

AMERICAN RANDONNEUR

Volume Ten Issue #4

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Randonneurs USA Inc.
13543 160th Ave NE
Redmond, WA 98052
Website: www.rusa.org

e-mail: president2007@rusa.org
Phone: 206-612-4700 Fax: 425-702-8881
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Message from the President

In August, a wet and windy Paris-Brest-Paris added to the lore of this historic event. 2007 marked the third PBP in RUSA's history and more than 600 RUSA members made the journey. In tough conditions, the group had 428 official finishes. Some more hardy souls completed the ride even though out of time.

As always, the experience of PBP started long before the event. I had the privilege of working with some great people at Randonneurs USA who were instrumental in getting the largest group of US riders ever to the event. Over 40 RBAs worked hard to offer qualifying rides and to prepare their riders for PBP. During the spring and summer, I had the opportunity to ride with 7 of them outside Seattle and saw their efforts and those of many other RUSA member-volunteers.

I was proud to be part of the RUSA team. The tireless efforts of Don & Phyllis Hamilton to process memberships, of Don Bennett to keep the website updated, of Lois Springsteen to handle brevet results processing, and of Jennifer Wise to get our applications to the ACP benefitted us all and were impressive to watch. Equally impressive was the work of the ACP to register more than 5000 riders—many were involved; in particular, we saw the work of Jean-Gualbert Faburel as he processed results and helped us find an efficient way to register US riders and the work of Claude Lepertel as she registered all of us.

Looking ahead, 2008 will mark the 10th year of Randonneurs USA events. Although the year after a PBP often brings a decline in membership and ride participation, we have an exciting calendar in front of us with more than 350 events already on the schedule for the year, including three 1200km grand randonnées (the Cascade 1200 in Washington, the Last Chance 1200 in Colorado, and the new Shenandoah 1200 in Virginia). With a stronger than ever permanents program supplementing the calendar, riders have a wealth of opportunities.

We have Robert Fry to thank for the strength of permanents in the US. He created the program and has overseen its tremendous growth over the last four years. In 2008, he will turn over the permanents administrator position to Edward Robinson. Thanks to both of them.

The board will see some changes in 2008 as well. With Terry Zmrhal's earlier departure to focus on running the Race Across America and the end of the second terms for current Vice-President John Lee Ellis and current Treasurer Tim Sullivan, the board will have three new members in 2008. We thank John Lee, Tim, and Terry for their help and for the wise counsel that we will continue to seek. We welcome Lois Springsteen, our hard-working brevet administrator, back to the board. We also welcome Mike Dayton, who brings us this terrific newsletter, and Eric Vigoren, the treasurer of the Seattle club and 2006's 12,000km man.

I look forward to riding with you all again in 2008.

—Mark Thomas



RUSA Welcomes Its New Members!

#	Name	City	State/Country	#	Name	City	State/Country
4559	Robert	Kunzel	Denville NJ	4584	Brian	Todd	Augusta KY
4560	Trudy	Antine	Atlanta GA	4585	Andrea	Koenig	Denver CO
4561	John O	Applewhaite	Georgetown TX	4586	Christopher	Clunn	Holly Springs NC
4562	Jim	Rimbey	Fort Worth TX	4587	Tom	Edens	Houston TX
4563	Pat	Steenburg	Alamosa CO	4588	Bruce	Richards	Richardson TX
4564	Luis F	Silva	Tampa FL	4589	Ronne	Wood	Grand Prairie TX
4565	Christine A	Bosgraaf	Springfield IL	4590	Paul D	Scearce	Valley View PA
4566	John	Mestemacher	Carlsbad CA	4591	Robert	Swindoll	Clute TX
4567	Paul	Brown	Rowlett TX	4592	Carl	Wakefield	Bel Air MD
4568	Lorraine	Tompkins	Ridgecrest CA	4593	Steve	Miller	Scotts Valley CA
4569	Mark	Montemayor	Duncanville TX	4594	David	Collings	Nashville TN
4570	Julio L.	Gonzalez Hernandez	Moca PR	4595	Scott	McCullough	Linthicum MD
4571	Thomas R.	Crain	Gales Ferry CT	4596	Aaron	Little	Campbell CA
4572	Leslie	Sutton	Boulder CO	4597	Gordon	Tillman	Humble TX
4573	Elizabeth	Swayne	Tierra Verde FL	4598	Randell	Rupp	Winston-Salem NC
4574	Jeff	Newberry	Austin TX	4599	Michael	Homenick	Raleigh NC
4575	Mark	LaGioia	Ogden UT	4600	Benjamin David	Fichialos	Keller TX
4576	Brian	Patton	Clarksville TN	4601	Vince	Black	Santa Roas CA
4577	Wade	Franck	Ames IA	4602	Jim	Powers	Boise ID
4578	Bradley	Larson	Portland OR	4603	Joseph	Frost	Rockford IL
4579	John	Page	Columbus OH	4604	Carl	June	Merion PA
4580	Theresa	Garl	Tacoma WA	4605	Saly A	Glassman	Gwynedd Valley PA
4581	Miguel	Encinas	Davie FL	4606	Dale	Eldridge	Kansas City MO
4582	Brian	Maguire	Arlington MA	4607	Johan	Nyander	Sollentuna Sweden
4583	Abe	Hendin	Brooklyn NY				

42 Apply For Randonneur 5000 Award

BY MARK THOMAS

In 1961, the Audax Club Parisien created an award for those randonneurs who have completed at least one of each of the major BRM events and who have completed at least 5000 km in BRM events. The award is called the Randonneur 5000. To qualify for this award, the successful randonneur must complete the full BRM series (200, 300, 400, 600, and 1000k), a Paris-Brest-Paris, a Flèche, and

additional brevets to bring the total distance up to 5000 km.

In 2007, 42 members of Randonneurs USA have completed the requirements for this prestigious award and submitted applications for the R-5000 medal.

The riders have ranged from rookies—Mike Pyles of Florida met the requirements in his first year of RUSA membership—to veterans—8 of the applicants have been RUSA members since the first RUSA events were held in 1999. Three of the riders have

2 digit RUSA membership numbers (10-99), five of the riders have 3 digit numbers (100-999), 11 riders have numbers from 1000-1999, 15 riders have numbers from 2000-2999, and 8 of them are relatively recent members with numbers above 3000.

To be eligible for the award, all of the qualifying rides must be completed within a four year period (48 months). The applicants took from 4 months to 45 months to complete their requirements.

Three applicants are in their 30s, 18 in their 40s, 18 in their 50s, and 3 in their 60s. Clubs with more than 2 applicants are the Seattle International Randonneurs (10), the Lone Star Randonneurs (3), and the Oregon Randonneurs (3). States with more than 2 applicants are Washington (11), California (7), Texas (5), Florida (3), and North Carolina (3).

Congratulations to all of these riders on their accomplishments.

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. Please send notification of change of address to: Don Hamilton at dhamilton@copper.net.

Don't Forget...



...To renew your RUSA membership!

Memberships run from January through December. Use the convenient form in the inside back cover or download the form at www.RUSA.org.

2008 Rules Changes Affect American Randonneur Challenge, Team Events

The RUSA Board has made two changes to two different types of events starting in 2008:

- For the American Randonneur Challenge award (ARC), riders can only ride two or more 1200k events in the same year to earn the ARC; they will no longer be able to use the 1000k + 200k option offered in some events as a counting event for the ARC.

- For Team Randonnees, riders can no longer get kilometer credit for RUSA Distance Awards (360 kms for

24-hour team events or 180 kms for a 12-hour team event) if they fail to finish with their team.

In past years, if the team lost a member or fell apart before the finish, individuals making the finish within the time limit were given the kilometers.

Beginning in 2008, the team must finish together with a minimum of 3 members if anyone is to earn any event credit or award. Those who arrive alone will not earn any individual kilometers or awards.

New Members Named To La Société Charly Miller

BY BILL BRYANT

In 1901 Chicago's Charly Miller was the first American to ride and finish Paris-Brest-Paris. He did it swiftly and came in fifth among the professional racers in the second edition of PBP.

To earn membership in "La Société Charly Miller," one must be an American and have finished in less than or equaled Miller's time of 56 hours, 40 minutes.

Full details about the award are available on the RUSA web site.

56:18:00	BOL	Timothy	RUSA
50:00:00	HEINE	Jan	Seattle International Randonneurs
56:33:00	LYON	Melinda	BOSTON BREVET SERIES
55:49:00	MEADE	Alexander	BLUEGRASS CYCLING CLUB
52:45:00	PERZANOWSKI	Dale	GREEN MOUNTAIN BICYCLE CLUB
52:51:00	TANNER	Brad	SUNAPEE-BANAGANS BIKE CLUB

New RUSA Board Members Elected

Randonneurs USA members voted in record numbers this year, electing Mike Dayton and Lois Springsteen to three-year terms from January 2008 to December 2010.

They replace retiring board members John Lee Ellis, who currently serves as vice-president, and Tim Sullivan, RUSA's treasurer. They were not eligible for reelection.

Also, Eric Vigoren was named to serve out the remainder of Terry Zmrhal's term from Jan. 1, 2008 to Dec. 31, 2008. Zmrhal resigned to



take over as race director for the Race Across America.

Susan France was re-elected as RBA Liaison.

Dayton, a North Carolina rider and two-time PBP ancien, has served as editor of American Randonneur and assisted with various other RUSA publications since 2004.

Springsteen, a five-time PBP ancienne, is a California RBA (Santa Cruz) and RUSA's

brevet coordinator. She previously served on the Board of Directors from 2000-2005 and was appointed to Zmrhal's vacancy earlier this year.

Vigoren, who racked up more than 10,000K in events last year, is active in the Seattle International Randonneurs as a rider and an organizer. He has served as club treasurer.

France rode her first

brevets in the 1980s and was active as a regional administrator under Inter-

national Randonneurs, the national organization that preceded RUSA. She became RBA for the Oregon Randonneurs in 2005 and was elected to the board position of RBA Liaison last year. She was a 1991 official RAAM finisher.

Mike, Lois, Eric and Susan join continuing board members Don Hamilton, Mark Thomas and Jennifer Wise.

Reflections & Projection

Where has RUSA come from and where is it headed? American Randonneur posed that question to RUSA's departing and newly elected board members.

JOHN LEE ELLIS

From an oddball patch of rides to a swatch in the fabric of the cycling scene ... that's how US randonneuring has evolved, largely thanks to RUSA, since my first days on the Board. Over



this period we've seen more and more new regions, and more and more riders — that's great. Some of this is natural growth, but a raft of innovations has helped, too: Populaires, Permanents, the R-12 award, and the American Randonneur Challenge to mention a few. These have changed the landscape of randonneuring at the local level. I think we now attract a broader

variety of riders — from timid first-timers going beyond the annual club century, to accomplished racers and ex-racers looking to stretch themselves "lengthwise." And riders can approach

the brevet season in a variety of ways which suit them.

Brevets are more accessible— no longer a hit-or-miss shot at a Super Randonneur (SR) series or subset thereof. And, for better or worse, we've bred a contingent of "overachievers" too. Ten years ago, who would have thought of riding two 1200k grand randonnées in a year—much less four!

Plus ça change ... amidst all this change, from my vantage point on the Board and as an RBA some things have remained very much the same: the high quality, good nature, and commitment of Board members and the other volunteers, the RBAs, and the riders. None of this would have been possible without it. We're very lucky!



TIM SULLIVAN

In reflecting on the state of RUSA and our sport the main thing that strikes me is the growth of the sport this past decade. When I first became involved with RUSA the organization was still in the process of establishing itself. The foundation had been laid and the seeds had been planted but the sport had not yet blossomed. This is now happening.

In the last 6 years RUSA has grown from 29 RBAs holding 141 events to a 2008 calendar that will include 324 events organized by

Reflections, Projections (continued)

47 RBAs. In the early years most regions would only hold a SR series held mainly in the spring or early summer. Now many areas are holding multiple events throughout the year. This growth has been mirrored by the Permanents program providing rides on a year-round basis for our members.

The increase in events has worked hand-in-hand with the growth in membership. After PBP in 1999 and 2003 there was concern that there would be a major drop in membership. We have learned that PBP is no longer the main focus of our members based on the membership increases in the years in between and the amount of the brevets ridden by our members. The fact that in non-PBP years RUSA leads the worldwide community in brevet points further evidences the growth of the sport in the US.

The fruition of the sport would not have been possible without the many RUSA volunteers. I have had the pleasure of working with many individuals who spend much time and energy in promoting randonneuring. Led by our presidents, first Jennifer Wise, then Bill Bryant, and now Mark Thomas, each Board member that I have worked with throughout the years has been great. In addition to the Board are the volunteers who work on this newsletter, run the Permanents program, oversee the other aspects of the organization, including the website, routes, and various awards programs, and last, but not least the RBAs themselves. I am amazed at how people from across the country are able to work so well together solely for the love of allowing all of us to sit on a bicycle saddle long into the night.

With this outstanding volunteer base, RUSA will continue to spread its roots and grow in this country.



LOIS SPRINGSTEEN

Thank you all for giving me the opportunity to help guide the future of RUSA. With the wonderful participation of the members, we've grown impressively during our first decade and I think we've created something quite special. Participation in our events has never been higher and I think I can speak for all of the board members when I say that our future seems bright. As we've grown, our volunteer base is expanding so we also owe a big thank you to those of you who have stepped up to help out.

There are so many things that are positive for all of the brevet riders, but I do have two concerns. I wonder why increasingly fewer women are participating in our sport compared to recent years. I don't believe that there is anything about randonneuring that discourages participation by women. Similarly, I'm curious why more

young people do not accept the challenge of randonneuring. Ten years ago we had relatively more women and younger riders, but now we're not attracting them to our sport as we have in the past.

I look forward to serving on the board again and moreover I would especially like to hear from RUSA members about any randonneuring related matters. I hope you'll take the time to contact me to share your ideas for our future.



ERIC VIGOREN

While randonneuring has not yet become a household word, awareness and appreciation of the sport has grown spectacularly over the past ten years. I am excited to be a member of the RUSA board as the organization enters its second decade. New clubs and regions continue to enter under the RUSA umbrella, and the long-established, high-volume clubs continue to expand their event calendars. Ride options number literally in the hundreds. Also, following the French example, Permanents have finally taken root here in the US, offering increased flexibility in riding options.

If you have the opportunity to ride a brevet or permanent outside of your home turf, take it! If ever you are in Western Washington, drop me a line. In fact, I will venture so far as to say the same holds true for most RBAs and their "lieutenants." (The RUSA website provides contact info for all of the key RUSA personnel.)

Finally, lest we forget, RUSA is a 100% volunteer organization. Consider what you can do to assist or support — find out by contacting your RBA.



MIKE DAYTON

Interest in U.S. randonneuring is at an all-time high. That means we'll see lots of new faces at our brevets, a bigger event calendar and scores of new permanents to keep us active in the off-season.

That growth poses several challenges for RUSA. How can we make sure the quality of our events remains high? How can we keep our far-flung members informed about RUSA news and events? And how can we help members succeed at every event they ride, whether it's PBP or next Saturday's permanent.

In the next few years, RUSA will look for ways to communicate more effectively with its members. That could mean regular e-alerts, an idea that has already been discussed. I foresee the day when many of our publications, including the newsletter you're holding, will be distributed electronically.

RUSA's success means that volunteers are needed now more than ever. If you've enjoyed riding your local brevets, if your trip to PBP was the experience of a lifetime, you can thank your local RBA and RUSA by stepping up and helping out.

Robinson Named New Permanents Coordinator

He Replaces Program Founder Robert Fry on Jan. 1; More than 300 routes currently available

Permanents Coordinator Robert Fry, who launched and oversaw RUSA's successful permanents program, has announced he is stepping down.

Edward Robinson of Texas has been named as his replacement. He'll take the reins on Jan. 1.

Fry, who also serves as an RBA in Iowa, said he was retiring to devote more time to his young family.

"It has been a great honour, and gives me great pride, to have been able to help set up the permanents program for Randonneurs USA," Fry said in an e-mail to RUSA's permanent owners.

A native of England, Fry was instrumental in launching the program here, mirroring a long tradition of similar rides in France and the United Kingdom.

"The primary purpose of the permanents program is to give RUSA members additional opportunities to undertake challenging rides in a structured brevet format, and in a way that



Robinson

can conveniently be fitted into almost anyone's schedule," he said in an earlier interview with *American Randonneur*.

Permanents officially

became available on Jan. 1, 2004, with the first ride taking place on March 29, 2004, in the Dallas region.

The program has blossomed under Fry's leadership.

There are now more than 300 routes in 32 states. About 2,300 permanent rides have been validated.

The interest in permanents is growing rapidly. Fry said it took RUSA members almost three years to ride the first 1,000 permanents.

"The last 1000 have taken only

about 10 months," he said.

Robinson Bio

Robinson is a south Texas attorney who rode his first brevet with Lone Star Randonneurs in 2003. In the years that followed he steadily increased his involvement in the sport, most recently completing PBP 2007.

Robinson's appointment as permanents coordinator is fitting—he was one of the riders on the first official event in March 2004.

Robinson was recently approved to serve as Regional Brevet Administrator in south Texas.

"I'm also looking forward to assisting RUSA on the national level as Permanents Coordinator," he said.

When not on the bike, he tries to maximize time spent with his wife of 20 years, Dr. Laura Robinson, and the couple's adopted greyhounds and trio of "found object" house cats.

For Fry's perspective on the program's growth, see page 10.

RUSA Awards Eight R-12 Medals

57	Brad Flickner	Mansfield, TX
58	Albert Lutz	Tigard, OR
59	Thomas Mohan	Ocala, FL
60	George Evans	Rockwall, TX
61	Marlyn Martinez	Houston, TX
62	Patrick Nolan	McKinney, TX
63	John Rhodes	Greenville, TX
64	George Winkert	Highland, MD

Eight riders—including 5 from Texas—are the latest RUSA members to earn the R-12 award.

Sixty-four R-12 medals have now been awarded.

Texas randonneurs continue their impressive pursuit of the R-12 medal. Nineteen have earned it this year alone.

Other recipients include Oregon rider Albert Lutz, who administers the R-12 program with John Kramer of Washington.

The R-12 Award is earned by riding a 200K or longer randonneuring event for 12 consecutive months. The counting event sequence can begin in any month but must continue uninterrupted for another 11 months.

Events that count toward the R-12 Award include RUSA and ACP-sanctioned brevets and 24-hour team events, as well as RUSA permanents of 200K or longer.

PASSINGS

Gregory Scott Dean

Texas rider Gregory Scott Dean of Coppell died in July after being struck by a motorist while riding.

An avid long-distance cyclist, in May 1991 Dean was diagnosed with Stage 1 seminoma. He underwent surgery and five weeks of radiation. Not one to be deterred, Greg completed Paris-Brest-Paris shortly after his surgery and radiation treatments.

Dean also participated in

Bike Across Missouri and Bike Across Texas.

He was cancer-free for 12 years until the disease recurred in July 2003.

A graduate of the University of Texas at Arlington, Dean was a litigation specialist in the insurance industry.

He was an active member of St. Ann's Catholic Parish in Coppell, coached youth soccer and was a founding member of the Coppell Community Garden. He also



served as the last chief of the Seminole Indian Princess Tribe.

He is survived by his wife, Patti, and daughter Betsy of Coppell, parents Dick and Marcy Dean of Irving, brother and sister-in-law Cliff and Lynda Dean of Argyle, sister and brother-in-law Alison and Frank Durkee of Coppell and several nieces and nephews who will always remember their funny "Uncle Greg."

The family requested that donations be made to the Lance Armstrong Foundation in memory of Greg.

Steve Hameister

The Seattle International Randonneurs lost a friend in July when member Steve Hameister suffered a heart attack during the July 28 300km. Efforts to revive him at the scene and in the hospital were unsuccessful.

Steve started riding with SIR in 2005. Never one of the fastest riders, he was always one of the most determined. He rode his first full series with us last year,

combining it with rides in CA and OR for a RUSA 2000km award. This year he rode a difficult 1000km in poor conditions as part of his training for Paris-Brest-Paris. I supported that ride; Steve was matter-of-fact about the challenges and determined always to finish, which he did—one of six (of eleven starters) who finished that weekend. He came in wet, happy, tired, and proud.

Steve gave back to the club as well. For a 400km in

June, I needed a volunteer to sit at the top of Stevens Pass all night to man a control. When I put out a last-minute request for help, Steve was the first to respond. Manning a post over 100 miles from home, Steve was a welcome sight to the riders at the end of a difficult climb.

Paris-Brest-Paris was on his agenda. He was there in our thoughts and memories.

Thanks, Steve.

—Mark Thomas



A letter from Anita Hameister July 31, 2007

Mark,

The farewell took place tonight for all family. It is yet so surreal. I went thru his belongings and saw his passion yet again.

Steven drank in nature, didn't enjoy loud machines. Sailing, biking, hiking...never snow mobiles, power boats.....He didn't get it why someone wanted to disturb the amazing sound of the natural world. He told me to try to imagine riding in the middle of the night

in silence. Watching stars when the road felt safe to look away. He said the stars were intoxicating. Oh, and seeing eagles and hawks soaring, wow.

He only called me once when he said he was in Aberdeen and felt he couldn't finish, needing me to come get him. Next morning he was chipper and had finished. He felt good about his personal best. The journey and completion was his deal.

His journey in this place of time and space were authentic. He felt a kinship with all riders. Raw effort, compassion for the struggle I believe kept him in the

sport. His competition was with himself.

I thank you all for being part of his joy. I am sad to lose such an amazing man. He was a good Husband, Father, Grandfather...he was gentle and caring in a very deep way.

If any pictures of him are floating around in the past rides, please forward them.

With gratitude to all, RUSA..... Keep it up. There are lots of guys you make a difference to.

Anita Hameister
Glacier, WA

Permanents News

BY ROBERT FRY



After leaving the vibrant, active randonneuring community of Audax UK to move to the US in 1994, I found the situation when I arrived in Wisconsin to be rather disappointing. From being able to ride an event almost every weekend if I wished, I was now restricted to just a few per year, unless I was prepared to travel vast distances. Truth be told, at the time I was burned out anyway, and I was barely active for my first few years over here.

When 1999 came along, two things happened to turn things around. First, I decided I was going to attempt PBP again. Second and far more importantly, I heard that a new organization, Randonneurs USA, had been set up by some RBAs who were tired of the shortcomings of International Randonneurs. For me this was truly a “Led Zeppelin has reformed” kind of moment, and I was literally trembling at the news. I had witnessed the rapid blossoming of Audax UK after a similar rebirth in 1987, so I knew just what the potential could be with a motivated and well-organized crew in charge.

I first met “Madame President” Jennifer Wise at the Randonneurs Mondiaux booth in Paris at that 1999 PBP, where I raised the subject of expanding the club through domestic brevets,

populaires and permanents. For this fledgling organization, only so much was possible all at once, so after I volunteered my services to help set up the permanents, it was a couple more years before the board was able to give the go ahead. With a framework of rules set up, borrowed heavily from Audax UK, the program was finally announced in the fall of 2003.

When 2004 arrived, an initial 9 routes were on the books, thanks to Jenn Barber, the ever enthusiastic Dan Driscoll, Bill Bryant, and our good friend Jim Hlavka from Wisconsin. Little did I know how much activity I would soon be seeing from Dan and his Texas gang. Dan pulled together a group to ride the very first RUSA permanent, gaining the kudos for himself of the very first validation. He went on to submit a string of further routes, and they started to come in from other Lone Star riders too.

Overall, 2004 represented a modest beginning, with 37 routes on the books by year end, and 90 rides completed. I was actually worried for a time that the rides were not catching on, and I made an effort to publicize them in most of the 2004 issues of American Randonneur. During this first year Free-Route permanents were also created, again based on similar UK permanent rides like the famous Land’s

End to John O’Groats.

Then the growth began in earnest! Through 2005, routes continued to come in steadily from many regions, but it became apparent that two in particular were gaining a dominant level of activity — Texas of course, and also the Pacific Northwest. A total of 282 rides were completed in 2005, a tripling in just one year, and 107 routes were on the books by year end. I thought this was a tremendous achievement, but I also thought that this growth level would quickly taper off.

Not so! If anything, 2005 was when the program reached critical mass. I think the big catalyst was the introduction of the R-12 award. Suddenly, riders all over the country had a target to chase that needed RUSA-sanctioned rides year round. As a result, 210 routes were on the books by the end of 2006, and an amazing 775 rides were completed, pushing us past the significant milestone of the 1000th validation (which went to Dan again!). Now as we approach the end of 2007, I believe the program is starting to mature. The growth rate has slowed a little, but even so, over 300 routes are now on the books, and it took a mere 10 months to get to our 2000th validation.

At this point, the permanents program seems to have achieved just about everything

I had hoped when I started. It has given members the opportunity to participate in brevet style rides beyond the constraints of the events put on by each local RBA, and to credit these towards mileage and other RUSA awards. It has also given rank and file RUSA members an opportunity to actively participate in the club’s mission, in a way that is perhaps not always very easy under the RBA structure. Because of the regional nature of this enormous country, permanents may actually have turned out to be a more important supplement to brevets here than they are in the UK.

Were any targets missed? Perhaps one. Permanents have no distance limit, and a few enterprising individuals have submitted some very long routes, like Spencer Klaassens’ Free-Route 2979km Pony Express — but nobody has actually ridden one of them yet. Spencer himself this year completed the longest permanent yet ridden, but at 611km, this is still in “mere” Super Randonneur territory. Even I rode a 1500km permanent in Britain once, and some of my compatriots have ridden considerably longer ones than that. Surely out there somewhere is a long distance superman (or woman) with lots of time and money, and no commitments.....?

RUSA PEOPLE & PLACES

LSR = Love Seat with Recliner?

American Randonneur occasionally features a “What We Ride” column (see page 28), focusing on the bikes members use during brevets. But one Lone Star Randonneur is poised to take the column in an entirely new direction. As the brevet season wound down, LSR rider **Todd Kalchbrenner** posted this notice on the local listserv: “I decided to retire the Co-Motion and ‘reward’ myself with a new ride, check it out. Who needs titanium, carbon fiber, and all that fancy new-fangled stuff. Leather rules!”

The accompanying photo? A plush leather couch.

That drew an immediate response from LSR rider **Jim Bronson**: “Looks comfortable, but how is that thing on the hills?”



The ultimate leather seat?

• **A new 1200K.** BMB may be gone from the 2008 schedule, but there’s a new 1200K option on the East Coast. Last year, we reported that the D.C. Randonneurs were contemplating a 1200K event. That is now a reality. D.C. RBA **Matt Settle** has scheduled the club’s inaugural RM randonné for June 5, 2008.

In an e-mail, here’s how Matt

described the ride:

“For the initial Shenandoah 1200 we have decided to limit the ride to 100 riders. We do not want to be overwhelmed on our first effort. We expect to hit this limit and have a wait list.

Future Shenandoah 1200

Randonnées may have larger fields.”

He continues: “The course is a grand tour of the Shenandoah Valley and some of the other areas that we ride in. There will be a historical flavor to the brevet as it passes through many Civil War battlefields and other historical points of interest, especially the 100-plus miles on the mother road of the valley, historic US 11. The brevet will pass thru Pennsylvania, Maryland and West Virginia the first day and then stay in Virginia to the southernmost point at a location on the Blue Ridge Parkway near North Carolina.”

Asked about the route profile, Matt said, “The terrain will be mostly rolling the first day until the climbs over the mountains at the end. The second will be very hilly with lots of rollers and climbs. The third day will start hilly and moderate as the route makes its way to Route 11 for the return thru the valley and more moderate terrain. The last day will be more Route 11 before leaving the valley and returning to the start in Leesburg. I think the difficulty for the ride as a whole will not be that hard, but others will certainly find it very difficult

■Continued on next page



Icing on the cake? When it came time for Seattle rider **Steven G. Otten** to celebrate his 50th birthday, he went for the two-layer B-17 cake. There is apparently no truth to the rumor that the cake was iced with Chamois Butter.

RUSA People & Places (continued)

especially the middle third.”

The club had several motivations for hosting the event, Settle said.

“We wanted to show many randonneurs what a great place the Mid-Atlantic is to ride. Many of us believe that mile for mile this is the best, most scenic area for riding anywhere.... Also, with the absence of BMB on the 2008 calendar we felt that a 1200K on the East Coast was important for the promotion and continued growth of randonneuring in the U.S.”

The D.C. event will be one of three U.S. 1200Ks next year.

The Seattle club will hold its third Cascade 1200 on June 28, while **John Lee Ellis** kicks off the sixth Colorado Last Chance 1200K on Sept. 10. For

more information, see page 24.

• **Texas Top 10 List.** Texas rider **Pam Wright** had “a nasty head cold” that served as inspiration for a top-10 list titled, “You know you’re a Randonneur when...”

#10: You leave work at noon because of your cold and think: “4 hours...I would’ve been better off to have just done a 100k today instead of trying to work—probably would’ve felt better.”

#9: You go home sick from work the next day believing it will help you feel better faster so you don’t miss the ride this weekend!

#8: You’re a little chilled in the house and you have to stop yourself

from grabbing knee warmers instead of sweat pants.

#7: You stop to pick up your prescriptions at CVS and are panicky for a minute because you can’t find your brevet card at the check-out.

#6: Friend asks if you rode this past weekend with your cold and you say “Yes, I couldn’t stand being inside, so we rode to Waco and back.” Then as they look at you like you’re growing a second head, you defend yourself by saying, “But I got to sleep in on Sunday and we didn’t go very fast!”

#5: You leave with your boss for an important presentation and he has to repeat questions (twice!) because the

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Pre-PBP Photo Op. RUSA’s RBAs, officers and volunteers held an informal meet-and-greet on Aug. 19 in Saint-Quentin-en-Yvelines. Front row (l-r): Lois Springsteen, Johnny Bertrand, John Lee Ellis, Jennifer Wise, William Medina, Phyllis Hamilton, Dan Driscoll, Tim Sullivan, Todd Teachout, Don Hamilton. Back: Matt Settle, Lonnie Wolff, Jim Wilson, Jeff Sammons, Kevin Main, Bob Burns, Mark Thomas, Bill Bryant.

RUSA People & Places (continued)

wind is SO strong out of the south right now and you're debating which permanents might have the most northbound miles.

#4: You go home sick with this same cold and think, "Okay, since 30 minutes on the trainer didn't make me pass out, maybe an hour will actually make me feel better!"

#3: You feel guilty, like you're being unfaithful, to your brevet bike by riding your trainer instead (cuz you're sick), so you actually debate bringing it inside thinking it might make you feel better.

#2: You spend 20 minutes writing a stupid email list instead of signing the 200 letters in front of you!

#1: The #1 way you know you've really been warped and are truly a randonneur is when..... You have a nasty cold and as you reach up and actually touch your nose to blow a nice ol' "snot rocket" onto the street, you realize.....you're not on a bike in the middle of nowhere....you're in downtown Fort Worth, in a business suit, high heels and people all around as you're walking to a meeting!

• **Mileage mania.** **Edward Robinson**, who likes to poke around through RUSA statistics, sent along this e-mail: "I think there may be a (friendly) ongoing rivalry for max mileage on the year. **Dan Driscoll**, **Mark Metcalfe**, and **Mark Thomas** are all above 10,000 km (Mark Metcalfe is above 11,000). It's not even November, and there's no sign that they're slowing." Asked about his mileage, Driscoll replied that just before PBP Thomas told him about a personal goal of earning all five RUSA km medals—5,000k, 4,000k, 3,000k, 2,000k and 1,000k (a 15,000K total)—in the same year. Driscoll signed on immediately. "Truth is I am a sucker for lofty goals," he said in an e-mail to American Randonneur. "At that point I had almost 10,000 kms. I just figured that if

PBP 2007 Participants: Take the RUSA survey!

If you participated in PBP 2007, we would be grateful if you would take a few minutes and answer our survey questions.

Just go to the RUSA website (www.rusa.org) and fill out the RUSA Member PBP 2007 survey.

We'd like to know about your preparation, participation and the precipitation.

We will compile the data and make the results available to RUSA members.

All surveys must be completed and submitted by Dec. 31, 2007.

I was ever going to achieve that goal, I would need to get it done this year, because I already had a good head start on it."

At press time, Thomas indicated that his 15,000km goal would have to wait for another year. In an e-mail, he said, "A bum ankle has me out of the running."

• **Survey of the surveys.** Post-PBP surveys are under way and your input is being sought on everything from the type of tires you used to your level of experience heading into PBP.

For details on RUSA's very own survey, see the separate article on this page.

Jan Heine conducted a survey on PBP equipment for his newsletter, *Bicycle Quarterly*. Results will be published in his Winter edition and also shared with RUSA.

Joe Keenan, who launched *Randonneurs of China* after moving there, is surveying riders about pain experienced during brevets. To participate, go to <http://rocn.bikealot.org>.

"Audax Australia has agreed to send the survey to their members and I'm also sending it to some of the larger country organizations such as the UK and France," he said.

Direct questions to Keenan at jkeen407@yahoo.com.



PBP RUSA volunteers (l-r): Don Hamilton, Phyllis Hamilton, Pierce Gafgen and Jennifer Wise model their official "Organisation" t-shirts during PBP registration.

Multiple 1200ks to be allowed in PBP Years

Longer period for pre-rides also adopted during RM Meeting

BY BILL BRYANT

The day after PBP ended the quadrennial meeting of the Randonneurs Mondiaux was held in St. Quentin-en-Yvelines. About 65 randonneurs were present on Saturday, including delegates from most of the 33 member countries. (Since most of them had just completed PBP on Friday, their participation in an all-day meeting was testimony to their dedication to the sport; most other riders were still resting from the long ordeal.) US delegates this year included RUSA President Mark Thomas, Vice-President John Lee Ellis, Brevet Coordinator Lois Springsteen, and past-presidents Jennifer Wise and myself, Bill Bryant. Jennifer was RM president from 1996-1999, so her presence was invaluable. Also with us was Johnny Bertrand, a long-time RM participant and translator. (The RM meeting is held in both English and French; the translators get quite a workout since some of the discussions and debates can be lengthy and/or complex.) This year our good friend Avery Juhring did most of the translation duties. Avery was the ACP representative at RUSA's founding nearly ten years ago and he did much to help us get started back then. In any case, each country has one vote, no matter how many or how few delegates it sends.

Outgoing President Hans Dusink started with some opening remarks, including thanks on our behalf to the ACP for another successful Paris-Brest-Paris. He gave a report of the organization's activities during the past four years, and then some observations as he ended his term.

There were three items of new business for discussion on the agenda this year, and all were adopted by a wide margin in the subsequent voting:

- Australia made the proposal that other 1200k events be allowed in a PBP year. Heretofore, this was not allowed as the RM has always voted to award PBP a

special protected status that encourages all randonneurs to congregate in Paris every four years. However, with the event now maxed out at five thousand participants (and the ACP not allowed to have more riders on the course by civic authorities) it was felt that the time had come to change this rule, if only to take some pressure off the French ride. For randonneurs not able, or not inclined to travel to France for PBP, now they can ride other 1200k events elsewhere in the same year. In particular, this would be a considerable benefit for those riders without the financial resources for foreign travel—and given the dollar's weakness against the euro, this new measure may affect Americans more than some might realize at first glance. It remains, of course, to see if clubs will organize new 1200k or longer events, but in lands outside Europe this will probably happen.

- The United States made the proposal that the timeframe for brevet workers' pre-rides be extended from the current eight days to 15 days before the event. The reasoning is that two weeks gives a little more leeway for event organizers than one week does, especially with longer events that last longer than a weekend, such as a 1000k or 1200k brevets. Hosting an event so soon after a lengthy pre-ride is quite taxing for volunteers and organizers alike, but a two-week window allows more mental and physical recovery. Or, in the case of shorter brevets, the current one-week time frame might force a pre-ride on a busy holiday weekend that does not have the safe traffic conditions a normal weekend might. And if something is discovered about the route during the pre-ride, that extra week allows some modification of route sheets, etc. (There was a side-motion by South Africa to allow "pre-rides" to be held after the actual brevet date, but this was voted down by a wide margin.)

- The United States also made a proposal that all 1200k (and longer) events be

organized under the auspices of the national randonneuring league, not the Randonneurs Mondiaux. As is currently practiced, all brevets from 200k to 1000k are organized under the national league, but the longer ones are not. They are organized under the RM banner, but this then can cause some organizational glitches or variation from standard rules in each particular country. So, from now on 1200k organizers will deal directly with their national organization, just as they would for shorter events. RM will remain the overall controlling body, but the actual details of each ride will be determined by the national league.

Following the discussions, a surprise tribute was given to our own Johnny Bertrand by Jennifer Wise for his twenty years of service to the RM and the randonneuring community in general. "JVB" is a shy fellow and was squirming in his chair, but the high esteem in which he is held by so many randonneurs was amply shown by the loud applause given in his honor.

Then came the elections for the upcoming four-year terms. Vice-President Constant Devos of Belgium was elected as the new RM president, and Robert le Duc of the Netherlands as elected the new vice-president. Bob Lepertel was retained as treasurer.

Everyone then adjourned to a nearby restaurant for an enjoyable luncheon, courtesy of the RM. Here, with the serious business of the day done, old friendships were renewed and new ones made. There was a lot of lively conversation that lasted all afternoon, and the next RM meeting in 2011 seemed a long way off. Afterward, as we went back to our hotels, many of us wondered what randonneuring adventures, and new events, would take place during the next four years. But first, the more immediate concern for most of us was how would our bikes get disassembled for travel before our flights early the next morning!

A Conversation with Bob Lepertel

— BY BILL BRYANT —

As we wind up another PBP year and start looking forward to a new one that will see us celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Randonneurs USA, it is fitting to learn more about one of the key figures in the development of randonneuring, both in our nation and around the world. During the last three decades of the 20th century the sport has grown far from its French origins, and one name stands out time after time: Robert “Bob” Lepertel.

In the United States, ten years ago Randonneurs USA took over from the now-defunct International Randonneurs. Beginning in the early 1980s, New Yorker James Kanski was the trail-blazer who led the way for us with the IR. But behind the scenes during those early years Bob Lepertel was encouraging Kanski and other Americans to ride brevets, flèches, and Paris-Brest-Paris itself. It was Bob who first recruited and worked with Jim Kanski, and then later with the founders of RUSA such as Jennifer Wise, Johnny Bertrand, John Wagner and myself—just as he had done in a score of other countries.

In addition to getting the free-pace style of randonneuring exported to lands outside the French borders during the 1970s and 1980s, Bob Lepertel had previously spear-headed a movement inside France itself that helped save

the sport from extinction. Randonneuring had been popular in the first part of the 20th century, especially before 1914. Following a brief period of widespread activity in the post-World War II years, the sport had gone into decline. When he took over the reins of the Audax Club Parisien during the mid-1960s, randonneuring was in very bad shape. Of course it takes hardy cyclists to participate in randonneuring brevets, but there

must also be someone to coordinate the riders and their clubs. Luckily for all of us that man was Bob Lepertel. Ably assisted by his tireless wife Suzanne and the other members of the ACP, they rescued PBP from its certain demise during a time in the 1960s when the total number of participants at each event numbered less than 180 riders, and the amount of annual French brevets was at alarmingly low levels.



Bob Lepertel and RUSA board Member Jennifer Wise in Paris

“Big Bob” was kind enough to spend some time answering our questions last July. With the 16th version of the ACP’s Paris-Brest-Paris rapidly approaching, and his daughter Claude working hard to process all the entries for foreign randonneurs, it seemed fitting to take a look back at the early days of PBP, and to learn more about the man who has devoted much of his life to our sport and its premier event.

Am/R: Bob, you were the president of the Audax Club Parisien from 1967-1983, and except for 1991, the organizer of the seven editions of PBP from 1966 to 1995. While you were at the helm, the randonneur Paris-Brest-Paris grew from being a lengthy French club run to an international festival of long-distance cycling. But let’s go back to the very beginning. Where and when were you born?

Lepertel: I was born on November 11, 1924; I’ll be 83 on my next birthday. Our home was in the town of Bégard, in northern Brittany. (*Bégard is about halfway between the cities of Morlaix and Saint-Brieuc—ed.*)

Am/R: What was your family life like? What about your education?

Lepertel: It was a normal French family; my grandparents lived with us, my father

■ Continued on next page

Lepertel Interview (continued)

worked for the regional railway. My mother took care of the house and my sister and me. My father eventually became an engineer on the railroad. Later he worked on the national system and was a mechanic there, but he lost part of his right arm in an accident. Then he managed a distribution center for heating coal. He died in 1956 at the age of 57 from cancer. My mother followed him in death at age 74, also of cancer.

My formal education was limited to two-and-a-half years past “le Certificat d’Etudes” (*about 8th grade in the American system—ed.*) I was 14 when I went to work at a coal firm; my father knew the owner and arranged for me to start a position there. I did any and all jobs, and I worked in the office a good bit. They taught me accounting and this helped determine my eventual career path.

Am/R: I’m curious, how did a French fellow get the nickname of “Bob”? I’m not sure I’ve heard that in France before, especially for someone who doesn’t speak English.

Lepertel: In my first club, there were several guys named Robert, including the President. It was confusing, so I opted for “Bob” and it stuck.

Am/R: How did cycling fit in during those early years? You went to work in 1938, and then the war came along less than two years later.

Lepertel: By that time I was living and working in the

suburbs north of Paris. Starting in 1941 I would ride my bike to work, home for lunch, and then back to work, and home again in the evening. The distance between Clichy and Aubervilliers was about 6 kilometers, so I did about 25 kilometers each day.

Am/R: Besides cycling for transportation, what drew you to the sport? What was your first club?

Lepertel: Well, that’s a funny story. My involvement in cycling came around because of dancing...

Am/R: How so?

Lepertel: During the war there were limits on what we could do, and the authorities did not allow large gatherings since they were afraid of resistance movements developing. A group of us wanted to organize dances and social gatherings, but one of the few things possible in those days were sporting clubs. So, we became a “cycling club” under the banner of the FFCT (*the national French touring league—ed.*) This got us our permit, and with that we could rent halls. Our club was named the Sporting Association of Errant Companions. Out of our 110-120 members, perhaps four or five of us actually did any bicycling. Our “cycling club” had no regular ride schedule or rules, but a handful of us rode little rallies on Sunday mornings. It was fun.

Am/R: But I read that a young Robert Lepertel had ridden an ACP 200k brevet

during the war years...

Lepertel: Yes, I met some older riders and learned from them about the brevets organized before the war. The longer distances seemed unbelievable; even 200 kilometers sounded impossible. But nonetheless, in 1943 I entered an ACP 200k. I made it inside 12 hours, but it was very difficult since I didn’t know a thing about the caloric needs of cycling that far. I bonked badly twice and had to walk up all but the smallest hills. My second 200k was after the Liberation.

Am/R: Did you know

Suzanne during this time?

Lepertel: Yes, we met in the dancing club. Like the others, she joined because she enjoyed dancing and the social scene there. Friendship came easily between us and blossomed into romance. We married after the war, on April 26, 1946. We celebrated our 61st anniversary this year.

Am/R: You have a daughter Claude, and she is a PBP ancienne; did you have other children, and did they do cycling too?

Lepertel: Our daughter

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Lepertel Interview (continued)

Claude became a randonneuse with her first Flèche Vélocio. She was invited to join a team of English riders, and since then she has done six or seven. She is a Randonneur 5000, and did her PBP in the rainy 1987 in less than 84 hours.

Our two other children are not cyclists. Our son Michel works in the aerospace industry in Toulouse; he enjoys mountain hiking in his free time. Our second son Alain lives closer to home. He has started an electronics firm with two partners and is successful in his field. He enjoys playing bridge and is a nationally ranked player.

Claude and Alain have been an important part of the PBP organizing team for many years. Claude is in charge of the homologations for the French brevet results, and is now processing all the PBP entries for foreign riders.

Am/R: Let's go back to your early cycling years. What were you doing after the war ended?

Lepertel: After our marriage, we had a tandem built by Alex Singer, and left our original club, the AS Errant Companions, to found the Cyclo Camping Club in 1947. It was a small club, but we rode often with about 25 or 30 friends, some of whom had followed us from the old club to the new one. We went camping frequently, setting up in wild areas, not organized campgrounds.

Our little club, with only about 20 members, functioned well. Along with our

own club rides, we created several events that many other cyclists enjoyed. First we started the Randonnée Cyclo Historique, which was a tour of Paris with a dozen stops; we put on five editions, with the last one attracting more than a thousand participants. Then we created the Randonnée des Boucles de la Seine, a ride of 280 kilometers. Riders could choose a group to suit their ability—Cyclo-Sportif (25 kph minimum pace); Randonneurs (22 kph); and Tourist (18 kph). Finally, we started the Brevet de Randonneurs de Chevreuse. It had the same three categories as the Boucles de la Seine, but it was 180 kilometers and had 18 hills to climb. These rides were a big success too. Around this time I spent two years working to help organize the FFCT's Cyclo-Camping section, but I was neither good at it, nor very interested in it.

Not long after that our club accepted a proposal to join the Vélo Club de Courbevoie Asnières (VCCA). It was a famous racing club that had launched the careers of several famous professionals such as Varnjo and Darrigade. But after the war, it was more active in touring than racing, and our fusion made sense. There were about 60 of us in total; the best of the era was Gilbert Bulte. He was a fast rider and very active in the cyclo-sportifs. His successes drew others to join the club. *(We don't really have many equiva-*

lent events here in the US; the French "cyclo-sportif" events were, and are, fast rides with winners and also-rans like a race, but they fall outside formal racing events put on by the normal sanctioning bodies, such as the UCI. They might be considered similar to some running events today, where there are elite runners who race with each other to arrive first and win prizes and fame, while behind them others simply participate and challenge themselves, and don't take the competitive aspect too seriously the way the frontrunners do—ed.)

I became president of the "cyclo" section of the VCCA and we had some resources at our disposal, such as a printing press for publicity and newsletters, a bus to use to reach events far from Paris two or three times a year, and we recruited some strong riders from other clubs, such as Decker, Noel, Martyre, Lebas, and Roger Baumann. We were very active in those years. Our Sunday rides were from 150 to 250 kilometers, and we participated in all the big cyclo-sportif events around the region. Still, times were tough in the post-war years and our finances didn't allow us to travel as much as we would have liked, such as to the Easter events in Provence.

Am/R: It sounds like you were always an organizer as much as a rider.

Lepertel: I became president of the cycling league for the Paris region in 1951 and 1952. In those days cycling was popular, but unlike today, not so many clubs cooperated with each other or the national federation. I had to work

hard to bring them together and created a free annual ride calendar for the Paris region. In so doing I had to find the advertising revenue to support this project. With my friend Migeon, we also started "Cyclo Informations", a bi-monthly newsletter that featured nothing but cycle-touring. However, it folded after about two years from lack of interest among the riders. During that time we also organized two "Nuits du Cyclotourisme", popular social events for cyclists that featured top entertainers of the day, such as Henri Salvador.

Am/R: Many Americans will recognize you as the chief organizer of many editions of Paris-Brest-Paris, but not many know you are also the creator of the Flèches des France rides. When did the idea come to you? Were they successful from the start?

(These are permanent rides, not team events like the Flèche Vélocio. There are 20 routes, each one starting in Paris and then traveling to some city on border of France. When viewed at once, the map looks like a star, with the rays spreading out from the capital. The route distances range from 180 to 1,000 kilometers. These rides have been a cornerstone of the French cycle-touring world for years, and are still very popular today—ed.)

Lepertel: During my last two years in Paris, and just before my relocation to Rennes for nine years when I took a new job, I presented to the club Board of Directors a

■ Continued on next page

Lepertel Interview (continued)

proposal for the Flèches des France. There were some details to work out about distance, pace, and controls, and having them work with other types of FFCT events. But finally in 1953, Gilbert Dauvergne took on the huge task of laying out the actual routes and creating the route sheets—no small thing for 20 long rides!

The rides were popular from the start. They were opened in 1954, and Roger and Geneviève Rouy completed the entire series in only two years! With the normal highs and lows, about 40,000 riders have done them in the past 53 years, about 800 riders per year on average.

Am/R: By the early 1960s, you were back in Paris and moving up the corporate ladder in multi-national companies like Rhone-Poulenc and Buhler. This also returned you to your friends in the VCCA. The club then merged with the Audax Club Parisien around 1964. Quite soon after the merger you and Gilbert Bulte organized the next PBP, in 1966. What was that like? I've read you had very little from previous events to work with.

Lepertel: This merger resuscitated the VCCA as much as it did the ACP. Both clubs were ill, as was French cycling as a whole. We took on the organization of the Brevets de Randonneurs Français and the organization for the 1966 Paris-Brest. For the brevets, there were only 500 homologations in 1963. My new job, which brought

me back to Paris, was inspector of sales for a large corporation, and included Brittany among my firm's 60 sales regions. This allowed me to also visit many hotels and restaurants we could use for controls during PBP. I also was able to meet Mr. Paquereau, the president of the cycling league for Brittany and he promised to run the control in Brest.

Yes, we didn't have much to go on except a few ride documents saved by Gilbert from his previous PBP participations, but we got *L'Equipe* to print the route books and route sheets and other materials. Lucien Virgile, a past president of the ACP, also volunteered to run a secret control, which he did for 48 consecutive hours. Things were pretty simple back then; a 400k brevet was needed for entry, the entry fee was 50 francs and we provided the riders with a route book, an itinerary, and a frame number. That is about all we could do, given the size of the club.

Am/R: The 1966 PBP randonneur event saw the maximum time reduced from 96 hours to the now-familiar 90-hour time limit. What prompted the change? The UAF's audax version of PBP had always had a time limit of 90 hours, was this an influence?

Lepertel: Gilbert Bulte wanted the change and I agreed. By then the roads and bicycles were better than in the first randonneur PBP in 1931. It is possible that the UAF time limit was a factor,

but I don't recall that now. In any case, the randonneurs from earlier PBPs adapted to the change, and the new ones didn't know any better.

Am/R: At the next PBP in 1971, there was impressive growth from 173 to 325 participants. Then in 1975 it grew to 666, and by 1979 you had 1766 starters. Why do you suppose so many more French cyclists wanted to ride PBP compared to earlier years?

Lepertel: The growth in PBP participation was strong, but it progressed gradually and we managed to cope. I think the results *plaquette* we started publishing after the 1971 PBP helped create more interest among the French club riders. In general, the French rediscovered their taste for randonneuring. The old maps and routes were updated, the brevets got more coverage in the cycling press, routes and results were homologated more swiftly than before, results were published more often, etc.

Outside France, it was the book by Jock Wadley (*Old Roads and New*—ed.) that got PBP known in the English-speaking countries. It made British, American, Canadian, and a little later, Australian riders want to do PBP.

Am/R: Interest in PBP was also growing in other countries as well...

Lepertel: Yes, I created the Randonneurs Européens in 1976, then this became the Randonneurs Mondiaux in 1983. We met after Paris-Brest-Paris at the Pied

Couchon, a 24-hour restaurant popular with us since it is the starting place for many of the Flèches des France. There were eight founding member countries present, along with president of the FFCT. I was elected the first RM president, John Nicolas of the UK was vice-president, Jacques Delava of Belgium was treasurer; the other founders were James Konski of the US, Francesc Porta of the Spanish Catalans; Jose-Luis Garcia of the Spanish Basques, Russel Moore of Australia, Jean-Claude Muzellec of Sweden, and Gary Pareja of Canada, and of course I represented the ACP and France.

Am/R: You and Suzanne have always worked hard to welcome foreign randonneurs to PBP, and we sincerely thank you for your hospitality. Can you tell us a little more about why you encouraged foreign participation in PBP?

Lepertel: It was normal for us to welcome foreign randonneurs since they had always welcomed us in similar fashion when we visited them. And, they had agreed to work with us for PBP qualifying, and develop their national organizations in the way we desired, which contributed to our mutual friendship.

In 1983, after retiring from 45 years of work, Suzanne and I had the opportunity to travel and we visited many of our randon-

■ Continued on next page

Lepertel Interview (continued)

neering friends in Australia, Norway, Britain, the US, Canada, South Africa, Sweden, Spain, Bulgaria, Germany, New Zealand, and elsewhere. It has been particularly gratifying to be on hand for quite a few of the new 1200k events that have sprung up around the globe. We've had many interesting trips and adventures in our busy retirement.

Am/R: When you look back at your involvement in cycling as an organizer, what stands out? What are you most proud of? Any surprises? Or sad memories?

Lepertel: Proud, you say? Nothing particular stands out, I suppose. But I had the luck to be supported all the time by Suzanne, and by club members who appreciated my efforts. I never worked alone. With PBP, for example, we had the advantage of knowing what we'd be doing every four years.

Overall, I've been very pleased by the growth of randonneuring and the Randonneurs Mondiaux. The enthusiasm it has produced in many countries has been satisfying. I've been happy to have my efforts contribute to more people enjoying the bicycle. In 1999 Suzanne and I were recipients of the FFCT's Gold Medal, its highest honor for people who have made significant contributions to the sport, and we are honored to have been chosen for that.

When we took over the ACP in the mid-1960s I wanted us to become the premier French cycling club, but that didn't happen. In its halcyon

'I've been very pleased by the growth of randonneuring and the Randonneurs Mondiaux. The enthusiasm it has produced in many countries has been satisfying. I've been happy to have my efforts contribute to more people enjoying the bicycle.'

days ACP membership was 300, but in modern times we are not more than 80 in number. So, we are not the biggest, but we are at the top of the list for organizing events, and the ACP is well-known around the world. The FFCT has recognized us for this and has pledged to aid us if we have the need.

Other memories? There are enough to write a book. Probably the biggest surprise has been the continual growth of PBP. The saddest ones have been the loss of riders at PBP, like young Juignet, killed by a drunk driver in 1966 not far from Brest, or the accident near Mayenne in 1975 that killed two of the riders and left a third paralyzed. These things caused us to abandon the N-12 and develop the current route. We are pleased with it, as are the provincial clubs who run the controls.

Am/R: Where do you see PBP in ten years' time? Or in 50 years?

Lepertel: We have come to a time with more than 5,000 entrants at PBP and this is a big problem for the

Organizing Committee. What will they do in 2011—will they find 40 or 45 member countries of the Randonneurs Mondiaux? Will we see 7,000 to 8,000 people asking to get into PBP? I have suggested that they modify the entrance requirements by limiting the brevet times. For example they could require the 400k in 25 hours or less, or 36 hours for the 600k. But they should keep the standard times for the Super Randonneur series; the reduced times would be only for PBP entry. However, this is just a suggestion; I don't know what they will do. As for PBP in 50 years, obviously I am too old to even discuss that.

Am/R: Back in the 1980s did you ever imagine a time when the US would lead the yearly country standings for randonneuring? I must admit I'm rather surprised myself.

Lepertel: Like you, I never imagined it, nor that the worldwide level of randonneuring activity would be so strong. The change in leadership in the US, with Randonneurs USA, has been

beneficial to the growth of the sport, just as happened in Britain with the AUK some years earlier. One man, however devoted or capable, just can't do it all himself, especially for a nation as big as the United States—some of your 50 states are larger than nations elsewhere. One must also salute Jennifer Wise and Johnny Bertrand for their vision, and the exceptional team they put together. They found the necessary people with the energy to make it all happen. RUSA has done a fine job organizing the clubs, and it has published a mass of information to help its new members too. All of this has worked to build a strong organization of randonneuring in your country.

Am/R: Bob, before we close is there anything you'd like to tell our American randonneurs and randonneuses?

Lepertel: I have met many American randonneurs and I wish them continued success; I hope they will continue to build their spirit for the long randonnées, to keep encouraging the new riders to develop their skills and progress to the next level, and most of all, to keep riding brevets and their national flèches. I hope that one day some large state, such as Texas or California, might copy the idea for the Flèches de France and do something similar there. Of course I am at your disposition to help in any way I can for that, or any other project you have; our friendship means a lot.

2008 ACP Events

Region	200 km	300 km	400 km	600 km	1000 km	flèche
AK: Anchorage	26-Apr	10-May				
AR: Little Rock	15-Mar					
AZ: Casa Grande	12-Jan 19-Apr	16-Feb	15-Mar	26-Apr		
CA: Davis	8-Mar	29-Mar	26-Apr	30-May		
CA: Los Angeles	12-Jan	2-Feb				
CA: San Diego	5-Jan	19-Jan	23-Feb	26-Apr		27-Mar
CA: San Francisco	26-Jan	23-Feb				
CA: Santa Cruz	22-Mar 17-Aug	19-Apr				
CO: Boulder	03-May 20-Sep	17-May 09-Aug	07-Jun 21-Jun	07-Jun 21-Jun	07-Jun 21-Jun 10-Sep	8-May
DC: Washington	15-Mar 29-Mar	05-Apr 12-Apr	26-Apr 03-May	17-May 28-Jun		20-Mar
FL: Central	05-Jan 16-Aug	2-Feb	1-Mar			13-Mar
FL: Gainesville	12-Jan	9-Feb	8-Mar	5-Apr		
FL: Northwest	01-Jan 26-Jan 12-Oct	23-Feb	15-Mar	26-Apr	10-Oct	
GA: Atlanta	02-Feb 15-Mar	01-Mar 29-Mar	26-Apr	24-May		
IA: Cedar Valley	19-Apr	31-May	21-Jun	12-Jul		1-May
ID: Yellowstone-Tetons	24-May	31-May				
IL: Chicago	26-Apr	17-May	7-Jun	28-Jun		
KY: Louisville	1-Mar	5-Apr	26-Apr	31-May		
LA: New Orleans	2-Feb	12-Apr	20-Sep			
MA: Boston	10-May	31-May	28-Jun	26-Jul		
MA: Westfield	26-Apr	17-May	7-Jun	21-Jun		1-May
MN: Rochester	10-May	14-Jun				

2008 ACP Events

Region	200 km	300 km	400 km	600 km	1000 km	flèche
MO: Kansas City	08-Mar 05-Apr	26-Apr	10-May 07-Jun	24-May	7-Jun	20-Mar
MO: St. Louis	12-Apr	26-Apr	17-May	7-Jun		
NC: High Point	01-Jan 02-Feb	2-Feb				20-Mar
NC: Raleigh	05-Apr 16-Aug	26-Apr	17-May	7-Jun		
NE: Omaha	14-May	15-May	17-May	20-Sep		
NJ: NYC and Princeton	19-Apr 14-Sep	17-May 10-Aug	21-Jun	11-Jul		
NM: Cedar Crest	29-Mar	26-Apr	31-May	28-Jun		
NY: Central	12-Apr 17-May 16-Aug					
NY: Saratoga	30-Mar 27-Jul 21-Sep 11-Oct	27-Apr 08-Aug 10-Aug	10-May	7-Jun		
NY: Western	7-Jun					
OH: Columbus	29-Mar	19-Apr	31-May	21-Jun	30-Aug	10-Apr
OR: Portland	05-Apr 19-Jul	19-Apr 02-Aug	14-Jun 23-Aug	24-May 20-Sep	5-Jul	1-May
PA: Eastern	12-Apr	10-May	24-May	7-Jun	1-Aug	24-Apr
PR: San Juan	23-Feb	15-Mar	26-Apr	23-May		3-Apr
SC: Spartanburg	8-Mar	5-Apr				
TN: Nashville	8-Mar	22-Mar	12-Apr	17-May		
TX: Amarillo	17-Mar 21-Mar	17-Mar 21-Mar				
TX: Austin	2-Feb	5-Apr	3-May	17-May		
TX: Brownsville	12-Jan	23-Feb				
TX: Dallas	01-Jan 09-Feb	19-Jan 01-Mar	09-Feb 01-Mar 29-Mar	29-Mar 26-Apr	24-May	20-Mar
TX: Houston	05-Jan 26-Jan	26-Jan 16-Feb	8-Mar	5-Apr		
UT: Cedar City	12-Apr 19-Jul	10-May	7-Jun			
WA: Seattle	15-Mar 26-Jul	29-Mar 09-Aug	17-May 23-Aug	07-Jun 13-Sep	28-Jun 21-Aug	11-Apr

2008 U.S. 1200Ks

Location	Type	Date	Distance	Contact	Web Site
CO: Boulder	RM randonnée	9/10	1200K	John Lee Ellis (see page 26)	http://www.rmccrides.com/lastchance.htm
DC: Washington	RM randonnée	6/5	1200K	Matt Settle (see page 26)	http://www.dcrand.org/
WA: Seattle	RM randonnée	6/28	1240K	Mark Thomas (see page 27)	http://www.cascade1200.com/

Event Legend

Type	Code	Description
RM randonnée	RM	Events of 1200km or more which are sanctioned by <i>Randonneurs Mondiaux (RM)</i> . This category includes <i>Paris-Brest-Paris</i> .
ACP brevet	ACPB	Brevets of 200km, 300km, 400km, 600km, or 1000km, sanctioned by the <i>Audax Club Parisien (ACP)</i> . In Paris-Brest-Paris (PBP) years, ACP-sanctioned brevets act as PBP qualifiers. French brevet medals are available for these events. ACP brevets may be used to qualify for other awards such as the <i>Super Randonneur</i> and <i>Randonneur 5000</i> medals.
ACP flèche	ACPF	A 24-hour team ride patterned on the rules of the <i>Flèche Velocio</i> . Traditionally held at Easter, teams of 3-5 cycles strive to cover a distance of at least 360km. One of these events is required to qualify for the Randonneur 5000 award.
RUSA populaire	RUSAP	A domestically-sanctioned ride of any distance from 100km to 199km, run in a similar manner to a brevet. Credit is given toward RUSA medals only. Populaires may not be used as PBP qualifiers.
RUSA brevet	RUSAB	A domestically-sanctioned brevet of any distance from 200km to 1199km. Credit is given toward RUSA medals only. Domestically-sanctioned brevets may not be used as PBP qualifiers.
RUSA arrow	RUSAF	A domestically-sanctioned team ride run in the same manner as a flèche. The minimum-length arrow is 360km in 24 hours; however, arrows may be longer and may be held at any time of year. Credit is given toward RUSA medals only.
RUSA dart	RUSAF	A "short arrow": minimum of 180km in 12 hours. Credit is given toward RUSA medals only.
RUSA permanent	RUSAT	An established route of 200km or more that may be ridden by prior arrangement with the organizer. Credit is given toward RUSA medals only and a given route may only be counted once in any calendar year. Permanents may not be used as PBP qualifiers.
RUSA permanent populaire	RUSAT	A permanent of any distance from 100km to 199km.

2008 RUSA-Sanctioned Events

Region	Distance & Date
AR: Little Rock	(100 km) 03/15, 10/25 (200 km) 10/25 (300 km) 10/25
AZ: Desert Camp	(200 km) 03/05, 03/26, 04/09
CA: San Diego	(200 km) 05/24, 07/19, 08/16, 09/20 (300 km) 06/21
CA: Santa Cruz	(154 km) 03/01
CO: Boulder	(106 km) 03/23 (116 km) 04/06 (121 km) 04/13 (200 km) 04/19, 04/20 (121 km) 04/26 (272 km) 06/28 (300 km) 08/02 (200 km) 08/17 (200 km) 09/13 (129 km) 10/05
FL: Northwest	(100 km) 01/01 (100 km) 01/26 (100 km) 02/23 (200 km) 02/23 (100 km) 03/15 (200 km) 03/15 (100 km) 04/26 (200 km) 04/26 (100 km) 05/24 (200 km) 05/24 (100 km) 06/14 (200 km) 06/14 (100 km) 07/19 (200 km) 07/19 (200 km) 08/16 (200 km) 08/17 (100 km) 09/13 (200 km) 09/13 (100 km) 10/12 (100 km) 11/08 (200 km) 11/08 (100 km) 12/13 (200 km) 12/13
GA: Atlanta	(200 km) 01/01 (200 km) 09/06
IA: Cedar Valley	(211 km) 08/16
IL: Chicago	(200 km) 08/16
LA: New Orleans	(200 km) 01/05 (200 km) 06/21 (180 km) 08/16 (200 km) 11/15
MA: Boston	(107 km) 04/12 (350 km) 08/16
MA: Westfield	(100 km) 08/23 (186 km) 08/23 (100 km) 10/12 (170 km) 10/12
MN: Rochester	(200 km) 05/17 (300 km) 06/28
MO: Kansas City	(400 km) 05/24 (600 km) 06/07 (200 km) 08/16 (200 km) 09/20
MO: St. Louis	(200 km) 04/26 (200 km) 05/17 (300 km) 05/17 (300 km) 06/07 (400 km) 06/07 (200 km) 08/16
MS: Jackson	(200 km) 01/12 (300 km) 03/29
NJ: NYC and Princeton	(191 km) 10/12
NM: Cedar Crest	(300 km) 10/25 (200 km) 12/06
NY: Saratoga	(200 km) 11/02
OH: Columbus	(200 km) 10/18
OR: Portland	(100 km) 03/08 (200 km) 08/16 (100 km) 11/01 (112 km) 11/22
PA: Eastern	(150 km) 10/18 (200 km) 10/18
TN: Nashville	(360 km) 08/16 (600 km) 09/13 (250 km) 09/27 (200 km) 10/18 (100 km) 11/29 (200 km) 11/29
TX: Amarillo	(200 km) 05/31 (300 km) 05/31 (200 km) 06/01 (200 km) 09/06 (300 km) 09/06 (200 km) 09/07
TX: Austin	(200 km) 08/17 (200 km) 12/06
TX: Brownsville	(100 km) 03/08 (125 km) 03/15 (150 km) 03/22
TX: Dallas	(200 km) 01/19 (300 km) 02/09 (200 km) 03/01 (200 km) 03/29 (300 km) 03/29 (200 km) 04/26 (300 km) 04/26 (400 km) 04/26 (200 km) 05/24 (300 km) 05/24 (400 km) 05/24 (600 km) 05/24 (200 km) 06/21 (300 km) 06/21 (400 km) 06/21 (100 km) 07/13 (150 km) 07/20 (200 km) 07/26 (200 km) 08/02 (300 km) 08/02 (200 km) 08/16 (200 km) 08/17 (200 km) 08/30 (300 km) 08/30 (200 km) 09/20 (300 km) 09/20 (400 km) 09/20 (200 km) 10/11 (300 km) 10/11 (400 km) 10/11 (600 km) 10/11 (200 km) 11/22 (300 km) 11/22
TX: Houston	(200 km) 02/16 (200 km) 05/10 (200 km) 08/16
WA: Seattle	(100 km) 03/02 (100 km) 07/12 (200 km) 08/16 (110 km) 09/07

2008 RBA DIRECTORY

Region	Organizer	Address	Tel. / Cell / Fax	E-mail
AK: Anchorage	Kevin TURINSKY	2301 Saint Elias Drive Anchorage AK 99517	907-276-6299	kjturinsky@mac.com
AR: Little Rock	Dana JOHNSON	46 Ledgelawn Drive Little Rock AR 72212	501-350-4562	dana@greengoblin.com
AZ: Casa Grande	Susan PLONSKY	107 E 4th Street Casa Grande AZ 85222	520-450-1335	susan@azbrevet.com
AZ: Desert Camp	Lon HALDEMAN	PO Box 303 Sharon WI 53585	262-736-2453 Fax: 262-736-2454	haldeman@pactour.com
CA: Davis	James SHARP	414 Village Circle Winters CA 95694	530-795-1937	jwsharp@ucdavis.edu
CA: Los Angeles	Bobbi FISHER	410 W. Spazier Avenue Burbank CA 91506	818-557-8522 Tel 2/Cell: 818-445-4430 Fax: 818-557-0207	bfisher901@aol.com
CA: San Diego	Michael BERRY	4635 Normandie Pl. La Mesa CA 91941	619-303-9630	mberry2@cox.net
CA: San Francisco	Rob HAWKS	5630 Santa Cruz Ave. Richmond CA 94804	510-526-2653	rob.hawks@gmail.com
CA: Santa Cruz	Lois SPRINGSTEEN	226 West Avenue Santa Cruz CA 95060	831-425-2939 Tel 2/Cell: 831-227-6266 Fax: 650-964-7037	lois_springsteen@prodigy.net
CA: Santa Rosa	Donn KING	385 Murphy Ave. 404 Sebastopol CA 95472	707-823-5461	donnk@pacbell.net
CO: Boulder	John Lee ELLIS	2155 Dogwood Circle Louisville CO 80027-1169	303-604-1163	jellisx7@juno.com
DC: Washington	Matt SETTLE	67 Cullers Lane Strasburg VA 22657	540-465-2116	liznmatt@shentel.net
FL: Central	Timothy BOL	1140 S Orlando Ave Apt E5 Maitland FL 32751	407-538-0580	TJB4828@aol.com
FL: Gainesville	Jim WILSON	620 NW 27th Way Gainesville FL 32607	352-373-0023	wilson@afn.org
FL: Northwest	Joe ARNOLD	1853 Applefield Lane Bonifay FL 32425	850-547-1753	joe@ride-4-life.com
GA: Atlanta	David BUNDRICK	4001 Northlake Creek Drive Tucker GA 30084	404-656-5000 Fax: 404-651-9292	roadkill@randonneur.org
IA: Cedar Valley	Robert FRY	2124 Touchae Street Waterloo IA 50702-4126	319-226-5436	cvbrevet@mchsi.com
ID: Yellowstone-Tetons	James SEVERANCE	923 Mountain View Dr. Tetonian ID 83452	208-354-3984 Fax: 208-354-3986	jseverance@penpoly.com
IL: Chicago	Frank PAULO	5038 N. St. Louis Ave Chicago IL 60625	773-267-8367	fnpaulo@aol.com
KY: Louisville	Steve RICE	40 Plantation Drive Shelbyville KY 40065	502-494-5288	srice@insightbb.com
LA: New Orleans	Patrick HORCHOFF	8909 Ormond Place River Ridge LA 70123	504-738-1352 Tel 2/Cell: 504-957-1768	larba1955@aol.com
MA: Boston	Tracey INGLE	21 Davis Road Stow MA 01775	978-212-5500 Tel 2/Cell: 508-789-6290	tracey@inglelaw.com
MA: Westfield	Don PODOLSKI	55 Franklin St. Westfield MA 01085	413-562-5237 Fax: 413-562-5237	don@newhorizonsbikes.com

2008 RBA DIRECTORY

Region	Organizer	Address	Tel. / Cell / Fax	E-mail
MN: Rochester	Michael AELING	603 E 10th Street Winona MN 55987	507-459-1629	mdapbp@yahoo.com
MO: Kansas City	Bob BURNS	PO Box 1387 Blue Springs MO 64013	816-229-6071 Fax: 816-229-6444	bobgburns555@aol.com
MO: St. Louis	John JOST	4713 Woody Terrace Court St. Louis MO 63129	314-416-1299	stlbrevets@yahoo.com
MS: Jackson	Michelle WILLIAMS	213 Hillside St. Ridgeland MS 39157	601-573-2057 Fax: 601-932-3987	mwilliams_spmr@hotmail.com
NC: High Point	Richard LAWRENCE	2288 Turner Rd Lexington NC 27292	336-249-1114	richardtherider@yahoo.com
NC: Raleigh	Alan JOHNSON	308 Ashe St Morrisville NC 27560	919-467-8457	alanj@email.unc.edu
NE: Omaha	Larry LARSON	2477 North 150th Street Omaha NE 68116	402-496-1840	nebraskabrevet@cox.net
NJ: NYC and Princeton	Brian MAZUR	262 Washington Ave Clifton, NJ 07011	973-941-7045	brian.mazur@gmail.com
NM: Cedar Crest	John MAZZOLA	21 Woodbriar Lane Cedar Crest NM 87008	505-263-7090	nmnightrider@comcast.net
NY: Central	Jennifer BARBER	5137 Glass Factory Rd Munnsville NY 13409	315-684-7280 Fax: 315-339-4771	jennentropy@gmail.com
NY: Saratoga	John J. CECERI JR	7 Pearl Street Schuylerville NY 12871	518-583-3708	john@adkultracycling.com
NY: Western	Jennifer BARBER	5137 Glass Factory Rd Munnsville NY 13409	315-684-7280 Fax: 315-339-4771	jennentropy@gmail.com
OH: Columbus	Bob WADDELL	2699 Christine Blvd Columbus OH 43231	614-561-4914 Fax: 866-712-2207	rba4914@ohiorand.org
OR: Portland	Susan FRANCE	25797 SW Neill Rd. Newberg OR 97132	503-628-7324	susanfrance@teleport.com
PA: Eastern	Tom ROSENBAUER	300 Burke St Easton PA 18042	610-559-1145 Fax: 610-559-1145	trosenbauer@rcn.com
PR: San Juan	William A. MEDINA	PMB 242 100 Grand Paseo Boulevard Suite 112 San Juan PR 00926-5902	787-477-8121 Fax: 787-283-2934	sanjuancyclingclub@gmail.com
SC: Spartanburg	Bethany DAVISON	229 Maple Blvd Clemson SC 29631	864-654-7434	greenforestsc@yahoo.com
TN: Nashville	Jeff SAMMONS	1512 Aberdeen Dr Brentwood TN 37027	615-373-2458 Fax: 615-833-3407	jsammons@bellsouth.net
TX: Amarillo	Nick GERLICH	P.O. Box 53 Canyon TX 79015	806-499-3210	nickgerlich@cs.com
TX: Austin	Wayne DUNLAP	3108 Creeks Edge Parkway Austin TX 78733	512-402-9953 Fax: 512-372-7139	wgdunlap@aol.com
TX: Brownsville	Edward ROBINSON	3750 N. Sam Houston Blvd. San Benito TX 78586	956-276-9171	edward-robinson@sbcglobal.net
TX: Dallas	Dan DRISCOLL	2811 Hollywood Dr Arlington TX 76013	817-460-5734 Tel 2/Cell: 817-925-0158 Fax: 817-461-5100	dansmark@flash.net
TX: Houston	Robert RIGGS	8902 Concho St. Houston TX 77036	713-301-7093	elantier@hotmail.com
UT: Cedar City	Lonnie WOLFF	PO Box 416 Cedar City UT 84720	435-559-0895 Fax: 435-586-0594	lonnie@oldairhead.com
WA: Seattle	Mark THOMAS	13543 160th Ave NE Redmond WA 98052	206-612-4700 Fax: 425-702-8881	president2007@rusa.org

Kitty Goursolle's 2007 Glacier Ride

The idea of riding point-to-point across four states for 1000 km or 624 miles really fascinated me and I signed up for this ride right away. My \$185 was well spent, which included a required membership in the Oregon Randonneurs, abundant dinners and breakfasts, and motels for the three nights. Plus, it would be a good shake-down ride for the PBP 1200 km coming up in August 2007. My boyfriend Bob even volunteered to fly me there and pick me up at the finish in his beautiful little Beech Bonanza. We decided to leave on Wednesday, June 27, as the next two days were going to be rainy with low clouds, no fun in a small plane crossing mountains. Our flight was quick with a nice tailwind—2h45m beats driving and even the airlines when you factor in wait-in-line time. For the next two days, I rode only about 15 miles of the beginning of the 1000 km and we did some sight-seeing, cherry picking and wine tasting around Mt. Hood and the Gorge.

Day 1: 400 km, Troutdale, Or to Connell, WA. At the 5:00 a.m. start, I met up with Linda Bott, my friend and fellow double century specialist. We would ride most of the 1000k together. We began with about 200 miles of riding east along the Columbia River Gorge, then north for 50 miles to finish in the farmlands of Connell. Beautiful waterfalls and rock formations, not to mention the giant river. The route was rolling hills with a light tailwind

all day, and the scenery went from forest to farmland. We finished at 12:40 a.m. at our first overnight control, the M and M Motel. Dinner was ready for us when we came in, and breakfast was served the next morning, thanks to the dedicated volunteers from the Oregon Randonneurs club. I did something new for me—after shower and dinner, I took an ice bath for my legs right before bed and dosed up on ibuprofen (600mg). I got into bed at 1:30 a.m. with my ear plugs in and my black eye shades on—we were going to be sharing a room and I didn't want to be woken up later on.

Day 2: 300 km, Connell, WA to Kellogg, ID. Three hours of sleep. I knew I'd be very slow the next day after a 250 miler, so I was up at 4:30, ate breakfast, and was off by 5:15 a.m., with plenty of daylight already. We crossed the "scablands" of the Wastunka Coolee, where a gigantic flood carved the land into canyons and mesas. Many rolling hills, more farm country. But off in the northeast, in Idaho, the Rocky Mountains and forests waited. A highlight of today's journey was the Coeur d'Alene bike trail, 53 miles that followed the lakeshore and took us all the way into our second overnight in Kellogg. More dinner and breakfast as before, same ice bath to reduce swelling and inflammation.... it helped quite a lot. We got in fairly early on day two, at 10:15 p.m., but somehow I still only got about four hours of sleep.

After the ice bath, I got hungry again and got up to eat a second dinner. Much to my surprise, there was a rider going out at 12:30 a.m. who had gotten in earlier and said he'd had his 3 hours of sleep and was ready to go. I saw a few more riders arrive, then finally went to sleep for the second time at about 1:00 a.m.

Day 3: 300 km, Kellogg, WA to Whitefish, MT (finish!) I was up at 4:30 a.m. without the alarm clock and on the road again by 5:00 a.m. This is getting to be a habit! We were on the same bike trail for a few more miles before leaving it to climb the two big passes of the day. Not long after starting, I encountered a moose on the trail, and she wasn't inclined to move along. I hung back and sang her a really stupid song about a moose on a bicycle, which worked like a charm to hurry her along. I kept rolling along and up the first climb, Dobson Pass, five miles and 1500 ft, piece of cake in my 27 x 28. At the bottom, I met up with Linda again and saw moose #2. Happily it was chewing grass in a swamp, not walking the road. We climbed the second big pass of the day, Thompson Pass, and had a great descent on the other side. Thanks to riding the Devil Mountain, Muholland, Central Coast, and Terrible Two California double centuries,



none of the climbs here seemed very long or hard. But there were many shorter climbs and descents, setting a pattern for the rest of the day. When we topped the hill that overlooked Flathead Lake, we had a magnificent view of the gateway to Glacier Park and 40 more miles of big rollers to the finish. Linda and I finished at 12:15 a.m., on Tuesday, July 3rd, for a total time of 67h15m.

The next day, I met up with Bob and we rented a car to take the scenic drive around Glacier National Park on the "Going to the Sun" highway. I was still pretty sore and tired, so a car trip was just fine with me. Then on Wednesday, July 4th, I felt good enough to hike five miles in to see Avalanche Lake ... and take my last "ice bath" in its chilly waters! We saw a huge fireworks show that night in Whitefish, and flew home Thursday, taking about five hours to get back to Concord. By Friday, July 6, my legs stopped being sore and I rode 30 easy miles. PBP, here I come.

What We Ride

Vanilla Bike

—BY WILLY NEVIN—

About two years before PBP I realized I had a bit of extra space in my garage so I decided I needed to fill it with a bike built just for PBP. You need a special bike for a special ride, right? Most of the other bikes in my garage were built to be the “Last” bike I would ever need. That is quite different from the “Last” bike I will ever want. I decided this would be the ultimate Brevet/Commuter bike.

• **Frame.** I had always lusted over the Vanillas so decided with his 18-month wait I would send in my deposit and wait until my name was called. In the meantime I was able to scour e-Bay and Velo Swaps to come up with most of the parts I wanted. Again, being the Ultimate bike for me, I was trying to keep with the “money is no object” mentality. I knew I wanted the bike to be tough-looking but beautiful as well. Kind of a Mean Elegance. The way I described it to the builder, Sacha White, was that I was looking for the Bentley to the Rolls Royce, the AMG to the Mercedes, the Shelby to the Mustang. I wanted as many of the parts as possible to be black and I wanted the bike to be very clean-looking. I also discussed with Sacha a cool way to attach the lights and route the wiring for the

two E6 lights. I wanted to have the lights and wiring all as one unit that was easy to mount and remove. The “Light Rack” is one unit that attaches to the fork with three screws. On in the winter and on long brevets and off in summer. I have a second set of Chris King Mango disc wheels when I’m not using the black Schmidt/King set. Sacha built a custom stem that is threadless but looks like it is old-school threaded and a disc fork with the front disc brake cable going through the fork leg rather than along the outside. Also, no Vanilla brevet bike would be complete without the painted-to-match Honjo fenders and his polished stainless steel “V” dropouts. Being the Ultimate frame, at the last minute I gave the go ahead to add the welded on stainless steel “Vanilla” logo on the down tube instead of a decal. Sacha and I discussed colors with me telling him which bikes on his web site I liked the looks of and which I did not. Then I left it up to him. I did not know what color the bike would be until the first time I laid eyes on it. When I finally saw it I had a



grin from ear to ear. The best way to describe the color is avocado green with a dark green panel with barely noticeable gold highlights in the lug cutouts. Again, this keeps with the “clean” look Sacha and I were shooting for.

• **Parts.** I ride to work two to three times a week and the ride is 45 miles round trip. I commute year-round so in the winter it is dark both ways. So a black disc Schmidt Dynohub was definitely on the list of must-haves. If this was going to be the “Ultimate” then it would have to be steel and lugged. Over the last couple of years I have been caught on a few very wet rides. I promised myself if I ever had a bike built for me it would have disc brakes. Not only would this work great in the rain but the rim sidewalls would remain black and clean-looking.

• **Other details.** Campy Carbon Record 10-speed shifters/brake levers to allow for clean looks and a front Berthoud bag; FSA carbon triple cranks—52/42/32; Chris King Black & Mango disc wheelsets laced to Velocity Aerohead 32 rims; Chris King 1” Mango headset; Dura Ace braze-on front der. (again for clean look); XTR rear der. (mostly black); Ultegra 12-25 9 speed cassette (eventually black); Sella Anatomica Watershed saddle (black); Ritchey WCS seatpost (black); Ritchey WCS 42cm ergo bars (black); Michelin Pro Race 25mm tires (black); Velo Orange brass bell mounted on top of the stem thanks its own braze-on by Sacha; Specialized mango bottle cages.

Oh, and Mango-anodized valve stem caps. Yes, I actually found some.

THE American Randonneur Award

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

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

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

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

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

You may nominate a member by email. To make a nomination by email, send your name and your RUSA membership number with your nominee's name and RUSA membership number to Johnny Bertrand. Or fill out a candidate submission form and mail it to the address below by December 15th.

The previous recipients of the award:

Year	Recipient
2001	Johnny Bertrand
2002	David Buzzee
2003	Jennifer Wise
2004	James Kuehn
2005	Daryn Dodge
2006	Bill Bryant

NOMINATION FORM

Your name: _____ Your RUSA # _____

Your American Randonneur Award Nominee: _____ Nominee's RUSA # _____

Brief reason for nomination: _____

Send this form to:

Johnny Bertrand, 858 Carrick Pike, Georgetown, KY 40324

PBP 07

AM/R SPECIAL REPORT

PARIS-BREST-PARIS 07



PHOTOS BY GREGG BLEAKNEY



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■ Page 37 / RUSA Roster: the complete list of participants

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An American Volunteer in Paris

By BILL BRYANT

Paris-Brest-Paris is the crown jewel of the randonneuring world. From a Monday through Friday in late August, it is the quadrennial “Olympic Games” of long-distance cycling that draws participants from the four corners of the globe. The host Audax Club Parisien is not large enough to put on PBP by itself and depends on the generosity of other French cycling clubs to pull it off. Along with regional clubs running the various controls along the route, many of the workers at the start/finish are not ACP members. No matter, a shared love of cycling, and especially for Paris-Brest-Paris, fuels their long-standing cooperation.

Though the actual ride begins on Monday evening (or Tuesday morning, depending on one’s starting group), the festivities get under way on Sunday when each entrant must have his or her bicycle and lights inspected. If it passes, then riders can retrieve the documents, frame number and other materials needed to start the ride. For the first time, a handful of Americans would be among the army of volunteers processing the participants through the start/finish, located in the municipal gymnasium in Guyancourt.

I was excited, and a little nervous, to be sitting on the gym bleachers with about a hundred other volunteers from various cycling clubs from around the Paris region. Happily, I was also with four fellow RUSA members: Don Hamilton, Pierce Gafgen, and I had been recruited to help outside

with the technical inspection for machines, while working inside the gym handing out ride documents would be Phyllis Hamilton and RUSA *doyenne* Jennifer Wise. The ACP’s call for help from RUSA had been sent to Jennifer and Pierce earlier in the summer and we were all happy to be asked to join the effort. Still, without much to go on but past experience as riders, we all wondered what the day would bring.

The leaden skies and rain showers we encountered getting to the gym had not been welcome, but Don, Pierce and I are two-time PBP *anciens* and knew the tech inspection was conducted inside large tents on the far side of the soccer field; we’d likely stay dry during our day’s toil. As we chatted in English before our briefing started, the five of us got a few curious looks from our new colleagues. Until 2007, this had been an all-French effort and they were no doubt curious about the interlopers now in their midst. Our RUSA shirts helped explain our presence at first, but these were soon covered up by our newly issued PBP “Organization” t-shirts that all workers were asked to wear.

Things got underway a little late, but Claude Lepertel welcomed us all and gave



Bill Bryant and Lois Springsteen

everyone their marching orders (in French, of course). At first most of her briefing was aimed toward the document table workers and what they needed to do in various situations. She also introduced some of the section chiefs the other workers could turn to if questions or problems arose. I recognized quite a few of the names, if not the faces, of many *anciens* and *anciennes* I had read about in past PBPs. Now a good bit older, these veterans were still participating in PBP as control officials, if only to help a new generation of riders earn their randonneuring spurs.

My command of French is not fluent, and much better with the written form than the spoken version. So, as the briefing shifted to the tech inspection, I perked

■ Continued on next page

An American Volunteer in Paris (continued)

up and paid close attention. But as I listened, some things were not making sense. Something was wrong, apparently due to the weather, but just why I could not make out. All the tech inspectors were directed to follow their section chief outside, so we three guys dutifully followed the others to the exit. As we departed, we got a too-mirthful “Stay dry, guys!” from the gals as they happily headed to a nearby table set up with the US riders’ documents.

Before our group of about 25 controllers could get outside, we were stopped by an animated discussion among the ACP leaders. Apparently there was some hold-up. Don and Pierce asked me what was happening, but I couldn’t get close enough to the conversation to make out exactly what was transpiring. No one was yelling, but there was apparently some disagreement as to what our group should be doing, and where. There was an air of distress among the listeners; we were running late and knew the first riders would show up soon; we’d better get to our stations *tout de suite!* I was looking forward to being in the tent for “*Etrangers*”, where I could resume using English; I was getting pretty worn out trying to keep my French going.

Soon the group started moving again, but now to the front of the gymnasium and not toward the usual location of the tech inspection out back. What was happening? Where were our cozy tents, as used in past years? I hadn’t seen any when we arrived in front earlier—were they going to have us set them up this year?

As we walked out into the rain, I worked myself next to the leader of the tech inspection and asked what was happening (in my lousy French). Surprise—no tents this year! And with the rain, all their plans were going down the drain. Apparently they were improvising “Plan B” on the fly since their original plan depended on dry skies. Yikes! Like me, Don and Pierce were not cheered by the news.

Oh well. Randonneurs are nothing but resilient, so we “sucked it up” and fol-

lowed the group to our new station. The big news that hit us like a thunderbolt was that in order to speed things up, and get the riders out of the rain quicker, there would be no tech inspection this year. We would only be issuing numbered stickers that would be used to ensure the correct bicycle was taken away from the gym by its owner and not someone else. So, our job was relatively simple compared to earlier years, but since it was the first time this new system, and location, would be used at PBP we would all learning on the job.

No sooner did we get in position than riders started showing up. At first we three Americans were where the group had first been placed by our leaders, in an underground pedestrian tunnel that lead to the gym itself. By forcing the riders there with traffic cones at the start of a bike path, they’d have to pass by us in order to get to the bicycle parking. But general pandemonium seemed to be the order of the day as both riders and workers were unsure about what was happening, or how things should be done. The noisy echoes inside the tunnel didn’t help things either.

Several of us soon became frustrated by the lack of organization and headed outside a little distance up the path before the tunnel. Thus, a combined Franco-American team of a dozen (impatient) controllers took the initiative and improvised a new check-in station encountered by riders before the one in the tunnel. We quickly divided ourselves and used our voices to divert English-speakers to our RUSA team, or directed French-speakers a few yards further to our French peers. It worked pretty well since most entrants spoke (to varying degrees) either French or English and things started moving better than we’d seen in the tunnel. Like Parisian traffic cops, we all yelled “*Avancez!*” from time to time and waved the riders forward.

Nonetheless, things went pretty well despite some minor hiccups and quite a number of riders were processed in the first hour. Most of the riders were more than a little surprised to learn there was no

tech inspection and sometimes everyone’s linguistic skills were put to the test while trying to make them understand. Passing the pre-ride tech-inspection is a hallowed PBP tradition; things did not always go smoothly since many riders were worried about not having the all-important sign-off from us. Compared to many others, quite a few of the Italian, Spanish, and Japanese entrants did not speak any English or French and they were often befuddled by the lack of a tech inspection. Whenever possible, we tried to enlist other riders as translators. Sometimes the path would be blocked by the sheer numbers of cyclists showing up at the same moment, but we sent the overflow to the other controllers still stationed inside the tunnel and (usually) kept things from stopping completely. There were a few frantic moments as we’d run low on the numbered stickers needed to keep the riders moving forward, but our section chief kept us supplied as best he could from the tunnel group. A few heavy showers put everyone inside the tunnel several times, but as soon as the rain let up, we’d return to our positions.

Overall, working the PBP tech control was enjoyable in a masochistic sort of way due to weather and long hours of standing. But it was a treat meeting so many riders, and especially our American contingent, or some of our foreign friends from the Randon chat list. So often we only see names on ride reports, brevet results, or e-mails, but now we could put a face to a name and greet our comrades in person, if only briefly. For the vast majority of riders, they took the changes in stride (once they understood us), but not in every case. One poor chap was so nervous about passing the all-important tech inspection that he was actually shaking, and the unexpected news that there *wasn’t* one only made him tremble worse. I felt for the guy (obviously a PBP rookie)—at the first stop his pre-PBP expectations about what should happen were shot to hell! I pulled him aside

■Continued on next page

An American Volunteer in Paris (continued)

and spent a little time explaining how different procedures worked, what to expect inside the gym, and where to find things, and mostly, to try to keep a cool head as PBP's inevitable surprises presented themselves. Once his jitters were quelled and normal breathing resumed, I sent him on his way.

Or, there was the unlucky couple from Florida who had only just gotten their (lost) bike cases from the airlines and they were dropped off in front of us by taxi. They were required to pass tech inspection with operational bicycles, but I didn't think it was a time to rigidly stick to the rules since by now it was afternoon and closing time was drawing near. After all, why should we care about unassembled bikes if there was no longer any tech inspection to perform? We were under strict instructions to only let riders through in the normal fashion, but in this case, and in a second identical situation an hour later with a different American couple with similar airline woes, we "looked the other way" and issued them their all-important stickers—on the outside of their bike boxes—despite a few hard looks from a French controller nearby. (I think he ratted us out; later we got a scolding by our section boss. This once, I was happy to *not* be fluent in French.) In any case, I know from long years of experience that the ACP really does want everyone to have a successful PBP and will often offer a lot of help to stranded riders. For our two couples running late with bike assembly, I hoped that this was still true, and indeed it was. Happily, things turned out fine and both couples retrieved their rider packets successfully and could then go to their hotels to assemble their bicycles in the evening. (And as it turned out, the ACP allowed an unusual Monday morning check-in for entrants running *really* late, once again demonstrating that despite any bureaucratic image PBP might have, it is essentially a wonderful event run by cyclists for cyclists.)

It was fun to look at all the various machines that riders had selected to ride

PBP upon. Even though they share the common goal of riding 1200 hilly kilometers in a very short amount of time, their approaches do vary to a surprising degree. Having been at each PBP since 1995 (along with my first in 1983), I wasn't terribly surprised by any of the bicycles I saw, but felt there were increasingly more racing bikes at this PBP than in earlier editions. It seems more and more randonneurs do not use bicycles with fenders, or low gearing, or steel frames—I suppose "the times are changing" despite the timeless challenge that is PBP. This seems especially true for the Continentals, who nowadays favor doing brevets on racing machines more at home at the Tour de France than a bike better suited to such a long randonnée. The Brits, of course, had more fenders in their group due to their island's climate, and I think many of their frames were more influenced by "touring" than "racing" compared to other Europeans. For our Americans, there is a profound mix between the racing and touring camps, but if anything, I'd say I saw more French-inspired classic randonneuring machines with American, British, Australian, or Canadian owners than French ones!

Probably the best part of the day came when my sweetie Lois showed up for her tech inspection. I kept an eye out for her burgundy Steve Rex among the waves of riders that passed our station. Lois was obviously surprised to see me there—I'd kept the whole thing a secret and she'd thought I was out riding that Sunday morning with Pierce. After Lois got processed in the gym, she returned. At midday we had been told to take turns for a lunch break, so the two of us went upstairs for a special luncheon arranged for the volunteers, and other VIPs like Lois. We also got a chance to visit with our good friend Jean-Gualbert Faburel of the ACP. "J-G" is more than a trans-Atlantic pen-pal to us; he and Lois have homologated every single ACP brevet ridden in America since the start of the 2004 season. In addition, Jean-Gualbert works

tirelessly in Paris to help RUSA in myriad ways and he and I are often in communication on one thing or another. Sometimes he works so much for our sport that I worry if the guy gets enough sleep. (Jean-Gualbert is truly amazing; despite his ceaseless labors processing all the foreign brevet results each year for the ACP and working as the club's Vice-President, he also worked like a Trojan to help the PBP organizing committee in various ways for the 18 months leading up to the Big Ride. Throughout it all, he remains calm and is never anything less than a gentleman. Jean-Gualbert and his wife Genevieve are good riders too, and darned fast ones. They cranked out PBP this year in less than 57 hours.)

From our upstairs dining room, we looked out over the vast sea of riders mobbing the gymnasium floor below. Seeing all those riders, I wondered if Jean-Gualbert and Lois were happy to have a break from their relentless results-processing chores. But I think their smiles came from something more personally satisfying than that. Here, spread before us was ample evidence of what, and who we'd all been working for. From our lofty perch I observed Jennifer and Phyllis working hard to get each American his or her ride packet, just as was happening at so many other places inside and outside the gym, and for no other reason than the simple desire to help their fellow randonneurs. The bustling panorama spread out before us was, despite outward appearances to the contrary, sublime.

There would be more hours of work after our brief lunch, and then an all-too-short gathering of our American RBAs in the late afternoon. I'm afraid I was pretty worn-out by then and wasn't fully able to enjoy, or participate in that meeting. But all in all, it was a rewarding day in a variety of ways. Much more than when I was a rider at PBP, this time I got to "peek behind the curtain" and get a glimpse of the organizational aspect of PBP, and the selfless volunteers who make it all happen for the participants.

RUSA Members At PBP

#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender	#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender
4823	AAKER	THOMAS	88:24	M	4822	BERNHARDT	CAROLE	AB	F
4837	AARON	DANIEL	85:52	M	4712	BERRIOS	RAMON	AB	M
4746	ABERNATHY	STACY	AB	F	3286	BERRY	BRIAN	86:37	M
4765	ABRAMS	GARY	AB	M	3423	BERTRAND	JOHNNY	88:11	M
6880	ACUFF	JAN	AB	F	3361	BERUBE	THOMAS	83:24	M
7369	ADAMS	CECILIE	AB	F	6894	BILLINGSLEY	KEN	75:31	M
6600	ADAMS	CHIP	79:47	M	1964	BLACK	PAUL	74:49	M
3382	ADLER	AUDREY	88:33	F	4900	BLACKER	D RICK	88:20	M
1486	AELING	MARK	HD	M	4701	BLOOMFIELD	MICHAEL	88:33	M
1487	AELING	MICHAEL	72:19	M	1994	BOL	TIMOTHY	56:18	M
4784	AHLVIN	ERIC	87:47	M	6886	BOLES	MARK	78:11	M
4779	AKARD	ANDREW	89:45	M	3354	BONE	ELLEN	AB	F
4761	AKBARIAN	HAMID	HD	M	3306	BOTT	LINDA	90:00	F
6596	ALCORN	WILLIAM	74:02	M	1961	BOUTET	JACQUES	NP	M
4760	ALLEN	JAMES	AB	M	3285	BOWER	JOHN	87:16	M
3415	ANDERSEN	ERIK	83:52	M	3376	BRADBURY	JAMES	85:42	M
4764	ANDERSON	MICHAEL	NP	M	4749	BRADY	JOHN	AB	M
3420	ANDRE	PHILIPPE	83:13	M	4714	BRANE	TOM	87:11	M
4741	ANDREAUS	STEVEN	AB	M	4752	BREKKE	DAN	AB	M
3372	ARCIERI	WILLIAM	AB	M	6928	BRIER	BILL	72:49	M
4757	ARION	TERI ANN	78:21	F	6905	BRIGHAM	DALE	82:30	M
4702	ARNOLD	JOSEPH	AB	M	1993	BROCKWAY	JARED	AB	M
7473	ASHURST	STEPHEN	88:25	M	3351	BRONSON	JAMES	AB	M
6885	ASTRUE	ELAINE	76:52	F	1980	BROOKE	JUSTIN	72:44	M
4815	ATKINS	CAROLINE	AB	F	4763	BROWDER	CHRIS	87:22	M
6930	ATKINS	STEPHEN	83:18	M	7492	BROWN	CHERI	HD	F
3180	AUSTAD	DAN	AB	M	4786	BROWN	JOE	81:50	M
4780	AUSTIN	HUNTER	AB	M	1496	BRUDVIK	ROBERT	77:52	M
6606	AZZARELLO	LEE	83:05	M	3393	BRULL	HAROLD	AB	M
4762	BACHO	PAUL	88:33	M	7364	BUELL	CHET	81:52	M
4740	BADILLO	PEDRO	AB	M	4771	BULL	NICHOLAS	AB	M
3312	BAILEY	ALLISON	AB	F	3283	BURKE	MARK	87:55	M
1971	BAKER	DUSTIN	75:50	M	3391	BURKHARDT	CHRIS	AB	M
6929	BAKER	TOM	69:06	M	6889	BURNETT	PETER	81:36	M
1974	BAKER	WADE	63:25	M	4759	BURNS	DAVID	AB	M
3317	BALKOVETZ	SHANE	89:47	M	4720	BURNS	ROBERT	81:35	M
4794	BANKS	DEBRA	89:10	F	3288	BURTON	HENRY LEE	AB	M
4721	BARANCZYK	MERLE	NP	M	3349	BUSCHMAN	ROBERT	88:43	M
4715	BARBASCH	DAN	AB	M	6927	BUTKUS	LISA	83:51	F
4904	BARDAUSKAS	TOMAS	83:28	M	4999	BUTLER	MIKE	AB	M
3389	BARDAY	ROBERT	89:39	M	4753	BUTT	CLYDE	AB	M
3394	BARKLEY	GREGORY	85:23	M	4766	BUZZEE	DAVID	AB	M
4903	BARNELL	BRENDA	88:16	F	4813	CAMERON	NORMAN	86:50	M
4814	BAROCAN	THOMAS	AB	M	3327	CAMP	JOE	86:19	M
4902	BAUER	DAVID	AB	M	1495	CANDIELLO	CHRIS	70:51	M
6997	BAUER	JEFF	83:14	M	3294	CARPENTER	RICHARD	83:57	M
3356	BAYER	MICHAEL	80:58	M	4724	CARRILLO	RODOLFO	AB	M
4901	BEATO	KEITH	88:43	M	6913	CARROLL	TIMOTHY	81:45	M
6898	BECK	WILLIAM	77:50	M	1977	CARTER	KEN	70:26	M
4716	BECKE	ALAN	AB	M	4725	CARTWRIGHT	DONALD	AB	M
4711	BECKER	RITAANN	AB	F	6592	CASCIATO	ROBERT	68:03	M
6881	BEEBE	WARD	78:40	M	4768	CASSON	THOMAS	NP	M
7494	BEELER	LEON	AB	M	7466	CASTILLO	JUSTIN	90:00	M
7475	BEESON	PETER	89:34	M	6613	CERENZIA	MICHAEL	NP	M
4793	BEHNING	MARK	AB	M	3412	CHAPIN	JOHN	72:15	M
4709	BEIERGROHSLEIN	MIKE	88:59	M	3301	CHELLINO JR	DOMINICK	85:36	M
3326	BELL	CAROL	87:09	F	6604	CHERRY	LORI	80:32	F
3409	BENNETT	DON	89:33	M	6895	CHOU	JAMES	AB	M
3421	BERG	BRUCE	82:38	M	4836	CLARK	LYNN	88:26	M
4717	BERGAMINI	LAURA	88:01	F	4706	COFRESI	MILTON	AB	M
7482	BERGIN	BARB	AB	F	1975	COLDWELL	CHARLES	75:44	M
6914	BERK	JONATHAN	82:16	M	3282	COLLINS	SAM	AB	M

RUSA Members At PBP

#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender	#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender
3392	CONCEPCION	CRISTINO	89:20	M	4892	FOLEY	KEVIN	87:41	M
6891	CONDERACCI	GREG	72:26	M	4719	FOLEY	PAUL	NP	M
6618	COOPER	LARA	80:07	F	3325	FOX	MICHAEL	77:58	M
6617	CORNETT	GRANT	83:03	M	4758	FOX	MIKE	AB	M
4899	COURTIER	PATRICE	88:55	M	1968	FRANK	MARK	AB	M
3380	COX	GREGORY	82:23	M	4891	FREEMAN	ROSEANNA	88:16	F
4750	CRAMER	DAVE	AB	M	6610	FRINK	SPENCER	78:13	M
6998	CRAWLEY	MARY	83:14	F	4731	FRITZ	JOSEPH	84:30	M
4898	CREAMER	TIMOTHY	89:15	M	4737	FULTON	KENT	88:15	M
4897	CREEL	PHILIP	89:34	M	1962	FULTON	MICHAEL	AB	M
1976	CROSSLAND	ANN	AB	F	6597	FUOCO	ART	80:17	M
3399	CRUZ JR	ARTURO	88:50	M	6897	FUOCO	JOHN	68:04	M
4835	CURD	JOHN	86:41	M	7368	GAFFNEY	PATRICK	AB	M
3323	DAILEY	BEN	89:10	M	4704	GARCIA	FRANCISCO	87:45	M
4729	DALTON	MATTHEW	AB	M	4812	GARDINER	KEITH	89:20	M
6612	DANCE	GLENN	76:36	M	4708	GAUDETTE	CINDY	AB	F
4821	DAYTON	MICHAEL	83:34	M	6869	GAUDETTE	DAVID	82:00	M
4698	DEGER	MARK	83:42	M	4747	GAUDETTE	LINDA	90:00	F
3320	DELGADO	PIERO	AB	M	1479	GAUGHAN	CHRISTOPHER	66:46	M
1484	D'ELIA	JOHN	75:33	M	4811	GAUTHO	MANUEL	88:53	M
6588	DESAUSSURE	HAL	78:20	M	6904	GEE	THOMAS	79:14	M
4896	DEWOLF	BILL	81:34	M	3343	GERBLICH	ADI	AB	M
6884	DICUS	CLARK	AB	M	4890	GILBERT	ANTHONY	87:52	M
4834	DINKELMANN	ROBERT	88:07	M	4755	GILMORE	JOHN	AB	M
4743	DOBYNS	PETER	87:51	M	4889	GIVENS	STEVE	AB	M
1963	DODGE	TIMOTHY	66:05	M	4792	GLASS	BILL	AB	M
4700	DOMINGUEZ-SCHUGT	VINCENT	AB	M	4773	GODBER	DENNIS	88:08	M
3364	DONALDSON	PAUL	HD	M	4742	GONNERMAN	BENJAMIN	89:10	M
7493	DOPFEL	ALAN	AB	M	4888	GOODE	GERALD	88:50	M
3371	DORVEL	CHRISTINE	AB	F	3319	GOODMAN	CAROLE	89:22	F
4895	DOUGHERTY	PATRICIA	89:33	F	4718	GOODWIN	DAVID	89:17	M
4699	DRAKE	ISABELLE	89:14	F	6615	GORE	JOSEPH	74:03	M
4894	DRISCOLL	DAN	88:52	M	6890	GOTTHARDT	JEFFREY	81:45	M
3336	DUBOIS	JEFFREY	88:16	M	4887	GOURSOLLE	KITTY	86:40	F
1490	DUFFY	TIMOTHY	AB	M	4886	GRABIAK	LARRY	88:23	M
1967	DULIEU	MICHELLE	AB	F	3334	GRAHAM	WOODY	AB	M
6926	DUNLAP	WAYNE	82:28	M	4728	GRANT	JAIME	86:57	M
4705	DUREN	PAUL	83:02	M	7491	GRAY	STEVEN	HD	M
3287	DUSEL	PETER	89:37	M	4810	GREEN	MARGARET	88:12	F
4733	DUSSLER	WILLIAM	86:08	M	4809	GREEN	MONTY	88:12	M
4751	DYER	DION	AB	M	4778	GREGORIO	GEORGE	AB	M
1972	ECKHARDT	JESSICA	AB	F	6586	GROGAN	JOHN	84:00	M
1483	EICHSTAEDT	KEN	75:34	M	3311	GROSS	JOE	87:29	M
4739	ELLIS	JOHN LEE	81:58	M	3329	GRUBBS	LOWELL	89:14	M
4893	ELMITT	GARRY	AB	M	1992	GRUNZKE	JOHN	65:22	M
3406	ENDE	JOHN	89:00	M	4727	GUILFOYLE	FRAN	AB	F
6896	ERICKSON	JEFF	75:37	M	6611	GUNTHER	MARK	82:36	M
1488	FAHJE	MARTIN	69:07	M	6887	GUTH	JOHN	82:08	M
4726	FARNSWORTH	REX	82:12	M	6888	GUTH	NANCY	82:07	F
4734	FEIRSTEIN	MICHAEL	88:49	M	6980	GUTTENBERG	PAUL	83:04	M
6601	FELKER	EDWARD	81:36	M	3413	HAIGHT	RICK	89:10	M
6614	FERRARI	MATTHEW	74:03	M	3291	HALAMA	WILLIAM	88:15	M
1960	FERRERO	JOSÉ	AB	M	4885	HALL	MELISSA	88:53	F
3318	FILLIP	JOSEPH	88:57	M	4791	HAMEISTER	STEVEN	NP	M
3345	FINGERT	JOHN	88:09	M	1485	HAMILTON	RYAN	66:25	M
1969	FLANIGAN	JOHN	72:19	M	6925	HAND	JUDSON	AB	M
6911	FLENNER	ARJUNA	82:28	M	7469	HANDS	ADRIAN	AB	M
6912	FLENNER	JENNIFER	AB	F	3369	HANSON	CHRISTOPHER	88:50	M
6901	FLICKNER	BRAD	AB	M	4884	HARIHARA	MANI	89:31	M
3397	FLITCROFT	IAN	81:36	M	3304	HARMAN	AMY	AB	F
4703	FLOOD	JOEL	AB	M	4883	HARMANSON	TODD	88:05	M

RUSA Members At PBP

#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender	#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender
4767	HARRIS	BOB	AB	M	4820	HOLMES	KENNETH	AB	M
4756	HARRIS	DANIEL	AB	M	4776	HOLMGREN	JOHN	88:54	M
4777	HASTINGS	GEOFFREY	85:51	M	4748	HOLZWORTH	RAY	85:35	M
3377	HAWKS	ROBERT	AB	M	4881	HONDA	NICOLE	87:51	F
3390	HAYS	RICK	AB	M	1966	HOSNER	CHARLES	74:19	M
6593	HEAD	MICHAEL	81:08	M	3355	HOUCK	TIMOTHY	78:06	M
3322	HEATH	ROBERT	80:08	M	4710	HOWES	NOEL	89:10	M
4833	HEATHER	ROBERT	AB	M	3401	HRAST	MICHAEL	AB	M
1498	HEINE	JAN	50:00	M	4754	HSU	JOHN	86:21	M
4707	HEISELMAN	FREDERICK	87:11	M	3360	HUBER	MICHAEL	85:04	M
4772	HENDERSON	CHARLIE	AB	M	4781	HUGHES	MARK	AB	M
4832	HENNIGHAUSEN	LOTHAR	83:31	M	6892	HUMPHREYS	KEVIN	77:20	M
3335	HERMAN	DAN	86:23	M	7490	INGALLS	DAVID	87:20	M
4882	HERRING	JAMES D	AB	M	3357	INGOLD	JOHN	AB	M
6924	HEWITT	PETER	64:22	M	4713	JACKEL	JONAS	88:40	M
6923	HIGHSMITH	DWAYNE	82:19	M	7372	JACOBSEN	SUSAN	AB	F
6608	HILLAS	ROGER	79:37	M	3385	JAFFE	ELLEN	AB	F
3289	HILLIARD	JOHN	HD	M	7468	JAMESON	DON	89:32	M
4808	HIMSTEDT	GLENN	88:57	M	7467	JAMESON	ELAINE	89:32	F
7472	HO	LI-CHING	88:24	F	4880	JARKOW	MARC	AB	M
1970	HODGE	KEVIN	AB	M	7479	JENSEN	ANN	89:33	F
3296	HOFFMAN	CHARLES	AB	M	4879	JENSEN	FRANKLIN C	AB	M
4744	HOFFMAN	GARTH	87:53	M	7480	JENSEN	JAMES	89:33	M
4735	HOFSTEDE	JEFF	90:00	M	6981	JESSEN	ELIZABETH	83:02	F
1991	HOLLOWAY	KENNETH	66:24	M	6882	JILKA	MARK	AB	M



Villaines-la-Juhel control. Photo by Gregg Bleakney

RUSA Members At PBP

#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender	#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender
1985	JOHNSON	BRYAN	72:30	M	4878	KOWALLIS	REID	88:23	M
4730	JOHNSON	CHERYL	AB	F	4769	KRAL	BERND	89:28	M
4770	JOHNSON	PAUL	89:55	M	4830	KRAMER	JOHN	87:42	M
3381	JOHNSON	WES	88:05	M	4877	KRAMER	PAUL	AB	M
3422	JOHNSON	WILLIAM	87:35	M	3293	KREPS	JAMES	87:34	M
4807	JONAS	CHARLES	89:19	M	3305	KRICHMAN	KENNETH	89:05	M
7489	JONES	GREG	89:25	M	4732	KRISHNAMOORTHY	NARAYAN	NP	M
7488	JONES	LISA	89:25	F	4876	KRISTENSEN	ED AB	M	
6999	KAISER	CHRISTOPHER	81:55	M	1973	KROSS	ED 77:54	M	
6922	KAISER	KEVIN	63:56	M	4875	LACEY	DAN	88:51	M
3418	KAMM	ANNETTE	87:23	F	1978	LAINO	JOEL	75:49	M
3419	KAMM	CHRISTOPHER	87:23	M	1979	LANDRY	ERNEST	63:39	M
6893	KAMP	DAVID	83:48	M	4697	LAPHAM	JOHN	88:24	M
3414	KAPLAN	FRANK	89:42	M	1959	LAPINSKI	TED	65:39	M
3378	KAPLAN	MARTY	89:10	M	3309	LASETER	TIM	83:45	M
6883	KARLOVEC	JAMES	82:30	M	3340	LAUFFER	FERDINAND	89:35	M
3373	KASSEN	JONATHAN	89:16	M	6921	LEE	GEOFFREY	AB	M
7463	KATANO	LYNN	NP	F	3299	LEE	PETER	89:57	M
4806	KERRIGAN	MICHAEL	70:37	M	3290	LEFEVRE	BERNARD	AB	M
3316	KIMBALL	BRANSON	89:00	M	4696	LEHMAN	ROGER	87:02	M
3307	KING	DAVID	89:24	M	6598	LEINHART	LAWRENCE	79:36	M
4745	KING	DONN	89:29	M	6587	LEVITT	JAMES	AB	M
4722	KIRBY	DOUGLAS	88:31	M	4805	LEVITT	JONATHAN	88:17	M
4738	KITE-POWELL	HAUKE	87:52	M	4695	LLONA	JOE	85:25	M
4790	KLAASSEN	SPENCER	81:33	M	4782	LOFLIN	SANDRA	89:11	F
1981	KLUCK	LAURENCE	76:26	M	4874	LOGAN	JAMES	88:05	M
4723	KNAPP	DAN	AB	M	4694	LONDRES	JONATHAN	AB	M
1965	KNOBLAUCH	TOM	65:37	M	4693	LOPEZ	IGNACIO	87:45	M
4831	KNUTSON	KENNETH	88:56	M	1958	LUCE	PETER	AB	M
3330	KOCH	GOON	89:30	M	3321	LUNDIN	ROBERT T.	89:26	M
6616	KOEGEL	JIM	82:30	M	3298	LYNCH	THERESA	87:46	F
3379	KOENIG	GARY	76:54	M	1497	LYON	MELINDA	56:33	F
6907	KONG	ALBERT	72:25	M	4692	LYONS	FINTAN	88:47	M
					3370	MACDONALD	BRUCE	89:20	M
					6900	MACLEOD	ROBERT	82:16	M
					6903	MADISON	BRIAN	AB	M
					3303	MAGYAR	ROBERT	AB	M
					3388	MAIN	KEVIN	83:01	M
					4873	MALTZMAN	CRIS	87:43	M
					3387	MANGIN	L. JOHN	87:08	M
					3363	MANTARING	EDDY	88:39	M
					4691	MARTIN	MICHAEL	AB	M
					3337	MARTIN	THOMAS	AB	M
					1475	MASON	ARON	69:35	M
					1493	MASON	TIM	80:00	M
					4690	MATNEY	ANDREA	AB	F
					4783	MAURER	JOSEPH	AB	M
					3407	MAURER	SEBASTIAN	86:41	M
					7474	MAXON	ELLEN MAX	89:40	F
					1477	MCBRIDE	RUSS	NP	M
					6879	MCCAW	RICHARD	77:36	M
					6902	MCCLAIN	KEN	AB	M
					3396	MCFALL	RAYMOND	88:48	M
					4689	MCGUIRE	MICHAEL	AB	M
					4819	MCHENRY	THOMAS	83:32	M
					1984	MCINTOSH	SCOTT	71:23	M
					3300	MCKAY	PETER	84:51	M
					4688	MCKEE	JAMES	AB	M
					4804	MCKENNA	MICHAEL	76:23	M
					4687	MCLERRAN	DOUGLAS	85:50	M
					6605	MEADE	ALEXANDER	55:49	M
					4686	MEDINA	WILLIAM	AB	M



Photo by Gregg Bleakney

RUSA Members At PBP

#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender	#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender
4685	MEERSCHIEDT	ALBERT	90:00	M	4801	PENEGAR	DAVID	AB	M
4684	MENTO	CHRIS	87:15	M	4673	PEREZ-ZABALA	OSCAR	AB	M
3302	MERRITT	MARLENE	AB	F	4672	PERRY	ELAINE	89:13	F
4872	METCALFE	MARK	88:51	M	1953	PERZANOWSKI	DALE	52:45	M
4683	METZ	JOEL	89:36	M	6920	PESKETT	ROGER	83:31	M
6910	MEYER	LEW	82:14	M	4671	PETERSON	ERIC	86:35	M
4871	MIDURA	LAWRENCE	83:11	M	4670	PHELPS	JERRY	88:21	M
4870	MILLER	ALEX	84:46	M	7487	PHILLIPS	JENNIE	76:14	F
4789	MILLER	DAVID	AB	M	6877	PIEPER	ROBIN	68:42	M
4682	MILLER	MICHAEL	AB	M	3416	PINEDA	ALTHEA GRACE	AB	F
4681	MILLON	LEE	88:49	M	1481	POLETTI	MASSIMILIANO	AB	M
3350	MILTON	TOM	88:53	M	4865	POMPEANI	ROBERT	AB	M
3424	MOHLER	ROBERT	88:14	M	3314	POWERS	LARRY	88:46	M
6594	MOON	RICHARD	78:11	M	6589	PRESTON	JOHN	81:14	M
4869	MORRIS	PHILLIP	87:09	M	6590	PROLA	MAX	78:50	M
1987	MORRISSEY	PETER	70:05	M	6591	PROVENZA	CLINT	79:44	M
3400	MORTON	BYRON	AB	M	4669	PURCELL	STEPHEN	88:30	M
1957	MOURI	RANDY	69:36	M	3352	PYLE	DAVID	AB	M
4680	MOWRY	WILLIAM	88:49	M	3398	PYLES	MIKE	81:03	M
4679	MUELLNER	JON	HD	M	6875	RABIAH	SUSIE	82:31	F
1956	MULLENBERG	MIKE	AB	M	4788	RAFFERTY	AMY	AB	F
3328	MURRAY	MICHAEL	88:00	M	6876	RAPP	BRIAN	79:19	M
3348	NEEL	MAILE	88:20	F	4668	REDELSPERGER	STEVEN	89:48	M
3395	NEFF	DAVID	78:15	M	4787	REED	GLEN	89:20	M
3347	NEGRON	RAUL	87:47	M	4667	REED	LESLIE	AB	F
4785	NELSON	DANIEL	88:55	M	3383	REEDER	WILLIAM THOMAS	HD	M
4678	NEMOTO	TOSHIYUKI	90:00	M	4666	REILLY	BECKY	90:00	F
4829	NEVIN	WILLY	87:06	M	6994	REX	PEGGY	81:42	F
3346	NEWMAN	CHRISTINE	AB	F	6993	REX	STEVE	81:42	M
3358	NGUYEN	THAI	88:33	M	4864	RICE	STEVEN	86:19	M
4868	NIXON-HEIBEL	CATHERINE	89:20	F	3324	RICHARDS	OWEN	88:47	M
4828	NOLAN	PATRICK	76:42	M	4665	RIDGWAY	FORREST	89:10	M
7481	NORIS	PETER	AB	M	7464	RIDGWAY	LAURA	AB	F
3359	NORMAN	MICHAEL	AB	M	4863	RIGGS	ROBERT	HD	M
6878	NORRIS	ERIC	82:35	M	4664	RIGOULOT	KEITH	AB	M
6578	NUNEZ	BRAULIO	80:31	M	4775	ROBERTS	MARK	88:51	M
7483	NUSSBAUM	CAROL	AB	F	7486	ROBERTSON	CRAIG	76:15	M
7484	NUSSBAUM	RALPH	AB	M	6874	ROBERTSON	JASON	82:28	M
3367	OATES	BRANNON	88:17	M	4862	ROBINSON	EDWARD	88:37	M
4677	OBERTON	WILL	71:57	M	3333	RODGERS	RICK	78:42	M
3374	O'BRIEN	EMILY	88:57	F	4861	RODRIGUEZ	EDUARDO	AB	M
4803	O'CONNELL	MICHAEL	88:10	M	3310	RODRIGUEZ	MAGDIEL	AB	M
1955	OHLEMEIER	BRIAN	57:42	M	3402	RONSSSE	DENNIS	88:04	M
4867	OLMSTEAD	GREG	88:50	M	3403	RONSSSE	LEANN	88:04	F
3332	OLSEN	MARK	88:03	M	4663	ROSA	RICK	89:14	M
3404	OLSEN	ROBERT	87:16	M	6919	ROSEMAN	THOMAS	82:28	M
4676	OLSEN	WILLIAM	88:03	M	4662	ROSENBLUM	DAVID	88:38	M
7371	OLSON	KATIE	89:05	F	4661	ROTEN	RANDY	86:18	M
4675	O'ROURKE	THOMAS	86:42	M	4860	ROYSE	STEPHEN	88:56	M
4866	ORTEGA	SALVADOR	89:50	M	6873	ROZELLE	PAUL	79:10	M
3219	ORTIZ	ARTURO	HD	M	4660	RUSCIGNO	MATT	77:45	M
3297	PAGAN LAJARA	JOSE	AB	M	4858	RUSSELL	JOHN	88:02	M
4827	PAGE	WALTER	89:14	M	4859	RUSSELL	THOMAS	88:07	M
4802	PALMER	PAUL	AB	M	3339	RYAN	JIM	83:23	M
4818	PANDIAN	VERSON	88:05	M	3308	SACKS	KENNETH	AB	M
1954	PANEPINTO	WAYNE	78:37	M	4817	SALYER	KEVIN	AB	M
7462	PATTERSON	DOUGLAS	70:38	M	4857	SAMMONS	JEFF	89:38	M
4838	PAVLICHEK	JAMES	88:24	M	1482	SANDERS	JAMES	AB	M
1478	PAVLIDES	PAUL	72:21	M	3384	SARTORI	PHILIP	AB	M
7370	PEEK	ROBBINS	89:04	M	3365	SCHILD	GREGORY	AB	M
4674	PEELEN	TED	HD	M	4816	SCHMIDT	WILLIAM	AB	M

RUSA Members At PBP

#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender	#	Last Name	First Name	Result	Gender
6918	SCHMIT	MICHAEL	AB	M	4647	THOMPSON	JON	AB	M
1480	SCHNEIDER	BENGT-OLAF	68:30	M	6595	THORNE	STEVEN	74:02	M
4826	SCHOENFELD	MITCHEL	AB	M	7373	TIGGES	MICHAEL	AB	M
6899	SCHROEDER	HENRIK	81:13	M	4646	TILDEN	BRAD	AB	M
4825	SCHWARZ	BILL	88:41	M	3410	TILDEN	JEFF	89:43	M
1952	SCORNAVACCA	JEFFREY	76:25	M	4847	TILDEN	KEVIN	88:38	M
1494	SEATON	RUSSELL	70:54	M	4846	TOLBERT	JIM	AB	M
4659	SETTLE	MATTHEW	88:16	M	3366	TOLONEN	ANDREW	72:41	M
3344	SEVERSON	MERYL	88:09	M	3425	TORRES	ALEJANDRO	AB	M
3313	SHAFFER	CYNTHIA	AB	F	3353	TORRES	GILBERT	86:11	M
3292	SHAPIRO	PAUL	88:17	M	4645	TOSH	RON	89:20	M
4856	SHEA	PATRICK	AB	M	1489	TOSOLINI	ANDREA	AB	M
6909	SHEEHAN	MARK	80:20	M	6607	TREMBLAY	DAVID	73:50	M
6599	SHELDON	BOB	NP	M	4845	TUNUCCI	VERONICA	89:42	F
4800	SHENK	CATHERINE	74:01	F	4644	TURNER	DANIEL	88:55	M
6872	SHOEMAKER	DAVID	83:03	M	7365	VAN DER WIELE	CYNTHIA	81:52	F
4658	SHOEMAKER	KEN	88:29	M	4643	VARGA	LEROY	AB	M
1990	SIKORSKI	VINCENT	69:08	M	3342	VESPER	LYNNANNE	AB	F
3295	SIMMONS	CHARLES WARREN	AB	M	4642	VIGOREN	ERIC	89:36	M
4657	SIMPSON	JEFF	AB	M	4796	VINCENT	JOHN	AB	M
4656	SLACK	DOUG	87:44	M	6916	VLASVELD	PAUL	83:02	M
1983	SLATER	GLEN	AB	M	4844	VOELZ	JOEL	88:47	M
1491	SMITH	BRIANT	AB	M	7471	WADDELL	ROBERT	88:00	M
4655	SMITH	DONALD	AB	M	7477	WAINWRIGHT	DOUGLAS	88:33	M
4854	SMITH	GARY	88:51	M	7476	WAINWRIGHT	LAURIE	88:33	F
4855	SMITH	JOHN M	AB	M	6915	WALDEN	REID	72:28	M
6995	SMITH	KAREN	NP	F	4843	WALLACE	DAN	HD	M
3331	SMITH	PAUL	89:20	M	4641	WALLACE	MICHAEL	87:54	M
3411	SMITH	RICKEY	NP	M	4640	WALLACK	ROY	AB	M
3405	SMITH	ROBERT	86:16	M	1492	WALSH	BRYCE	64:57	M
7367	SMITH	RON	87:22	M	3362	WASHINGTON	AVERY	HD	M
4654	SMITH	VERNON	NP	M	6871	WEIBLE	JEFFREY	63:23	M
6602	SOLANICK	JAMES	71:44	M	1986	WELSH	ROBERT	AB	M
7461	SORENSEN	ANDREW	88:41	M	4639	WENNSTROM	JASON	89:52	M
6603	SPENCE	JEANINE	80:33	F	4638	WERNER	GLEN	86:15	M
4653	SPRAGUE	JAMES	NP	M	4842	WETMORE	PAUL	88:24	M
4799	SPRINGSTEEN	LOIS	89:25	F	7465	WILCOX	LEIGH	AB	M
3375	STANLEY	KEITH	AB	M	3408	WILLIAMS	JAMES	75:24	M
4853	STAUFFER	JOHN	AB	M	3284	WILLIAMS	RAYMOND	AB	M
6908	STEFKE	ELMAR	81:02	M	1988	WILLIAMS	TODD	66:22	M
4852	STEIN	BRUCE	AB	M	6585	WILSON	CLAY	AB	M
4850	STEVENS	DANNY	83:11	M	7485	WILSON	JIM	89:45	M
4851	STEVENS	ROBERT	86:35	M	3338	WINKERT	GEORGE	88:53	M
1989	STEVENS JR	DANNY	73:18	M	4637	WINTER	JEFF	78:24	M
3417	STEWART	JON DAVID	88:21	M	3386	WISS	DICK	AB	M
4652	STILES	ANN	AB	F	6996	WOLCOTT	DENNIS	NP	M
4848	STONE	MARK	87:40	M	7366	WOLFE	MICHAEL	77:52	M
6609	STRASSBERG	MATT	77:21	M	4841	WOLFF	LONNIE	AB	M
6906	STROETHOFF	KAREL	84:00	M	3341	WOLFF	MARK	88:48	M
6917	STURGILL	MICHAEL	67:40	M	6870	WONG	JEFFREY	82:02	M
4651	SULLIVAN	LARA	89:36	F	1476	WOODSIDE	WAYNE	AB	M
4798	SULLIVAN	TIMOTHY	79:19	M	4840	WOOLDRIDGE	MARK	87:17	M
4650	SWEET	THOMAS	87:35	M	3315	WORSTER	THOMAS	AB	M
4649	TANKOVICH	WILLIAM	AB	M	7478	WOUDEBERG	TIMOTHY	85:42	M
1982	TANNER	BRAD	52:51	M	4636	WRIGHT	DJANE	90:00	M
4797	TAVEIRNE	EDMOND GUY	AB	M	4839	WRIGHT	PAMELA	88:51	F
3368	TAYLOR	BRUCE	85:56	M	4635	YEE	JAMES	89:35	M
4648	TEACHOUT	TODD	89:06	M	4824	ZAWODNIAK	LEONARD	85:21	M
1951	TETMEYER	ANDY	AB	M	4795	ZECHER	CLARE	88:05	F
4849	THOMAS	MARK	84:50	M	4634	ZIMMERMAN	JOE	AB	M

The View from the Front

BY JAN HEINE

Riding back toward of Paris across the vast agricultural plains that characterize the last leg of Paris-Brest-Paris, I saw a wall of black clouds ahead. With only 30 km to go in what had been one of the wettest Paris-Brest-Paris in recent decades, a little more rain was not going to deter me! I was making good time toward my goal of finishing in 50 hours or less. After battling crosswinds for days, I was enjoying a tailwind for a change! Things were going well, I had no aches or pains anywhere, and my bike was working as smoothly as it had when we left Paris two days earlier.

As I reached another indication of the route sheet, I calculated my average speed. However, despite my good progress, the average speed I needed to maintain kept increasing, from 24 km/h at Dreux to 26 km/h with 30 km to go. I was spinning my 48-17, so even though my 1973 Alex Singer was not equipped with a computer, I knew I was riding at about 30 km/h. Either the course was longer than the route sheet indicated, or I was losing more time on



Jan and Alain enjoy soup and noodles at the control at Villaines-la-Juhel: a welcome change from liquid food and energy bars.

the hills than I thought.

Distracted by these thoughts, I had reached the endless hills that make up the last 20 km of Paris-Brest-Paris, and the clouds I had seen on the horizon. It was getting dark, and huge raindrops began to fall. Within a few hundred meters, I was in the middle of a thunderstorm like the ones I remember from Texas. In Texas, we sought shelter and waited until the rain abated, but even if I had wanted to stop, there was no shelter to be found in the forest. Without stopping, I put on my rain jacket, but even so, I was soaked to the skin within seconds. Sheets of water ran across the road, washing gravel and mud onto the pavement. Tree branches littered the road, and I knew that my only hope to remain warm was to increase my pace further. Which is what I had to do any-

how, if I wanted to reach the finish at the Human Rights Stadium before 10 P.M. The less is said about those last kilometers across the “ville nouvelle,” the better. My easy spin was gone. I was pushing large gears. From each intersection to the next, it was a drag race, then I slowed while frantically looking for one of the scarce arrows to ensure that I remained on course. With less than a kilometer to go, I caught and passed another rider. I had no intention to “drop” him, but I did not want to lose precious time. When I reached the finish at 9:59, I was so out of breath that I hardly could stand any longer. It was nice to be welcomed by my parents and a number of friends from Paris.

That was the end of a memorable

■ Continued on next page

Jan Heine (continued)

ride. Every four years, I eagerly anticipate riding Paris-Brest-Paris. The scenic back roads, along with the support of what appears to be the entire population of Normandy and Brittany, and seeing friends from all over the world, add up to a magic ride. 2007 was to be my third Paris-Brest. On my first ride, in 1999, I took my time, met many people on the road, slept for 5-6 hours every night, and reached Paris tired, but happy 75 hours after I started. 2003 turned out even better. Riding a tandem with Jaye Haworth, we had a wonderful ride for the first 800 km, greatly enjoying the teamwork and effortless speed as the tandem surged over one hill after another. The last hours were more difficult, but a trophy for the fastest mixed tandem amply rewarded our efforts.

In 2007, I decided to ride a single bike. Unlike a tandem team, which proceeds at its own speed, a single bike rider benefits greatly from teamwork and shelter in a group. However, staying with the lead group requires more than strong legs. At the controls, lead riders benefit from very efficient support crews that allow them to reduce their stops to an absolute minimum. Even though I am not fond of the idea of cycling with a support car, I quickly realized that if I wanted to stay with the lead group for any length of time, I would require support myself. Fortunately, my parents, who live in Germany, were quite excited about participating in the event and helping me. Instead of meeting me at every single control, we decided that they would sleep in Fougères and meet me on Tuesday morning. Then they would meet me at Loudéac and Carhaix, where they would await my return from Brest. This allowed them to get some rest and reduce their time on the road. Without such careful planning, the task of the support crew can be more exhausting than that of the rider. Furthermore, our choice of controls facilitated navigation,

as the towns my parents visited all are lined up along the main road.

The difference between the relatively small tandem group and the immense group of single riders became obvious as soon as I showed up at 5:45 P.M., more than two hours before the start. With more than 1500 riders taking this start time, there already was a very long line. For the next two hours, I stood in a line that was not moving. Fortunately, it did not rain, but later start groups got wet and cold before their first pedal stroke toward Brest. Chatting with other riders from various countries made the time go by quickly, but it was a relief nonetheless when the starting gun sounded at 8:03 P.M. We were off in the first wave! My road racing experience came in handy as riders began to fight for positions near the front that allowed them to ride through turns and narrow spots on the road with little slowing. Unlike in U.S. road races, the “centerline rule” was not respected, and riders often moved up in the left lane, even in blind turns. If a car came the other way, general mayhem ensued, with much locking up of wheels and shouts of panic. These first hours on the road were quite stressful.

Darkness fell as our huge peloton snaked its way across the plains west of Paris. On the approach to the first food stop in Mortagne-au-Perche, the pace increased on the uphill as riders jostled for good positions. I stayed at the front, even though I did not plan to stop. As we raced through the ancient streets of the town, well-placed support crews handed musette bags to the riders around me. We continued without stopping. Our group now was significantly smaller than before. I had planned to bring enough supplies from the start to ride the 311 km to Fougères, where my parents were to meet me with food and drink. However, the night was warmer than expected, and I drank more than planned. With my supplies dwindling, I

decided to refill at the first control of Villaines-la-Juhel. I knew this would be a difficult control to navigate, because the large number of riders would overwhelm the officials sweeping the cards and stamping the books. Thus, it was imperative to be among the first riders to reach the control. Of course, the other riders in the group had the same thoughts, and the pace increased significantly during the uphill approach to Villaines.

My 1973 Alex Singer randonneur bike certainly was not the lightest bike in the group, but it climbs very well. Thus, I was among the first 7 or 8 riders as we approached the control. Officials had erected a road block with only enough space for a single rider to walk their bike through. As a result, a stampede resulted, with cyclists being pushed against the barriers by those coming after them. Bikes were crashing into each other. Officials, riders and support crews were shouting. Some riders even tried to climb over the barriers. Despite this mayhem, I made it through the barriers fine, parked my bike and had my card swiped. I was greeted by my friend Roger Baumann. He had been the fastest single-bike rider in PBP 1956, and went on to complete 10 Paris-Brest-Paris. Tonight, he was watching the event unfold at this control.

I needed water, and was happy to see a counter where drinks were sold. I approached with a Euro in hand, hoping to get a water bottle and leave without losing much time. Alas, the four people at the stand all were busy looking for a bottle opener. Mindful of the bad reputation of the first riders, I resisted the temptation to grab a bottle of water and leave my money on the table, especially since I was wearing a jersey that clearly stated my being a “Seattle Randonneur.” After about 45 seconds, I left without water, got on my bike and pedaled off

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Jan Heine (continued)



Loudeac control. Photo by Gregg Bleakney. His commentary: "This photo was very special for me. It was taken at 2:52 AM on 8/23 at the Loudeac control. I had just finished a conversation with some Spanish cyclists who were complimenting me on the RUSA group's amount of riders and talking about how the Spanish were embarrassed to have so few compared to the USA...after all Spain is a country of cyclists. Then they all passed out in space blankets. After that I continued wandering around the grounds. It felt like a ghost village. All of those bikes but no riders outside. The guy in this photo came walking by and I followed him. The shot required a tripod and a 2 second exposure...meaning that if the rider moved then he would blur across the screen. After several blurry shots I remember thinking...c'mon buddy, I know you're tired but just stay still for a few seconds. Then it happened, he paused perfectly for about 5 seconds, a momentary lapse, like all of a sudden he forgot where he was, what he was doing and why he was standing there. Then, he went back to looking for his bike. It was perfect!"

into the night. I quickly caught a few stragglers. Upon leaving town, we saw the lead group, now down to perhaps 25 riders, about half a mile ahead. They had increased the pace, obviously hoping that most "dropped" riders would not be able to rejoin. On a long false-flat, I made a desperate effort to bridge the gap. About half-way across, I picked up a rider who was stuck in this no-man's land, unable to reach the group by himself. I slowed to let him get on my

wheel, and with another great effort, I made it almost to the lead group. Then the other rider took over, and we were back. Four days later, in one of the most gratifying moments of this PBP, the other rider thanked me for pulling him back to the lead group. He managed to stay with them to the finish, and told me that he would not have been able to bridge the gap alone.

Fearful of being caught behind a split in the pack, I rode through the group

toward the front. A strong crosswind was blowing, but only two riders were willing to take pulls. Being at the front, I took my pull. When I was done, nobody pulled through. It felt like a Category V peloton where everybody is afraid of getting dropped and nobody dares to take an initiative. It got worse during the next descent. Most riders had very poor lights that may have met the require-

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Jan Heine (continued)

ments of the rule book, but did little to illuminate the road. As a result, the descending was more than cautious, with everybody riding the brakes. My Schmidt E6 light illuminated the road much better, allowing me to pull ahead on the descents. This meant that I was at the front of the pack again, battling the strong crosswind. With nobody willing to pull through, it was rather frustrating indeed. I soon slowed deliberately to find a more comfortable spot toward the rear of the pack. However, the comfort was relative, as many riders lacked bike handling skills. Several times, riders touched wheels around me. Then there was a crash that involved three riders riding behind and next to me. A few kilometers further, another crash involved four or five riders around me. One hit my thigh before crashing onto the pavement, launching me onto the grassy verge of the road.

The crash opened a gap ahead of me, and this time, the peloton increased its pace to take advantage of the situation. I was not looking forward to another 980 km in a peloton like this. More importantly, I was not sure whether my legs could sustain another hard effort. Finally, I was out of water. So I let the peloton go, and thus abandoned my hopes to finish Paris-Brest-Paris with the lead group after only 240 km on the road. I rode with an Austrian rider who had been caught out similarly. As we entered a small village, I saw a woman at the window of her house. I asked her for water, and she offered me a glass of orange juice as well. As I left her kitchen, a second group of riders sped by. After a quick chase, I joined that group. Several experienced riders had imposed some sense of order, and the riding was less stressful than in the first group. The crosswinds had picked up, but even so, only a few riders were willing to take pulls, while most rode strung out behind the lead riders in positions

that did not offer any protection from the wind. A rotating echelon would have been far more efficient, but this would have required equal effort from all riders. It was clear that most in this group were unwilling to share the work. We reached Fougères, and agreed on a five-minute stop. My parents were at the designated spot, and quickly replaced my bottles and handed me the food I had requested. Despite our agreement, I saw several riders leave in a hurry, and joined them at the exit of the town.

Night changed to an overcast day as we rode across the rolling terrain toward Tinténac. A spectator shouted that we were 4 minutes behind the lead group. Clearly, the lead group was as disorganized as before, and we were catching up! Just then, my front tire started to feel squishy, and within a few seconds, it went completely flat.

After removing a long, sharp piece of glass from the tire, I replaced the tube. As I was pumping up the tire, I saw yet another group speed toward me. However, by the time I had reinstalled the wheel, they had passed me and reached the horizon. With the crosswind blowing harder than ever, I knew I would not be able to catch them without expending energy that I would need later in the ride. After all, Paris-Brest-Paris only had started. Things decidedly were not going as planned, and it was time to switch to “Plan B.” Plan B was the schedule I had worked out in case I had to ride by myself. While I was disappointed by this turn of events, I also was relieved to be away from the groups, no longer risking crashes and being able to ride at my own, constant pace.

I spent the next half hour recovering from my earlier efforts, trying to find my rhythm. The crosswinds were discouraging, but as the French tend to say: “Il faut faire avec.” (You’ll have to work with it.) Just then, I saw a centuries-old farm by the roadside, with a sign

“Chambre d’hôtes” (Bed & Breakfast). It was a lovely setting, amidst meadows and trees. I was tempted to ask whether they had a room available. I imagined sitting by the fire, reading a book and drinking hot cocoa. I could continue the ride when the rain had stopped, as a cyclotourist instead of a randonneur. Instead, I decided to continue, and to return with my family at a later stage to enjoy this lovely region at a more leisurely pace.

The decision to continue was somehow empowering, and I was feeling much better when I reached Tinténac, where I saw Keith Fraser from British Columbia. Unfortunately, he was not feeling well, and was unable to keep up on the hills that followed. After a while, I saw a rider behind, who was approaching slowly. I stopped and stretched to let him catch up. Alain was an older rider, clearly very experienced in this type of event. Not a very strong climber, he had been caught out by the Villaines control. Soon we were joined by a third rider, from Italy, who was riding unsupported. Working together made it much easier to deal with the crosswinds.

At the control in Loudéac, a spectator came up to me and asked whether I was Jan Heine. Upon my affirmation, he introduced himself as Gérard—the stoker of the male tandem team with whom we had ridden in Paris-Brest-Paris 2003 for 200 km during the first night, and whose humor had made time and distance fly by! It was a great to see him again, and to be reminded of more joyful times during Paris-Brest-Paris.

After intermittent rain all night and morning, rain began to fall in earnest on the next leg toward Carhaix. Our group of three worked well together, and we reached Carhaix mostly recovered from our earlier efforts. My parents had befriended Alain’s wife, who supported her husband with a rented RV. As we

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Jan Heine (continued)

arrived, one of the groups who had been ahead was ready to leave, and our Italian friend decided to join them. Alain and I were in no such rush: we had caught this group once, and we would see them again. Before long, we reached the Roc Trevezel under menacing skies, but we could see sunshine on the city of Brest below. The descent was quick, and before too long, we crossed the magnificent Pont Albert Louppe. The afternoon haze made the bay less impressive than it had been in 2003, when we passed just as the sun set. At the control, we saw numerous riders, including our Italian friend. After about 8 minutes, our group of three commenced the return journey, while most riders from the earlier group still remained at the control. As so often, we had passed riders not on the road, but at controls.

Unlike previous PBP rides, this time I felt a sense of relief that we had covered more than half the distance, that the end was approaching. The evening was warm, the roads were dry, the landscape pretty, there was little traffic and we now had a slight tailwind that pushed us up the hill, requiring only moderate effort on our part. The scenery was beautiful, and life was good. Toward the top, I saw several friends coming the other way, first Melinda Lyon from Boston, then fellow Seattle Randonneurs Brian Ohlemeier and Ryan Hamilton. A little further, an oncoming rider shouted "Bonne route, Jan!" It was Alain Collongues, a friend from Paris and fellow Alex Singer rider. It was great to see my friends looking good and in good spirits.

Then the course split, with the return leg taking the main road where the outbound ride had been on small back roads, and we were alone again. Just before dark, we reached Carhaix. We agreed on a long 15-minute stop. My parents had obtained soup and noodles from the cafeteria, which was a welcome

change from the Ensure Plus meal replacement and energy bars I had consumed until then. With very little temperature variation between day and night, I never removed or added clothes, but my mother's brief massage of my legs, back and neck was extremely welcome. Then we departed into the falling night.

On the leg toward Loudéac, we began to see increasing numbers of cyclists coming the other way. On the downhills, the other two riders in my group began to have confidence in my powerful lights and followed my wheel rather than riding their brakes. I greatly enjoyed this stretch. The tree-lined, winding roads made the riding interesting, and every so often, the outline of an old farmhouse would appear by the roadside in the darkness.

Loudéac was less crowded than expected. With the cutoff time for the 90-hour riders only a little over two hours away, this did not bode well for the DNF rate, as many riders obviously had not yet reached this control. We stopped for just 10 minutes, but Alain decided he needed sleep. So my still nameless Italian friend and I continued alone. Communication was sketchy, as my Italian consists of ten words, and his English had deteriorated as the ride wore on. After a short while, he appeared to indicate that he needed a bathroom, and I tried to explain that we should take care of this once we left the village we were traversing. Some miscommunication must have ensued, as he suddenly yelled "Ciao," and was gone. I rolled slowly for a while, hoping he would catch up, but never saw him again. So I continued alone.

I now saw more and more riders coming the other way. For about an hour, there was an almost uninterrupted procession of bikes. Then the road emptied, and I reached the second secret control near Illifaut. Only returning riders had to check in here, so I was

the only rider there. Even at 4 A.M., the volunteers were extremely enthusiastic, and it was with renewed vigor that I climbed the last hills toward Tinténiac. I reached Tinténiac in the first light of the morning, as the wind picked up again. The control was almost deserted, except for a number of riders who had dropped out. The cafeteria was closed, but I managed to obtain a bottle of water before getting back on the road.

The wind now was howling. Being relatively tall and not very powerful, crosswinds are the bane of my cycling existence. The road turned northward, resulting in a 45-degree crosswind, the worst possible configuration. Riding alone in this inhospitable environment, I reached the low point of my ride. And then the rain started again. This ride appeared endless. I was tired, yet Paris was more than 320 km (200 miles) away. This was not fun any longer!

Then I realized that I had no excuse to feel so miserable. My legs were spinning smoothly. I had no aches or pains. My bike was working perfectly. I realized that I owed it to my parents waiting at the next control, to my friends and training partners not to slacken the pace, but to continue in a way that would make them proud. I consulted my watch and my schedule. I was a bit behind "Plan B," but if I worked hard, 50 hours might just be possible. With this realization, I arched my back, put my hands into the drops of the handlebars, and increased my speed as I headed toward Fougères. As so often, riding fast was easier than riding slowly, and my mood improved.

At Fougères, it was nice to see my parents again, and Alain's wife was there to tell me that he had slept only 30 minutes and had reached Tinténiac only 15 minutes behind me. I decided to wait for him, as the company would make riding in the crosswind more pleasant.

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Jan Heine (continued)

He arrived soon enough, and we left Fougères together. We made good time on our way to Villaines-la-Juhel. Alain had calculated that we could finish the ride in 48 hours, but I knew that his estimate was optimistic. We agreed on 50 hours, but I saw that he was antsy to try and go faster. He had lived entirely off various Overstim's liquid nutrition products, but I encouraged him to eat some soup at the next control before we headed out into the rain again. On the flat, busy roads that followed, Alain closely hugged the right edge of the road, and with the northerly wind coming from the left, I found no shelter and finally could not keep up the pace any longer. I dropped back.

I was surprised to see him stopped a few kilometers down the road – he wanted to say good-bye. As he drew ahead slowly, I was disappointed that we no longer could work together, but explaining the intricacies of drafting in crosswinds after 1000 km on the road would have been difficult.

I arrived at Mortagne-au-Perche just after Alain had left, feeling much better as the finish approached. I felt confident that I could approach my goal of 50 hours, so the stop was short. The country changed to beautiful wooded hills, and the road snaked its way through this lovely landscape, which was dotted in places with farms and villages. I was surprised to see spectators along the route, considering that the first riders had passed several hours earlier, and we stragglers were spread rather thinly over the terrain. One person standing by the roadside yelled “10 Minutes,” which made me re-double my efforts on the many long hills, hoping to catch Alain, who usually climbed

slower than me. Finally, I saw a rider in the distance as the road flattened out. Spinning my 48-19, it did not take very long to catch him. But the rider was

away from the former. The “Côte de Chérisy” was the scene of the final showdown. Baumann prevailed to arrive first in Paris.

On Training, Bike, Clothing, Food

Training: The year before PBP, I focused on distance, completing 600, 1000 and 1200 km brevets. From January 1, 2007 until Paris-Brest-Paris, I rode 9200 km. My longest ride was the qualifying 600 km brevet, followed by the Seattle-to-Spokane ride/race (S2S, 450 km). The focus of my training was speed and hill climbing. I rested the last 2 weeks before the ride.

Bike: Ca. 1973 Alex Singer randonneur with aluminum fenders, handlebar bag, SON generator hub, Brooks saddle, Philippe Professional handlebars, Grand Bois 700C x 30 mm tires.

Clothing: Short-sleeve wool jersey, long-sleeve wool jersey, cycling shorts with real-leather chamois, Lycra tights, wool socks. Windstopper rain shell and thin neoprene booties (each worn a few hours).

Food during PBP: 9 bottles of Ensure Plus meal replacement, approximately 15 Clif and Odwalla bars, soup, noodles and rice pudding at the controls. Three GU gel packs for quick energy in difficult situations. Water mixed with apple juice or Coca-Cola.

not Alain! It was a young rider from Brittany, who had been dropped from the lead group. He was looking ill at ease in the rain on his fender-less carbon bike, and with no clothes except a short-sleeve jersey and shorts. Figuring that I could use all the help I could get, I told him to stay on my wheel until he felt better, but after a few hundred yards, he no longer could keep up and soon was out of sight.

At Dreux, my shortest stop since the first two controls had me back on the road after less than 5 minutes. Thinking that it was only 68.5 km to Paris made me dig deep on the hills around Dreux. A sign for the Climb of Chérisy reminded me of Roger Baumann, who in 1956 had ridden most of the distance in the lead by himself, battling similar winds and rain. Back then, a challenger had approached Baumann from behind, and for a long time, both riders had raced toward Paris within sight of each other, one unable to catch the other, the other unable to speed

Today, there was nobody in sight either ahead or behind, and my challenge was beating the clock. On the endless plains that followed, tailwinds and crosswinds followed in close succession, requiring a lot of effort and shifting of gears to keep the speed up. And then I saw the black clouds on the horizon mentioned at the onset of this report...

Post-script: The ten riders finishing in the lead group finished at 4:47 P.M., a little more than 5 hours before me. However, one of them, Michel Mingant, had started in the second wave, and thus had spent 15 minutes fewer on the road. As a result, his was the fastest time. According to the volunteers, I was the 30th rider to arrive, and my official time appears to have been exactly 50:00 hours. Alain finished 5 minutes ahead of me and our Italian friend about 40 minutes behind. For the last 450 km, we had ridden close to each other without being able to team up for any significant portions of time.

-PBP'07- Le Retour

BY JOHN LEE ELLIS

The motopatrolman approaches me on the rolling route from Brest to Carhaix. It is a sunny afternoon; the birds are singing; I am finally getting into my stride, and am pleased to be on the home-bound stretch. So what now? What infraction of the PBP rules or French sensibilities have I inadvertently committed?

The gentleman tells me my wife Pat is in a hospital. Details are sketchy. But for reassurance he adds in a comforting tone, "*Ce n'est pas mortel.*" At the next contrôle I am able to speak with her from her hospital bed. Thus ends my PBP 2003. The next event is a 600km drive in a rental car through village roads from the PBP contrôle to Burgundy, where she had been enjoying a solo bike tour in wine country while PBP transpired ... until this eventuality.

The next fortnight in a Paris hospital was, shall we say, challenging. Same for the next month in recovery, and the next year, during which Pat stubbornly built herself

back up from the West Nile Virus she had contracted in Boulder County on the eve of our departure for France.

Over the next three years, Pat resumed her active lifestyle and I completed three 1200k's, but I wondered about

returning to ride PBP. Still, though, there were those 500km still left to finish ...

Four years later: it is sunny and breezy on the rolling route from Brest to Carhaix. It has not

rained for ten solid hours. I pause at roughly the spot where the motopatrol made contact in 2003, look down, and notice some dark splotches on the guardrail. Then a few more. Time to redon my

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John Lee at the Villaines control.

Ellis / Le Retour (continued)

rain jacket, as the patron deity of PBP'07 (*la pluie*) has returned. That's fine. I am happy to be here.

Rain Denied—Monday, 10pm—It looks pretty clear that we're in for a wet PBP. This to a generation of randonneurs like me who began with PBP'91 or later and did not know the meaning of a soggy PBP. But still, maybe we'll luck out. As darkness falls, I inch forward in the hour-long march to the starting line as a series of showers come through. On with the rain jacket, then off, then on, then off. (Not wanting to overheat, you understand.)

As it turns out, we mainly transit the aftermath of sometimes heavy-looking showers. Out in the open countryside the roads are wet, but it almost seems as though a star or two twinkled above. And, rounding a curve, there is one brief moment when I see neither taillights nor headlights—a relative thinning-out of the crush of riders to be sure, but one which I savor.

Spirits are high as riders close in on the famous bakery in Tremblay sometime after midnight, the automaton cyclist pedaling on the roof as always. There are so many moments when you wonder why you keep doing this event (and incur all the expense to get there). Suddenly I am reminded why indeed.

Rain Accepted—Tuesday, 4a.m.—Heavy drizzle welcomes us to the Mortagne-au-Perche *revitallement* (refreshment) stop. With

no lines in the canteen and deteriorating weather outside, I opt for a quick spaghetti bolognese. Keeping up your energy might count for a lot on a cold, rainy PBP.

Exiting the premises, we're met with showers evolving to downpour for the next three hours of dark, headlight-swallowing miles. At that moment, I opine, "This may turn in to quite a long ride. Oh well." *C'est la vie*, after all.

As light dawned, the large slugs and a few field rats that had washed out onto the roadway become apparent. Just one more added task—to avoid them—a task which one did not have when it was dark.

Leaving Villaines-la-Juhel, I know the Maindru photographers are soon to appear, atop this or that ridge. Yes, there's always something to look forward to on PBP! I start practicing a convincing smile and *bon vivant* attitude, which I hope will come through in the photos, despite the rain. (Sure enough, the photos waiting at the finish line evidence a semblance of cheer against a wet landscape.)

New Friends—It's funny how you travel 5,000 miles to an event only to meet people you've heard of or dealt with for years back in the States, but hardly ever see back there. Peter Beeson of SIR introduced himself riding on the hills between Villaines and Fougères; Peter Noris (ex Florida RBA) on his racing recumbent coming into Villaines; Last Chance veteran

Spencer Klaassen of Missouri conquering the Fougères hills on his fixed gear; Bob Burns, the Kansas City RBA; Lothar Hennighausen, the DC Randonneurs Bavarian; and Henk Bouyhuizen from Toronto, another Last Chance veteran. All of these encounters are welcome diversions from the rain at hand.

Saucisse-en-Crêpe—As the afternoon wears on, the rain and blustery wind ratchet up a bit. En route to Tinténiac, a sausage stand has been set up in a village square, complete with sheltered tables. Being in Brittany means the "bun" is a crêpe, of course. Quick, hot food, out of the rain—an easy call. The only decision left to make is, "Avec moutarde, monsieur?"

The approach into Loudeac has a northbound segment, a feature certainly hard to ignore this time, straight into the teeth of the northerly blast off the ocean. In Loudeac there is time to wolf down some croissants in the snackerie which, once again, has no lines!

It has been a long day, and it is just barely evening. Peggy Reed, who is supporting her husband Gary Koenig, sees me and asks how things are going. "Draining" is the quiet, one word answer. "Worn to a frazzle" would require too much energy.

The stiffest climbs—the only truly stiff climbs on PBP in fact—are in the rustic hills west of Loudeac. But in the tranquil evening light, they

seem very manageable. And some of the roughest roads have been repaved since last time. As night fell, we pass village tents specially set up with snacks for riders.

Heading into Carhaix there is a straight stretch on a narrow, wooded road, lined with trees whose trunks twist and limbs overarch the roadway. Even in daylight, it has a fairytale-like feeling. At night (a first for me), the effect of the gnarled limbs and elongated shadows is positively eerie.

The 90-Hour Strategy Shines!—My clever strategy—to get ahead of the crowds by taking the 90-hour start and working into a "bubble" of fewer riders—seems to have paid off, as I find no lines at the Carhaix canteen and plenty of space in the Carhaix *dortoir*, having sailed passed the problematic and crowded Loudeac. For some reason, the snorers had all collected at the opposite end of the sleeping hall, a Sargasso Sea of snoring, remote enough to be merely interesting as I drifted off like a log for sleep break #1.

I awake to ... dryness! Even the pavement seems to be drying out. The longest climb and highest point of the route is Roc Trevezel. Usually it is windy and clear up top on the sage-covered heights. This time the Roc's transmission towers are cloaked in cloud. Is it low ceiling or coastal fog? If the latter, then the next few hours

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Ellis / Le Retour (continued)

are going to be miserable and risky. But it turns out to be low ceiling, which burns off, leading to a progressively sunnier day!

(The weather forecast had predicted “delightful” weather for this day in Brest, and it certainly seems delightful after the previous day and a half.) The ocean inlet shimmers blue and sparkles in the sun. It is like coming up for air. We would need to take big gulps of these scenes to store them away for the wet trip home.

By Sizun, eastbound from Brest, both the weather and riders’ dispositions have brightened. I encounter Gary Koenig and his riding partner Dick Wiss, and Lothar Hennighausen from DC, and trade upbeat banter. An hour later, past the bulwark of Roc Trevezel, we’ve returned to the rain.

Back at Loudeac, I am actually changing clothes from my dropbag. Outbound there didn’t seem to be much point—they’d just get wet and dirty anyway. By now, the grime factor has shifted to favor a change.

The blast of north wind is blowing us out of town on the southbound stretch—the only real tailwind on the entire trip, but which we are not keen to meet as we veer back north towards Tinténiac. But at least it’s dry. Night falls and we come upon the secret control in the usual place. At the contrôle counter, there is a box of ballpoint pens in their wrappers, clearly intended, I think, to be handed out. I glance towards the box; the



Gary Koenig and Dick Wiss

lady understands: “Un crayon, monsieur?”

We haven’t had rain for hours now—perhaps five or more—but now in the dead of night, it starts to pour. The next two hours into Tinténiac are an exercise in climbing hills you can’t see in chilly sopping showers you can feel all too well. I decide that maybe the Loudeac hills aren’t the stiffest in PBP.

At Tinténiac, I hand the controlleuse my entire plastic packet, knowing that if I try to extract the carnet myself, it will be thoroughly doused. The mechanics’ station elicits a sense of envy for my poor bike, as the ones being worked on here are at least inside and dry.

The 90-Hour Strategy Falters—The Tinténiac con-

trôle has a multistory building where people can sleep. Ostensibly lots of capacity. But apparently not quite enough, as I end up sleeping under the stairwell listening to the clack-clack of cleats on tile flooring. A minute later, I don’t care: I’m fast asleep. Interesting how well most of one’s clothes dry out just by lying still out of the rain.

The next day, more of the same: driving showers into Fougères, a glint of sun and balmy air leaving Villaines, and even more boisterous showers heading into Mortagne, where RUSA member #6, Charlie Henderson, greets me decked out in a shower cap. As night falls, we enter *terra incognita*, the stretch to the new Dreux contrôle. In the dark, the flat

plains seemed even more featureless, except for some mysterious buttes I remember passing, but no one else vouches for. (A hallucination? Yet more of the PBP experience!)

Dreux has a lot going for it, from lasagna to ample cots. A nap puts the kibosh to some incipient neck strain, and then on to the final stretch, reaching the towering Rambouillet forest at first light, moist and dripping from days of rain.

It’s a quiet, subdued finish, traffic still light, and one solitary fan applauding at the gymnasium roundabout (Tim Bol, new Florida RBA). To me that is just fine. Lots of room to contemplate the long return from 2003 and this very special PBP.

AM/R SPECIAL REPORT

PARIS-BREST-PARIS 07

Danger in Dingé

—BY CAP'N JOHN ENDE—

INTRO BY MIKE DAYTON

Photo by Mike Dayton



Ende enjoying pizza and coffee in Dingé. Just 10 minutes later, the smile disappeared.

Editor's note: Go figure. Day 3, 64 hours and 550 miles into Paris-Brest-Paris 2007 and our legs had finally found their level. We still had more than 200 miles to go, but we were getting a faint whiff of hay from the barn.

We'd seen the worst of it, me and my riding buddy, Cap'n John Ende. The hours

of punishing rain. The crosswinds and the spray-soaked feet, the heavy black skies and the heavier eyelids.

We'd shrugged it off, put on our game face and kept our heads down, always keeping the ultimate prize squarely in our vision.

On Day 3, around 1 p.m., we reached the Brittany

town of Dingé and stopped for a break, eating pizza and drinking cafés au lait at a hip little bar called Le Brigantin.

Our mood bordered on punchy. If somebody said something, anything, funny or not, we laughed. The clouds lifted. We watched the bright carnival of cyclists drift downhill through the

town square.

Yes, life was good. Only 200 miles to go. This ride was in the bag.

Five minutes later, Ende fell out on the sidewalk, clutching his side.

"That doesn't look good," I said. But it didn't look all that unusual, either. PBP riders in contorted poses, whether on the sidewalk or in the ditches, were a common sight. I'd already seen Ende with his legs propped up on a hay bale. This was just the next natural step.

In the next 90 minutes, however, the situation would turn desperate. Ende's pain grew so sharp that he could no longer sit up. Then he put in a call to his wife. He left a voice mail and for the first time used an ominous word: "hospital."

Things had turned into a full-blown medical emergency.

I called ride officials in Tinténiac, the closest contrôle, and asked for help. They immediately dispatched a taxi.

The owners of Le Brigantin graciously provided a garage where I stowed

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Photo by Mike Dayton

Making hay while the sun shines. Ende napping his way back from Brest.

Ende / Danger in Dingé (continued)

Ende's bike. When the taxi arrived, the driver and I loaded Ende in for the 25 km ride to the hospital in Rennes.

I rode on without him. When I reached the Villaines contrôle, I learned he'd passed a kidney stone. And now he was back on the course!

Despite eight hours off the bike, Cap'n Ende managed to reach the St. Quentin gymnasium with an hour to spare.

Following is his remarkable story.

—Mike Dayton

♦♦♦

I was having the time of my life. You may have heard

riders talk about the highs and lows of a 1200k. They usually don't happen in the same minute. We were reaping the rewards of the previous night's lavish five-hour sleep break. We had passed secret contrôle deux and cruised through Tinténiac. I met a wonderful French rider, Jean Pierre of the Basque region. Within five minutes of making his acquaintance he had invited me to come ride in the Pyrennes. I may take him up on the offer.

Mike Dayton had left Tinténiac slightly ahead of us in search of café dining. Wes Johnson and I found him outside Le Brigantin in Dingé. He laid a bounty before us, pizza, pain au

chocolat and café noir. I was just polishing off the pastry when kaboom I was shot in the side. It was a pain that I have never had before. I was worried. I feared for my PBP and mortal life.

At some point the proprietress feared that my spectacle was too much even for her hardy randonneur customers. She led me upstairs into her living quarters. The place had a new age Celtic ambiance. She prepared a comfortable spot on a futon. Any other rider would have killed for this spot of comfort. It provided no respite from my ever intensifying douleur. I was left writhing in pain as I awaited the taxi.

Each time that I moaned in agony a dog would enter

the room to observe my motions. A cat found it challenging as it attempted to walk on my turning, quivering person. I moaned for Mike. He was keeping watch out for the taxi and trying to reassure me but no comforting was enough. I needed transport. Eventually the taxi driver would ascend the steps to observe his would-be passenger.

"Amulance?" he apprehensively posed to my condition.

"Non," I replied, you are taking me to the hospital. Mike and Monsieur Andretti assisted me downstairs and into the waiting cab. Mike tried to get in to accompany

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Ende / Danger in Dingé (continued)

me to the hospital but I couldn't bear having him DNF due to my misfortune. He had already taken 1 1/2 hours caring for his fallen riding partner. Mike reluctantly got out of the taxi and we were off.

Every 30 seconds I asked how much longer. The cabbie patiently replied each time fearing for his livery interior. I held a plastic bag as waves of nausea and pain ebbed and flowed. I would raise and lower the window just for something to do. At one point I looked over to see that we were traveling at a respectable 160km/hr. We were not on the interstate.

When we arrived at the hospital in Rennes the cabbie led me inside, grabbed a sheet for a stretcher and laid me

down. I was rushed into an exam room and stripped into my birthday suit by four twenty-something French nurses. I could have cared less.

The doctor examined me and decided that pain medication was in order. Narcotics were promptly administered and a beautiful nap ensued. They gave me a sliding scale to quantify my pain and I pegged the thing off the chart. Damn near broke their device. The pain medicine acted quickly.

I was then taken for an x-ray and the preliminary results were no stone although I thought that I saw one in the distal right ureter (I am a radiologist in my day job). After my nap they asked for a urine sample and voila:

A 3-mm black nugget appeared in the bottom of the bowl.

I was cured. The stone had passed, my first ever.

I wanted out of the urgencie. "Non, non," came their reply.

First I needed an ultrasound. I was wheeled into another building and the renal sonography was performed. I watched the screen and realized that my obstruction had been relieved. There was a small amount of perinephric fluid but that was to be expected.

When they took me back to the ER my room had been occupied by a more pressing case and I was left in the hall. I grew impatient and began redressing and removing my IV. I stopped an orderly and

told him, "Je droit partir maintenant!"

He called my cab and I checked out. The total bill for 4 hours in the ER, an x-ray, renal ultrasound, IV fluids, pain medication, blood work battery and urinalysis came to 187 Euro. I put it on my MasterCard. My care was excellent. I apologized for my impatience but thanked everyone for their tremendous help.

I left my third and final message for my wife. The three messages were as follows: 1. I have terrible abdominal pain and I am being taken to a hospital; 2. I am at the hospital in Rennes and they have given me pain medicine but we don't yet

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Photo by Amy Ende

Roadside support. Ende's children (l-r: Clare, Patrick and Abbey) handed out Cokes and cookies to riders near Loudeac.

Ende / Danger in Dingé (continued)

know my condition; and 3. I passed a kidney stone and I am going to continue the ride.

My main problem at this point was that I really didn't know where it was that I stopped or left my bicycle. I knew that it was in the garage of the cafe but I wasn't sure about the town. I remembered seeing a sign for Dingé so that is where I asked the new driver to take me. The ride back was much longer than the ride to the hospital in part due to the fact that we got lost. After consulting several maps with a magnifying glass I got us back on course to the town where I thought that my bike might be. The retour cab driver was very talkative and friendly and despite his meter reading 84 Euro he only charged me the 60 that I had paid to get to the hospital.

I was much relieved to find out that Dingé looked familiar. It was even more comforting to lay eyes on Le Brigantin cafe. The owners were having a quiet cafe when I ambled through their doorway. They looked up as if a ghost had appeared before them. They were incredulous when I asked for mon velo. Surely I was not going to continue. I assured them that I was in fact about to pedal on to Fougères.

The contrôle at Fougères was just then closing and I was still 27 miles away. I conceded that I might not make the Fougères cut-off. All told I was 8 hours off the bike.

I got into the drops and

'Who has received narcotics during PBP twice? ... Was anyone else stripped naked by four French women? It doesn't matter. This is just my story.'

began to hammer like a man possessed. After 10 miles I encountered the first riders along the course. They were two Japanese riders limping along and I shot by them like a TGV. One of them yelled to me: "Audax." I think that they wanted to ride together but our paces were ill-suited to one another. I shouted "Courage" and continued on.

Amazingly there were still people along the course cheering and offering encouragement. I found this quite unbelievable. It really gave me an emotional boost. I was on the verge of tears continuously. Workers at tents would shout "Courage." A man on his porch announced dix kilometers to Fougères.

As I passed through Tannière there was a man standing outside the famous post card garage revivalment. I can only assume that it was Paul Rouge himself. He was clapping and shouting for me. I wondered just how long he would remain at that spot. All of the riders really should be past this point by now. I resisted the urge to stop since I was already running a bit

behind. I now regret not pulling in for just a minute. I plan on sending him a card at the following address: Paul Rouge, 16 rue de Bretagne, LA TANNIÈRE 53220 Montaudin, FRANCE.

When I got to Fougères they were walking out of the door with boxes and turning off the lights. I showed them my hospital paperwork and x-ray which I was now carrying. The last official in sight wrote a note in my book. I bumped into [N.C. rider] Caroline Atkins who was suffering from Shermer's neck. I hated not being able to aid her. She is a very strong rider and I'm certain that she will complete PBP in the future. I continued on. As I left Fougères I donned my reflective gear and turned on my lights.

On the way out of town I stopped at a bar and they refilled my water bottles promptly. I told them about my calcule and they all had a big laugh.

I hammered again and began to pass more riders. I had a difficult time trying to calculate the contrôle closing of Villaines and decided that

I was going to finish whether or not I made any of the remaining contrôles. As I approached Villaines I stopped to report a fallen rider by cell phone. I called the contrôle in Villaines and spent 20 minutes on the phone. An Aussie rider named Ian stopped to help with the communication. As we were speaking with the contrôle two sweeper trucks pulled up filled with riders. The driver of one of the trucks completed the call and we were mobile again.

Surely now I wouldn't make the contrôle, but I did—just barely. When I arrived at 1:55 a.m. they swiped my card and didn't bat an eye. I was relieved. I spoke to an official and he took me all the way to the top official at the contrôle. They xeroxed my hospital paperwork, examined my x-ray and wrote a long note in my brevet card.

I told them, "Je suis fort, je peux le faire (I am strong, I can do it)". They liked that and told me to continue.

I didn't have time for a proper meal but downed a large coffee avec beaucoup biquits. I left with a group from Tennessee but their pace was too fast for me. The riders included Jeff Sammons, Peter Lee and Jeff Bauer and Mary Crawley on tandem. I was following a rider who obviously fell asleep at the wheel. He crashed softly into the grass and I helped him up and back onto his bike. He appeared

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Ende / Danger in Dingé (continued)



Dazed and confused in Dreux. Photo by Gregg Bleakney.

okay but I had lost contact with the Tennessee train.

I was in a parade of zombies. Some were weaving, some were singing and others were just pulling over to sleep in the grass and ditches. I was among so many riders that I now had hope of actually finishing the ride within the specified 90 hours. The hammering between Dingé and Villaines had really taken its toll on me. I was now crawling, but so was everyone else.

After endless hills we summited Mortagne. I checked in at 6:53 a.m. and was within the closing time. I

grabbed a quick bite to eat and rolled out. The section to Dreux was much easier but I was spent. I once again met up with Jeff Sammons and he pulled me along. I also had a nice conversation with Paul Johnson of SIR, aka Dr. Codfish. He has a wonderful perspective on randonneur-ing and PBP in particular.

We had passed another SIR rider along the route. Paul told me that it was Jeff Tilden and that he had the terrible misfortune of not finishing PBP 2003 and had now broken a crank arm with less than a century to ride. I

was later humbled to find out that his brother Brad had sacrificed his own crank arm so that Jeff could complete the ride, which he did. These stories are truly unbelievable.

I was dazed and confused by the time that I reached Dreux. On the left is the picture that confirms my condition. It was snapped by Gregg Bleakney of the SIR club. He was not riding but was simply at PBP for photo documentation. He is a spectacular photographer and I have admired his photographs on the Internet documenting his various world expeditions. The stories associated with this ride prove just how special that it is. People just want to be a part of this wonderful event.

At Dreux I had an entertaining chat with Jack Holmgren from San Francisco. He really is hilarious and I look forward to reading his ride reports in the future. Jack's lively conversation combined with the revitalizing accordion music to eventually bring me back to life. I forced down my final Jambon Baguette.

I set out for the final push home. I was no longer attempting to calculate the finishing contrôle time. I was trying to enjoy the ride. I stopped at a most wondrous patisserie and had two of the best pastries that I will ever consume. One had a pear in the center with a sugar glazing. It was a work of art and tasted like Heaven on Earth. I proceeded on through the numerous lights and turns

and rode the final stretch with another SIR rider, Thai Nguyen. I kept telling him that I thought this was our final turn but after misinformation followed by more misinformation he finally quit listening to me. Everyone knew that my brain had shut down somewhere between Villanes and Mortagne. I am slowly regaining higher cognitive function.

As I finished I video-captured the cheering crowd before dropping my camera. I heard Mark Thomas yell that I should have stopped for a coffee and to try more cranberry juice for my next ride. I was a minor celebrity in line for my final stamp as news about the kidney calcule veloist began to spread. I had some wonderful heartfelt congratulations at the finish particularly from Branson Kimball, Wes Johnson, Paul Pavlides, Lois Springsteen and Don Hamilton.

So how many of you had a top speed of 160 km/hr? Who has received narcotics during PBP twice? (In 2003 I required a dose of Chloryl Hydrate to cease a nasty bout of diarrhea.) Was anyone else stripped naked by four French women? It doesn't matter. This is just my story. There are 5,312 other great stories. I can't wait to read them all. I guess the saying goes that the third time is the charm. I wonder what PBP 2011 has in store for all of us.

—John Ende

Introspective Confessions

—BY MATT STRASSBERG—

During PBP no matter how many languages you speak and how accomplished a conversationalist you are, there is ample time and then some for introspection. Introspection, like most other things, is usually best in moderation. Even when you are enjoying yourself by spending a few days doing something you love, can your wandering mind lead you astray?

At the start of the ride, your feelings of excitement override any underlying apprehension about the challenge that lies ahead. What could be better

than riding across the beautiful French countryside with 5,000 of your closest friends (well at least 5,000 like minded individuals). Spectators applaud your effort and their cheers make you feel like you could ride forever. You think to yourself, it doesn't get better than this.

But at some point between the euphoric hours riding all day and all night, many randonneurs have a moment of truth when they ask themselves why. Why am I pushing my body to the limit, why am I doing this again, why can't I be satisfied riding a bike for

a few hours like a normal person?

Sometimes this moment of doubt occurs even though you are feeling fine and riding at a good pace. At this stage these philosophical questions are benign. Soon you turn your attention back to the beautiful landscape, the feeling of speed, and the camaraderie of the randonneuring community. Quickly you find yourself back in the randonneur's groove.

Other times the questioning may

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Heading home. Photo by Gregg Bleakney.

Introspective Confessions (continued)

arise during a moment of weakness caused by sleep deprivation, a bonk, or physical pain. Although the first doubts may creep into your mind, most often with some rest and food the issue passes and you return to your groove. Perhaps you think to yourself this is not the time for deep thought, but promise to think about those philosophical questions before you register for another grueling event.

But what do you do when those nasty questions stay with you because the pain just won't go away. Soon you start asking how long can one ride with persistent pain or how long should one ride with persistent pain? I have heard randonneurs repeat a general rule (often attributed to Lon Haldeman) that if you think the pain will likely go away within 2 weeks, keep going. Given all the time and energy necessary to prepare for PBP, I was willing to extend the recovery time to a few months.

But determining how long any pain will linger is equal parts art, science and guessing. The determination is even more difficult because by the time pain arises, you are usually well into the ride and mental clarity and rational decision-making are usually severely compromised, if not absent.

Every randonneur suffers from some physical ailments during a long brevet. I was not immune to this rule. My back began aching around Carhaix on the outbound journey. I tried to focus on other things, but whenever I pedaled the pain was present and constant. Those philosophical questions haunted me. I began to question whether I could make it all the way back to Paris. At times I even questioned whether I could make it to Brest.

Then I focused on the fact that every randonneur was dealing with his or her own adversity. I remembered the other 1200k brevets that I'd completed and how in the end, hearing about other

rider's struggles and triumphs helped put my own effort into perspective. Despite what I thought at the time, my issues were always minor compared to others who overcame challenges that seemed insurmountable to me.

My back hurt, but I could still ride. Due to the trying weather conditions this year, many riders suffered conditions such as hypothermia that did not allow them the luxury of deciding whether to push on.

In Brest I tried to jerrybuild a contraction out of a used inner tube and tire to alleviate my back pain by pulling my lumbar region forward while I was riding. Even with diminished mental faculties due to sleep deprivation, riding with an elastic belt around my waist connected to the stem of the bike seemed a dangerous enough undertaking to be a candidate for the Darwin awards given to people who do stupid things that lead to their demise.

I pushed on without the belt accepting that my back would hurt throughout the rest of the ride. Fortunately, I recognized that the memory of completing another PBP would last a lifetime compared to a day and a half of back pain. For most of the return trip, I had to get off the bike every few miles to stretch. But I tried to think positively and realized that since I could no longer ride hard, I could forget about setting a personal best and visit all the food stands along the route and enjoy the ride more.

PBP would not be as personally rewarding if it did not pose incredible challenges. To me the beauty of PBP lies in the stories of persistence and fortitude that enable the riders to overcome the challenges. Every rider attempting to meet the challenges of a 1200k brevet endures hardship. Some people talk about the hardships, and some do not.

The week after returning from PBP, my father-in-law passed away at age 89. While he would have never dreamed of

riding PBP, he commuted by bike through New England winters for years before bike commuting was popular. He was a hardy person who endured many physical challenges but never complained about anything, even during the years when his body began to fail him. He would have been a terrific randonneur, enduring whatever hardships came his way without articulating a single negative thought.

After my other 1200k brevets, I said that it was a positive and rewarding experience that I don't want to repeat. Somehow, this sentiment faded as the memories of the difficulties became distant and the challenge of another 1200k brevet became irresistible. Before PBP even began this year, I prematurely said that this would be my last 1200k brevet.

Sure enough, two weeks after PBP my back was feeling noticeably better. Shortly after that I began hedging on my promise to be stop riding 1200k brevets. Nobody really believed me anyway and now I am open to riding PBP in 2011.

I may never be able to satisfactorily answer the question why I do it. I know that randonneuring meets my need to challenge myself while doing something I love, but without the extra baggage of competition. PBP also reminds me that motivation can be more important than talent, and that a little talent and a whole lot of motivation can take you a long way on the roads of France and on your own personal journey. Finally and perhaps most importantly, even when it hurts, PBP is incredibly fun and rewarding.

Even if I can't adequately articulate why I do it, I hope to continue randonneuring until my body tells me it's time to stop in no uncertain terms. If I do ride in 2011, although I will never be a hardy and taciturn New Englander like my father-in-law, I will try and keep my comments over my personal hardships (sometimes known as whining) to a minimum.