker would notify the next control. And the control worker would call again when the last rider departed for the next control.

What were the biggest concerns you had as an organizer while an event was in progress?

Safety: I always worried that the riders were safe on the road, especially at night. Having an event in an area of the country where there are cyclists on the roads regularly means that drivers in that area are aware of the cyclists and are better prepared to share the road with them.

Drunk drivers always lurk in the back of my mind because riders are out on the road in the wee hours of the morning, just after the bars close. I also worried that a rider would go off course accidentally and not be able to find his/her way back.

Service: That all the volunteers were in place and doing their job effectively with patience and accuracy.

Weather: Weather is uncontrollable and unpredictable. Cold rain at night, with thunder and lightning, is never fun. We liked temperatures in the mid-60's, with sunshine and tailwinds.

BMB used to be the only 1200K in the U.S., and for many years it was seen as the premier U.S. 1200K. You stopped organizing BMB in 2006. Do you miss the event?

Yes. I miss the connection with the riders, the volunteers, and the sponsors. I just watched a video online of Mike

Dayton wearing his BMB jersey on a recent brevet and it made me smile. I am able to keep in contact with many BMB veteran riders, foreign & domestic, by working with Randonneurs USA and working at PBP.

What do you think about the growth of other 1200K events in the U.S., compared to having one main 1200K like BMB (or the domestic equivalent of a PBP)?

It's fabulous! In a country as big as ours, there is room to have multiple 1200K events, instead of one main event. This country has such a diverse landscape that to ride a 1200K in Colorado is a very different experience from riding a 1200K in Seattle or Central Florida. Having an assortment of 1200K events every year increases the riders' menu options and goals for each year. Plus, there are quite a few riders who now ride more than one 1200K in one year. It's remarkable.

The randonneuring community has been growing across the country. As the number of riders increases, what thoughts do you have on how we grow the volunteer base as well?

I don't think that more randonneur riders necessarily means we need more

volunteers. If a rider wants to be an event director at some point, volunteering at an event will give that person experience for the job. Often a brevet organizer will offer a free brevet entry to a rider who will volunteer to work at another brevet.

What qualities make for a good randonneuring volunteer?

Being able to multi-task and have a lot of patience. Nothing good happens fast in randonneuring. These are long events. Being a randonneur who has completed a brevet series and a 1200K probably makes you a very sympathetic volunteer. If you can cook and change a flat tire, you're hired!

Has RUSA achieved what you hoped it would, or are there ways that you think that Randonneurs USA can still grow?

RUSA has surpassed my hopes. RUSA maintains around 3000 active members annually and offers members a significant number of events every year, including an assortment of 1200K Grand Randonnées. In PBP years, the membership always increases. I don't think that will ever change. PBP is the Holy Grail for randonneurs.

Some riders will join RUSA for the community and camaraderie that exists on the long rides. Those members who have done PBP will do domestic 1200K events in non-PBP years. RUSA offers a nice menu of brevets and randonnées for the newly recruited randonneur as well as for the all ancien(ne)s. 🚴

Flying at PBP

BY CRAIG MOSHER

I'm approaching kilometer 900 of 1200 way ahead of schedule but I'm not having fun. My knee hurts. Bad. I have hot foot so severe that I stop every twenty minutes to get off of the bike for five. Saddle sores are starting to open despite three changes of shorts, multiple showers and so much lube that I leave a wet spot wherever I sit. Most of my front fender snapped off so now I'm sure that it's going to rain. I cannot eat enough and am bonking..... again. Despite my efforts to get enough rest I have only slept for four hours in the last sixty-five. I'm thinking out loud that "this ride is not going as planned" but then dismiss this negative thought by telling myself that everyone is suffering at this point. Just as I was successfully readjusting my attitude a striking German woman who looks like she just stepped out of a cycling photo shoot passes me. She is radiant and greets me with a strong and cheerful "bon route" as she effortlessly glides past me. I manage to mumble something appropriate in return like "WTF?"

Riding PBP was the culmination of a five-year campaign. It was my second 1200K after completing the Gold Rush two years earlier but this one was special to me. Very special. I put everything I had into the preparation for the ride, both physically and mentally. I completed a very fun and challenging qualifying series with the San Luis Obispo group (thanks Vickie!) and felt 100% ready. I had been concerned about keeping my fitness during the four months between the 600K and PBP so I decided to taper my training during May and June, then ratchet it back up in July and early August and was very pleased with the results. You know that when you can murder a hilly

century training ride before lunch and then do yard work all afternoon you are in fine form.

I prepared mentally by visualizing the ride and running through my responses to all of the potential scenarios that I could think of, both good and bad. I was fifty-eight at the time and had been riding seriously for some time, and I considered my experience and maturity my strong suits. Nothing would get in the way of completing PBP because I knew that I was not going to put myself, or my wife, through this again.

As most of you know, events of this magnitude are a huge time, physical, financial and emotional commitment to train for and then ride. Relationships can suffer. Although my wife is an angel and very supportive of my obsessive pursuits, she suggested, and I agreed, that this should be my last 1200K. As a result motivation was not an issue. That's why when Miss Perfectly Composed and Groomed German Lady slid past me I questioned, for the first time, my sanity, strategy and ability to finish.

But as I pull into Villaines La Juhel on a gorgeous blue bird afternoon things begin to look up. The town is off the hook with PBP fanfare. It's one big party with the townspeople outnumbering the riders 10:1. They make me feel like a rock star! The vibe immediately lifts me and as I head for the food booths adjacent to the bike parking area, after having my card signed, I notice with dismay that the lines are way too long with locals. I'm in no mood to deal with all these happy people or walk back to the cafeteria so I fill my water bottles and get back on the bike. I have lots of pseudo food in my handle bar bag

and I luck out and score a half meter long jambon et fromage baguette and banana from a shop in town.

As soon after I roll out of Villaines La Juhel the road starts a gentle decent into a stunningly beautiful valley. As I inhale the baguette, forgetting to chew at times, I take in the idyllic French countryside and notice a slight tailwind as the decent steepens and my mood improves. I begin to pick up real speed and slide the remaining twenty centimeters of baguette into my jersey pocket and hit the drops. The road steepens further as it carves down the flank of a hill and I continue to accelerate. The tailwind is now pushing firmly on my back and for the first time in hours I manage a smile.

I'm going fast enough now to take the lane so I check my mirror before doing so and notice that someone has grabbed my wheel. I really am not in the mood to deal with a drafter but then decide, okay, let's have some fun!

We are soon flying effortlessly, and I do mean effortlessly. Everything feels exactly right. My new friend is glued to my wheel as the road chicanes into a gully, across a bridge and up the other side. We hit the downhill, off-camber turn before the bridge so fast that I can barely hold my line and the family picnicking on the grass by the side of the road stares at us in amazement as we rocket past them on the hairy edge of control.

I'm still hungry and manage to stuff a Cliff Bar in my mouth when we hit a straightaway. Chunks of peanut butter crunch spray out as I start whooping with joy. I cannot contain myself! My new best friend is laughing wildly as we nail another tight corner without touching the brakes.

I check my speed and it has dropped below thirty miles per hour for the first time in fifteen minutes. The road begins to straighten and flatten so I have to work to keep flying but now that my knee no longer hurts, my butt feels great, my hot foot is gone and my strength is back, I dig deep and pour it on with reckless abandon. Alarms are going off in my head telling me to take it easy, slow down, there's a long way to go, but I don't want this feeling to stop.

I finally concede and signal to my partner that it is time to sit up and she comes around along side of me with a huge smile as we pedal no hands side-by-side. I am shocked to see that it is the German lady that passed me earlier! I am so wound up that I am about to explode. I begin to wildly explain how happy I am that I am able to share the most magnificent, mind-blowing and utterly exhilarating thirty minutes on a bike that I've experienced in my forty-year cycling career. She listens

patiently with a smile but says nothing until I finish my too-long monologue. She then calmly lifts her sun glasses, looks straight into my eyes and says with little emotion but deep sincerity three words; "it was perfect."

Now I wish I could tell you that the euphoria continued for the remaining kilometers but we all know that these moments and feelings are fleeting. I ended up suffering with Schermer's Neck for the last two hundred kilometers and was nearly delirious for the final seventy, a very difficult combination. But I willed myself through it and finished in eighty hours, ahead of the rain but utterly devastated, both physically and mentally. I caught four hours of sleep at the hotel, packed my lovely bike and was on the TGV to Spain a few hours later with my wife for ten days of R&R.

Despite my suffering and less than stellar execution, PBP was a great cultural experience and I am very proud of my achievement. Although I don't

recommend pushing to the limit on a ride of this length and importance, I consider the half hour I just described to be far and away the most amazing time I have spent on a bike due to the circumstances, the setting, the shared moment and, especially, the volumes that it speaks about the human mind and ultra-endurance events. Yes, strong legs are essential to finish a grand randonnee but the key attributes that make a successful ultra-endurance athlete are not physical but, rather, relate to the head and the heart. It's simply astonishing what the head and heart can do to overcome physical limitations, but during a ninety-hour event, good legs will never make up for poor execution or insufficient motivation.

I admit that I do still dream of doing another grand randonnee and the potential repeat of the "perfect" moment, but a deal is a deal, and my wife is rarely wrong.

Bon route! 🚲

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It Is More Than Just “Wearing The T-shirt!”

BY KEITH A. SPANGLER, RUSA #5300

The self-sufficiency of randonneuring builds lasting memories and pride in one’s accomplishments. It is no secret that stories shared among these endurance cyclists routinely include descriptive tales of countless hours in the saddle. For the randonneur, the challenges of the open road include traversing hundreds of miles of open road and climbing thousands of feet of hilly terrain in virtually any weather condition, day or night. Randonneurs share their experiences with other members, their families and those who volunteer, thus building a special sense of camaraderie as well as a respect and caring for one another.


Camaraderie was one of the aspects of the sport that attracted me when I was considering membership in the Pennsylvania Eastern Randonneurs back in 1999. I recall my friend’s story of his first 200K with the randonneurs in the dead of winter. As a slower rider, Bill was alone on the road most of the day. When darkness fell, with about 30 miles to the finish, it began to snow and the icy mix covered the roadway. The final miles into the last control involved a steep ascent on a high-traffic road, something Bill was dreading. Bill said he couldn’t have completed that brevet without the camaraderie of a veteran randonneur who caught up with him on the road that night and encouraged him to continue. This example of respect and caring for one another is not necessarily mentioned or encouraged in the rules of randonneuring, but it does seem part of the character of each member.

In 2007, I was participating in a non-randonneuring six-day cycling event that attracted hundreds of riders from all over the East Coast. I was wearing my “randonneur” vest as I often do in the summer. As I entered a rest stop along the route, a gentleman came forward from the crowd of



cyclists to ask if I was a randonneur. When I replied, “Yes,” he enthusiastically greeted me and shook my hand. We started talking, but were interrupted by his friends who were nearby. I was shocked when the guy turned to them and said softly, but forcefully, “Quiet. I’m speaking with a randonneur here.” We continued to share thoughts and finally went our separate ways. I will never forget that day; I felt so honored to be recognized as part of such a respected group as the randonneurs. The camaraderie shared among randonneurs seamlessly extends to the many volunteers and those “retired” from the sport alike.

I had the pleasure of meeting a “retired” randonneur in Provincetown, MA, while I was on a solo bicycle tour of New England. One day I was sitting on a park bench in the crowded town center when I noticed a husband and wife looking over my loaded Surly Long Haul Trucker that had a randonneuring reflective triangle displayed on back of the saddle. I introduced myself to the couple. The man referred to himself as a retired randonneur. Never hearing that term before, I respectfully said, “You’re a randonneur and will always be one.” This fact is clearly stated by RUSA: “Once riders have successfully completed a 200-kilometer ‘brevet,’ they are entitled to be called a ‘randonneur’ or ‘randonneuse.’”

The challenge of the open road clearly makes randonneuring a unique adventure that molds character and creates lasting memories for its members. Camaraderie is a subtle but important aspect of that experience. It truly represents more than “just wearing the T-shirt.” 


RUSA Awards

Ultra R-12 Awards

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.

It is likely that members will have applied previously for each of the ten component R-12 awards; however, it is not a requirement. A given month can only be used towards one Ultra R-12 award and one may earn only one Ultra R-12 award during a ten-year period. The applicant must be a RUSA member during each of the 120 months included in the ten 12-month periods.

YEAR	RIDER	CITY, STATE
2016	Pamela Wright (F)	Fort Worth, TX
2016	Jerry L. Phelps	Durham, NC



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RUSA Awards

RUSA American Explorer Award

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.

Award criteria:

- Rides must be of the following types:
- ACP brevets and flèches;
- RUSA brevets, populaires, arrows and darts;
- RUSA permanents and permanent populaires;
- RUSA sanctioned Super Randonnée permanents;
- 1200km events held in the United States after 1998.

Routes must pass through or be contained within any of the 50 states of the United States, the District of Columbia, and U.S. territories (Puerto Rico, Guam, American Samoa, ...). Each state or territory through which the ride passes is counted and multiple states/territories can be achieved on a single ride.

There is no time limit to earn this award.

Only RUSA members may apply and each qualifying ride must be completed while an active member of RUSA.

Recognition

- A minimum of ten states or territories must be completed to receive initial recognition.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2016/01/02	Calista Phillips	Frederick, MD
2016/01/13	Spencer Klaassen	Saint Joseph, MO
2016/01/14	John Lee Ellis	Lafayette, CO
2016/01/19	Christopher Maglieri	Weatogue, CT
2016/02/12	William Olsen	Califon, NJ
2016/02/13	Jefferson Rogers	Wilmette, IL
2016/02/29	Brian P Burke	Cumming, GA
2016/03/19	Dan Diehn	Black River Falls, WI
2016/03/19	Jake Kassen	Medford, MA

1 Member Earns Mondial Award

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

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

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

The qualifying distance for this award is based

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

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

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2016/01/02	Chip Adams	Severna Park, MD

RUSA Awards

P-12 Recipients

The P-12 Award is earned by riding a sub-200km randonneuring event in each of 12 consecutive months. The counting sequence can commence during any month of the year but must continue uninterrupted for another 11 months.

Events that count toward the P-12 Award are:

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

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2016/02/05	Ron Alexander [5]	Overland Park, KS
2016/02/08	Bobbe Foliant (F) [4]	Alamo, CA
2016/02/10	Thomas Russell [4]	Alamo, CA
2016/02/11	Jerry L Phelps [3]	Durham, NC
2016/02/14	Jack Smith [4]	Topeka, KS
2016/03/17	Doug Church	Riverside, CA
2016/03/21	D Ishihara	Issaquah, WA
2016/03/31	Michael OConnor [2]	Durham, NC

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RUSA Awards

R-12 Award Recipients

The R-12 Award is earned by riding a 200km (or longer) randonneuring event in each of 12 consecutive months. The counting sequence can commence during any month of the year but must continue uninterrupted for another 11 months.

Events that count toward the R-12 Award are:

- Any event on the RUSA calendar of 200 Km or longer.
- Foreign ACP-sanctioned brevets and team events (Flèches), Paris-Brest-Paris, and RM -sanctioned events of 1200 Km or longer.
- RUSA permanents—a particular permanent route may be ridden more than once during the twelve-month period for R-12 credit. The applicant must be a RUSA member during each of the twelve months. RUSA congratulates the latest honorees, listed below.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2016/02/05	Estevam Hirschbruch	Weston, FL
2016/02/05	Christopher Maglieri [3]	Weatogue, CT
2016/02/07	Dan Driscoll [12]	Arlington, TX
2016/02/07	Gary P Gottlieb [11]	Aledo, TX
2016/02/08	Hugh Michael Walsh	Cincinnati, OH
2016/02/11	Gregory H Smith	Richland Center, WI
2016/02/12	William Olsen [9]	Califon, NJ

2016/02/15	Daniel R Bennett	Longwood, FL
2016/02/17	Keith Sherrick [6]	Clermont, FL
2016/02/19	Metin Uz [4]	Palo Alto, CA
2016/02/22	Jeff Sammons [9]	Brentwood, TN
2016/02/23	Don W Gramling, Jr [2]	Jacksonville, FL
2016/02/25	W David Thompson [7]	New Smyrna Beach, FL
2016/03/02	Charles White [6]	Marysville, WA
2016/03/02	Kathy White (F) [4]	Marysville, WA
2016/03/01	Greg Keenan [2]	Camp Hill, PA
2016/03/15	Joseph Briatico	Lake Mary, FL
2016/03/15	Joe Edwards	Glenwood, IA
2016/03/15	Christopher C. Slocum [2]	Toms River, NJ
2016/03/16	Thomas N Ehlman II	Rochester, MN
2016/03/16	Fred Klingbeil [2]	Johnston, IA
2016/03/16	Narayan Krishnamoorthy [8]	Kirkland, WA
2016/03/19	Dan Diehn	Black River Falls, WI
2016/03/19	Eric Peterson [2]	Naperville, IL
2016/03/19	William Reagan [4]	Egg Harbor City, NJ
2016/03/20	Jeffrey A Gregg	Oceanport, NJ
2016/03/20	Jerry L Phelps [10]	Durham, NC
2016/03/20	Ian Shopland [8]	Olympia, WA
2016/03/23	George Brandt [4]	Glendora, NJ
2016/03/27	Gil Lebron [2]	Perth Amboy, NJ
2016/03/29	Joe Llona [7]	Lynnwood, WA

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.

Below is the complete list of RUSA Cup recipients from 2015.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2016/01/11	Timothy Lynn Snyder	Virginia Beach, VA

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