

AMERICAN RANDONNEUR



VOLUME 20 • ISSUE #3 FALL 2017



IN THIS ISSUE:

Racing in a Furnace — BY MASSIMILIANO POLETTO

Randonneuring on a Fixed Gear? — BY JOE DILLE

2018 Coulee Challenge 1200K — BY GREG SMITH



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American Randonneur Magazine

Fall 2017 • Volume 20, Issue #3

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American Randonneur is published quarterly

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RANDONNEURS USA, INC. IS A TAX-EXEMPT
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American Randonneur

is a publication of Randonneurs USA, Inc.
PO Box 168, Lyon Station, PA 19536
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COVER—At the start of this year's GRR, Dan Shadoan recognizes Ken Bonner's four previous finishes. Apparently Ken's fifth finish was hard won, but the superb volunteer support lifted his spirits and kept him going when he was ready to quit. Congratulations Ken.

PHOTO DEB FORD

WHAT'S INSIDE

President's Message	2
John Lee Ellis	
From the Editor	3
Janice Chernelkoff	
Racing in a Furnace: 2017 California Gold Rush 1200	4
Massimiliano Poletto	
Talkeetna 200	8
Burney Willis	
Portland, ME Dart Trip Report: Team Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Darts	10
Daniel Jackson	
It's Not a Bike Ride. It's an Eating Contest! Part II	12
Dawn M. Piech and Laurie Schubert	
What Else Could Go Wrong?	16
David DiGiovanni	
New RUSA Members	21
Randonneuring on a Fixed Gear?	24
Joe Dille	
2018 Coulee Challenge 1200K	28
Greg Smith	
Santa Fe Trail 1000km—From the High Desert to the Prairies	30
Robert Sexton	
The Long Island Randonneurs	38
Stephen Yesko	
RUSA Board Elections	42
A Moment PBP (An Unmetered Villanelle)	43
Stephen Yesko	
RUSA Awards	44
COLUMNS	
DR. CODFISH: Any Distance is Cycling Distance	18
Paul Johnson	
RANDOM THOUGHTS: Randowear	22
Chris Newman	
RUSA MEMBER PROFILE: Joe Kratovil	36
Mary Gersema	
UNDER REVIEW	40
George Swain	

President's Message

A Season for Engaging the “Undiscovered Rando” — What a great time of year! If we're lucky, we can look back on a lofty accomplishment or two, while savoring what can be some of the nicest days of the year. And we get to enjoy them clothed in the cycling fitness all that hard riding has bestowed on us.

It's also a great time — for those very reasons — to think about encouraging others to try some randonneuring. They may be your bike pals, or folks you've met at club rides, or just friends that like to bike. Maybe they're racers or ex-racers, ultracyclists who could use brevets for fun or training, tourists coming off a big tour, or just outdoor enthusiasts who love to bike.

The point is they may be in just the mood to give a 200km, a Populaire, or a Permanent a try. People think of spring as prime time to put those New Year's resolutions into effect, but fall is a great time, too, to start a new thing — while you're fit and the weather is nice.

This has certainly been my (surprising) experience as an RBA. Over the years, more than one rider has come to our September or October 200km brevet as their first randonné, then gone on to complete a successful R-12 — a daunting prospect when you're facing the Colorado winter. But they do it and succeed!

These folks — seasoned and enthused by this experience — have gone on to the Super Randonneur series, 1200km's, and more. And some have just stuck with the R-12, which is just

fine. One good thing about starting with fall and winter perms (or brevets) is that there is a cohesiveness that comes with facing frosty conditions that can smooth your development as a randonneur.

So it's my plug for reaching out in the fall season. As the RUSA constitution reminds us, “The purpose of RUSA is to promote randonneuring in the USA.” To me this means not so much making randonneurs out of everyone, but rather giving folks the opportunity to find the randonneur within them. It's not for everyone, but I believe there are many “undiscovered randonneurs” out there who'd love the chance to ride the way we do, in the company of like-minded riders.

It's doubly important to seek out new proto-randos because not



everyone can or wants to make a life-time commitment to our sport.

There are many reasons. Endurance cycling is hugely time-intensive. For reasons of work, family, other goals and obligations of life, many riders can only carve out a year or two of immersive randonneuring. Their goal may be that one Super Randonneur, R-12, or 1200km — more than one of us has gotten into the sport solely to cross the finish line at St. Quentin-en-Yvelines. The stars have aligned for that year or two to make their rando mark, they achieve it, and move on.

For others, they're simply interested in doing too many new things — mountain biking, skiing, adventure events, mountaineering, transoceanic sailing ... and then, too, the panoply of non-athletic endeavors that take time and discipline. It's great if one life segment they've chosen is to join us on randonnées.

That and, well, life happens, and takes many unexpected turns.

RBAs see the flux of ridership, the infusion of new blood, from season to season. My region has benefited from a number of new, strong, energetic riders in recent years, across many age groups. That enthusiasm is catching.

Like RBAs, perm route owners can cultivate local interest and build a cadre of fans for their routes, and camaraderie when they tackle the rides together.

Many of us are lucky to be long-time randos, and look back with satisfaction on many challenging kilometers ... and many friends met. So it's also for selfish reasons that we should be on the lookout to develop more of them. Fall is as good a time as any!

RUSA Board Elections — A reminder to vote in the annual Board elections. Since RUSA's inception, we have been lucky to benefit from dedicated, hard-working board members. Deadline is November 15. See page 42.

—John Lee Ellis
RUSA President
president@rusa.org

From the Editor

I spent this past summer recovering from double knee replacement surgery, so I had time to read mystery novels, watch *Blue Bloods* on Netflix, and go through the untidy piles of photos I've been meaning to sort for years. While the 90s mullet shots are totally embarrassing, this photo of my 3-year-old self on a tricycle pleases me as it seems proof of an incipient randonneur. This kid doesn't have patience for the photographer who stopped her in her tracks. At three, though, she didn't have much choice. This summer I've been stopped in my tracks again... double knee replacement is serious stuff. Still, each day is better, and by the time this issue comes out, I hope to be testing the new knees on the road.

The enforced stillness also provided time to follow the cycling adventures of my friends as well as to read and elicit the stories of randonneurs across the country. This year saw the fifth running of the Gold Rush Randonnee, always guaranteed to be an epic adventure due to California's summer heat, the Janeville Grade, and the remoteness of sections of the route. Max Poletta's report on his record-breaking ride eloquently tells his personal story as well as conveys a clear sense of the course, its beauty and its challenges. In another inspiring article, Mary Gersema interviews New Jersey RBA Joe Kratovil. While assuming RBA duties, Joe has also managed to complete the Natchez Trace 1400 (on a fixie!), PBP (once on a Bike Friday), and clock enough miles to be placed in the K-Hound ranks.

Clearly, randonneurs are the kind of people who are drawn to challenges, a fact made evident in several articles in this issue. Joe Dille, a "fixie" aficionado whose motto for one MS fundraising ride was, "One Gear, One Cause, No Coasting," explains the appeal of riding a fixed gear bike in a variety of contexts.



Daniel Jackson recounts the adventures of Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Darts on a rainy and chilly day in Vermont and New Hampshire over a route that called for the team to climb two significant mountains. From a very different part of the country, Robert Sexton writes about completing the Santa Trail 1000km while dodging thunder storms and facing down headwinds. And from Alaska, Burney Willis writes about the hardy group of randonneurs who completed the spring Talkeetna 200.

This issue also offers advice and thoughtful commentary from a number of writers. Dawn Piech and Laurie Schubert provide more information on eating and drinking for optimal performance in brevets (Part I of their article appeared in the summer issue). George Swain reviews three films that highlight the achievements of ultra-distance cyclist Mike Hall. Chris Newman takes a tongue-in-cheek look at rando fashion, and Dr. Codfish sings the praises of fall-season riding.

Next year might be a good year to look for new challenges, particularly if you're considering PBP in 2019. New rides in unfamiliar areas make us pay more attention to preparation and also mean that we can't operate on automatic pilot during the ride. I asked Steve Yesko from Long Island Randonneurs to provide a brief review of rides offered by this relatively new group. Additionally, Greg Smith previews the Coulee Challenge 1200km, a ride through Minnesota and Wisconsin that will debut in August 2018.

Finally, I would like to solicit your help with two projects for 2018. First, since next year is a pre-PBP year, I'm interested in providing articles that encourage readers to give PBP consideration. Advice, PBP stories not previously published, and other PBP-focused submissions or ideas are welcome. Steve Yesko's poem in this issue exemplifies this idea. Secondly, if you have a photo of you completing a "first" on your bicycle (first brevet, a ride on first bike, etc.), I invite you to send it to me with an extended caption. If there is interest, I'd like to occasionally publish one of these photos in an issue. I thank Mary Humphrey, our magazine layout expert, for this idea. Please note that photo files must be in jpeg format.

I look forward to being out on the road again, new knees pumping, new goals and new horizons challenging me. See you out there.

Please be safe.

—Janice Chernehoff
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Racing in a Furnace

A Report from the 2017 California Gold Rush 1200

BY MASSIMILIANO POLETTO

“Randonesia,” that convenient forgetfulness of pain, usually sets in early for me. Give me food and a shower, and within minutes the harshest ride acquires a warm glow.

Not so for Gold Rush, California’s 1200km randonnée, held every four years since 2001. With 27,000’ of cumulative climbing, compared to the 30,000+’ of Paris-Brest-Paris, Gold Rush looks approachable on paper. But in reality, heat, wind, poor pavement, and sustained climbs make it formidable. I was the second-fastest finisher in 2009, but that ride remains the hardest I have done. I couldn’t walk normally for days; my entire body hurt. “Never again,” I said.

“Never” turned out to be eight years. My friend Chip Coldwell proposed that we ride it together, and I continued to train even after Chip’s plans changed. The more I thought about Gold Rush, the

more it acquired mythical proportions: only rigorous preparation could allow me to survive it. With Bryan Kilgore, one of my partners on a fast PBP in 2015, I eventually decided to attempt a “Charlie Miller” time, 56h40m or less.

July 5, 6:00pm: cowbells and cheers. A season of training, a weekend of nervous anticipation, then those last hours waiting in the heat of a Davis summer afternoon. Finally, we’re pedaling.

Bryan and I take enthusiastic pulls, winnowing our group to six companions: Erik Nohlin, Jason Pierce, Matt Cazalas, Carl Sanders, Fred Perman, Aron Mason. We settle into a rotation and the Central Valley flies by—sunflowers, corn, the

delicious smell of ripe tomatoes. The school zone speedometer in Knights Landing, mile 29, clocks us at 25 mph, as brisk as the law allows.

Bryan suffers a flat on Reclamation Road. When I find out, I ride back a mile to find him, and together we hammer to rejoin the others. Unfortunately, it soon becomes obvious that he is not well. He urges me to continue alone, but that seems neither kind nor smart. We slow down a little and catch our group at the Sutter water stop, twenty miles later. Jason is still repairing a broken spoke on Erik’s rear wheel.

We depart together and make excellent time in the gathering darkness. We arrive at the Oroville control, mile 96, at 22:40, right on schedule. But Bryan is not with us. He rolls in shortly, feeling ill, and asks us

Bruce Welch with Mt Shasta in background.

—PHOTO DEBORAH FORD PHOTOGRAPHY





Max climbing out of Taylorsville and up to Antelope Lake. Outbound.

Megan Arnold and Eric Walstad inbound to Susanville control, under the full moon.

—PHOTOS DEBORAH FORD PHOTOGRAPHY



to continue without him. I'll learn later that he DNF'd.

Bryan's stop is a big loss, but I try to stay focused. Our group fractures on the rollers of Table Mountain and splits definitively on the climb to 2000-foot Jarbo Gap. My companions now are just Matt and Fred, and Fred sets a punishing pace. All around us, golden hills shine pale silver under the full moon.

Miles later, climbing the Feather River Canyon, I notice my front tire slowly losing air. I inflate it while the others take a pee break, but am relieved to reach the Tobin control. "We're like [the Tour de France's] Mavic neutral support, except neither Mavic nor neutral," quips Jack Holmgren as he and Tim Mason grab my bike and set to work on the tire. Inside the cabin, Kitty Goursolle and other volunteers ply us with food and encouragement. It feels like home—I want to hug everyone.

It takes us a while to leave, and Fred compensates with an exuberant pace. Matt drops back; his headlight fades into the darkness.

A frigid dawn—37°F—finds Fred and me circumnavigating Indian

Valley. Mist blankets the valley bottom and mountains rise all around. At the Taylorsville control, mile 196, I'm in no mood to hang around—while Fred sits down to breakfast, I swallow a sandwich and head out, eager to ride my own pace and warm myself on the climb to Antelope Lake.

The landscape becomes alpine: granite, a sparkling lake, the dappled shade of sparse pine woods. Two long, exposed climbs take me to 6,000' of elevation, then the road meanders in a seemingly endless series of ups and downs. Suicidal chipmunks dart around my wheels.

At last, the Janesville Grade descent begins! It's only 10:00am, but already the valley air feels toasty. By 11:00am, in Susanville, the thermometer hits the high 80s. I gulp down juice and slices of cantaloupe, and leave with a sock full of ice slung across my neck and three water bottles.

My precautions prove insufficient for the conditions. There's not a breath of wind on the treeless five-mile climb to Antelope Summit, and the temperature rises to 106°F. Road crews raise clouds of dust. Eagle Lake, which in 2009

entranced me with metallic hues and the shadows of clouds gliding over its surface, today lies inert under a featureless sky. By the Grasshopper water stop, mile 290, I am thoroughly cooked.

Mere survival now takes precedence over time objectives. But it's impossible not to appreciate the beauty of this corner of California: the stark scrubland of the Grasshopper plateau; aspen rustling by Willow Creek; snow-clad Mount Shasta to the east, far beyond the parched highlands.

I benefit from the kindness of others. In Adin I am welcomed by Deb Banks and the wonderful local 4-H troop. Salted watermelon, the best rice balls in the world, cool water from a garden hose. Deb's words of encouragement give me a boost all the way to Alturas, forty-four miles away. And again there's the kindness of others, including Peter Hewitt, who feeds me tortellini with a sweet red pepper sauce.



Elks Lodge—Alturas Control.

—PHOTO DEBORAH FORD PHOTOGRAPHY

I leave Alturas at 8:15pm and reach the turnaround, Davis Creek, mile 387, shortly before 9:30pm. Cattle, motionless against the orange horizon, cluster around giant sprinklers. The air is much cooler now, high 50s Fahrenheit, so I make excellent time back to Alturas. By 11:00pm I'm at the control, clothed in fresh kit and fast asleep under a fleece blanket. Two other riders, still outbound, are asleep also. I wake two hours later feeling surprisingly fresh, eat more of Peter's tortellini, and—not before a seventeen-minute struggle with my recalcitrant Garmin—regain the open road.

Some arithmetic: while Charlie Miller seems out of reach, I should still be able to salvage a sub-sixty-hour finish, maybe even a course record. Centerville Road, whose pavement was brutal in 2009, is in much better condition this year. I pedal fast and admire the moonlit terrain. Beyond Canby, on the climb to Adin Pass, I begin to see more outbound riders. I recognize Carl Andersen and his new bride Gabrielle: some honeymoon!

In Adin, the 4-H kids are busy making breakfast. I share pancakes with Ken Bonner, rider number 1, the

only one to have completed all editions of Gold Rush. Seventy-five, he is stronger and more adventurous than most men half his age—truly inspiring. In 2009, we met in Alturas; today, I'm a bit faster and he's a bit slower, and we overlap in Adin.

Encouraged by kind words from Deb Ford and other volunteers, I head south to Susanville. It's cold, 37°F, on the climb to Grasshopper, but a fast pace keeps me warm. In the morning light and cool air, the landscape is less intimidating than yesterday, and even more beautiful. I arrive at the rest stop at 7:55am, to the sad sight of a freshly killed bobcat on the road.

A fifteen-minute stop is just enough

for a second breakfast. I feel surprisingly good. After making quick work of the two big climbs to Antelope Summit, I arrive in Susanville at 10:10am.

Hope that my early arrival would be rewarded with cooler temperatures fades immediately. It's already 92°F at the control. Again, I leave Susanville with three water bottles and an ice sock. The heat becomes unfathomable. An hour out of Susanville, at the base of Janesville grade, the bike computer reads 109°F. The ice sock is dry.

I buckle down for a grinding climb. I zigzag to catch shade, stop to pour water over my head, even walk once. The thermometer peaks at 117°F. I reach the summit after almost an hour. In the shade at 6,000', the air is "only" 104°F. But on the far side of Antelope Lake, descending to Taylorsville, again it feels like the blast from a hot oven.

It's wonderful to see Rob Hawks, the San Francisco RBA, at Taylorsville. Despite his assistance, it takes me twenty-five minutes to leave. I move slowly, fighting afternoon winds that blow up the Feather River Canyon. Logging trucks pass too close, and I find myself struggling to stay alert. Time to nap.



Full moon setting over the Sutter Buttes.

—PHOTO DEBORAH FORD PHOTOGRAPHY



Davis Creek Turnaround.

—PHOTO DEBORAH FORD PHOTOGRAPHY

I'm not one for sleeping in ditches, but I'll take the banks of the Feather River. I find a smooth patch in the shade and lie down for half an hour. The rocks are warm but not unpleasant, the breeze cooler near the water. If not for the rapids downstream, I'd go for a swim.

Tim Mason and the Tobin crew again provide a wonderful welcome, as well as platefuls of rice and soy sauce. Tim intercepted me a few miles before Tobin to provide soda and water, and will do so again at the top of Jarbo Gap: unparalleled support!

In the cooling evening air I fly up Jarbo Gap, setting a personal best. It may be an illusion, but I feel stronger than I've felt on the whole ride. A car rolls by and I recognize Vincent Muoneke: "Go! Max! Go!" He has abandoned, but his generous cheer makes my spirits soar.

The Central Valley unfolds on the long descent to Oroville. The temperature is pleasant, the foothills golden in the setting sun. I laugh at the redundant "CA-70 Scenic Route" sign. From Table Mountain Road I see the sun sink below the horizon. While clouds glow pink overhead, smoke darkens the eastern sky. I'll learn later that this is the Wall Fire, in which some forty families, tragically, lost their homes.

I leave the Oroville control at dusk: 9:20pm and eighty-five miles

Lanterne Rouge David Hartson signing in to the Kirksville Ranch Control with volunteers Bill and Linda Bernheim.

—PHOTO DEBORAH FORD PHOTOGRAPHY



Max Inbound at Adin Control.

—PHOTO DEBORAH FORD PHOTOGRAPHY

to go. Short of a severe mechanical, I'll likely set a new course record. Now more than ever, I am thankful for my aero bars; the extra position greatly improves comfort on the flats. I know these roads by heart, but darkness and fatigue make them seem endless. The out-and-back to Kirksville, the control's blinking red light visible from three miles away, feels especially gratuitous.

The computer reads 751 miles—some bonus distance for going back for Bryan—when I make that final

right turn onto Anderson Road. Dan Shadoan is standing on the sidewalk, ringing a cowbell and cheering. I'm happy and surprised: 57h26m is a full hour faster than the old course record set in 2005. I did not expect this, riding alone in such heat! It's time for a shower. And I have to remember to ask Deb for her rice ball recipe. 🚲



Talkeetna 200

BY BURNEY WILLIS

Almost 80 riders took to the road out front of the Talkeetna Roadhouse on a chilly-but-slowly-warming morning, with barely a cloud in the sky for our first ride of the year. Pre-ride notes and instructions were given, bells were rung, and the peloton slowly rolled away. Riders began to string out as they rode the gently uphill series of rollers that would take them to the Parks Highway. Along the way, there was chatter about winter fat bike exploits, long hours spent on the trainer, or sometimes a simple shrug that said, 'I took the winter off.'

I made better time than expected, and before long I was hanging a big right at the Parks Highway for the trek to Byers Lake. I've ridden this piece of road countless times, driven it more still, and can say with total certainty that we could do this ride for the next

50 years and not have a better weather day than we had on this particular Saturday.

Denali loomed large to the left, towering over the landscape in a way that photographs and descriptions utterly fail to convey. He was talking about space when he wrote it, but Douglas Adams wouldn't be far from the mark when he said: 'You just

won't believe how vastly, hugely, mind-bogglingly big it is.' It made me smile to imagine Denali, 'the tall one,' staring down at the swarm of tiny bicycle riders moving in waves along the roadway, leapfrogging each other, taking so much time to cover so little distance.

Surely, if Denali were alive, she would be amused.

The day quickly warmed into the 50s and stayed there for the duration. Outbound along the Parks Highway we were met with a slightly uphill pull to Trapper Creek (the 100K turnaround), and a somewhat more uphill slog with a few rollers, to Byers Lake (the 200K turnaround). Combined with a mild headwind this made for a few pesky bits on the flatter sections of road, but awareness of the tailwind we'd have coming back kept us from dwelling on it too long.

Beyond Trapper Creek the road was really quiet; auto traffic was light, all of the 100K riders were behind, and I rode solo on to Byers Lake. After

Almost ready to ride.

—PHOTO TOM DOSIK





I bet it's warm in there....

—PHOTO TOM DOSIK

stopping for a bite and some light stretching — and a few words with fellow riders — I was back on the bicycle, southbound, and it felt like turbo cruise control as the wind tucked behind and pushed me and my rig along so much faster than we had ridden out. Before long Avraham joined me and we rode side by side for a couple hours, solving

the world's problems one mile at a time.

I'm always struck by the versatility and determination of bicycle riders. It takes a special kind of person to choose spending a day in the saddle over something — anything — else. We have recreational riders, racers, tourers; women and men; young and young-at-heart; wedgies, 'bents, hand

cycles; and the one thing they all have in common is making the choice to ride over long distances within time limits. They accept the challenge, welcome the misery that sometimes comes with it, and ride through wet and messy days, untimely mechanicals, bonks and scrapes and bruises, any and all manner of things that can (and sometimes do) go wrong. Call them *randonneurs*, adrift in a sea of meandering backroads and near escapes. Saturday was for them, a day of serene beauty where cares and troubles were left far behind.

Surely, for one day at least, they earned it. 🚲

Ha! You were right! No other turns!

—PHOTO TOM DOSIK



Portland, ME Dart Trip Report

BY DANIEL JACKSON

Saturday afternoon, Bradford VT, there is unease in the air. Perhaps it's the fellow enjoying his lunch at our start control who, upon discovering our plans to ride across the White Mountains over Kancamagus pass that evening, remarks: "People die on the Kanc." Perhaps it's the looming grey-green sky, the colder-than-anticipated temperatures, or the fact that 2:30pm is an odd time to start a brevet. Whatever the outcome, we know the Kanc will likely claim a piece of our souls.

And so we begin — out of Bradford, across the Connecticut River and into New Hampshire. Ominous tidings continue to permeate our start: at mile thirteen, immediately following our first descent, Dave suffers a sidewall tear from a maladjusted brake pad. I suture the defect with a bit of 2-0 Prolene nonabsorbable suture (great for human and horse skin and that super supple Grand Bois sidewall) and Dave boots the repair with a dollar bill. And then, like a demigod sent from Olympus, the legendary NERd Josh Landis descends through the mists of Moosilauke atop his beauteous, chromed-out Waterford MUSA steed. He regales us with reports of his own personal 200km that he is just finishing, warns us of the dank and smelly moose ahead, and bids us adieu with divine tailwinds.

Back on our machines, cold from the rain and the prolonged stop, we arrive at our first control. Anticipated in the planning stages to be an ice cream buoy, Moose Scoops Ice Cream Shop becomes a warm, dry place to

contemplate our inauspicious welcome to the White Mountains. We have ice cream anyway and move on.

Climbing the pass skirting Mt. Moosilauke's south shoulder, the team spreads out. The weather further deteriorates into an all out rain pelting our fragile souls. Only 20 miles into the ride, we are behind schedule and I become concerned that we are not riding as a group. Our difficult beginning makes our lack of cohesion seem more problematic to me, as though sticking together is all we have.

We reach the top, don additional clothing, and rip a miraculous 2000' descent off the shoulder of Moosilauke. Swooping, misty, pine laden, carless pavement leads into a downpour in Lincoln, NH. We elect to stop for a sit down meal, try to dry out a bit, and contemplate our next move: the climb over the Kanc. The wall of mountains rises into dense storm clouds. The team's apprehension is palpable. Wet, discouraged and well behind schedule, we know now that a nighttime descent off of one of the largest mountain

passes in the east is inevitable. Dave would later share that he considered discontinuing here or, at best, turning around once atop the Kanc. Tyler seems nonplussed but also disengaged — probably driven not least of all by his very cold and wet feet (no fenders). I am increasingly anxious that a DNF is likely and saddened by our state of disrepair. The food and warmth help a bit.

And so we climb. Dynamos whir our beams to life, lighting the dense fog all around. The dark brings a cold calm. The alpine smell of moss and pine permeates the thick air. Only "silent shifts in the moonlight" punctuate the quiet. Approaching the pass, we watch as clouds envelop surrounding peaks and the final light gives way to night. At the top in darkness we put on winter gear and don't dare dally, shivering within minutes of stopping. So off the top we pedal with Dave in front lighting the way.

As we drop into the eastern basins of the White Mountains, the air is dramatically drier. The sky opens to stars and moonlight. We reach forty mph and thoughts of moose and Dave's sutured front tire flutter in and out of my tiring mind. There is not a single car at this hour of night: just dancing shadows across the road, and the sound of wind and freewheel pawls clacking away. Dreamy fun.

With the Kancamagus and the transition to night behind us, a great weight lifts from the team. We have completed 75% of the climbing in the first half of our route; from here to Portland lay gradual rollers on high quality pavement. We drink hot liquids and consume large amounts of fruit

snacks at a gas station control in Conway and groggily commiserate with the station attendant about being awake at odd hours. We also finally learn the full contents of Dave's bar bag: sandwiches, saucisson, pounds of snacks.

Then it was time to make time. With new resolve we pedal hard out of Conway. Darkness closes around as we head off the main roads onto the smaller, unlit rural stretches of southern Maine. Somewhere we cross the state border. We are met by mild rollers on dark fresh pavement. Sometimes I'm unsure if I'm descending or climbing.

Up front, alone in the darkness, navigating small back roads, I contemplate our predicament: the rules of the Dart state that we must obtain proof of place at exactly 11.5 hours into the ride and that this must occur no later than 175k into our ride. This would be easy were it not for the very early morning hours on the back roads of rural Maine; there is no one to sign a checkpoint card, stores are closed, and post offices are too spread out to make our timing and distances work. If we are to make the previously planned stop at a known 24-hour gas station more than 25km before the 13.5-hour time limit, we

must average roughly eighteen mph.

For us, this proves to be too fast. We are not the fastest riders and we are forced to take a detour. Originally having planned to take a dirt track cutoff between Brownfield and Cornish, we find it leads into posted property. We contemplate trespassing, and take a few more pedal strokes. A dark, wooden silhouette of an ancient house presents itself in the cast of our lights. Trucks of varying levels of decay litter the surrounding forest. A barred owl calls through the trees. The hair on the back of my neck rises as I study the map for a detour. We retrace our tracks back down the dirt path and ride toward Cornish with renewed urgency.

We arrive at our planned penultimate control in Cornish at 11.25 hours into the ride — still nearly 50km from our 200km finish. Rather than attempt to ride another twenty minutes and risk not finding a way to obtain proof of place at exactly 11.5 hours, we opt to remain at this control until 11.5 hours, get our cards signed again, and ride the remaining kilometers as fast as we are able. We average nearly 28km per hour for the next two hours and climb our final 1500'. We take turns drafting as Dave recites lyrics from Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts and

Tyler informs us that he must pee. Later I would share with Dave and Tyler that at this moment I felt much like Ahab, driving the team to a pointless conclusion; they would confirm my sentiment. We just make our 200km cutoff outside Portland, ME. There is not one soul beyond we three to witness our finish; our brevet cards go unsigned. Technically we have DNF'd.

Tyler urinates and I eat fruit snacks while listening to the waking birds. Dave greets the rising sun and urges us to feast upon its restorative powers. In the quiet dawn we each reflect on our accomplishment, each alone, together. This has been only my second brevet, but I feel rich in the sport and spirit of randonneuring.

We meander the final miles through the center of waking Portland at an idle pace. Dave's tire gives up the ghost; a few pumps get us to our hotel, where we put our machines to rest. Sleep, even if only for a few hours, beckons through the vacant clarity of a tired mind. 🚲

Machines resting atop
Kancamagus Pass, NH at dusk.

—PHOTO DANIEL JACKSON



It's Not a Bike Ride. It's an Eating Contest!

BY DAWN M. PIECH, PT, MPT, GREAT LAKES RANDONNEURS
AND LAURIE SCHUBERT, PHD RD LDN, SPORTS DIETITIAN

In the summer issue of *American Randonneur*, we wrote about food and drink consumption before, during and after the big ride. Now, we go into more detail about some issues related to eating and drinking on endurance events.

Drinking

As for hydrating, many have heard the phrase, “Drink according to thirst.” This idea is helpful for general training, shorter events, or events in cooler weather. Laurie notes that this general guideline is useful but not very specific. The problem is that everyone experiences thirst slightly differently. Some people feel it in their mouth or throat. Others get irritable, get headaches or feel more tired than they really are — without feeling “thirsty.” Some athletes recognize thirst and drink. Some athletes don’t recognize it. Some athletes just choose to not drink. Another group recognizes thirst, drinks, but doesn’t take in enough volume to avoid dehydration and the related drop in performance.

For a much more individualized plan, consider performing a series of “sweat tests” at different temperatures. (Directions on how to perform a “sweat test” are given at the end of this article.) Sweat tests are done to figure out how much fluid you lose in a given time frame. The outcome of a sweat test will help predict fluid needs for a range of event conditions and help plan how much to drink for any given hour or segment of the course. From the volume of fluid needed for replacement (as determined by the

sweat test), sodium intake can also be fine-tuned. It’s a good idea to have in mind a range for fluid intake and then decide based on specific course conditions. It’s full sun, no shade, riding on dark pavement? You might drink a little more. It’s cloudy, windy, and hilly? You might need to drink less and space it between hills.

Note that complete fluid replacement isn’t necessary. Ending an event slightly dehydrated can

**The best rides are
the ones where you
bite off more than
you can chew,
and live through it.**

DOUG BRADBURY

significantly reduce chances of hyponatremia, especially if taking in enough electrolytes (hyponatremia is defined as a dangerous condition of low sodium levels in the blood). The longer the ride, the closer you should

be to matching your intake so that you can end slightly dehydrated.

Athletes who sweat a lot might need to train their gut over weeks or months to accommodate the necessary fluid amounts. This is done by slowly increasing fluid intake over a series of training rides to get to their needed intake range for the target event. This process can be slow the first time, but after a while athletes find an annual rhythm of drinking more and less as the seasons change. This can be tricky if the training weather or location doesn’t call for the same intake needs as the event weather or location. For example, an athlete might be training in a Chicago winter for a race in Texas in April. Winter is cold in Chicago. It’s in the 80s and humid at the race location in TX in April. It’s hard to train for those conditions, even riding on the trainer.

Choose beverages according to taste preferences and needs. Gatorade is useful because it’s readily available, with Powerade being a close second. There are more endurance-focused sports drinks like Gatorade Endurance Formula, and PowerBar Ironman Perform that have additional electrolytes — and a higher price tag. There are electrolyte-only beverages like Nuun and Zym. And there are drinks designed to meet all needs in one bottle, like INFINIT. Think carefully about taste and texture. If you don’t like it, you won’t drink it. And it is best to have options. Bottles get dropped, so nutrition needs to be easily replaced. Also, it’s very common for endurance athletes to experience taste fatigue, so it’s best to have multiple drink options

LAURIE'S ADVICE FOR CARB INTAKE

Carb intake isn't based off of body weight, so this is a blanket recommendation for everyone. Here are some ways to get into the 30-60 grams of carbs/hour range:

- 8 ounces of Gatorade has 14 grams of carbs. 16 ounces would have 2 x 14 g carbs = 28 g carbs. So 2-4 cups of Gatorade would put a rider in the right range.
- Most gels, chews and beans have somewhere between 20-25 g carbs/serving (1 gel, 1/2 package of chews, 1 package sport beans).
- A person with a low sweat rate could do something like 2 cups of Gatorade (16 ounces) AND 1 gel to get ~50 g carbs/hour. A person with a high sweat rate could do the same thing, but carry a bottle of water as well.
- If a rider doesn't like Gatorade and only wants to drink water, they could have 2 gels/hour, a full package of chews or two packages of sport beans for 40-50 g carbs/hour.
- You can do similar calculations with food by finding the serving size and grams of carbs/serving on the label.

AND an all-water nutrition and hydration plan in place. Even if you find a favorite beverage, consider carrying water to rinse the mouth regularly. It will extend the time until taste fatigue sets in.

Eating

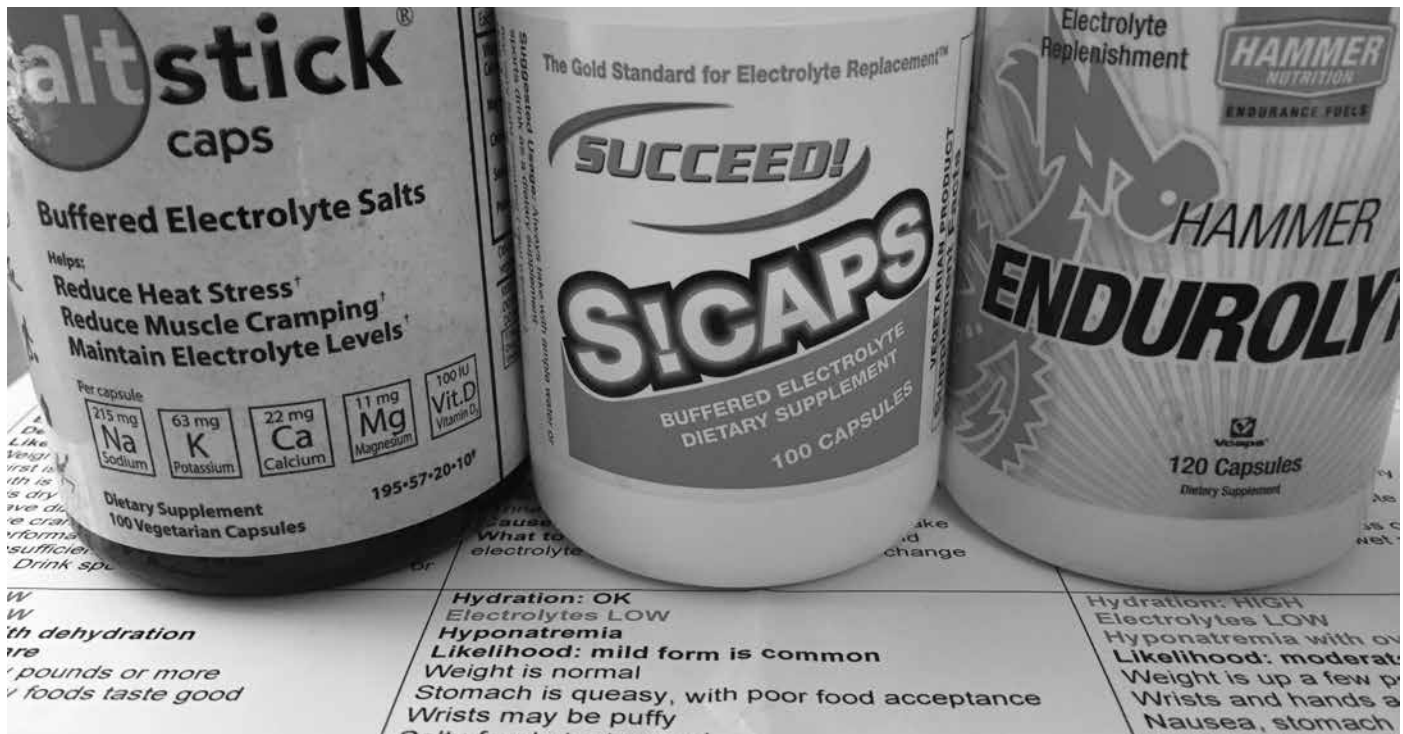
Once you have decided on a fluid plan, you should have a rough idea of the calorie deficit you need to make up.

Gels, one common source of carbs, are dehydrated sugar and are hard on your stomach. After ingesting a gel, you will need to chase them with water. Your body needs fluids or it will have to send additional blood flow to your stomach which can lead to GI issues and/or dehydration.

Of course, you can try other sources of carbs as well. There are many products on the market including

Perpetuem and INFINIT. Perpetuem (by Hammer Products) is marketed as an ultra endurance product. It is an off-the-shelf soy-based drink, which is grainy when consumed. It is calories-dense with mostly non-sugar carbs and some protein and fat. INFINIT Nutrition is a fully customized all natural, isotonic high powered custom-blended nutrition solution based on your individual needs. INFINIT allows you to customize your personalized mix to have the amount of calories, the level of electrolytes, flavor strength, carb content and include whey or vegan protein. Additional fuel options include sports bars and the selections are endless. Like Perpetuem, they have some additional sources of food like fat and protein.

First, you need to determine how many calories and carbohydrates per hour you will require to support your body based on the estimated time of your event. Second, figure out how many calories and carbohydrates per hour your selected drink will give you. After you get this number, you will know how much of a calorie deficit per hour you have and will need to supplement with other food sources



(ie. bars, fruits, gels) to achieve your projected carbohydrates per hour.

While there are plenty of pre-packaged sports bars and gels, it's important to realize that real food can work just as well if not better than expensive, engineered nutrition. Many real food options and recipes can be found in *The Feed Zone Cookbook* written by Biju Thomas and Allen Lim.

According to Laurie, people should start off taking in somewhere between 30-60 grams of carbohydrate per hour and adjust as needed. People with more sensitive gastrointestinal tracts might only be able to handle the low end. People with iron stomachs and those who race might do well with 60-90 grams of carbohydrate per hour. She notes that it is particularly important to practice with nutrition, especially on longer rides. A rider might be able to tolerate something on a two-hour ride that does not work at all after eighteen hours in the saddle. This information is crucial for a successful long ride.

Electrolytes

Even the best products don't usually have enough sodium in them to sustain a rider in an ultracycling event. Electrolyte calculations can get tricky because everything consumed (drinks,



gels, bars, etc.) has electrolytes in it. The good news is that it is hard to overdo electrolytes. As with drink options, there are many supplements out there and four commonly found in endurance sports include: Hammer Endurolytes, Hammer Endurolytes Extreme, Salt-sticks and S!Caps. It is recommended to examine the Supplement Facts Panel on each product to determine the amounts of sodium and potassium in each and select the product based on your needs at your event.

It is very important to understand that hyponatremia is more of an issue than dehydration with ultra-distance rides. Without enough electrolytes, you cannot properly process all those

fluids you are taking in. It is important to understand your requirements of electrolytes/sodium required per hour in moderate conditions and adjust as directed in hot conditions. In order to quantify this amount, performing a sweat test will give you valuable data.

Laurie shares the steps to perform a sweat test to assist with determining how to predict how much you'll need to drink and how much electrolytes you'll need. She states it's easiest to do this during a one-hour ride.

Laurie advises that riders don't need to drink everything that they lose through sweat. Rather, she suggests that riders cut back by 5-10 ounces/hour and aim for that number of ounces/hour. Following this plan will prevent riders from overhydrating, which is one way to get hyponatremia. Still, as outlined above some people will have to train their GI system to accommodate the increased volume of fluid, and she recommends that this accommodation be made gradually.

Once riders know how much to drink, they can then make appropriate electrolyte decisions. Use the guideline of 600-800 mg sodium/L of fluid as a starting point to figure out how much sodium to aim for during the ride. Then carry that number of salt tablets (and some extra for a cushion!). It's possible to supplement salt tablets with Nuun tablets, Elete water or Gatorlytes.

A final note; Sweat test data is specific to the temperature and

STEPS TO PERFORM A SWEAT TEST

1. Find, borrow or buy a digital scale with 0.1 or 0.2 pound increments.
2. Void the bladder.
3. Get dry and nude.
4. Weigh yourself. Write this number down.
5. Get dressed, ride, and drink.
6. Note down how long you rode (hours) and how much you had to drink (ounces).
7. Get dry and nude.
8. Weigh yourself. Write this number down.
9. Void the bladder. (Optional, depending on how long the ride was. Best to do this on a 1-2 hour ride.)
10. Pounds of sweat lost = weight before – weight after.
11. Convert pounds to ounces (16 ounces/pound of fluid).
12. Ounces of sweat lost/hour = (ounces of sweat lost + ounces consumed)/hours of riding.

LAURIE'S ADVICE FOR SODIUM INTAKE

Sodium intake is based off of sweat rate, not body weight.

- For every liter of sweat lost (2.2 pounds), we lose 500-1800 mg sodium. That's a broad range. I use 500 mg sodium/hour as my baseline for any athlete doing endurance or ultra endurance sports unless I know they need more. But that would meet minimum needs.
- People who sweat more than 1 liter/hour (1 kg or 2.2 pounds) would need more sodium.
- People who are salty sweaters that end up with white marks on clothing and skin will need more sodium, especially if they are riding for more than a couple of hours.
- With heavy, salty sweaters I usually start at 1000 mg sodium/hour and then adjust based on their feedback. While the range goes up to 1800 mg lost, I've never had anyone who actually needed that much for any given time frame.
- Gatorade has 100 mg sodium/ 8 ounces. If a person had 16 ounces, they would get 200 mg sodium. If they had 32 ounces, they'd get 400 mg sodium.
- Gatorade Endurance has 200 mg sodium/8 ounces. So it's a better option for heavy sweaters or people riding for a long time. (And it's used on a lot of the major marathon courses and Ironman courses.)
- People who don't like Gatorade, don't want to pay for the Endurance version, or are heavy sweaters can add additional sodium with Nuun tablets or Elete water added to drinks, Salt Stick capsules or chews, Endurolytes capsules (go for the Extreme version) or Metasalt capsules.

humidity conditions in which the sweat test was conducted. Everyone needs to drink more in an hour in the summer than they do in the winter. The key is to know how much YOU need to drink in the summer vs. the winter.

Other Considerations

As mentioned earlier, at least a 300- to 500-calorie breakfast is recommended an hour or so before the race. A good breakfast allows a rider to go light on the nutrition for the first hour.

Real food near lunch and/or the halfway point of the brevet is a good idea as well. Having real food may even settle the stomach if a rider is having gastrointestinal issues. Foods that are calorie-dense with fat and protein will sit in the stomach to satiate hunger and provide long-lasting energy, keeping in mind that carbohydrates don't serve that function. Some examples of calorie dense foods containing fat and protein include a sandwich, a boiled potato

with salt, a banana and a ball of sushi rice mixed with chocolate or some scrambled eggs. Robert Booth, fellow Great Lakes Randonneur, states, "I try to consume at least 1,000 calories at each control. Some common choices include chocolate milk, orange juice, mashed potatoes, pasta salad, potato salad, sliced melon/fruit, potato wedges, pizza." He adds, "Late in a long event I will eat anything that appeals to me."

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In conclusion, there are many things to consider when planning for your next randonneuring adventure to ensure you are fueled for success. You are an experiment of one. Just remember, competition day is not the day that you want to be experimenting with your nutrition. Try different hydration and feeding strategies during training and well before the big day. Take the time to prepare your own foods or try different products beforehand and then write out a specific game plan for your drinking and eating needs. We hope that we have provided some insight and resources that you will find useful as you continue to refine your nutrition needs for your next ultra-cycling event.

If you would like additional nutritional resources and assistance with determining your individualized nutritional needs, Laurie recommends contacting SCAN, the Sports, Cardiovascular and Wellness subgroup of the Academy of Nutrition and Dietetics and use their "Find a SCAN RD" option to find a sports nutritionist in your area. If you're in Illinois, contact Laurie at nutritionheartbeat.com

Best of luck to you in your next randonneur adventure.

Bonne route. 🚲

What Else Could Go Wrong?

June 17th, Woburn Mass to Portland Maine and back, a New England Randonneur 400km

BY DAVID DIGIOVANNI #2437

It's 3:00 am and I have traveled 273 miles. I am stopped on an overpass over Route 95. I am unclipped, straddling my bike with my forearms resting on the handlebars, arms out in front of me, peering at my cell phone trying to determine what my options are. I hear a vehicle approach from behind. It slows. I am consumed by its headlights. I bet it is a cop. Yup, it's a cop.

I had been looking forward to the route, which would take us through touristy towns in New Hampshire and Maine although I was a bit skeptical about the start location: a Holiday Inn Express in Woburn, MA, on a four-lane road with a massive strip mall across the street. However, all of my doubts were quickly erased as the route took us into the suburbs. The group broke apart and I settled into a quick but comfortable pace. At mile 80 I could tell my fitness level was not where it should have been, but I kept up the pace and reached Portland, ME, at mile 127 in 9.5 hours, a good time for me.

Lunch at the Ohno Café was fabulous. Jake, the NER RBA, did a fantastic job on this route. As I headed back, I passed inbound riders. The return leg overlapped the outbound leg at the ride beginning and the turnaround point in Portland although it eventually broke away so that the return route was west of the outbound route. I continued at a steady but slower

pace, stopping only at the controls. I realized the 9.5 hour outbound leg would not be matched by the return leg, but I anticipated a possible midnight finish of twenty hours, which would be a personal best. As I continued, I adjusted my estimation to twenty-one hours, which would match my personal best for a 400km. At the last control in Merrimac, MA, I met other riders: a couple from Colorado on a tandem; Fred from the NER group, suffering from stomach issues and struggling to stay awake; and another rider wearing sandals and looking like he had just started the ride. I left the control with the Colorado couple and thirty miles to go. Their pace was too quick for me and I fell back. At this point, I was in survival mode. I was not spent, but my legs had very little punch left in them. I was thankful for the relatively flat route. My pace was consistently under fourteen mph and the 1:00 am goal was fading away.

Earlier, my Garmin Edge Touring

had failed so it was tucked into a bike bag. I used the cue sheet until dark when I switched to my backup option, the Ride with GPS phone app which contained a download of the route. I quickly realized that it was not announcing required turns and I had to double back several times to return to the course. Despite putting the app in "handlebar mode," the screen kept going dark which caused the app to stop tracking my position. I had to press a button to turn on the screen each time I approached an intersection. RWGPS would then update my location and provide directions. My work around was to press the button as the phone sat in the chest pocket of my vest. I did this as I approached each intersection. This appeared to work and I was confident in the app and did not confirm the route from the cue sheet. As I passed through towns in the dark, I expected to see Woburn on a post office or fire department sign. This was not happening and I wondered why. I was at mile 247 when something did not feel right. RWGPS was giving me conflicting directions, so I doubled back several times realizing that something was wrong.

I gave up on the app and used Google maps to route me to the finish. It plotted a route and informed me that I was two hours and thirty-eight minutes out via bicycle! I was stunned. I am not exactly sure what happened, but I believe RWGPS at some point put me on the outgoing northbound route. The Google map route confirmed this

when it turned me around 180 degrees. I backtracked and recognized towns and structures that I had seen earlier. I was not too happy about the situation but was somewhat relieved to have a rock solid plan to get to the finish. I cruised along at about twelve mph trying to conserve energy. Nothing was open and I had a limited supply of food and water with over two hours of riding left. Then my phone announced, "gps signal lost." I was not riding in a cave or under the cover of trees but under a wide open sky! What else could go wrong!

I stopped and woke up the phone and saw that it appeared to be tracking me correctly. The announcement occurred several times and I kept confirming that I was on course. I continued down the road in silence for a long time. On the overpass I decided to stop and confirm my location. I was down to about two hours of riding remaining. I could see the Google

At this point, I was in survival mode. I was not spent, but my legs had very little punch left in them.

maps course on my phone and I could also see that I was not on it! I quickly realized I was out of options. Finding a hotel or curling up on the side of the road suddenly became possibilities. My plans to meet my daughter later in the day were also in jeopardy.

Officer Dave from the Boxford Police Department asked if I was ok. I informed him that I was completely twisted up on my location and

directions. He looked at my phone and sighed at the fact that it was 3:00 am and I was a long way from the end. What came next was completely unexpected. He offered to drive me back to the finish, a 25-minute drive. Again I was stunned. I confirmed his offer and quickly accepted it. The Ford Explorer had a cage in the back which prevented the bike from going in. He called his partner on the other side of town and asked him to go to the station and get the other vehicle without the cage. We chatted and waited for thirty minutes until he arrived. On the way back, I told Officer Dave about randonneuring and PBP. Twenty-five minutes later he dropped me off at the finish and I turned in my card with a well-earned DNF. I was in bed at 4:38am, up at 12:15pm and met my daughter a short time later for a Father's Day brunch and time well spent together. 🚲



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Any Distance is Cycling Distance

I first heard that expression when I started looking for cycling challenges beyond 100 miles.

Most of my riding was composed of club centuries and charitable events, but I wanted more of a challenge on the bike. Of course my curious nature eventually lead me down the slippery slope that is randonneuring. As I discovered my kindred spirits and their ways, I also learned another axiom of long distance cycling: any weather is cycling weather. In both cases I have had some fantastic personal accomplishments, but I have also found myself at the end of my ride long before I came to the end of the event, standing on the side of a lonely road, often rain soaked in the dark, looking for the easy button. Some days you are the hammer and some days you are the nail.

One thing has remained constant (as much as anything about riding a

bicycle long distances can be constant): I have had fewer failures, or miserable successes, in the fall than at any other time of the year. I have pondered this on occasion, not in any scientific way, so I can't say there is a causal relationship, but I do think there is a correlation. Here are a few of my thoughts.

First, the Weather:

The weather in my neck of the woods is less likely to hammer you this time of year, and this is probably so for much of the country. September to mid-November is the 'Goldilocks' season: not too hot, not too cold, and sometimes just right. There are, of course, exceptions to every generalization but I know that some of my most rewarding and memorable (in a good way) milestones have been achieved

during this time of year. If there is going to be a hiccup in the weather it is usually something you can reasonably compensate for. If colder than expected temperatures show up you can usually find a hack or two along the route to ward off the chill. If the skies part and you get soaked, rando improvisation can often save the day, or at least make it bearable. The 'garbage bag as raincoat' trick comes to mind. Additionally, the sun has less bite so it takes less sunscreen to keep from getting toasted and it is rarely too hot which is a good thing because weather too hot to ride in is awfully hard to mitigate (remember July and August). In the mountains though, all bets are off regardless the season. The mountains make their own weather and it is often swift and brutal.

The Equipment:

By autumn any issues I may have had with the three contact points are a distant memory. I know which shorts to wear when and my jerseys seem to fit a little better around the middle.



The major mechanicals have come and gone and those annoying little problems, the squeaky bottom bracket or pedal, for example, have either given up or I have actually taken the time to chase down the problem and eliminate it. Sometime during this part of the year I switch to tires that are a little more flat resistant. These are frequently new tires because winter tires take a beating and rarely last through two winters. Not surprisingly, then, I get few if any flats until the weather really turns sour. Mostly everything that is going to break, wear out, or go out of adjustment has done so in the previous three months. The next three months, while not entirely trouble free, are mostly devoid of ride-stopping mechanicals.

The Routes:

Tourism is a significant part of the economy where I live and summer is the busiest season. Some tourists are on bikes, which is nice, but many

are in RV's or dragging a camp trailer behind. These folks often take up more than their share of the road. How many times have you been passed by one of these behemoths, wagging back and forth across both the center and fog lines? Definitely a hazard deserving a wide berth. There are some beautiful routes I just avoid for this very reason. Hwy 101 along Hood Canal between Shelton and Quilcene comes to mind. By September the kids are back in school and most of those weekend road warriors have put their land yachts to bed for the next nine months. Once they are gone, riding those scenic byways is a delicious delight. I can now spend more time enjoying the scenery and less time worrying about what's in my rear view mirror.

Spring is for gain, summer is for pain, but fall is the time of year for reaping rich harvests. I know I should try to maintain my fitness through the winter, and lots of my riding friends do so just by riding, but I tend to slack off

when it is nasty out. So spring comes along and I step on the gas in an effort to get back to where I was before I was imprisoned by the Barcalounger. It's a fool's strategy, or no strategy actually. I either suffer injuries or just routinely ache Monday through Wednesday. Summer is when I get my legs and wind back so I am better able to hang on and I start to feel like I am hitting my stride. But in the fall I am feeling a lot fewer aches and pains; I actually look forward to getting back on the bike the next day. And riding along seems more like stepping on to that flat escalator thing at the airport than working to maintain forward motion.

Precious are the times when it seems you, the bike, the weather, and all the other elements align in such a way that riding a bike feels like the most natural thing in the world. These times keep me coming back to the bike. It is true that any season is biking season, but for me fall is the best season for riding a bike. 🚲

Attention Members

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

Update your address online at:

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Upcoming Tours for 2018

Arizona Desert Camps and Tours

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

Week #1 February 24 March 3

Tour of the Historic Hotels

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

Week #2 March 3 - 01

First Century Week

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

Week #3 March 10 - 17

Chiricahua Challenge

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

Week #4 March 17 - 24

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) March 24 - April 1

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.

Week #6 April 1-8

NEW Gravel Road Week This new week follows a lot of the gravel roads used by the Border Patrol of southern Arizona. These desolate roads are suitable for bikes with 1.5" or 2" street tires. Daily distances average 50 miles per day with 30 miles of gravel.

PAC Tour

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Route 66 Western States

Santa Monica, Ca to Amarillo, TX

April 21 to May 11

19 days averaging 60-85 miles per day.

We will ride this classic American Highway built in 1926 and learn about its iconic history. We will stay in many historic motels and eat at quaint roadside cafes. Most nights we are joined by local guest speakers who bring the old road to life. This tour will fill up by January 2018.

Northern Transcontinental

Everett, Washington to Portsmouth, NH
Saturday, July 7 to Thursday, August 9th

3,570 miles, 31 riding days, 118 miles per day

This is a popular route through Washington, Idaho, Montana over The Big Horn Mountains, The Badland of South Dakota and cross Lake Michigan on the Edger Ferry. We will include riding across Canada to the Niagra Falls before ending in Portsmouth, New Hampshire north of Boston.

Over the Andes - Across Peru

Late October

We have been traveling various routes across Peru since 1999. This route from Brazil to the Pacific Ocean offers some of the best roads in the world with good pavement and light traffic. We have ridden this tour twice before. It is a popular route offering a wide selection of scenery and elevation from the low jungle to mountain passes above 15,000 feet.

There are 11 riding days averaging 80 miles per day. There will be two stopover days to visit Macchu Picchu near Cuzco. Total tour length is 16 days with travel days from the United States. We will stay in hotels and eat at restaurants. We will be riding with several cyclists from the Peruvian National Team who will be our guides. We will also have two support vans who will transport our gear and provide support during the day. This tour is recommended for riders who are looking for adventure in a unique and beautiful country.

**Check the PAC Tour website for dates,
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Rando(m) Thoughts BY CHRIS NEWMAN

Randowear

This past spring my friend Paul and I were out riding during the very changeable weather month of May. In New Jersey, you are never quite sure if you will freeze or fry or get drenched in May. Packing the correct clothes is a bit of a challenge, and every randonneur seems to have developed their own, unique solution to this conundrum. Some folks have simplified the whole process by moving to Florida where it will always be warm or Seattle where it will always be wet.

Anyway, on this day, as Paul was pulling on his own special glove combination, he explained in detail the brilliance behind the uniquely unattractive mishmash of hand coverings he was employing. I admit

I don't remember most of the strata involved...I might have drifted off... but I vividly remember the top layer, which consisted of a pair of blue, cotton gardening gloves purchased at Wal-Mart or the Dollar Store for the extravagant

price of five pairs for one dollar. I also forget why this particular glove stacking method is so effective at protecting your mitts, but I recall how visually appalling it was.

In retrospect, I should not have been surprised by Paul's creativity given that he had shown similar ingenuity at the 2016 Cascade 1200 when we made a last-minute purchase of banana yellow dishwashing gloves. You would have thought that he had found the Holy Grail when he spied those gloves in a Home Depot aisle. I admit that I eventually became quite enamored of them during the downpours that inevitably developed and I really didn't pay much attention to how goofy I appeared. I also recall thinking that other riders might actually be jealous when they saw how we had defeated



Paul Shapiro.
—PHOTOS CHRIS NEWMAN





Bob Torres.
— PHOTOS CHRIS NEWMAN



COURTESY OF LAURA STRONG

the elements with our out-of-the-box approach to weather management.

So, these sartorial adventures with Paul got me thinking that even though cyclists are cursed with having to wear some of the most unattractive technical wear, including shorts that are basically latex covered adult diapers, some folks find a way to make the whole ensemble even more unsightly. Unfortunately, Paul is not the only rider known to “enhance” his attire with unique accessories.

Early in his randonneur career, my friend Nigel developed a tiered rain management system that he has since abandoned. This is unfortunate since it was truly unique and was comprised of seven tiers ranging from Level 0 (wet roads) = just fenders to Level 7 (hurricane) = seek shelter. This is impressive for many reasons, not the least of which is that he actually recommends seeking shelter during a hurricane, which suggests a level of common sense not often found in randonneurs. Of course, by the time he would have sought safety, he would be sporting all the gear described in the first six levels: fenders, bike cap, rain jacket, shoe covers, shower cap, rubber gloves, waterproof Swiss military surplus overalls cut off at the knees

(my personal favorite), and wool leg warmers. Just imagine that for a moment. Who would actually give shelter to someone dressed like that? Hmm... maybe that’s the fatal flaw in an otherwise brilliant system.

Reflecting on the absurdity of cycling clothing leads naturally to thinking about which sports boast the attire with the most panache. Many sports such as football, baseball, and lacrosse are easily eliminated. Golf could be in the running, as could cricket, but I think after seeing the many photos

these photos. Actually, there is no comparison. The current rules of the Saddle Seat Equitation Committee include this admonition “...neatness is the first requisite regarding a rider’s attire...Adjustments to tack and attire for valid medical reasons are permitted.”

As I write this, I am at the finish of a hot, humid New Jersey 600km. These riders have faced torrential rain, ninety-degree heat, and headwinds. Some have not slept for more than thirty minutes in the last two days. At this point, most of the finishers appear

Reflecting on the absurdity of cycling clothing leads naturally to thinking about which sports boast the attire with the most panache.

my great friend Laura has posted to Facebook that Saddle Seat is the clear winner. No lycra for these folks. Their attire is custom made and includes a top hat (classier than a helmet!) and jodhpurs, with rules specifying ensembles to be worn before and after 6:00 pm. Truly, compare and contrast

to have some kind of medical condition that might explain their definitive lack of neatness. However, I was also at the start, and sartorially speaking, they didn’t look a whole lot classier then. Just sayin’. 🚲

Randonneuring on a Fixed Gear?

BY JOE DILLE, RUSA 10537

Perhaps it is a genetic condition but it seems I was destined not to coast. My dad gave me his old bike when I was 12. This was not just any bike; it was his dad's track bike from the 1930s. Grandpa was a competitive speed skater and used the bike for training in The Bronx during the depression. Dad explained about the toe straps, showed me how to mount the tubular tires, and then set me loose without brakes in the neighborhood.

It was much faster than my Raleigh Chopper and I started riding all over the place and having a good time. That all ended a couple years later when I ran the bike into the back of a parked Pontiac on my way home from work.

Forty years later I participated in a try-the-track event at the local

velodrome. As soon as I slowed down and had the sensation of pedals pushing back on my legs, I had warm memories of my childhood. The hook was set. Over the following winter, I built my own road bike by fitting brakes and bottle cages to a retired 1990's track bike.

I use this bike for commuting and recreational riding, racking up about one hundred miles a week. I used this bike on the 2014 City to Shore 100 mile MS charity ride—my wife has MS—and had a great time. My fundraising motto: One Gear, One Cause, No Coasting.

The next spring I decided to tackle the flat Cranbury 200km brevet on the fixed gear. It was a little harder than I expected due to poor nutrition on my part and a stiff headwind on the return. Still, I made it and had a good time. Since then, I have done a couple more 200km rides on the track bike.

My latest accomplishment was completing the 2017 PA Fleche as part of the "Sinister Nuts" fixed gear team. Sinister is Latin for left-handed, and all fixed gear bikes use a left-handed lock nut to secure the sprocket to the hub: therefore, Sinister Nuts. This was my first fleche and I had a good time



Converted track bike.

—PHOTOS JOE DILLE

challenging myself. The route was selected to avoid hills; however, there was one at the end and it was steep. I was so happy that I had enough power left after 23 hours of riding to make it up the final challenge.

Enough about me: what about taking a fixed gear bicycle on brevet?

Fun fact: In 1937 when derailleurs were first allowed in the Tour de France, the slowest time for the tour was faster than the fastest time the year before. At risk of stating the obvious, a fixed gear bike will require a bit more work per kilometer than a geared bike. This is especially true if there are any hills or wind involved. You have to push harder to get up a hill and will need to keep your legs moving on those long descents while the others coast and rest. With practice and time you adapt to riding over a wider range of cadences.

I find riding with other fixed gear bikes is noticeably easier than riding with geared bikes as the riding pace is more even. Fixed gear riders tend to go slower down hills and slightly faster up moderate grades. When cresting hills they tend to continue to push rather than coast for a bit on the summit. Drafting is still drafting, but you will have to back pedal a bit every time the person in front of you coasts. Riding with geared bikes is not a show stopper, but you end up working a bit more to stay in the group. I do admit it is great fun to have someone say, “Hey you

Team Sinister Nuts, Start, 2017 PA Fleche. Left to right: William Olsen, Joe Dille, Paul Scarce, Guy Harris, Bob Torres

—PHOTO GUY HARRIS



are on a fixed gear,” in the middle of a group of bikes.

It’s important to be careful on descents; don’t write a check at the top of a hill that your legs can’t cash at the bottom. On a fixed gear you always need to be driving the pedals to keep the bike under control. Letting the pedals drive you is a good way to set up a wobble. I can now pedal over 180 rpm in a pinch. However, if I do get in over my head I hit the brakes while continuing to pedal hard until things get back in control.

I ride a 70” (43/16) gear most of the time which works well in the hills near my home. I also have an 18/16T double sprocket in the back that gives me the possibility of changing to a 63”

Start of 2016 Cranbury 200k. Joe Dille leading off on his fixed gear bike.

—PHOTO CHATSWORTH BOGS

gear in an emergency by just moving the chain and repositioning the wheel. This odd sprocket also gives other riders something to look at and wonder how I shift my gears. I keep my seat about ¼” lower than on my geared bike which lets me adjust my effective stroke by sliding back on the saddle.

Touring on a fixed gear means you will never have to hassle with a derailleurs. The chains last a long time and are generally trouble free when properly tensioned. On the down side, you will need to carry a track wrench to

Team Sinister Nuts, 22 Hour Control
2017 PA Fleche. Left to right:
Joe Dille, Paul Scarce, William Olsen,
Bob Torres, Guy Harris.

—PHOTOS BOB TORRES



remove the wheels in the case of a flat. Most track wrenches double as a tire iron and triple as a bottle opener.

A track bike is a lot of fun to ride on the road, but not the best basis for a touring bike. The stiff frame makes for a responsive but rough ride. The quick steering geometry makes it twitchy on the road, especially with a loaded bar bag. They also lack mounts and clearance for fenders and racks. If I was building a fixed gear touring bike I would start with something more conventional like a Surly Steamroller or Wabi Classic.

When people ask me why I ride a fixed gear I say it is like the difference

between driving a car with a manual transmission vs. an automatic. You feel more connected and in control. Riding is a more intimate experience. It is very important to have a smooth pedaling motion especially when descending. You also learn to be effective over a range of cadences. Riding a fixed gear has helped me become a stronger rider. 🚲

My 2017 City to Shore Multiple Sclerosis fundraising page:

http://main.nationalmssociety.org/goto/Fixie_Joe

Transforming a track bike to a road bike:

http://home.jtan.com/~joe/matt_bike/

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2018 Coulee Challenge 1200km

Challenge yourself—and your preconceptions!

BY GREG SMITH

We know what you're thinking: "the Midwest is flat with nothing but cows and cornfields." The Minnesota Randonneurs and Driftless Randonneurs invite you to join us August 13-16, 2018, on a Grand Randonnée through some of the most beautiful cycling terrain in the world that will forever change your notion about cycling in the Midwest.

The ride starts in Apple Valley, MN, which is located about fifteen minutes from the Minneapolis-St Paul airport in the Twin Cities. The route from the host hotel quickly takes you out of town onto quiet two-lane roads through rolling farmland (and yes, you might see a cow or two!), with stretches through forested areas and then along Lake Byllesby toward the first control at Cannon Falls. From there you head toward Wisconsin with a series of

climbs that are rewarded with forever views from the ridgetops. You'll cross the Mississippi at Red Wing where you'll do a lengthy stretch along Lake Pepin, which is a naturally occurring lake created by the backup of water behind sedimentary deposits of the Chippewa River Delta. Ol' Man River backs up and slows down there into the largest lake on the entire river.

Leaving the control in Pepin, you'll head north to Elmwood, then

south to Alma before working your way eastward toward Black River Falls and a well-earned rest at the first overnight. Your registration includes overnights in hotels along the way, dinner and breakfast (or is that breakfast and dinner?), and progressive bag drops so all you need to do when you get to an overnight is shower, eat and sleep!

Day two and most of day three are deep in the Driftless Region of southwestern Wisconsin. Okay, what's this Driftless stuff? Briefly, in the last ice age, after grinding all the hills flat, the retreating glaciers left behind silt, clay and boulders called "drift." The glaciers didn't make it this far south

Riders enjoying the climb up from a river valley.

—PHOTO GREG SMITH





A farm in the hills.

—PHOTO GREG SMITH

so the resulting area is “driftless”—get it? But the real benefit to randonneurs is an area of beautiful hills carved by rivers into coulees that generally drain toward the Mississippi. And while we’re at it, what’s a coulee? It derives from the French word couler meaning “to flow.” In the Midwest it’s generally used to refer to creeks running through hilly areas. You’ll get to experience all this first hand with challenging climbs up to ridgetops and long sections through quiet river valleys.

Now is when you’ll experience the full variety of the terrain on offer, and if the first day wasn’t enough to convince you, this is when you’ll erase that notion of the Midwest being flat. The total climbing on the route is fairly typical for a Grand Randonnée at about 35,000’, but the terrain is relentlessly hilly rather than mountainous. You’ll find yourself either going up or down for a good portion of the ride. You’ll appreciate strong legs or lots of gears (or both!), with 5%-7% grades the norm, and a few 20%’ers to get the blood up. The good news is that the climbs are linked together either by extended runs on the ridge tops or through valleys to give you a chance to cool off a bit and get in some faster miles.

One of the many churches that dot the ridge tops.

—PHOTO GREG SMITH

Leaving the second overnight in Reedsburg you’ll head toward Richland Center, then along the Pine River headed for Norwalk. The stretch from Reedsburg all the way to Viroqua is characterized by quiet roads, stretches along river valleys (both the Pine and Kickapoo), as well as some challenging climbs up to the ridgetops. As on the previous day, your effort will be rewarded with stunning views of the surrounding hills and valleys. This area also features a number of Amish farms so be on the lookout for buggies—and piles of horse manure!

From Viroqua you’ll head back toward your second crossing of the Mississippi at Bluff Siding/Winona. One of the things the locals know is that any time you cross the river your next move is up as you climb the bluffs around the river, and this is definitely the case out of Winona, which is

where your third and final overnight is located. Don’t worry: we give you a few miles on day four to warm up the turbines before you hit that first climb!

Your last day of the Coulee Challenge features no fewer than three of these climbs up from the river. In addition to Winona you’ll also return to the river at Lake City before revisiting Red Wing on the retour. It also features lengthy stretches on the bike trails that Minnesotans are justly proud of, with segments on the Hay Creek Trail and Cannon Valley Trail. The trails offer extended stretches with little to no climbing and lots of shade as you roll through the woods. By now you’re likely in “ready to be done” mode and the good news is that when you exit the Cannon Valley Trail you’re just a little over 30 easy miles from the finish!

We’ll be taking care of everything you need for the Coulee Challenge including detailed cue sheets, GPS routes, progressive bag drops, overnights at hotels with food provided and a “guide book” that gives the daily details. All you need to do is join us for the ride next August 13-16! An interest list is available at www.CouleeChallenge.com. 🚲



From the High Desert to the Prairies: Santa Fe Trail 1000km

BY ROBERT SEXTON

Last year, on my first ride with Audax Kansas City, I did the Nebraska Sandhills 1000km. I was struck by the natural beauty of the region with miles and miles of rolling green hills under big skies on lightly travelled roads.

I am a big fan of point-to-point rides, despite the tricky logistics, because every mile of the route will be different. The Sandhills 1000km route follows the historic Santa Fe Trail, reversing the historic route from Independence, Missouri to Santa Fe, New Mexico at the southern end of the Rockies. It rolls downhill from the high desert of Santa Fe at 7000' onto the high plains of New Mexico, ending 3000' lower at Hillsboro, Kansas, roughly 180 miles west of Kansas City.

Day One—Santa Fe, NM, to Boise City, OK, 430 km.

The start was at a hotel on the western side of town, conveniently located next to a 24-hour restaurant. We met for breakfast and rolled out from Santa Fe into the pre-dawn light at 5 am. The locals told stories of unpredictable weather, and Santa Fe didn't disappoint. Friday morning brought flurries of snow. We rode out into the cold morning, awaiting the warmth of the sun.

Crossing interstate 25 on a frontage road just north of Watrous, NM. The frontage roads were well-maintained and quiet.

—PHOTO ROBERT SEXTON

drivers gave us plenty of room.

Our first stop, Las Vegas, NM, is the biggest town on the route after Santa Fe and the last stop before joining Highway 56 at Springer, NM. The route east from Springer heads through open country and small towns where supplies are harder to come by. Thirty miles north of Las Vegas, we rode through Watrous, the historic junction between the northern and southern branches of the Santa Fe Trail. Our route took us along the southern Cimarron cutoff branch. In twenty-four hours, we would traverse the dry, historically dangerous route that settlers braved over the course of ten days.

One of the things that I enjoy about the Kansas City Randonneurs' brevets is the simple approach to support. The support crew transports the drop bags and re-supplies riders when the towns are too far apart. The rituals are simple—the drop bags stay in the

It was a beautiful morning with a red sunrise. The route cuts through the red sandstone hills as it makes its way down out of the mountains, up small hills and heading down longer descents. There aren't many roads in this part of the country, so it's not unusual to ride on the wide shoulder of an interstate highway. There were few motorists on the roads in the early morning, however, as we merged onto Interstate 25 fifteen miles into the ride. We flew down the big descents. It was a lightly travelled road, much less busy than ones that I ride at home in California, and the local





car and you get them out when you arrive at the overnight control.

In the morning you put your bag back in the car and head down the road. The support crew, Angie and Hannah Klaassen, drove from overnight to overnight. They went exploring along our route while we rode and also supplied us with water and food to bridge us over the two long stretches without supplies.

The first of these two support stops was in Gladstone, NM, population 6. Gladstone is about thirty miles beyond Springer, on the far side of an 18-mile, two percent climb with stunning views of the mountains around Taos. The Gladstone store was closed, as expected, when we arrived late in the afternoon. Angie and Hannah were great—they met us in Gladstone and re-supplied us with sandwiches and snacks to get us through the empty country to Clayton, NM, and the overnight at Boise City, OK.

Day Two—Boise City, OK, to Larned, KS, 360 km.

Weather is a wildcard on brevets. This wasn't the first running of the Santa Fe 1000km. Some previous rides featured tough headwinds while others offered strong tailwinds.

Day two did not disappoint, and we

were guessing what the weather would do all day. The forecast suggested that we'd have a crosswind as we headed eastwards towards Larned. We rode out of Boise City under overcast skies, and made excellent time with a tailwind. We soon crossed into Kansas and made a brief refuelling stop at Elkhart, then rode onwards to Hugoton for a proper meal at a local Chinese restaurant.

This is great countryside for cycling. My California brevet friends often joke about the flatness of the Midwest. The California Central Valley is far flatter than Kansas or Nebraska. Kansas is a state of great geological diversity. The Kansas roads roll up and down along gentle grades atop ancient sand dunes and river deposits and the hills are more demanding than they appear. The horizon is far away and you can see an afternoon thunderstorm hours before the first raindrop falls.

The route sheet for this ride could fit on a single page. We had turned onto Highway 56 one hundred and forty miles into the ride, and stayed on it for three hundred and fifty miles. It was strangely liberating: when in doubt, follow the Highway 56 signs.

There is a small town about every twenty miles. The route bobs and weaves along the contours of the

Descending eastwards toward the southern high plains. San Jose, N.M.

—PHOTO ROBERT SEXTON

countryside. The railroads arrived in the 1800s, and the rail lines that originally stitched together the countryside are never far away. It's farming country, with green rolling fields of wheat and occasionally corn. Every town is marked by a grain elevator that you can see long before you arrive.

As we headed east we could see storm systems with rain cells far ahead, moving north across our route. A weather forecast won't tell you exactly what to expect, but on the ride, we could see what the weather was doing and where it was going. It isn't abstract. The weather is right there even if it can be hard to tell how far away it is, or how fast it's moving. Julie Ni and I rode eastwards for hours ahead of ominous clouds, working into a headwind created by the low pressure of the storm behind us.

The puzzle of the day was exactly when would it rain: was there enough time to ride to the next town or should we take a break at a store while the weather swept overhead? It looked like Montezuma was going to be a good

Roadside support at the Quivira National Wildlife Refuge, Nickerson KS.

—PHOTO ROBERT SEXTON



for some indoor, off-the-bike time with hot food. With less than five miles to go, I stopped on the side of the road to repair a flat tire. Local residents stopped by to check on us and offer rides. We didn't need help, but they had something that we needed—local knowledge! Everybody knew exactly what time the rain would arrive. One farm hand showed us a weather map on his phone, and told us not to worry because the cows hadn't lain down yet to get ready for the rain. We got into Montezuma just ahead of the rain and had a nice indoor food break while we waited it out and spent time visiting with friendly locals. They scrutinized the weather maps and had lots of suggestions as to what the weather would do and when we should leave.

An hour later, we pressed onwards into the golden hour of light and the beautiful colors of a post-weather sunset. We rode eastwards through an enormous wind farm. The windmills stood out against the dramatic backdrops of the sunset to our west, and distant thunderstorms and rainbows to the east. The post-storm

weather was perfect, with mild winds as we pressed on to Dodge City.

The terrain does odd things to your sense of distance. You're never more than ten minutes or so from the nearest hilltop, and you can see the next town far away. Julie and I spotted Dodge City over thirty minutes before we stopped at the control. It looked a few minutes away the entire time.

Dodge City sits on the Arkansas River. We would cross the river three times before the end of the ride. We rode eastwards along Highway 56 through Spearville and through the second wind farm of the ride. It's an eerie stretch of road at night. There are windmills as far as the eye can see, their red safety lights blinking like synchronized fireflies. They croaked and called to each other in a deafening roar as we rode the last miles along the ancient bed of the Arkansas River to our overnight at Larned.

ACP rules allow 75 hours for a 1000km, and the route and the controls were perfectly set up so that we could make good use of all that time. The distance was split up into three days:

Sunset at the Gray county wind farm. Montezuma KS.

—PHOTO ROBERT SEXTON





Following the TransAmerica bike trail.
Buhler KS.

—PHOTO ROBERT SEXTON

Sunrise and sagebrush in Santa Fe.

—PHOTO ROBERT SEXTON



430 km, 360 km, and 210 km. Our ride plan was simple—use up all the time to get more sleep, and leave the overnights an hour before the control closed.

Day Three—Larned, KS, to Hillsboro KS, 210 km.

Day three was the shortest of them all, barely longer than the 200km rides that many of us do on a Saturday. There was no need for an early start. We left our hotel well rested for the final day, expecting rain.

We rode out of Larned along the route of the Adventure Cycling Organization's Transamerica Trail and followed it for almost one hundred miles. The route heads eastwards through rolling hills and the occasional wetland. It's open country without many towns. Angie and Hannah met us mid-route in the Quivira National Wildlife Refuge to top off our water bottles halfway through the 60-mile leg to Knickerson.

Kansas was bright green under the overcast skies and wildflowers were

Heading eastwards along a very lightly travelled I-25 frontage road near San Jose, NM. We had this road to ourselves for almost a hundred miles.

—PHOTO ROBERT SEXTON





everywhere. We could see the promised rain behind us as a tailwind pushed us onwards. Hugoton was visible long before we would get there for food and shelter. We made it just in time to get out of the rain while we had lunch.

Checking the weather radar on our phones, we were led to believe that the rain would be gone in an hour, and that leaving sooner would just make hard

riding in the rain. Spencer, Julie, and I decided to take our time over lunch while we waited for the weather to blow through. It was an hour well spent. The rain came down hard for about thirty minutes, and then stopped when we were ready to push on.

The last afternoon of riding was especially beautiful. We worked our way eastwards towards our postcard

Local Color in Montezuma Kansas.
—PHOTO ROBERT SEXTON

control at Peabody. The landscape became hillier as we crossed from the Great Bend Prairie onto the western edge of the Flint Hills. The afternoon rain cleared the air and the landscape glowed green in the afternoon light. The route out of Peabody was a quiet country road and from there we headed northwards over rolling hills to a daylight finish in Hillsboro.

I've greatly enjoyed my rides with Audax Kansas City, and I urge other randonneurs to join. The countryside is lightly populated and feels more remote than it really is, creating a sense of adventure. The big skies make for dramatic weather. The varying geology of the area changes in subtle ways as you traverse the region. The countryside has a charm that is best appreciated by bicycle. 🚲

Sharing the road with a wind tower transporter in Oklahoma.
—PHOTO ROBERT SEXTON

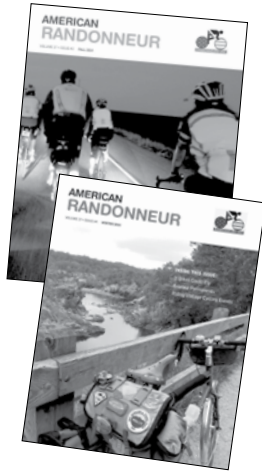


American Randonneur CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

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 Jim Poppy (jjpoppy55@icloud.com) for details.

Submission deadlines:

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

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

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Joe Kratovil, RBA

New Jersey Randonneurs

We're heading back east for this edition of the RUSA Member Profile to talk with Joe Kratovil, RBA for the New Jersey Randonneurs, about riding and organizing randonneuring events. Not only has Joe been serving as RBA since 2013, he also finds time to put in big miles on his bikes—including finishing the 2011 edition of Paris-Brest-Paris, doing the 2014 Natchez Trace 1500km on a fixed gear, and achieving K-Hound status a handful of times. Thanks so much, Joe, for being part of the RUSA Member Profile series.

How did you become the RBA for New Jersey Randonneurs and how long have you been doing it?

I've been involved as a volunteer and organizer for the organization since 2007. The region seemed to turn over RBA's every two or three years. In 2013, the RBA relocated due to a job transfer. This was mid-way into the season and there simply wasn't anyone coming forward to take over.

Truthfully, I really didn't want to be RBA as I felt it would eat into my time available to ride, but I didn't want to see the activity in the region come to an end either. I reluctantly stepped into the role. Thankfully, we have a terrific group here with lots of volunteers. They help organize and staff brevets as well as assist with administrative details. Without them the task would be unmanageable.

What do you find are the critical elements to putting together a

good Super Randonneur series? Any challenges you encounter?

I feel the series is the primary purpose of the region. We put a lot of thought and energy into it. It needs to be interesting and exciting as riders get tired of doing the same old routes. We have a few talented route designers who are constantly creating new brevet routes or coming up with ideas to refresh old ones.

As far as challenges, the biggest is scheduling. We have several other regions nearby. Many riders make use of this opportunity and will do a double series or just do multiples of certain distances. While it is difficult to avoid date conflicts, we almost always find a way to work with the neighboring RBAs to avoid schedule issues.

What are the rides like in your area?

We are very fortunate that our state has varied terrain. The southern part and shore area are basically flat

while some of the central region and most of the northern region is hilly. Our brevets range from quite hilly to quite flat and everything in between. As an example, one of our 600km routes has a challenging first loop and a very flat second loop.

What single accomplishment are you most pleased about as RBA?

We held an Arrow in 2016 for which all the entry fees, and funds raised by riders were donated to a charity providing shelter for abused and abandoned children.

Five teams participated in the 24-hour event. All finished successfully at Pete's Bike Shop in Flemington, New Jersey. We raised over \$6,000 for Hunterdon Youth Services. I was extremely proud of our group for coming together for those in need. This was the largest RUSA Arrow ever held.

How did you become interested in randonneuring?

I was a triathlete back in the 80's. Then I migrated to being just a bike commuter. That was all I had time for as a sales professional and father of three. Once our children grew and became independent, I had more time and was looking for a new challenge. My thinking was long rides.

I bought a book on Ultra Distance cycling and in it was a chapter on randonnées. The description of these non-competitive, timed events was appealing. Searching around on the internet I found the New Jersey Randonneurs. I participated in my



first brevet in 2006 and have been hooked ever since.

What's the rando-scene like in New Jersey? From an outsider's perspective, it seems fairly tight-knit and friendly.

We have a great group of folks here. Those that have been in it for some time are very goal-oriented. They are always striving for a variety of RUSA awards and are very encouraging to each other.

There is a social element to it as well. We continually meet up for permanents. We've travelled to other regions together, especially during the winter months. I would say we've become a family. That said, when newcomers migrate over from other styles of riding they are made to feel welcome and often are with us long-term.

Joe, you ride a variety of bikes: fixed gear; recumbent; and you also

have a Bike Friday Pocket Rocket that you've taken to PBP. Given your affinity for a diversity of bikes, what features do you think make for a good randonneuring bike?

I think variety keeps things interesting. As I see it, the features that are important for a randonneuring bike are relaxed geometry frames and tire widths between 32mm and 42mm (run at low psi). Disc brake systems are also a good choice with the hydraulic versions offering the best feel and stopping power. Everything else is a matter of choice based on personal goals.

Speaking of bikes, what do you think Bill Russell's velomobile is thinking right at this moment?

It's thinking, "Hey, is there a motor in here?"

What are the best parts of being 1. an RBA; and 2. a randonneur?

It's a great feeling to be the RBA

Joe Kratovil on a sunny June 200K permanent.

—PHOTO BRANDON MAK

of a region that is thriving. The way our core group has pulled together contributes so much energy to keep things running here, and it is just amazing. I never solicit volunteers; they come forward without prompting. It's a lot of work, but rewarding to see that our efforts are appreciated.

As for being a randonneur? With my twelfth year almost complete, I would not know what else to be. It has become a way of life. There are always new rando-challenges to strive for so it never gets boring. However, truly the best part of randonneuring is so often sharing the miles with others who are fun to be around. 🚲

The Long Island Randonneurs:

Doing Very Well and Offering the Popular Ronkonkoma 200km

BY STEPHEN YESKO, RBA

In its fifth season, the Long Island Randonneurs club is coming of age. As many an RBA can attest, much of what goes on in the early years of club activities falls on their shoulders. For me it's a load that I'm happy to bear. Personally, as I enter my 44th year of cycling (yes, I did my first 50-miler and century at the tender age of 14 on a yellow Schwinn Collegiate 5-speed with rat trap pedals), I'm delighted to be able to give back, sharing my love of randonneuring with so many other interesting and enthusiastic cyclists.

A fledgling club, Long Island Randonneurs views itself as the sister club to the larger and much older New Jersey Randonneurs. Were it not for the support and guidance of New Jersey RBAs Joe Kratovil and Leroy Varga, the Long Island club would not have had as much success as it has had to date. In addition, the New York Cycle Club (NYCC) has been of great assistance by way of Past President Neile Weissman, along with members and fellow randonneurs Susan Rodetis and Dan Aaron.

Our club draws from the vibrant local cycling community on Long Island and within the larger New York City metropolitan area. With few quality places to ride within the city proper, cyclists regularly head east to this island playground. In fact, I'm pleased to report that we've had over 225 people register for at least one of our brevets since the club was organized by Paul Murray, our founding

RBA and current member of the Seattle International Randonneurs. Moreover, we have a small and growing core group of dedicated volunteers who have helped out along the way and whose efforts are greatly appreciated.

As a relatively young club, we have three events on our schedule, with each offering something unique and memorable. First, the always popular early season 117km Jones Beach Populaire takes riders through back streets and quiet neighborhoods to

this treasure of an oceanside state park just off the south shore of Long Island. We also run our season capstone brevet, the Bethpage 300km, which guides the more intrepid amongst us all the way out to the eastern terminus of the north fork, Orient Point, via Port Jefferson and the Gold Coast of the north shore of Long Island.

Our mid-May middle distance ride, the Ronkonkoma 200km, is every bit as "Long Island"—scenic, relaxing, and noteworthy (what other brevet can claim not one, but two ferry rides en route?)—as our other two events. The Ronkonkoma 200km, an ACP brevet like the Bethpage 300km, starts mid-island and guides its riders east on the south fork before heading north to Sag Harbor, crossing by ferry over to bucolic Shelter Island and then by ferry again to Greenport, before doubling back to the finish with a steady supply of rollers (and often a headwind) along the north fork. If you've ever wanted to get a real flavor for what the riding is like on Long Island, this is the ride for you!

RONKONKOMA 200km, MAY 20, 2017

While threat of morning rain kept away seven preregistered riders, the ride began with a field of a dozen riders, including three RUSA members. A gentle tailwind assisted our traverse east, past our house-sized Long Island duck mascot in Flanders and on to the Hamptons (yes, you can hob-knob with the trendiest on our brevet), guiding the riders to the first staffed contrôle at mile 52, with the welcome sight of Goldberg's Deli & Breadzilla.



Here, with the field already starting to spread out, the riders have loads of options in terms of refueling on a variety of delectable food and baked goods, especially at Breadzilla. Astonishingly, first in were two local racers from Triangle/Multi-Club Cyclists, Bill Makky and Russell Raymundo. I was thrilled to see Bill back on his bike and in good form after being badly injured when struck by a car while cycling on the day after Christmas.

Soon, the other riders trickled in, with the NYCC group arriving en masse, shepherded by their leader, Neile, bringing up the rear on his Bacchetta recumbent. Most riders did not dally. Instead, they stuffed their food in their bag or back pocket and proceeded ten miles up the road to the south ferry stop, where once onboard, they would indulge themselves. But before they could finish their sandwiches or get too comfortable, the ferry landed at Shelter Island and they were off



again for a few lazy miles across the island before boarding the north ferry to Greenport.

Here is where the rubber met the road. As the group turned west from Greenport, prevailing winds pushed gently (thankfully, on this day) against their progress. At mile 97, the riders were happy to see me again with my van full of goodies at the second staffed contrôle, the Bolla Market in Calverton. The riders quickly refueled. Fortified

by succulent watermelon, salty snacks, and energy drinks, they pushed on under threatening skies toward the finish. They were promptly greeted by a steady supply of rollers, with 3 or 4 of the best pitches that mostly flat Long Island has to offer, before falling into a roller coaster fast run to the finish in Ronkonkoma.

At the end of the day, the rain never came and eleven of twelve riders finished, including Bill and Russell first in, Mle Davis for her first-ever brevet, as well as seasoned ancien, Bob Olsen (3-time PBPer). Special thanks to Dan Aaron (2-time PBPer) and Erica Jacobs for joining me on the pre-ride a couple of weeks earlier. With that, the 2017 edition of the Ronkonkoma 200K is in the books!

Join us next year! 🚲

The Corona Bus in Orient—Bethpage 300K.



On March 31, 2017, British endurance cyclist Mike Hall was struck and killed by a car while racing across Australia in the inaugural 3,400-mile Indian Pacific Wheel Race (IPWR). Just 35 years old, Hall accomplished much in his short life. At the time of his death, he held the world record for the fastest circumnavigation of the globe by bicycle as well as the titles of several marquis ultra-distance endurance bicycle races, and he had founded a major cycling race across Europe.

Inspired to Ride (2015)

DIRECTOR: MIKE DION

Roco Films - Netflix (88 minutes)

Transcontinental: Race to Istanbul (2016)

DIRECTOR: BARNABY FOX

Zanda Films - Vimeo (58 minutes)

#171 The Transcontinental Race Journey (2017)

PedalEd - Vimeo (32 minutes)

Mike's death reminds us of the frailty of life, the vulnerability of cyclists on the open roads and just how much one can accomplish with determination and commitment. Fortunately, there are several recent films available to help us better understand the growing popularity of unsupported endurance racing, as well as provide a window into the world of Mike Hall himself.

In 2014, filmmaker Mike Dion set off with a small crew to film the first edition of the Trans Am Bike Race (TABR). The results of his efforts may be seen in the film *Inspired to Ride*. The TABR has become an increasingly popular cross-country race that follows the historic 4,200-mile TransAmerica Bicycle Trail from Oregon to Virginia ridden by thousands during the summer of 1976 during "Bikecentennial." Like the route itself, the film features amazing countryside and colorful characters. The filmmakers wisely choose to focus on several of the twenty-five riders in particular with race favorites Mike Hall and British-German wonder woman Juliana Buhring among them.

Like Hall, Buhring is a winner of the World Cycle Race (WCR), and her grit and determination make it quite clear why this is the case. A formidable cyclist, she suffers injury, mechanical malfunction, and even the annoying suspicion from a group of Italian racers who are incredulous that a woman could possibly be out in front of them despite her relative lack of experience in the saddle. Buhring is an engaging and wise aspect of the film and viewers will likely find themselves cheering for her throughout her misfortunes. Her heartfelt tribute to Hall can be read in the April issue of *Outside* magazine.

Following his success in the Tour Divide and the WCR, Hall founded the Transcontinental Race (TCR) in 2013 as an unsupported bike race from London to Istanbul. Unlike in the TABR, racers in the TCR chart their own routes and must only include four mandatory checkpoints along the way, which adds a level of difficulty and room for both strategy and error. In 2015, filmmaker Barnaby Fox set out to document the third edition of this increasingly popular endurance race. In *Transcontinental: Race to Istanbul*, we see Mike Hall not as a racer, but rather as a caring and enthusiastic organizer fussing over details to ensure that riders' needs are met and the race itself is a success. Like *Inspired to Ride*, the film includes both majestic views and coverage of selected cyclists along the way. Unlike the previous film, most of the interviews are staged long after the race has finished with participants reflecting back upon strategy and logistics. This is not an ineffective technique but creates more distance and as a result the film seems less immediate and absorbing. At some

points, I found myself yearning for more riding and less talking.

In #171 *The Transcontinental Race Journey*, we are treated to a short, beautifully produced film created by PedalED, one of the principal sponsors of the TCR. The film follows the journey of rider #171, a young Italian cyclist straight from Central Casting who looks as classic as an old Bianchi and a Molteni wool jersey. In this short film, we are treated to superior visuals and editing compared to the two previous films. It is remarkable to see what the filmmakers have achieved in this small gem.

These films offer much to a randonneuring audience. As in randonneuring, unsupported ultra-distance racing provides an opportunity for cyclists to test the limits of physical endurance. Success comes from efficiency, astute problem-solving, careful planning, cooperation, the generosity of strangers, and more than a little luck. Watching these films filled with suffering, bad weather, and misfortune may harden the resolve in viewers to never engage in this type of masochistic behavior. On the other hand, viewers may find inspiration to conquer an outrageous challenge on two wheels.

While I never had the pleasure of meeting Mike Hall, he comes across in these films as a kind and affable person, someone eminently ordinary who is also able to accomplish the extraordinary. His death, like the

A Letter to the Editor

To the Editor:

Say it ain't so! I read it (see *American Randonneur* Summer 2017), but I don't believe it!

Dr. Codfish wrote "I used to ride brevets with a really big seat bag, and it was usually full." Now, he's changed his ways. Oh, no!

Years ago, I had the great privilege of riding with Paul Johnson from time to time on several 1200's. On the inaugural Van Isle 1200k around Vancouver Island, Paul's bottomless seat bag saved the day and the ride for me. At one point, I half expected him to pull a floor pump out of his bag...

Big seat bag or small, Dr. Codfish's relentless generosity towards other riders exemplifies the spirit of randonneuring. I just don't know how I'll get through a 1200 without his seat bag, though.

Thanks, Paul!

Dan Wallace #1555
Maitland, FL



deaths of all cyclists on the road, was a terrible tragedy. It results in the obvious loss to friends and family, but also in the loss each of us experiences when we feel just a little less safe on the road following the news of each tragic incident. After his death, Mike Hall's followers created the Twitter hashtag #bemoremike to honor his legacy. The next time you need a little inspiration,

do a search on social media using this hashtag and see what you find or, better yet, use it in your own social media posts as a testament to your commitment to follow your passion as an endurance cyclist. These three films remind us, as T.S Eliot once wrote that, "Only those who risk going too far will know how far one can go." RIP, Mike Hall. 🚲

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VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE VOTE

RUSA Board Election—Details & Paper Ballot

Two member-elected positions on the RUSA Board are open for 2018. Current RUSA members may vote for up to two candidates for these positions. You may only vote for duly-nominated members. (Nominations closed on August 31.) The list of nominees, their candidate statements, and online voting instructions will be available on the website at www.rusa.org by October 1. (See link on home page.)

We urge you to vote online, but you may vote instead using this paper ballot. If you choose to use this ballot, mail it to: John Lee Ellis, 3936 Dale Drive, Lafayette, CO 80026

Votes must be received by November 15.

_____	_____
VOTE #1 (Candidate Name)	RUSA #
_____	_____
VOTE #2 (Candidate Name)	RUSA #
_____	_____
YOUR NAME	RUSA #
_____	_____
YOUR SIGNATURE	

RBA Representative (RBAs Only)—Details & Ballot

Regional Brevet Administrators elect a current RBA to serve as Director on the RUSA Board for a one-year term. Current RBAs may vote for one candidate for RBA Representative. You may only vote for a duly-nominated RBA. (Nominations closed on August 31.) The list of nominees, their candidates statements, and online voting instructions will be available on the website at www.rusa.org by October 1. (See link on home page.)

RBAs are urged to vote online, but you may vote instead using this paper ballot. If you choose to use this ballot, mail it to: John Lee Ellis, 3936 Dale Drive, Lafayette, CO 80026

Votes must be received by November 15.

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_____	_____
YOUR NAME	RUSA #
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A Moment PBP

(An Unmetered Villanelle)

BY STEPHEN YESKO
ANCIEN, #S185
PARIS-BREST-PARIS 2015



When en route from Paris to Brest and back
a true randonneur can attest their tales
in a PBP moment.

From Saint Quentin en Yvelines to the backroads of Brittany
one will endure wind and weather, over hills and dales,
when en route from Paris to Brest and back.

They march ever onward like raveled and weary infantry
through hardship where frayed logic always prevails
in a PBP moment.

Then, just outside of Fougères, they meet good company
Paul Rogue's coffee, crepes, and jam that can sooth all that ails
when en route from Paris to Brest and back.

The two young ladies who so gladly serve me tea
buoy my spirits like swollen sails
in a PBP moment.

I ride off, thinking what my own two daughters mean to me
and pride gushes, tears well. It never fails
when en route from Paris to Brest and back
in my PBP moment.



RUSA Awards

RUSA 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.

<u>APPROVED</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>CITY, STATE</u>
<u>5/14/2017</u>	<u>Bennett, Edward M</u>	<u>Geneva, FL</u>
<u>6/10/2017</u>	<u>Harper, David</u>	<u>Seattle, WA</u>
<u>5/18/2017</u>	<u>Hillas, Roger</u>	<u>Washington, DC</u>
<u>5/15/2017</u>	<u>Jones, Greg</u>	<u>Moorpark, CA</u>
<u>7/1/2017</u>	<u>Peskett, Roger</u>	<u>Tucson, AZ</u>
<u>7/12/2017</u>	<u>Ross, Roy M</u>	<u>Sunnyvale, CA</u>
<u>6/10/2017</u>	<u>Smith, Kelly</u>	<u>Fairfax, VA</u>

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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 200km or longer.
- Foreign ACP-sanctioned brevets and team events (flèches), Paris-Brest-Paris, and RM-sanctioned events of 1200km or longer, provided that these non-US events account for no more than 6 of the 12 counting months.
- 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
6/6/2017	Banks, Debra C. (F) [4]	Sacramento, CA
6/17/2017	Beebe, Ward [10]	Oak Harbor, WA
5/2/2017	Berggren, Marcus Per Gustaf	Boynton Beach, FL
4/30/2017	Brandt, George [5]	Glendora, NJ
6/9/2017	Cousseau, Peter L [3]	Seattle, WA
4/26/2017	Francis Jr, Dennis C	Atlanta, GA
6/19/2017	Hands, Ian Page [7]	Asheville, NC
7/10/2017	Hare, Karen (F)	Arlington, TX
7/8/2017	Hilts, Jeff	Boca Raton, FL
5/18/2017	Hush, Eve W (F) [4]	Pickerington, OH
7/4/2017	Janssen, Earl [5]	Severna Park, MD
6/3/2017	Knutson, Ken [10]	Tracy, CA
5/18/2017	Lanteigne, Ken [3]	San Angelo, TX
6/19/2017	Muoneke, Vincent [9]	Federal Way, WA
6/16/2017	Newcomer, Robert C. [4]	Atlanta, GA
7/6/2017	Pacino, Dana A (F) [11]	Aledo, TX
7/17/2017	Peterson, Eric [3]	Naperville, IL
6/1/2017	Phillips, Calista (F) [4]	Frederick, MD
6/25/2017	Provenza, Clint [6]	Millersville, MD
5/11/2017	Reilly, Mark [3]	Egg Harbor City, NJ
5/30/2017	Sullivan, Timothy J [5]	Coronado, CA
5/15/2017	Taylor, Scott A [2]	Austin, TX
5/15/2017	Todd, Joseph H [4]	Decatur, GA

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
6/26/2017	Beauchamp, Christina (F)	Morrisville, NC
5/17/2017	Brittle, Betsy (F) [4]	Sunnyvale, CA
7/3/2017	Cheatham, Marlene (F)	Franklin, TN
6/14/2017	Danovsky, David [2]	San Diego, CA
6/3/2017	DeBoer, Kelly [8]	San Marcos, CA
4/24/2017	DeLuca, Catie (F)	Frederick, MD
7/11/2017	Fambles, Millison [2]	Olympia, WA
4/23/2017	Hendry, Robert A [2]	Franklin, TN
6/20/2017	Hush, Eve W (F) [3]	Pickerington, OH
5/26/2017	Muoneke, Vincent [6]	Federal Way, WA
6/14/2017	Nicolai, Dave	San Diego, CA
6/26/2017	Rawls, Allen [2]	Morrisville, NC
5/3/2017	Sanchez, Dejah L (F)	Seattle, WA
6/30/2017	Wiley, David M	Lawrence, KS



At the Million Meters of Milk finish — Bob Torres with the Great Lakes Randonneur RBA Michelle Brougner and N.C. Randonneur Richard Rodeghier.

RUSA Awards

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.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
7/12/2017	Chalfant, Michael L	San Francisco, CA
5/30/2017	Driscoll, Dan	Arlington, TX
6/12/2017	Haggerty, Tom	San Francisco, CA
7/12/2017	Huber, Kerin (F)	Pasadena, CA
5/26/2017	Muoneke, Vincent	Federal Way, WA
5/15/2017	Newberry, Jeff	Austin, TX
7/16/2017	Rodeghier, Richard A	Wilmington, NC
5/11/2017	Thomas, Mark	Kirkland, WA
5/16/2017	Todd, Joseph H	Decatur, GA
6/16/2017	Walsh, James Gregory	Portland, OR

RUSA Coast-to-Coast Award

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

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

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

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

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
7/14/2017	Dixon, Emma (F)	Sunnyvale, CA
7/14/2017	Dixon, Jonathan	Sunnyvale, CA
7/12/2017	Huber, Kerin (F)	Pasadena, CA
7/14/2017	Newberry, Jeff	Austin, TX

Ultra Randonneur Award

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

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

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
6/17/2017	Beebe, Ward	Oak Harbor, WA
4/26/2017	Bennett, Edward M	Geneva, FL
6/20/2017	Ehlman II, Thomas N	Rochester, MN
7/1/2017	Larson, Lesli A (F)	Eugene, OR
6/15/2017	Logan, Jim	Pittsburgh, PA
7/3/2017	Rodeghier, Richard A	Wilmington, NC

RUSA Awards

Ultra K-Hound Award

The Ultra K-Hound Award recognizes the completion of ten (10) K-Hound Awards. There is no time limit; there may be gaps between any of the calendar years that define each K-Hound.

It is likely that members will have applied previously for each of the ten component K-Hound awards; however, it is not a requirement to have done so.

A given year can only be used towards one Ultra K-Hound award.

RUSA congratulates the riders who have earned and applied for the Ultra K-Hound award.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
2016	Dan Driscoll	Arlington, TX
2016	Sharon Stevens (F)	Richardson, TX
2016	Pamela Wright (F)	Fort Worth, TX

Ultra R-12 Award

The Ultra R-12 Award recognizes the completion of 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 to have done so. 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.

RUSA congratulates the riders who earned and applied for the Ultra R-12 award.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
6/3/2017	Knutson, Ken	Tracy, CA
6/17/2017	Beebe, Ward	Oak Harbor, WA

ACP Randonneur 5000

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

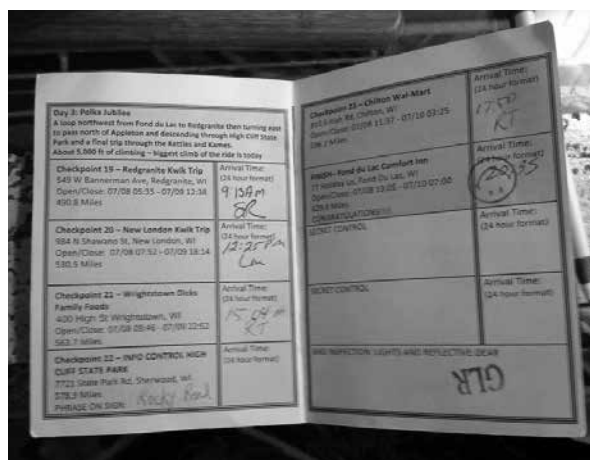
To qualify, the randonneur must complete:

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

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

RUSA extends its congratulations to the US riders who have received this special award.

APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE
7/13/2017	Booth, Robert J	Madison, WI
7/14/2017	Dixon, Emma (F)	Sunnyvale, CA
6/28/2017	Lacey, Dan	Hollywood, FL
6/2/2017	Morris, John L	Durham, NC
6/2/2017	Slocum, Christopher C.	Toms River, NJ
6/1/2017	Todd, Joseph H	Decatur, GA
6/13/2017	Van Der Wiele, Cynthia F (F)	Durham, NC



Million Meters of Milk brevet card. — PHOTO BOB TORRES

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
6/26/2017	Alexander, Ron	Overland Park, KS
7/11/2017	Beauchamp, Christina (F)	Morrisville, NC
6/14/2017	Boltz, H Edward	Fulton, NY
6/30/2017	Borras, Crista (F)	Rockville, MD
7/18/2017	Dawe, Nicholas D	Austin, TX
6/23/2017	Geisert, Rodney D	Columbia, MO
4/27/2017	Jackson, David	Elgin, OK
7/14/2017	Johnson, Alan S.	Phoenix, AZ
7/8/2017	Kassen, Jake	Medford, MA
7/17/2017	Myers, Brent D	Denver, CO
4/18/2017	Otcenas, Susan (F)	Willamina, OR
5/9/2017	Peterson, Eric	Naperville, IL
7/15/2017	Rawls, Allen	Morrisville, NC
5/27/2017	Sexton, Robert B	San Jose, CA
5/12/2017	Slocum, Christopher C.	Toms River, NJ
6/26/2017	Smith, Jack	Topeka, KS
5/8/2017	Tamas, Tibor	Fort Worth, TX
7/2/2017	Todd, Joseph H	Decatur, GA
6/20/2017	Toigo, Paul	Kansas City, MO
4/25/2017	Van Der Wiele, Cynthia F (F)	Durham, NC
6/27/2017	Willis, Burnley R	Anchorage, AK
5/24/2017	Wood, Charles	Rockville, MD
4/22/2017	Yee, James	Fair Oaks, CA

At the start of the 2017 Gold Rush Randonnée.

—PHOTO DEBORAH FORD PHOTOGRAPHY



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