

# AMERICAN RANDONNEUR

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## Message From the President

The first half of 2006 witnessed the continuing strength and growth of randonneuring in the US. Our Regional Brevet Administrators and their network of volunteer helpers have brought us over 200 events by the end of June. RUSA's Brevet Coordinator has processed over 4000 results for finishers of these brevets, fleches, and populaires. This represents a significant increase over the same period in 2005. Thanks to all riders and volunteers who make this possible.



Not too many years ago, there were few opportunities to participate in brevets or other randonneuring events in the US during the second half of the year. In 2000, there were only 15 events held after the end of June. Once the traditional brevet series of 200km, 300km, 400km, and 600km was finished, a few hardy riders would turn their attention to a 1200km event such as Boston-Montreal-Boston. Most randonneurs, however, would turn their attention to other cycling or non-cycling pursuits.

We now have a wealth of opportunities to participate in randonneur events in the second half of the year. Over 100 events are on the calendar already from July 1 to December 31. Go to "Search for . . . Rides" on the Randonneur USA website to see the available rides. In addition to these events, we now have almost 150 Permanents that can be scheduled at the rider and permanent owner's convenience. Many riders have used RUSA's R-12 Award as motivation for year-round participation in randonneuring. This recognition goes to riders who complete a 200km or longer event in 12 consecutive months.

In addition to the chance for existing randonneurs to continue riding through the year, the late season events can offer a terrific introduction to the sport for new riders. In Seattle, we found that the later events attracted many riders who may not have considered themselves prepared for long distances early in the spring. Lots of our new members have come from these late season "converts."

Of course, the calendar does feature 1200km brevets as well. The furnace-like Cascade 1200 is already in the books, but the summer and fall also offer 1200km events in New England, Colorado, and the Southeast. Thoughts turn too to next year's Paris-Brest-Paris. Bill Bryant's article in this issue gives a great preview of the ride and of the preparations that can ensure success in that event. I hope to see many of you there in 2007.

—Mark Thomas

# RUSA Welcomes Its New Members!

#	Name	City	State	#	Name	City	State		
3524	Stuart	Levy	Vienna	VA	3577	Robert S	Bonser	Oakland	MD
3525	Jerry	Phelps	Chapel Hill	NC	3578	Phil	Manning	Woodland	CA
3526	Lowell D	Grubbs	Springfield	VA	3579	Jennie	Phillips	Danville	CA
3527	James W	Clawson Jr	Affton	MO	3580	David B	Zukoff	Houston	TX
3528	Alan	Marmorstein	Tuscon	AZ	3581	David	Berry	Richmond	VA
3529	Ryan A	Baltrush	Thomaston	CT	3582	Rick	Faulkner	Fort Worth	TX
3530	Bruce C	Stein	Winter Park	FL	3583	Amy	Kalb	Fort Worth	TX
3531	Matt	Thelen	Rapid City	SD	3584	Todd	Baum	Fayetteville	NY
3532	Thomas A	ONeil	Arlington	VA	3585	Scott	Herget	Cheyenne	WY
3533	Cindy	Sylte	Hicksville	NY	3586	Ahmed R	Stowers	Denver	CO
3534	Lara	Loutfi	Gaithersburg	MD	3587	Robert L	Lagasca	Shoreline	WA
3535	Christopher L	Gaughan	Centerville	OH	3588	Richard	Villa	Grand Prairie	TX
3536	Julie	Zierke Clark	Clive	IA	3589	Alan	Nansel	Aurora	CO
3537	Keith	Miller	Des Moines	IA	3590	Robert	Whitley	Boulder	CO
3538	Liz	Miller	Des Moines	IA	3591	Elizabeth	Whitley	Boulder	CO
3539	Paul D	Dayton	Indianapolis	IN	3592	Brad	Johnson	Folsom	CA
3540	David	Bianchi	Seattle	WA	3593	Jeffrey L	Harris	Independence	OR
3541	John	Bianchi	Burien	WA	3594	Clint	Provenza	Millersville	MD
3542	Rick	Russon	Littleton	CO	3595	Mordecai	Silver	New York	NY
3543	Agatha J	Tauber	Tuscon	AZ	3596	Sharon	Stevens	Plano	TX
3544	Etzel R	Stripp	Tuscon	AZ	3597	Emily	O Brien	Somerville	MA
3545	Philip J	Emanuel	Ashburn	VA	3598	Jonathan	Kassen	Brookline	MA
3546	Dave	Zion	Westford	MA	3599	Mark R	Weiland	Littleton	CO
3547	Sara K	Ture	Rochester	NY	3600	Gary	Koenig	Broomfield	CO
3548	Michael	Aeling	Winona	MN	3601	Chad M	Garland	Waskom	TX
3549	Ray	Coffey	East Watertown	MA	3602	Eileen M	Garland	Waskom	TX
3550	John	Stamstad	Seattle	WA	3603	Jamie	Gartenberg	Ithaca	NY
3551	Henry J	Snavely	Centennial	CO	3604	David	Fallon	Somerville	MA
3552	Julia A	Dillon	Hudson	WI	3605	Jimmie D	Jones	Slidell	LA
3553	Douglas	George	Aurora	IL	3606	Fernando	Villanueva	Orlando	FL
3554	Charles	King	Winfield	IL	3607	Ed	Coombs	Middletown	RI
3555	Tom	Knoblauch	Aurora	CO	3608	Roger	Rabey	Huntington	WV
3556	James	Melville	Stuyvesant	NY	3609	Michelle	Williams	Ridgeland	MS
3557	David	Hughart	Seattle	WA	3610	Thomas R	Mohan	Ocala	FL
3558	Elaine	Peck	Shoreline	WA	3611	Kevin	Arps	Phoenix	AZ
3559	Marcia	Blaine	Asheville	NC	3612	Aaron	Rakoz	Seattle	WA
3560	Ron	Blaine	Asheville	NC	3613	Cornel	Artho	San Louis Obispo	CA
3561	Drew	Peterson	El Cajon	CA	3614	Marlyn	Martinez	Houston	TX
3562	Tycer R	Scriven	East Point	GA	3615	Robert G	Sauve	Lakewood	CO
3563	Stephen	Whiteman	Louisville	CO	3616	David	Forehand	Plano	TX
3564	Dustin	Wood	Seattle	WA	3617	Dan	Lacey	Hollywood	FL
3565	John R	Reuss	Westfield	MA	3618	Will	Hively	Canaan	NH
3566	Junghyun	Park	Westfield	MA	3619	Patrick	Cooper	Tallahassee	FL
3567	Mark E	Aeling	Prescott	WI	3620	Mike	O Connell	El Dorado Hills	CA
3568	Tom	Worster	Boston	MA	3621	Shahin	Khailinia	Highlands Ranch	CO
3569	Peter M	Cornell	Port Charlotte Blvd	FL	3622	Alex	Brede	Bellingham	WA
3570	Todd G	Martin	Ft Worth	TX	3623	Laury	Wills	Little Silver	NJ
3571	Verson	Pandian	Bend	OR	3624	Joseph	Coppola	Little Silver	NJ
3572	Brian M	James	North Augusta	SC	3625	Joseph	Ninke	Sebastian	FL
3573	Chris	Lang	Boston	MA	3626	Glenn D	Markley	North Providence	RI
3574	Omoth D A	Liscomb	Boston	MA	3627	Alex	Miller	New Market	TN
3575	Gina	Vandiver	Longview	TX	3628	Glenn G	Brown	Old Hickory	TN
3576	Brad	Reno	Keller	TX	3629	Mark A	Jackson	Seattle	WA



## Members Win R-12, UltraRandonneur Awards

More RUSA riders have joined the elite R-12 "club" this year. Notable among them is Dan Driscoll of Arlington, Texas.

The popular Dallas RBA has just earned his second R-12 award at a time when many riders are still wondering about getting their first. Three new R-12 laureates have also joined Dan on the list. Peter Beeson, John Kramer, and Albert Lutz all took advantage of the active randonneuring scene in the Pacific Northwest

region. As Driscoll did in Texas, they rode a variety of brevets and permanents year-round in Washington and Oregon for 12 consecutive months.

In the Ultra-Randonneur award category, long-time randonneur Del Scharffenberg of Milwaukie, Oregon earned his "lifetime achievement" medal by riding ten Super Randonneur series of brevets between 1998 and this year; in 2000 he even rode two series.

Congratulations, gents!

## RUSA Store Stocks Adds New Items To Shelf

Coffee Cups, Socks Now Available

Randonneurs USA has coffee mugs and travel mugs for sale to RUSA members. These "off the bike" items make great gifts because one size fits all.

We are also happy to introduce RUSA wool socks made by the Sock Guy, which are warm, comfy and snug-fitting.

And for those members who are riding through the cool summer nights, RUSA now offers a snazzy long-sleeved version of our RUSA classic jersey.

Check out the RUSA Souvenirs pages and order form in this newsletter (pages 39-41).



## Ortlieb Offers Discount To RUSA Members

Ortlieb USA is offering RUSA members a 15% discount off all products ordered online from their website until 12/1/2006.

Ortlieb is known for their superior quality waterproof panniers and messenger bags. Visit the RUSA website for details. <http://www.rusa.org/Download/OrtliebRUSAoffer.pdf> Then go shopping at <http://www.ortliebusa.com/>.

### Nominations to the RUSA Board

Two positions on the RUSA Board of Directors will become available at the end of the year. Members may nominate two current RUSA members to run for those two positions. The General Membership List is available for viewing online at [www.rusa.org](http://www.rusa.org). Please use this form to submit your nominations.

Nominee # 1 \_\_\_\_\_ RUSA # \_\_\_\_\_

Nominee # 2 \_\_\_\_\_ RUSA # \_\_\_\_\_

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_ RUSA # \_\_\_\_\_

Please send this form to:  
Terry Zmrhal  
RUSA Secretary  
9531 112th Ave NE  
Kirkland, WA 98033

**All nomination forms must be postmarked by September 15.**

### Nominations for RBA Rep to the RUSA Board

Under RUSA's constitution (see November 1999 American Randonneur), the Regional Brevet Administrators appoint one of current RBAs to serve as an elected Director on RUSA's board. The elected RBA may not already be serving on the board. Only RBAs can nominate other RBAs. The term of office for the Director is one year.

The list of current RBAs is available for viewing online at [www.rusa.org](http://www.rusa.org). Please use this form to submit your nominations for RBA Rep on the RUSA Board.

Nominee \_\_\_\_\_ RUSA # \_\_\_\_\_

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_ RUSA # \_\_\_\_\_

Please send this form to:  
Terry Zmrhal  
RUSA Secretary  
9531 112th Ave NE  
Kirkland, WA 98033

**All nomination forms must be postmarked by September 15.**

**Remember:** Only current RBAs may vote for RBA Rep!

# RUSA PEOPLE & PLACES

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By MIKE DAYTON

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Hats off to the Seattle International Randonneurs for the club's second successful running of the Cascade 1200. The event went off without a hitch—even though it was literally sidetracked just days before the start. During a pre-ride drive to check the route, the intrepid SIR scouting crew of **Peter Beeson** and **Mark Jackson** learned that Elk Ridge and Old Man Pass were covered by snow, with the

Forest Service Road from Randle to Carson gated shut.

Without missing a beat, SIR volunteers scrambled and quickly re-routed, moving the last control of the day from Northwoods to the summit of White Pass. The first overnight control was moved from Carson to St. Peter's Retreat Center in Cowiche, just outside of Yakima. This year's ride was directed by **Terry Zmrhal**, **Beeson** and **David Huelsbeck**. For a first person account of the Cascade 1200,

see the article by **Mary Gersema** on page 28.

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## BIKES & BLOGS

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Speaking of the Cascade 1200, the family and friends of participants were able to follow this year's event by blog. The site, <http://c1200blog.randonista.com>, effectively captured the flavor of the 90-hour ride through pictures and detailed updates by several volunteers, including **Michael Rasmussen**, **William Dussler** and the anonymous **C1200reporter**.

Sweltering heat was the story in the desert areas, and Rasmussen described it under the heading "Not Your 'magination.'" He wrote: "It's hot. The official high temperature for somewhere on the route was 100 degrees. Like any official number, gas mileage ratings?, the reality is somewhat different. There is no shade, aside from decorative trees in the yards of people living near the roadway. There is a slight wind from the north bringing a convection oven quality to the heat." It's not known whether the blog was the first for a U.S. brevet, but it is certain that RUSA members have been up and running with blogs for some time. Among those worth a look are **Kent Peterson's** site, <http://kentsbike.blogspot.com>, and **Kris Kjellquist's** blog at <http://kjellquist.blogspot.com>.

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## COOLING DOWN

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The Cascade riders may have suffered from the heat,

but Bikin' **Bob Waddell** of Ohio has figured out how to beat it. His solution: head north—way north. Waddell left in July for a month-long bike adventure to the Arctic Circle. A link on his Web site, <http://bikinbob.ohiorand.org>, explained what he hoped to accomplish on his "Great Dempster Highway Adventure."

Waddell writes: "There is no agenda, just ride, enjoy the journey, take in the scenery, meet the people, learn about their culture, eat, rest in designated camping areas and ride again. The general plan is to start at Whitehorse and head NW to Inuvik via Route 2 (Klondike Highway) and Route 5 in the Yukon Territory & Route 8 in the Northwest Territories (Dempster Highway, all packed gravel). It won't be difficult to find my way since there is only one road that goes north of the Arctic Circle. Then maybe a plane excursion to Tuktoyaktuk on the Arctic Ocean for a Polar Bear dip."

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## FEMALE FIRST

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The Sofia-Varna-Sofia 1200K in Bulgaria is a tough ride but **Joan Donohue** of Carolina Cyclers was apparently up to the task. In July, she became the first American to successfully complete the demanding course and the first woman to complete the ride solo. As the only entrant from

■Continued on page 9

# Book Review

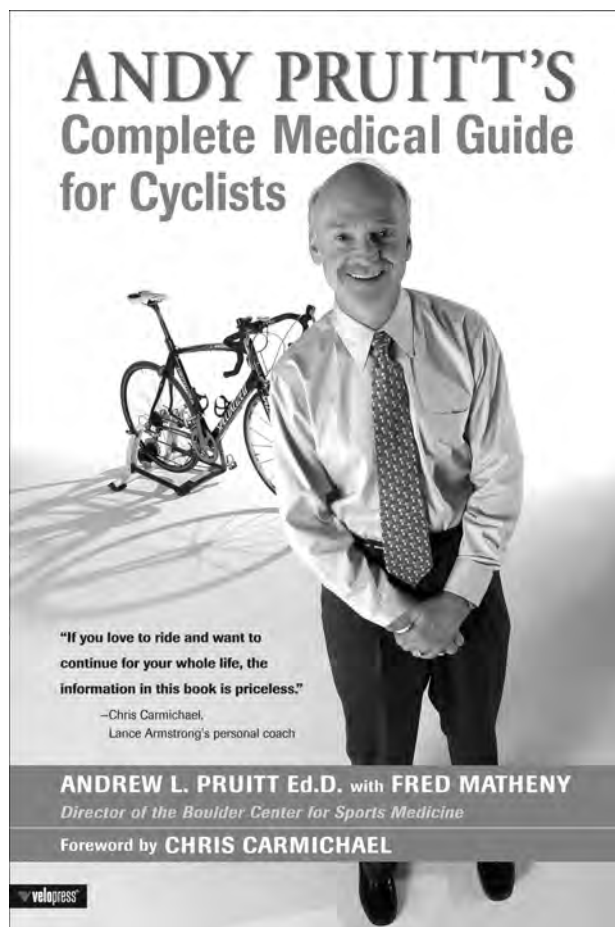
## *Andy Pruitt's Complete Medical Guide for Cyclists*

By Andrew L. Pruitt with Fred Matheny  
VeloPress at [velopress.com](http://velopress.com)

REVIEWED BY BILL BRYANT

Randonneuring is, of course, all about covering long distances on two wheels while being self-reliant. Hardy cyclists are drawn to our sport because they like the idea of riding a long way without the “safety net” a motorized support crew offers. We ramble far and wide on our own, or with friends, and when something goes wrong with our bikes, we fix them ourselves because there are no spares to be had from a following support vehicle. And since our style of cycling is outside the mainstream, we’re also pretty adept at configuring our bicycles and other equipment to meet our randonneuring needs. Tending to our machines before, during, and after our rides is all part of being a randonneur.

But what about the “motor” that propels the bicycle? Foolish is the randonneur who ignores this vital aspect of riding long distances; more often than not it will be the rider and not the bicycle that creates a situation that makes finishing a brevet difficult. It is frequently difficult to find reliable experts locally to help with persistent problems, but luckily for us, along comes a fine book that helps plug that gap. *Andy Pruitt's Complete Medical Guide for Cyclists* is an invaluable resource for bicyclists of all persuasions, and especially for randonneurs. Completing our demanding long-distance events is obviously a big challenge and this book can help us all, whether we are new to the sport or veterans. Pruitt's book isn't just about fit, but covers a broad spectrum of “body topics” related to optimizing the engine that pushes the pedals. Aided by well-known cycling writer Fred Matheny, it is written in a lively tone that is engaging, and it's also illustrated to help show things better than words can. As someone who has provided bicycle fitting service for hundreds of customers over the years, I find Pruitt's advice spot-on and wish it had been available many years ago. More than most others in the field, he clearly wants the bicycle fit to mirror the rider's body and style of cycling, not vice-versa as happens too often, alas. His discussion of why a professional racer's bike position is hard to emulate by amateur riders is excellent. Similarly, the section on aging and cycling is very good and will be of interest to many RUSA members (like



me) on the wrong side of 50. Though many of Pruitt's customers are indeed racing cyclists in search of optimum fit to pursue their vigorous style of cycling without injury, this book consistently shows why and how a more comfortable position is the best one in the end, and how this will help any type of cyclist the most. For randonneurs plagued with minor and serious over-use injuries, the advice in this book is priceless. Along with guidance about fit, the information about training and cycling efficiency is good too, and your motor's output will improve if followed faithfully. Who among us wouldn't like to finish a brevet a little quicker, or get a little more sleep at PBP or BMB?

The spectrum of topics in the book is all-encompassing. Part One is about bike fit (saddle position, handlebars, pedals & cleats). Part Two covers common cycling injuries (knees, back & neck, foot & ankle, hands/arms/shoulders, crotch & skin, eyes & head) and their remedy. Part Three is “Getting the Most Out of Cycling” (overtraining & recovery, weight loss, physiological testing, develop-

■Continued on next page

## Book Review (continued)

ing a personal training program, health maintenance, aging and the cyclist, comfort vs. performance, the biomechanics of cycling, and stretching & rehabilitation). The book concludes with some thoughtful questions about the on-going search for improved cycling performance gathered under the heading of “What we don’t know (but I wish we did)”. My main criticism of the book is that it addresses only the use of regular solo bicycles; recumbent riders and tandem stokers will have to adapt the information to their unique needs as best they can. Still and all, Pruitt and Matheny have done sterling work that should become a cornerstone in the sport.

Along with your RUSA handbook, it is hard to imagine a more

thorough book we randonneurs can make use of. These two books will keep us in the saddle, moving forward, no matter our age or innate athletic ability. For anyone contemplating doing a Super Randonneur series of brevets, much less a 1200-kilometer *grand randonné*, Pruitt’s volume will be an invaluable inclusion in your “toolbox”. With his guidance, an intelligent randonneur should be able to get the best fit with their bicycle, design an effective training plan, avoid burn-out, and treat the inevitable injuries that can result from riding a bicycle long distances. Highly recommended!

*Andy Pruitt’s Complete Medical Guide for Cyclists* is available from VeloPress at [velopress.com](http://velopress.com).

## RUSA People & Places (continued)

the U.S., she ensured Americans had a 100 percent success rate at the 2006 event.

### “NOT YOUR ‘MAGINATION,” PART II

This year’s East Coast brevet season saw a marked increase in single speed and fixed gear riders. For instance, on the North Carolina series, Bristol, Va. cyclist **Glenn Himstedt** showed up on his new Rivendell Quickbeam, while Chapel Hill, N.C. rider **Jerry Phelps** did the 600K on a Specialized Langster single speed. In South Carolina, **William “Bill” Evans** from Due West, S.C., rode a two-speeder on the 200K and 300K.

Remarkably S.C. RBA **Bethany Davison**: “Pretty amazing considering the wall of

a climb up Callahan Mountain.”

Then there was the explosion in fixed gear riders on this year’s Boston series.

Reported RBA **Bruce Ingle**, “In past years, we usually would only see one or two on our 200K and none on the longer rides.” This year? Seven riders, including Ingle, tackled the 200K on fixed. The others were **Charles “Chip” Coldwell**, **Raymond Coffey**, **Jake Kassen**, **Kris Kjellquist**, **Emily O’Brien** and **Walter Page**. Three of those cyclists—Kassen, Kjellquist and O’Brien—completed the entire series on fixties.

In keeping with the retro approach, steel was the frame material of choice, while

Ingle’s bike was equipped with a Sturmey-Archer AW hub, modified to make it a fixed two-speed.

“It is especially noteworthy that all of our fixed gear riders finished the rides that they started, in spite of some seemingly insurmountable obstacles in some cases,” Ingle said.

Rider **Chip Coldwell**, who claims to have a “well-deserved reputation for animosity toward fixed gear bicycles,” found himself astride a fixed for the first time on the 200K. A full account of his adventure appears on page 34.

### PBP DREAMING

Stage 4 of the Tour de France on July 5 ended in the town of St. Quentin, north of Paris. As I watched, I was mentally transported to another St. Quentin — specifically, St. Quentin-En-Yvelines, the city east of Paris that will serve as the launch pad for Paris Brest Paris ‘07. Hard to believe the grandfather of all 1200Ks is now just 12 short months away, but as RUSA board member **Bill Bryant** notes on page 10, it’s not too early to begin preparing. Or dreaming.

### PASSINGS

## Anne Marie McSweeney

Anne Marie McSweeney died in an auto accident in Klamath Falls, Ore. on June 24, 2006.

Born Sept. 23, 1961, she was the daughter of Ed and Violet McSweeney of Newhall.

Anne Marie lived in Bend, Oregon, where she had moved after a long career at Microsoft.

A RUSA member, Anne Marie was an avid cyclist and community volunteer. She was passionate about touching the

lives of those near to her. She will be remembered for her selfless commitment to her family and friends. She will be dearly missed by all who knew her.

She is survived by her parents, her four brothers, her two nieces and three nephews.

In lieu of flowers, please send donations in Anne Marie’s honor to: Memorial and Honor Program, St. Jude Children’s Research Hospital, 501 St. Jude Place, Memphis, TN 38105.

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](http://www.RUSA.org).

# A Year From Now—An Inside Look at PBP 07

By BILL BRYANT

An old proverb says that “a good beginning makes a good ending” and this is no more true than when thinking about the upcoming Paris-Brest-Paris Randonneurs. A year from now over 4000 randonneurs and randonneuses from around the globe will gather in St. Quentin-en-Yvelines to participate in this quadrennial celebration of free-pace randonneuring. Hopefully 500 Americans will be there to test themselves—are you planning to be among them? If so, then it’s not too soon to begin your preparation. Bob Lepertel, the legendary leader of the host Audax Club Parisien, once wrote that prospective entrants should think about PBP daily during the year leading up to the event. That is good advice to follow. Overall, your goal is to prepare your mind and body in the coming months to successfully withstand the rigors of PBP and get your name inscribed on its Roll of Honor; you should do everything you can between now and then to earn that (lofty) achievement.

Already at this year’s brevets many riders around the nation are talking about 2007. Experienced riders are using the current brevets to get back into long-distance cycling if they took a break after 2003, and there is a new crop of riders hoping to get some useful experience



Photo by Mike Dayton

The 80-hour group heading out at PBP 03.

before the “must finish” PBP qualifiers begin next spring. Randonneurs USA has had preliminary discussions with the Audax Club Parisien and we’ve learned that they expect their event will be very similar to recent editions; no major changes are envisioned. (They also stress that with a year to go, some things might yet change.) Nonetheless, here are some key points to help with your planning:

- **Dates:** Monday, August 20 to Friday, August 24; Rider check-in Sunday August 19

- **Location:** St. Quentin-en-Yvelines (near Versailles)

- **Start times:** riders can choose which group they want: 8 PM Monday—80-

hour group; 9 PM Monday—90-hour group (leaves in waves between 9 PM and 11 PM); 5 AM Tuesday—84-hour group. (The 80-hour group is for solo bikes only; tandems and recumbents can use either the 90- or 84-hour groups. These “special machines” depart 15 minutes ahead of the solo bikes in their respective starting groups. The 90-hour “specials” have no opening time limit and can go as fast as they please, like the 80-hour riders.)

- **Route:** Largely the same as before, with a few changes around Paris (but minor detours are always possible along the route due to road construction, etc.)

- **Outbound Controls:** Mortagne-au-Perche (feed stop outbound); Villaines-la-Juhel, Fougeres, Tinteniac, Loudeac, Carhaix, Brest.

- **Inbound Controls:** The same as outbound but in reverse order, and Mortagne-au-Perche is a regular control on the return. Another control is added between Mortagne-au-Perche and the finish—familiar Nogent-le-Roi is gone; replaced by a stop at Dreux.

- **Qualifying brevets:** The full Super Randonneur series of BRM events (200-300-400-600k) is to be completed between January 1 and June 16/17. The familiar requirement for doing them in ascending order is no longer necessary—but the ACP still recommends doing it that way.

- **Entries:** Entry forms will be published in the May issue of *American Randonneur*; Randonneurs USA will handle all entries sent from the United States.

More details to follow as they become known.

Veteran PBP riders know what to expect and have an advantage over the rookies; experience does count for a lot in this game. New riders, however, can improve their chances of finishing by educating themselves about PBP. Happily, these days there is a lot of valuable information available in English, something not true in years gone

■Continued on next page

PBP 07 (continued)

by.

First, your RUSA handbook is chock-full of useful information about how to ride PBP and the qualifying brevets successfully.

Second, the archives of *American Randonneur* are available on-line at [www.rusa.org](http://www.rusa.org). Read the issues from 1999 and 2003 and you'll find many articles that cover various aspects of the ride, such as choosing the starting group that is best for you, how to ride in the speedy 80-hour group successfully, what to expect once you get to the event, how to arrange a personal support crew, etc.

Third, following the two most recent PBP events, RUSA published PBP Yearbooks filled with rider stories that are both entertaining and instructive. There is no one "correct" way to ride PBP; in the PBP Yearbooks you'll find all sorts of examples of this phenomenon, and since the next edition will be very much like past events, the various tales of the Yearbook contributors can be very helpful to aspiring PBP riders. Both editions are still for sale at the RUSA Store. (The PBP videos also for sale there are useful to at least get a visual sense of the event, but they lack the "how to" information that will help educate most rookie randonneurs. That the narration is in French probably won't be too helpful to a majority of RUSA members. Still, they might be worth a look.)

Fourth, when the qualifiers begin next spring, don't



Photo by Mike Dayton

The busy control at Villaines La Juhel during PBP 03.

be shy and ask other riders if they are a PBP *ancien* or *ancienne*. You can learn a lot by listening to what went well for them, and what to avoid doing yourself.

Fifth, some randonneur clubs offer a pre-PBP "how-to" seminar taught by experienced *anciens*; make an effort to attend as this type of direct instruction can be extremely helpful. Do some homework beforehand and be sure to come prepared with questions you can't find answers for yourself.

Sixth, join the Randon chat group at <http://lists.topica.com/lists/randon/>. You can learn a lot by corresponding with both experienced PBP participants. Again, there is no one way to ride PBP successfully—and it is always an on-going process; you can learn about various styles of randonneuring from others who are farther along their

personal learning curve.

Many riders think the 2007 campaign begins on New Years Day, but they are, at least in my opinion, largely incorrect. Smart randonneurs will want to begin well before that. Even if serious athletic training doesn't start until later, there are still things to be learned and practiced long before the first brevet starts. First, try to learn some French! These days you can ride PBP quite well without knowing any, but your experience next August will be vastly more enjoyable if you can converse a little bit in the language of the hosts. At the least, you can get yourself back on track much more easily if you get lost during the ride, or need special assistance from someone at a checkpoint or outside the ride. Moreover, you'll find this will really enhance your travels in France before and after the ride itself

where less English is spoken, such as in restaurants, stores, train stations, etc.

Another matter related to improving the randonneuring frame of mind is to carefully analyze how long you take at rest stops during brevets. At our domestic brevets and 1200k events, the size of the field means there are rarely any long lines to sign in or get food, and one often sees riders squandering a fair bit of time. More than at most other grand randonnées, good time management is essential at PBP. With 4,000+ entrants, encountering some long food lines is inevitable and you want to be sure you don't waste any additional time there by having to retrace steps or get back in line. (The PBP controls are surprisingly large and you'll spend a fair bit of time just walking from bike

■ Continued on next page



## PBP 07 (continued)

parking to the various places you need to go, such as the sign-in table, food line, eating area, restrooms, sleeping rooms, showers, mechanical support, etc.) If you can shave even five minutes off each stop by consistently being more efficient than you currently are, at the end of 15 controls you will have earned more than an extra hour—and by the end of PBP most riders will gladly sell their soul for an extra hour of sleep. So, try to develop a sense of urgency when doing your normal checkpoint routine at each brevet next spring; this will pay a big dividend in August. And now is the time to start working on developing the mental habits that make such checkpoint efficiency automatic, even when the rider is profoundly tired. As you ride the final kilometers before each control, take an “inventory” of what needs to be done for both rider and bicycle; then go do it—and very little else. It will probably take some extra mental discipline to change old habits so don’t leave it to the brevets to start this process; they should just be the dress rehearsal of new behaviors learned on shorter rides. (Another reason to develop a fast rest stop routine is that the weather may make your overall riding speed a good bit slower than you’d ever predict. The past several editions of PBP have had generally good weather and this flavors how others will advise you how to do PBP, but earlier editions have

been beset by *awful* riding conditions that made a mockery of pre-ride planning based on estimated riding speeds. Statistically speaking, we’re overdue for some really bad weather during the ride.)

Winter is also a good time to test the clothing and lighting systems you’ll need when riding all night at the spring brevets and in August. Can you change batteries and bulbs swiftly in the wet, cold, and dark? Or can you repair a puncture correctly on the roadside at night in less than four minutes? Practice until you can; don’t leave it until too late to hone these vital randonneuring skills. You should get good enough to do these mechanical chores properly in your sleep—which might well come to pass later on during PBP. Winter is also a good time to work out any issues with how your bicycle fits. Niggling bike-fit irritations can turn into major “show stoppers” once the longer rides are undertaken. (In particular, be sure your shoe fit and cleat placement is optimal before the brevets. Don’t start the 2007 season with worn-out shoes, but neither should you be changing them mid-season either. The same goes for saddles.)

Along with training the mind, learning the intricacies of your equipment, and ironing out any wrinkles with bike-fit, the body will benefit from early preparation too. Start training during the coming autumn months and build a base of fitness that will see

you through the spring qualifiers in better shape than you might have done otherwise. What with predictably lousy winter weather, starting from scratch in early January is not recommended for riders needing to complete a Super Randonneur series before mid-June. Remember—PBP will wear out *all* parts of your body, not just your legs and butt. Better to use the normal off-season to build fitness and flexibility, then you’ll come out the other side of winter in relatively good shape, and from there ramping up for the spring brevets won’t be such a challenge. More than cycling a lot of long miles as the days grow short, workouts during autumn and winter should be to build overall fitness with gym sessions for upper body conditioning, along with mountain biking, other aerobic weight-bearing sports like jogging, hiking, snow-shoeing, cross-country skiing, and soccer are beneficial. Participating in these other sports will also help avoid getting mentally stale from too many hours of long-distance road cycling before you have to undertake the qualifiers. Don’t overlook daily stretching and yoga; being flexible will help fight off the connecting tissue injuries that can ruin your PBP qualifying campaign, or the Big Ride itself. And if you need to lose excess body weight, now is the time to begin that process, not later. You don’t want to be starving yourself of needed calories when you’re ramping

up your weekly hours of exercise in the weeks before the spring brevets.

So, there is a lot to do before 2007 arrives. Naturally some readers might find this all a bit much, and perhaps for them that is true. (I would argue that they are more likely naturally talented athletes, or have a lot of free time to train whenever they please, or are just procrastinators.) But for a majority of randonneurs aspiring to become PBP *anciens*, early preparation is a wise course to follow since prolonged winter weather or unexpectedly increased work commitments can adversely affect spring-time training before the qualifiers arrive. Your family might be amused, alarmed, or annoyed by your new compulsion, but earning a Paris-Brest-Paris finisher’s medal is a unique sporting challenge well worth the hard extra effort needed to make you the best randonneur you can be. To fly home from Paris at the end of next August with the profound satisfaction that comes from successfully finishing this legendary ride is a feeling hard to describe in words, but it is one well worth the energy you put into it. You will have joined (or renewed your membership in) a very special club for elite cyclists that goes back to 1891. And that work should commence *now*. The more you put into your PBP campaign beforehand, the less you will need to rely on luck to see you through.

# 2006 RUSA Event Schedule

Region	200 km	300 km	400 km	600 km	1000 km	1200 km	other
CA: San Luis Obispo	10/31*						
CO: Boulder	8/12 9/16 9/23	8/5 8/19			9/13	9/13	(125 km) 09/16* (129 km) 10/08*
FL: Central/South	8/5 9/9 10/7* 11/12* 12/2*						
FL: Northwest	11/3* 11/4* 11/5*	11/4* 11/5	11/4*	11/4*	10/13	10/13	(100km) 11/3* (100km) 11/4*
GA: Atlanta	9/9*						
IA: Cedar Valley							(130 km) 9/9* (208 km) 9/9*
IL: Chicago	08/26						(100 km) 8/26*
LA: New Orleans	11/4*	9/9					
MA: Boston-Montreal-Boston	8/20				8/17	8/17	
MA: Westfield		9/17					(100 km) 8/26* (170 km) 8/26* (170 km) 10/8*
NJ: NYC and Princeton	8/5*						
OH: Columbus	10/28*	10/14	9/9	9/9	9/9		
OR: Portland		8/19	9/9	9/30			
PR: San Juan	8/27*	9/16*					
TN: Nashville	10/7 11/25*	10/21*					(100 km) 10/7* (100 km) 11/25*
TX: Amarillo	8/5 8/6						
TX: Dallas	8/12	8/12					
TX: Houston	8/5* 9/2* 10/21* 11/18*	9/2* 10/21*	10/21*				
WA: Seattle		8/5 8/12*	8/26	9/16	8/24		(100 km) 9/23*

\* Items marked with an asterisk indicate domestically sanctioned brevets.

# Into the valley of wind and water

BY ROB HAWKS

Several members of the Grizzly Peak Cyclists participated in the Santa Cruz Randonneur's 2006 Flèche. There are a number of arcane rules associated with this event, but in a nutshell the defining aspects are: it is a team event, it is meant to be 23-24 hours long, each team designs their own route (all ending in the same place), and routes must be at least 360 km long. Unless you are riding one yourself, there is no need to sweat the rest of the details. Just trust me, they are, um, bureaucratic. But that is not the point of doing a flèche. This flèche was my second one, the first being in 2004. In both cases, the rides were unlike any other I've done because of the team aspect. They were simply a unique experience. Team size is limited by the total number of bikes, and we reached that limit with five bikes, with one being a tandem. Bruce Berg and Dan Brekke organized the team and mapped out the route. The rest of the team was made up of Michael Tigges and Susan Jacobson riding a Steve Rex tandem, Veronica Tunucci riding her first overnight brevet, and me, Rob Hawks.

During the early stages of planning for the 2006 Flèche,

the original preferred route had us driving a long way to a start point up past the Sierra foothills, but after some thought the emerging route of choice was one that started ten to fifteen miles from where any of the team members lived. From the start location in Hercules we would cross the Carquinez Straits on the Zampa Bridge, over to Vallejo, then up through Fairfield, skirt Vaccaville on the way to Winters where we would stop for lunch, then past the Capay Hills to the west and into Dunnigan, through Arbuckle, and over to Colusa to mark the northernmost point on the route. From Colusa, after a rest stop, we would turn south to the Sutter Buttes, go through Yuba City and Marysville, and across farmland to Lincoln where in the wee hours of the day we would traverse a chain of towns on our way to Sacramento and finally a finish in Davis at 07:00. Not exactly a strict expression of the meaning of Flèche, but there it is.

The weather forecasts for both the immediate Bay Area, and the portion of the Central Valley where we would later ride were both less than stellar, but of the two the former was slightly better in that the POP (percentage chance of precipita-



The Grizzlies (l-r): Rob Hawks, Veronica Tunucci, Bruce Berg, Michael Tigges, Susan Jacobson. Photograph by team member Dan Brekke.

tion) was only 50%. As we rolled out of the parking lot we all could feel mist of a very light rain on our faces. The fact of rain early in the ride when there was supposed to be less of a probability for such was a reality we all seemed ready and able to ignore. By the time we had crossed the Zampa Bridge and passed through Vallejo the rain was more than mist, and Bruce and I stopped to add some minimal rain gear to what we wore. While the rain was steady it was not heavy and the trick of staying dry was mostly accomplished by staying out of the rooster tail of spray thrown up by the other riders. Not all of us had fenders and not all of the fendered bikes sported full length fenders. There was less of a need to pace line in these early miles though. We saved that for later in the Central Valley where it would matter more, and with the roads essentially empty of traffic we could ride in groups of two, side by side.

Our first control was a scant 28 miles into the ride and I had had enough of the

Burley rain boots I had on and I traded them in right there for the tried and true, though not so durable, plastic newspaper bags, worn this time under my shoes. That plus wool socks and I was happy. After a brief lull in the rain after the control stop, the rain resumed but still didn't amount to much more than drizzle. With the cloud cover as it was, an even light made the green of the fields and hillsides stand out against the wet trunks of trees, or the darkened road surfaces. Somewhere past halfway between our first control and our lunch stop, the rain quit and the roads were dry. It hardly looked as if it had rained there yet. The sky ahead of us seemed to be far less threatening looking than that behind us. After lunch, I knew we would begin the very long and very flat portion of the route that I had some familiarity with.

My familiarity, however, was leavened with a dash of contempt. Dan, Bruce and I had done the San Francisco

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## Into The Valley... (continued)

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Randonneur's 400km brevet just a few weeks before, and the portion of that ride that overlapped our route on this day was the death march portion of the brevet. On that ride we had fought steady 23 mph direct headwinds (for spice, gusts measured 30+ mph) from 11 a.m. until sunset, when we were nearly too spent to enjoy what then became a huge tailwind. Duplicating that portion of the 400km brevet route was still ahead, after lunch, but I think all of us were more immediately enjoying the cessation of the rain and our lunch at the Putah Creek Cafe. While each team member knew the other team members, only Bruce had ridden considerable miles with every other teammate. Lunch was where stories of past rides were told and the stories helped fill in the gaps in the personal histories of each rider. History of course is defined here as only what occurred on a bike ride. All this helped me avoid dwelling on what I was expecting to be a painfully dull, and perhaps physically painful section of the route just ahead. Twenty-plus mph headwinds have a way of reducing the physical and visual input one might otherwise obtain on a ride, and all I recall was having my head down as I tried to bull my way into the wind.

Instead of the realization of my dread though, this trip into the valley was a revelation. A tailwind will do that. So will gaps in the clouds that reveal that there still is blue sky, somewhere. I wrote that our Flèche route at this point

overlapped with that of the SF 400km brevet. To be accurate, our route mimicked but also simplified that route, and of the two I think our Flèche route got it right. After lunch, we headed due north from Winters and skirted the town of Esparto, on our way to Dunnigan. Along this portion, we could see what looked like heavy weather to our west, weather we thought was coming our way. The Capay Hills worked to our advantage though, and what rain there was in the clouds seemed to have gotten squeezed out as the clouds passed the hills. Aside from one very short and very light session of drizzle, our interaction with the rain on this afternoon was mostly visual. Where less than a month ago I saw little more than the road surface and the wheel ahead of me, this time the roadsides were lined with blossoming wildflowers, grasses waving with the (tail)wind, songbirds and wildfowl and ahead rolling clouds, picture rain and gaps with sunshine. Stunning.

Toward the northern arc of our trajectory, we passed through Arbuckle, CA and skirted Williams, CA as we passed to the east. As we approached Colusa, we began to see the floodwaters and signs that the water had been much higher not long before our passing. Since shortly after lunch, we'd been getting glimpses of the Sutter Buttes, and now we were a bit northwest of them. Our route would take us right through the Buttes, which would be the payoff for having watched them bobbing on the horizon

for hours. Due to the flooding though we had to take a much longer route than planned. Pass Road which crosses the Sacramento River was completely underwater. The extra leg south and then north gave us one more run with a tailwind and once we entered the Buttes themselves, the wind was much less of a factor until the next morning. The topography of this section of our route was dominated by the river, the levees bordering the river, and the flat, flat farmland all around. That water was to be a prominent feature as we left Colusa itself and climbed up on the levee road. Any wide spot in the road was cluttered by farm equipment, trailers, cars and anything else mobile enough to be moved to higher, drier ground.

It is very easy for me to name the highlight of the trip and that was the road through the Buttes. Even though we had consistently been ahead of our schedule, Bruce urged us on so that we would cross the Buttes in daylight and our push paid off big time. Sunlight managed to escape the clouds to the west and the light on the hillsides was dreamlike. The landscape is really wonderful there and in the middle section the ground looks like it has been undisturbed for eons. I can't fully blame someone for wanting to live there, but it was with regret that I noticed all the new homes built or being constructed there right now.

Rolling out of the Sutter Buttes would be our last real taste of any hill climbing for the rest of the ride. Our next

stop would be a dinner stop. There are reasons why a team looks to its captain, and displays of sound judgment and genius level thinking are excellent qualities, ones you want in a Flèche team captain. Bruce, wise man that he is, selected a Taqueria as our dinner stop. I don't think anything more needs to be said. The daylight had nearly faded completely when we pulled into the dinner stop, and as we left it was completely gone. The temperatures had dropped in a noticeable way, but not so much that after a mile or two of pedaling each of us were warm and comfortable.

Yuba City and Marysville were at a disadvantage in showing their charms, being only lit by streetlights, so we made what haste we could in passing through. Lincoln would be our next town and rest stop and in between were miles of dark and flat roads. With the reduction in visual input, often the mind begins to focus on other things. For the others, conversations continued, but for me I was thinking too much about the pain in my left knee. That pain had settled in for certain as we approached Colusa, and no amount of stretching seemed to mitigate the issue. I was having trouble holding on to the back of the group as we rolled down Highway 65. Traffic was a lot higher on this road, but at that time of night not a problem at all. Higher traffic in this case meant a car or truck every five minutes, as opposed to no traffic at all on the rural side roads. I was

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## Into The Valley... (continued)

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under orders to report back to my son on all the various birds I might spot on the ride, and even though it was now dark and had been for many hours, I was able to add to the list when I spotted an owl hunting in the fields to our right as we neared Lincoln.

Lincoln was the beginning of a long stretch of suburban and urban roads on our route. While Lincoln was a town in transition, not all of the planned transition has happened yet. At this point, there are yet to be any hotels or even motels. If there had been any, I am pretty certain that I would have quit at this point and checked in for the night. This was my third major ride that would go through the night and past dawn. By this time I had learned enough to know what was ahead in the figurative sense. Because of the tailwinds through the afternoon and the very congenial pace since nightfall, I really wasn't tired. It was entirely the pain in my knee. We had the good fortune to have four very seasoned long distance riders on the team and for good measure, one of them was a doctor. After some debate it was decided that we would go to the all-night Safeway grocery store for our break, and the break would be a little longer than planned. We still had time in the bank so to speak so a little more time spent here wouldn't put us in the red. Susan and Bruce convinced me that the two ibuprofen tablets I had taken six hours before were inadequate for the job. With a bag of frozen peas on my knee

and a proper dose of NSAIDs in my system the rest on the couch near the Starbucks counter in the store was the right thing to do. It took about seven miles or so after we left the Safeway for the anti-inflammatories to take full effect and with the team pace ratcheted back one more notch, what had looked like a miserable night turned back into something more like fun.

By the time we reached Roseville, I knew I could finish the ride. We had a control stop in town and we were now into the portion of the route where the segments were short and the stops more frequent. I was after calories and treated myself to a slice of chocolate cake. It was amazing how bustling the Dennys was at nearly 2 a.m.. While we weren't dressed like any of the other patrons, we weren't made to feel out of place. The night manager was impressed with our ride, and one young woman from a nearby table came by to ask about the ride. Riding out from this stop, Veronica, Michael, Susan and I were indebted to Dan and Bruce for leading our way. Out in the fields and hills near Dunnigan, there aren't many roads to choose from and there is little to block your way when looking around. In the night, on the roads between Roseville and Sacramento, one road looks like the next and there are dozens and dozens of them. Dan knew the way in particular through Fair Oaks, and that came in handy when we realized we forgot to get the receipt for our brevet cards. Without that proof,

credit for the whole ride might have been denied for the whole team. We made our way to the only business open that we could find and got a receipt there. This was just on the outskirts of the village center for Fair Oaks. At first I imagined that what I heard was a sound made by some wag on his way home from a late night at the bars. Then I heard the crowing from the other side of the street. As we rode through the village the source of the noises became clear. Free range roosters and chickens were running around in the town park, perched on the railings of balconies, and rooting around in the yards of houses. While we certainly weren't traveling silently, it was only the roosters themselves that seemed to notice.

One last stop was planned for the Lyon's Restaurant in downtown Sacto. In contrast to the Denny's in Roseville, there were very few diners here. In spite of that our food was a long time in coming, and this put us behind our schedule. We had to hurry through Sacramento and toward the Yolo Causeway. No amount of hurrying was going to help us beat the rain though, and before we left West Sacramento, the skies opened up and pelted us with rain. In an odd way, that was helpful as the rain drowned out, if you'll excuse the phrase, the highway noise. The last run into Davis was straight as an arrow. The team members got a little strung out on the bike path portion but once we hit the city proper we gathered once more into a pack and made our way in

the rain to the bagel shop where Bill and Lois were waiting to check us in. We made it with 9 minutes left of our 24 hours.

In spite of the knee pain I had, I can't think that this was anything but one of the best rides I've ever done. A great group of teammates riding on an excellently prepared route, with just enough bad weather to allow us to brag. At ride's end, we all bought tickets on the Amtrak for the trip back to Berkeley after collecting a dry change of clothes that we stored at Bruce's Davis office.

Veronica had ridden from Berkeley and picked me up in Richmond and we both rode over to the ride start in Hercules. For her, the ride total was 260 miles, and for me 256. The rest had about 246 miles for the Flèche route itself. Amazingly, we had no flat tires and the only mechanical issue was Bruce's saddle adjustment.

### **Knee update**

The problem was ITB friction syndrome for which I've seen a doctor and a PT. The PT assessment is that I have extremely tight Ilio-tibial bands and I need to do a lot of stretching to keep this under control. The tipping point for the onset of this was likely extremely worn cleats on my commute shoes which put my feet in a position that would amplify the friction on the ITB during the pedal stroke. I've also gotten new shoes with the new cleats for further stability and support. So far, things have improved a great deal.

# Budgeting for Brevets



SIR rider Jon Muellner takes a bottom line look at his costs for the season.

BY JON MUELLNER

First off, I am no financial expert. I very much enjoy cycling and I don't fret a whole lot about spending money for it. I don't spend much on gear, and most of my riding has been done on a used 1999 Heron Road. As this year was my first full series since 2003 due to injuries, I decided to take a closer look at what the cost of randonneuring was.

One thing that stands out is that compared to other sports I do like skiing, randonneuring is relatively inexpensive, especially when you consider the number of kilometers traveled both in events and training. My figures don't include rides outside of brevets, so the cost per kilometer is higher, but will give some sense of what to expect in participating in this sport. Because I live some distance and a ferry ride away from many of SIR's brevets, my costs are higher than for someone living close by with the ability to ride their bike or carpool to the starts. I was fortunate this year that most brevets did not require a ferry ride or long drive. I also added a Flèche and a NW Crank 4 day ride camp to my calendar this year as well.

A quick summary of my 2006 Super Randonneur Series (200, 300, 400, 600 km) total shows I spent \$257.50 and averaged about \$.17 per kilometer. With the addition of a Flèche, that increased to \$344.11 and averaged about \$.18 per kilometer.

The chart on this page is an example of how I recorded my costs.

In the example, the brevet fee of \$15 is

<b>300 km March 25, 2006 (start in Winslow, WA)</b>	
<b>Brevet Fee:</b>	<b>\$15</b>
<b>Medal</b>	<b>\$8</b>
<b>Fuel for drive from Port Townsend (110 miles roundtrip)</b>	<b>\$15</b>
<b>Food on route</b>	<b>\$5</b>
<b>300 km Total</b>	<b>\$43.00</b>

all you'd need if you brought your own food, rode to the start and didn't buy a medal. That's a pretty inexpensive day of fun! Realistically though, this can work for shorter brevets close to home, but a few factors affect my costs beyond this, including: a) living at least 35-100 miles from most starts; b) medals for one complete SR set each four-year PBP period; c) I like to eat and support the businesses along our routes.

Here are a few other considerations:

- Riding to events would save fuel costs but increase time away from work (lost income) and add food expenses.
- No other randonneurs nearby to carpool with.
- Locations where there are no ferries would not incur that cost.
- Bringing some food from home offsets costs on route.
- Lodging costs offset by camping for remote starts.
- No magic elixirs, mostly store/cafe food.
- Fuel based on 20 mpg at \$3/gallon.

To date, if I include the SR Series, Flèche, NW Crank camp, membership to RUSA and SIR, my total cost was \$671.81 with 2375 km ridden and averaging \$.28 per kilometer.

Excluded from this are extra costs for equipment, clothing, massage, physical therapy, auto repair, etc. and those things which vary greatly each season. Because I would ride whether or not I was a randonneur, I leave these out.

In conclusion, it seems that randonneuring is worth every penny in terms of health, the ability to explore so many areas around the region by bike, and of course, the social element where I get to spend a few days with some of my favorite people at Seattle International Randonneurs. What more could one ask for?

I have posted my entire 2006 budget on my Web site. The address is: <http://www.mile43.com/cycling/budget>.

*John Muellner, RUSA #1082, lives in Port Townsend, WA and is a member of Seattle International Randonneurs.*

## 2006 Ohio Randonneurs Flèche Side Story - West Team

By DAVID BUZZEE

“News note: Two flèche teams from Ohio Randonneurs took part in the traditional 360 kilometer Easter riding event on April 14 - 15, 2006. One team took an easterly route between Dublin Ohio and Georgetown Kentucky, the other a westerly route between the same two cities. All members of both teams completed the flèches.”

“All I want is a little adventure.” Pete Wright, at mile 5 on why he was doing the ride. “Thanks but I have had enough adventure now.” Pete Wright, at mile 150.

I had firmly decided to pass on a flèche in 2006. I had ridden three in the previous four years, didn't need another one for my R 5000, and wanted to focus on other rides. Then, a posting on the Ohio Randonneur bulletin board from Toshiyuki Nemoto, a member from Loveland Ohio, asked if anyone was forming a flèche team this year. Well, I thought, it wouldn't hurt to see what interest there was among other OR members. I sent a brief query and within a week had serious interest from a dozen riders. Now what?

Well, it couldn't hurt to look at some possible routes between my condo in Dublin Ohio to Johnny Bertrand's house in Georgetown Kentucky. Hmmm, just at 240 miles by either of two very different routes. Hmmm, with two routes a dozen riders can make two full teams with alternates. Well, I thought, I'll just rough something out for those who wanted to ride.

A month later I had done map and field work on two routes, driven both and written provisional cue sheets. Based on brief descriptions of the routes, the riders selected either a western or an eastern route. Next, team names. Following spirited discussion (well, I did get several suggestions) we settled on the very clever Flèche Side Story - West and Flèche Side Story - East. Registration forms and fees were collected and sent to Johnny, cue sheets and maps were finalized and sent off for approval, serious training was begun. When came commitment time we had nine riders plus a somewhat reluctant me, strictly as a space filler. Not that my firm



What bike ride? The West team goes horizontal in Colemansville.

vow of January had been buried under the business of setting up teams and laying out routes, not at all. If we recruited one more rider I planned to back out. Besides, we needed two drivers to meet us in Kentucky for the transport back home. This was a job suited to my talents. Oops, two experienced OR members (both of whom had been on previous flèche teams with me) volunteered to drive but not, definitely not, ride the event. That should have been a tip-off. I, of course, assumed that they had enjoyed our previous flèches so much that they really wanted to do another one. What's not to enjoy about riding a leisurely 250 miles in pleasant spring weather? Besides, had we not used up our allotment of rain on these events (120 miles of very cold rain in Virginia in 2002, 115 miles of torrential downpour and headwinds in Florida in 2005)?

In any case, a week before the event we had a problem. One of the strong riders I was counting on finally succumbed to a long-standing knee injury and underwent surgery. Now what? I contacted ancien Frank Seebode, who earlier had asked about possibly riding this year. His father Dick, multi-year ancien, had ridden a flèche with me in 2004, the one now known as the flèche with no rain. A part of the dialogue with Frank went something like this: “We will be riding on a bike path for 56 miles? Good, that will be much safer than the roads

in the middle of the night. Sign me up.” The West team was back to full allotment, with a very strong and experienced rider to help us. But I was still on the roster, where I was to remain.

At 4:30 in the afternoon of April 14, riders, drivers and the occasional next-of-kin began appearing in my garage. Waivers were signed, drop bags packed in one of the return vans, post-ride celebratory wine (and a surprise for later) loaded, tires pumped, adrenaline and a bit of testosterone began to flow, old friends greeted each other and new friends introduced themselves—a most jovial scene, not dampened a bit by the intermittent drizzle falling and the occasional lightning flashing outside.

5:30 p.m. We were ready to ride; we had spent too much time standing around, nervous energy needing to be burned off. RUSA Membership Secretary Don Hamilton had kindly come to the start to wish us well and to sign our brevet cards. Where was Frank, our last-minute addition? Finally, 20 minutes before the start, here came Frank. At last, all present. Last minute pre-ride instructions, route review and cautions, control protocols and flèche rules reviewed—the usual patter. Kentucky has severely lumpy terrain. Both Frank and I had suffered serious crashes there in previous years, so cautions were repeated yet again. In a prophetic exclamation, Frank shouted “Who on the West team

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# 2006 Ohio Randonneurs Flèche Side Story – East Team

By ROY BURNHAM

Little did Flèche Side Story East and West realize that the thunderstorm at the beginning of Flesh' 06 was, in fact, a warning of things to come. Things settled down nice enough by the time we left Dublin, both teams riding the first few miles together out of town. Soon, night came and us East Siders starting seeing the fireworks to the west and south of us. With some heavy rain starting to hit us, Steve went to the bathroom and we looked at Donna's handy phone with radar. The radar images proved to be less upbeat than we had hoped so we did what any self respecting randonneur would do, pressed on.

By 9 p.m., we were battling gusts of wind, intense lighting and stinging sarcasm. At one point, we had stopped right outside someone's home in Chillicothe to water their lawn (so to speak) in the pouring rain when a local pulled up and asked if we needed a ride. That's when we heard about that tornado thing. Steve went to the bathroom again and we did what any self respecting randonneur would do, pressed on.

Little improved over the next few

hours as most of us layered up in an attempt to stay dry and warm. Our friends at the Speedway in Chillicothe took pity on us and gave us free coffee and hot chocolate. Most of us dined el fresco on a fine selection of week-old, shrink-wrapped sandwiches, and a beautiful 2006 vintage Gatorade (a good year for that particular sports drink). The rain, falling faster, continued with little sign of stopping. We all went to the bathroom and did what any self respecting randonneur would do, pressed on.

Most of us knew the upcoming sections of the route from years of TOSRV rides. The complete lack of visibility was only an issue to the cars that were not expecting to see five cyclists enjoying a 1 a.m. ride in a county with a tornado warning. At one point lighting struck about 100 yards from the road and made us wonder how much safer the bike trail the western folks had was.....not! Later we came to realize the West Siders had an unfortunate accident with a tree that did not look both ways before crossing the bike path. Thankfully, Frank's resultant affliction of Rapid Deceleration Syndrome did not keep him from the rest of the ride. We all collected our thoughts in Waverly, Steve went to the bathroom and did what any

self respecting randonneur would do, pressed on.

The skies seemed to dry up as we approached Portsmouth. It was around 4:30 a.m. as we started out of Chez Super Quik in route to Maysville, Kentucky. As we crossed the Ohio River, the faint outline of Portsmouth could be made out in the early twilight. The beauty of Kentucky became apparent as dark gave way to light, riding down the Ohio Valley. We decided to mix things up a bit and have a few flat tires. Steve went to the bathroom and we made it to Maysville. Being absolutely wonderful out, we did what any self respecting randonneur would do, pressed on.

Now is the time in the ride when we wondered openly about David Buzzee's 23 miles of unrelenting hills. The ride had been fairly flat to this point with a mere 4000 feet of climbing. Survivors of Bob Waddell's Winter Century series mocked this total wondering when the other shoe was going to drop. When the shoe did drop, it wasn't a Michael Jordan size 15 but more a whole Payless Shoestore full of toddler and young adult shoes dropped one after another. Best as I could tell, Kentucky was actually a lot longer many

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Photo by Toshiyuki Nemoto

The 2006 Ohio teams at the start (l-r): Hal Desaussure, Toshi Nemoto, Jim Koegel, David Buzzee, Pete Wright, Frank Seebode, Steve Quade, Paul Bacho, Donna Bush, Roy Burnham.



## West Side Report (continued)

hasn't crashed in Kentucky yet?" In our innocence, we all heartily laughed.

Finally, two minutes until six o'clock. Jim Koegel changed from arm warmers to jacket back to arm warmers for the last time. All posed for one last group picture, a final round of "Bonne routes" and "Bon voyages" from the modest crowd and we were off. The drizzle began again.

The two routes coincided for 4 1/2 miles before my West team headed North and the East team headed South. The misting rain briefly stopped but began again, this time with greater seriousness and a buffeting headwind. In the village of Woodstock we ducked under a country store awning (first unscheduled stop) to get water (it seems we didn't have enough in our faces) and to change clothes (Jim replaced arm warmers with a jacket and rain pants). Pete said he was enjoying the adventure.

Thirty miles of rain in our faces followed—not much chatting on this leg. The rain came heavier, the sky darkened and a spectacular lightning show began, to precede us for the next four hours as we rode to near the highest point in Ohio. On into Urbana, with the rain tapering to a heavy mist. We caught a sandwich shop just 20 minutes from closing and, although we weren't particularly hungry, we stopped to eat. With the crush of work that day, some team members had not eaten before the ride and this would be the last chance for a sit-down meal for 12 hours. The rain stopped during dinner and, with the typical (but misplaced) optimism of the randonneur, we cheerfully left Urbana expecting a clear night for riding. Of course the rain resumed within five miles. I previously had lived in the area and began to look for familiar villages which might offer just a bit of shelter from the storm. Finally, a crossroads with an awning—the North Hampton Land Auction Center, Barber Shop and Post Office. We remembered that post office doors are left unlocked, at least in rural Ohio. We let ourselves into the lobby while the storm crashed and howled outside. Not to waste time, several of us took brief naps while Jim changed clothes, still looking for the ideal balance between warm and cold, wet and slightly less wet. Toshi took

pictures of us lying like wet dogs on the soiled carpet—grist for the blackmailer, no doubt.

Twenty minutes later, back on the bikes, then CRASH! Toshi misread a pothole filled with water and fell quite heavily. Low speed, not much damage to rider or bike but his helmet's condition promised an eventual unsatisfactory discussion with his wife.

Bits and pieces put back together, Toshi was OK, we rode on into the storm again. On this leg the lightning was nearly unbelievable—the flashes were so close together that, for stretches we could have ridden without headlights. Jim described it as heat lightning—perhaps, but the temperature was cold and it was definitely very wet. We wondered if the East team had missed the storm—they had not but theirs is another story. A dog barked—we briefly considered reporting its owner to the SPCA for leaving the dog outside on a night like that—the poor creature was too disheartened to give us even a little chase - but we decided to stick to our riding. A lull appeared in the storm and we rode on into Yellow Springs.

The Yellow Springs control, a convenience store on the main street, had always provided a warm ambience on my previous stops there. Friendly attendants, an interesting array of party items and libations appropriate for a shop in the village defined by the progressive Antioch College just down the street, and a laissez-faire attitude toward very wet cyclists creating puddles with every step—all that was missing was a crackling fire. But after a protracted stop, Toshi and I cleaned our glasses ("That's not going to do much good, you know," opined the clerk), Jim changed jackets, and the Wet (make that the West) team was off again. We joined the Little Miami Bike Path and headed south, expecting to make up time on the long (65 miles) gradual descent to the Ohio River in Cincinnati.

The bike path was littered with debris from the storm but the rain gradually petered out and we made decent time to Xenia. There, a few minutes stop to empty bladders (too much good coffee in Yellow Springs) and for Jim to remove his jacket, then back to the path. The rain had been

gradually replaced by patchy ground fog which mixed with the rooster tails from our tires. With our lights slashing through the gloom this created a damp version of a B-grade movie—very memorable, in a humid kind of way. We were really rolling through the mists now, all systems working well, with full stomachs and empty bladders, no traffic to worry us, just keeping a sharp eye for branches blown onto the path. Frank was pulling with real spirit, far outriding his light, trying to make up lost time. Suddenly—too suddenly to react—two fallen trees blocked the path. Frank barreled into them at nearly full speed, giving only an unintelligible cry at impact. Given the lackluster state of his light, the gloom from fog and mist, and his accumulated sleep deficit, he just didn't have time to brake. He flipped head-first through 270 degrees, stopping on his back well over the first tree with his bike and right foot over the second one. Frightening. Fortunately, and surprisingly, other than facial bruises and scrapes he was unhurt. His fork was bent, leaving his front brake useless. There remained perhaps another 8,000 to 10,000 feet of climbs (and screaming descents) ahead later in the ride. His helmet was damaged. His light was beyond repair. We discussed things. We considered alternatives. Then we rigged a backup light and made several adjustments to his bike, and somewhat gingerly and definitely more slowly rode on. And within ten miles, Frank crashed again, after riding awkwardly over more debris. Much less dramatic this time, fortunately. Some team members heard him muse, "Looks like the trail isn't as safe as I thought."

We continued to dodge branches and small trees for another ten miles until Jim, now nearly in his back yard, led us to alternate roads parallel to the bike path. We agreed to take on bonus miles to avoid the trash-filled path. Not surprisingly, Frank vigorously supported this route change.

I remembered this section from brevets done years ago. The roads followed the very scenic Little Miami River, the views unfortunately obscured by darkness and intermittent

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## West Side Report (continued)

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fog. Just past Morrow, deep in the woods, we passed an old pickup truck awkwardly parked against a guardrail overlooking the river. Then, 100 meters later, two staggering young men stopped us. They seemed unfazed and not particularly curious at our sudden appearance. I heard “Mumble mumble mumble cell phone mumble mumble,” followed by more mumbles. Finally we understood them to be asking to borrow a cell phone. As responsible citizens and good-hearted folk, we offered to call 911. Their reaction was immediate and loud. They insisted that there was no need to call 911, that their buddy would be happy to come at 3:30 a.m. to help them, that everything would be A-OK. It transpired that they were slightly (?) impaired and were reluctant to have the police investigate their crashed truck. We hurriedly retrieved the phone and rode on. Another ten minutes wasted. After five more miles, another stop—bladder issues. Then, a too-leisurely stop at the Loveland control. We were only halfway done with the ride but were behaving like it was nearly over. Back to the bike path again, this time riding with care. End of bike path, another biobreak and quick change of clothing (Jim). A ride through the dawning Cincinnati suburbs, a climb to one of the seven hills surrounding the Queen City of the West, followed by a lovely descent to the River Road (Frank took this with extra caution) and a mighty five-mile pull by Pete along the Ohio River. Lovely river views, lovely houses overlooking the river, leading to the downtown levee. The sun had by now fully risen and the town was beginning to stir.

We crossed the half-mile wide Ohio River on a converted railroad bridge, the quaintly named Purple People Bridge, with wonderful views of the Ohio and northern Kentucky skyline. Then through the old river towns of Newport and Covington, past restored historic districts and to the foot of the first Kentucky hill. Another stop to remove extra clothing (everyone this time), then a real eye-opener of a climb—the first of many. At the top we had an easy five-mile ride to the home of my daughter where we had planned a rest stop. However our adventures and unscheduled stops had used all of

our extra time so, after emptying bladders and hurriedly greeting her family (“You didn’t ride through that dreadful storm, did you?” “Uh, well, sort of.”) we rode to a nearby restaurant for a sit-down breakfast. There, the napping began—only a few minutes worth for me but it suddenly had become a very high priority. Frank nudged me awake, helped pour some strong coffee into me and we rode on. There remained 86 miles of climbing to the finish.

The sun was rapidly moving overhead, heating the road and steaming off the damp from the storm. The temperature rose. The traffic increased. Toshi flattened at a very bad spot (no shoulder, narrow lanes, heavy traffic, bad sight lines) so Jim and I rode on to the first paved drive. I stretched out for a nap while Jim rearranged his wardrobe, drying some items and putting them away. Toshi, Frank and Pete arrived; we rode on. Lots of rolling hills now, the traffic gradually dying away as we entered rural Kentucky. We rode for miles along Route 17, a smooth-surfaced ridge road—the scenery was memorable, the sun shone brightly, the wind shifted from head- to side-, and all of God’s children had shoes. The villages of Nicholson and Piner passed our center of the universe. We stopped once or twice to remove more clothes (all of us by now) and, at the foot of a long descent, eventually arrived at the 192 mile control in Falmouth Kentucky. We were well over one hour behind our pre-ride schedule. Time to discuss options.

Flèche rules state that a ride may be a shorter distance than planned, shortened by as much as 20 percent, provided that the total final distance remained at least 360 Km. Also, a route must have a control at the 22-hour point which is at least 25 Km from the final 24-hour control. Hmmm. We looked at map and cue sheet, calculated speed/distance versus energy reserves versus terrain, plotted strategy, called Johnny (not successful due to dearth of cell phone towers—rural Kentucky rivals rural nearly anywhere else), then reached consensus among team members. We decided to shorten our ride by some 16 miles, still meeting the flèche minimal requirements. With this decision made, for Frank and me it was time for a nap. Toshi took more incriminating pictures, Pete

paced outside, Jim mulled wardrobe changes—a typical flèche family luncheon.

Back on the road, back up the hill that was so welcome on our way into Falmouth, then over 15 miles of undulations characterized by increasingly hotter and slower climbs alternating with faster and ever-more-welcome descents. On this stretch Pete proved to be a very capable climber. Apparently he found this part of the ride to be a pleasant adventure once again. And so the group swept into Colmansville, our substitute 22-hour control. Hmmm. It didn’t really take as long to get here as we expected. Well, the die was cast. We were now on schedule for the alternate distance. We took advantage of the extra time to take a group nap (and another picture—this trip had the potential of making some real money for Toshi. Well, perhaps we could blackmail him with evidence of his crash). After a short but sinfully relaxing break we rode on, with more undulations stretching into the distance. I thoroughly enjoyed this part of the ride. Unlike my previous flèche s which finished at dawn, I did enjoy riding the last part of this one in daylight. Finally, as we entered the historic town of Cynthiana, we left the hills behind on our way to Ruddle’s Mill, the substitute 24-hour control.

We arrived at the open-again, closed-again General Store and Pool Parlor at the crossroads of Ruddle’s Mill. Good, good. Open this time. We entertained the proprietress and her boyfriend with slight exaggerations of our ride, bought a few bottles of rehydration fluid, and got a special flèchers reward—the proprietress was also a notary public. On request she commemorated our stopping using her official embossing stamp. We appreciated this very special touch.

A call to our driver brought him (and a cold supply of more rehydrating fluid) to our impromptu ending. We loaded the bikes and drove toward Johnny’s. But the adventure was not quite over. Only five miles from the finish we came upon remnants of Flèche Side Story - East. Our only female rider, who had ridden with the East team, had made the ride of her life. However, the extremely petite Donna was exhausted and lying very

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## West Side Report (continued)

still on the side of the road. Roy, her regular riding companion, was waiting with her. Roy flagged us down, helped load Donna and her bike into the crowded van, then rode himself to the finish.

The other three members of Flèche Side Story - East were at the finish when we arrived. They had seen the same weather that we had, accentuated at 1 a.m. by a countywide tornado alert. All agreed that a tornado might provide a decent tail wind but would make for tricky riding as a cross wind. It was better

that the team missed the tornado. Besides the Flèche Side Story teams from Ohio, teams from Kentucky and Tennessee also completed their rides. To the dismay of the Nashville team, the southerly winds which had been head winds for us had been 20 mph tailwinds for them. They had seen no rain and in fact found it necessary to take several long breaks to avoid finishing hours ahead of schedule. Quell dommage. We were equally dismayed by their tale. The Kentucky team likewise missed the storm. We all devoured pizza and a selec-

tion of red, white and hop-laden rehydrating fluids provided by the Kentucky RBA Johnny Bertrand. After their showers, members and drivers of the Flèche Side Story teams began appearing wearing customized tee-shirts commemorating the event. Then the very long drive back to Columbus began, as background to incredible tales of riding already tinged with exaggeration. All in all, a memorable and unexpected series of adventures. But if anyone asks, I definitely will not ride a flèche in 2007.

## East Side Report (continued)

years ago but age has taken its toll. Over 40 miles of rollers left us wondering if the Millersburg control would be located on some yet to be discovered flat portion of Kentucky. While we pondered this thought, Steve went to the bathroom and we did what any self respecting randonneur would do, pressed on.

Millersburg came with the last part of Flèche Side Story - East straggling in just under the 4 p.m. wire. Many of us had concocted elaborate plans on Buzzee's life but later came to the realization that it was a) illegal and b) we need his draft in future brevets. We left as a tired, surly group, hoping the cue sheet overstated the mileage BUT did what any self respecting randonneur would do, pressed on.

The last section proved not to be the undiscovered high prairie of Kentucky but more of the same hill and dale. We broke apart as a group mainly based on

strength, bladder capacity and sheer exhaustion. Donna had one hell of a day in the saddle and made it to mile 241 before her body could take no more. Her courage and camaraderie throughout the ride is every much a part to the team's success as the remaining four riders' finishes. Thankfully the ride counted for ALL since our distance completed in Millersburg qualified us as a success. Despite a cue sheet, map and GPS, I managed to miss Johnny's house twice and finished with 247.

Many thanks to the cast and crew of Flèche 2006. Special thanks to Dave Miller and Dave Roderick for driving car-loads of cranky sleep-deprived cyclists throughout Ohio and Kentucky. Thanks to David Buzzee for his organization of routes and teams. Most of all, thanks to all my teammates, both East and West. This was my first 24-hour event and it would not have been a success without you all.

### Team Flèche Side Story - West

- David Buzzee, ancien 1999, multiple SR.
- Pete Wright, despite losing his bike at PBP in 2003, is quiet, a steady and strong rider. May have contracted cryptosporidia during the ride by drinking from dirty water bottles.
- Jim Koegel, ancien 2003, BMB, still drying his wardrobe.
- Toshi Nemoto, RM 2004, multiple brevets in US and Japan. Without his query, this flèche would not have taken place.
- Frank Seebode, ancien, BMB. OK after crashes, rode 256 miles in Calvin's Challenge 12-hour race three weeks following his crash in the flèche.
- Dave Miller, driver, SR, Last Chance 1200, 2005 flèche.

# Mallorca Brevet Camp

April 23-30, 2006

Through the Eyes of an Incorrigible Rookie Randonneuse

BY DEBORAH  
GEORGES

How does a marathon runner turned long course triathlete end up randonneuring for the first time to complete 4 brevets in six days at Mallorca Brevet Camp? I never heard of randonneuring until John Bryant from Spartanburg, South Carolina suggested I ride Paris-Brest-Paris in 2007. Accessing the RUSA website for more information, the personal accounts of PBP, BMB and other popular endurance events captivated me. This was something I had to try. As a newcomer to the sport, Mallorca Brevet Camp seemed the ideal introduction to randonneuring!

Veteran randonneurs cannot possibly appreciate how complicated randonneuring can be to a rookie. Though I had read the RUSA Handbook several times versing myself in the rules, I couldn't quite grasp this concept of "brevet" with controls, secret controls, and a variety of equipment required on the bike. Jennifer Wise and I

volleyed many e-mails back and forth about lighting and the extra light bulb requirement given my use of the Cateye LED. Ultimately, I figured all would come clear during my week at Mallorca Brevet Camp.

Taking advantage of the early bird discount, I registered for camp in November 2005. My excitement over the months preceding April grew to overflowing. I reviewed each RUSA Newsletter with avid interest,

devouring every link on the RUSA website. As the suspense mounted, I couldn't wait to get to Mallorca for my induction to randonneuring.

Upon arrival at Palma Airport early Sunday morning, I became victim of a cyclist's most dreaded nightmare; my bike was nowhere to be found. After filing a lost claim at the Iberia Customer Service Desk, I met camp director Stig Lundgaard; together, we head-



Deborah's new Trek. Read on to find out why she needed one.

ed for the Santa Ana Hotel, my heart laden with anxiety. When it became crystal clear hours later my bike would not arrive, I made my decision known to Stig, I would forego the 200km commencing the next day. Stig's response was to rent a high-end bike. Thus began a hectic afternoon driving around town in pursuit of a bike. Hungry, tired, and annoyed this was happening, at 7 p.m. that evening, Ciclos Embat assigned an Orbea to me that was being delivered from another bike shop. With errands to run, Stig left me at the bike shop to make my way back to the hotel alone. With no sense of my geographical location, combined with the sudden realization I had no

helmet or lights, my ambivalence mounted. When the Orbea finally arrived around 8 p.m., it was a larger frame than had been promised. I wondered how I would ever get through that first brevet on a bike that didn't fit? Determined, however, to complete the 200km brevet, I got atop that ill-fitting Orbea riding back in the dark, stopping frequently to ask

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## Mallorca (continued)

directions.

Arriving gratefully back at the Santa Ana Hotel anticipating a hot meal, I was informed by the concierge the restaurant had closed ten minutes earlier; I would not be allowed a plate to go. With the culmination of a frustrating day, I hung my head dejectedly, wishing I had never come to Mallorca Brevet Camp! Moving toward the elevator to retire to my room, the hotel manager bounded out of his office, signaling me to stop. This man, Julian, knew of my lost bike demise early on in the day. Seeing me with the Orbea and learning why I had arrived so late, he invited me to dine with him at the neighboring Cala Playa Mayor Hotel, a delectable dinner and delightful bottle of wine that lifted my spirits to no end!

Up early the next morning to adjust the bike, the only option was to tilt the handlebars up and back to shorten the reach. Riding in this position was awkward at best, how would I survive a 200km? Determined to get through the distance no matter the cost, I set out on that first brevet with the others at a fast clip, climbing steep rollers that were taxing. As the group separated into smaller ones, I clung to four guys in the lead, thinking how much easier it would be were I riding my Trek bike. I fought on that Orbea to maintain my position, losing ground on the climbs but catching back up on the descents. I hadn't a clue who those four guys were; later I found out one was English, the other three Danish, among them the former national champion! All was going relatively well until a small explo-

sion caught my attention, signaling a puncture. The four guys kept going; I dismounted to change the flat. Removing the inner tube from the tire, I discovered the tire had been previously slashed and repaired with a flimsy patch that would not have withstood 200km. To make matters worse, the spare inner tube had a valve stem so small, I could not pump air into it. This infuriated me. What to do under such circumstances, I had to ponder.

While mulling over my dilemma, a cyclist came by asking if I needed help. Showing him the damaged tire and useless inner tube, this English bloke Michael assured me not to worry, he had a brand new tire and inner tube to lend. English randonneurs, I quickly learned, carry huge saddle bags with everything but the kitchen sink! If you're ever in trouble, pray to be rescued by an English randonneur!

Michael, I discovered, was part of brevet camp and great fun to be with. A veteran randonneur, his well-polished navigational skills were an asset given the misleading cue sheet. Michael and I made plenty of wrong turns through no fault of our own, but by consulting the map umpteen times, we found our way. Arriving at the first control, we met three other English blokes from brevet camp, who celebrated my delight in getting my very first brevet stamp!

Pulling into the finish after 8:00 that night, Stig congratulated and handed us our medals. Though I can't claim I was at that point taken with randonneuring, the day had indeed been fun, a pleasant

bike ride with a bunch of controls thrown in! Returning to the hotel for dinner before the restaurant closed, I found my Trek at the reception desk, delivered moments earlier. Given the lateness of the hour, Stig ordered me to eat fast, assemble my bike, shower and get to bed, tomorrow another big day. All this rushing without a moment for myself, would I ever settle into Mallorca Brevet Camp?

The next morning we faced the 300km. Relieved to be astride my Trek, our journey began, the pace less frenetic than the day before. Tagging onto a line of guys sporting red-and-white striped jerseys, my ears quickly picked out Danish being bantered back and forth. Two other Americans were in the group, along with some English. In time the group separated; I was alone with the Danes! Call this either a blessing or a curse. For me this was clearly a blessing riding with such knowledgeable, well-skilled, experienced, strong veteran randonneurs who could teach me the ropes. For the Danes, however, my presence was a curse of sorts. I didn't have a firm grasp of the rules, my style of riding was done at top speed with total abandon. I didn't perceive riding staggered in a headwind, nor did I pay heed to holding at steady state. The Danish, I discovered from riding with them, are well-educated, polite, kind-hearted people, sensitive to not hurt another's feelings. Their command of English is impeccable, their patience long-suffering. These guys, one worthy of mention a Swede, literally embraced me despite my antics. Riding the

300km at a fast clip, we climbed and descended unending rollers, conquering the challenging terrain successfully.

Awakening the next morning to the 400km brevet, I found only myself and the Danes-Swede were riding. Was I physically capable of keeping up with them over the long haul, and riding in the dark at night, something I had never done? Mentioning my apprehension to Stig, he advised me to hang with the Danes regardless how fast the pace. In time they would tire, the pace would slow down. The 400km proved to be a delightful experience. Leaving the interior side of the island en route for the coast, the terrain was more to my liking, the ever-changing landscape vibrant and picturesque. The interior side of the island, though breathtaking in its own right, was heavy with pollen provoking itchy eyes and a runny nose. The coastal side was crisp and breezy, warm in the day, cool at night. Riding in the dark absolutely thrilled me. The route wove through various pueblos, snaking its way up and down, round and about. It was during this ride, the importance of lighting and riding together for safety, was reinforced.

What made riding with the Danes-Swede an added benefit, was their unflinching commitment to look out for each other. When a puncture or mechanical problem occurred, the whole group either stopped or continued on slowly ahead, allowing the rider to make amends and catch up. This gave me a

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# Lessons Learned

Two first-time Super Randonneurs look back on their 2006 season

BY JERRY PHELPS

Like many randonneurs, I sort of fell into the sport by accident. A friend suggested we train for a spring century and while searching the Web for rides in the Durham, Raleigh, Chapel Hill area, I came across a Web site with a series of rides that started at 200 km and was immediately intriguing. I was pretty confident I could handle the 200 km distance, but 300, 400, and 600 km seemed out of the realm of possibility. While my friend didn't enter the 200, I signed up, completed the ride within the time goal I had set, and more importantly, met some very supportive riders eager to include me in their "club." The camaraderie and bond I felt with these guys was instantly strong, much more so than I'd ever felt during other club rides where a misplaced sense of competition seems to get in the way of fun. Their enthusiasm for the sport was infectious; I just had to come back and ride with them again.

With each successive ride, I noticed a change in how I approached the rides and in how I recounted them to my friends. I

prepared mentally as much as physically and I learned that the true randonneur is equally content finishing first or as the *lanterne rouge*. I learned that adversity during a ride, while not sought after, actually makes the ride report more enjoyable than simply reeling off finishing times and places. I have learned that at 95 miles, I reach a low point that happens regardless of how well I've rested or eaten. It just happens and I've come to expect it and I now know that if I just persist a little longer and maybe strike up a conversation with someone, I'll get past it. I've also found there are many parallels between endurance bike riding and life in general; if we just keep pushing who knows what we can do.

I've never been a seriously competitive athlete. Team sports just weren't my thing. Sports like golf, running, and cycling where I could compete to simply do my best were more enjoyable to me than being on the winning or losing team. The non-competitive nature of randonneuring suits my personality and sense of "self-competition" perfectly.

Alan Johnson, David Bundrick, Mike Dayton, J.D. Stewart, Harold Hill, Dan



Phelps

Thomas, Bob Hargett, Wes Johnson, Tony Goodnight, Jeff Bauer, Mary Crawley, Joan Donohue, Lin Osborne, Rich Bruner, Caroline Atkins, Tony Funderburk, Mark Stewart, and Paul Links are just a few randonneurs that I thank for sharing their experiences, encouragement, tools, roadside bike repair assistance, and wisdom. Without these folks I certainly wouldn't have achieved the Super Randonneur award in my first season and I might actually still be stuck on the side of the road in Seagrove, NC with a broken spoke and seriously warped rear wheel. I look forward to many more adventures with them and others in this great sport.

## trust, trust, trust



Hill

once again thanks to all for your support over the course of this brevet season.

i am grateful to ride with such sharing cyclists.

to slow down and drag my sorry knee for 250+ miles

without the first jab about not towing the line was joyous.

things i have learned from you all are:

1. loosen your shoes
2. oversize gloves
3. ride at your pace
4. stay w/others (or suffer double pinch flats)
5. biking hats shed lots of rain

6. seek wisdom from all
7. hard times come to everyone
8. eat even more food
9. life is quiet in a pace line at 20
10. when it is hard just follow a wheel
11. trust,trust,trust
12. pain is the measure of endurance

i could go on for a while more, however i learned these things; i will carry them with me to pass on to others when they ask.

for i believe that is the task of a randonneur.

see you on the road, short, wet, long or cold. ride smooth.

—Harold Hill

## Mallorca (continued)

tremendous sense of security, knowing I would not be left alone by the wayside to fend for myself. I also took advantage of the Danish language buzzing around my ears by learning and using common universal cycling phrases like bil (car), bil forfra (car up), bil bagfra (car back), venstre (left), højre (right), fri (clear), and se op (look up)! Riding with these Danes, who taught me how to move in and out of controls swiftly, was totally engaging. Mallorca Brevet Camp could not have been more fun!

One thing I discovered about camp director Stig Lundgaard, his eyes and ears were everywhere; nothing escaped his notice. My riding buddies had developed a "Danish Connection," passing information among the ranks faster than high-speed Internet access! Stig always knew of my folly long before I unclipped from my pedals finishing a brevet. During the 400km brevet at 1 a.m., with 65km left to go, I was incited to race! Pedaling fast and furiously

to break away from the group, the Danes-Swede gave chase. We raced like crazy down that road in the pitch darkness until my better senses told me to slow down. Everyone was panting madly. Nothing at that moment could have been more exhilarating! This Mallorca Brevet Camp was proving to be the cat's pajamas! Back at the finish brevet card in hand, the cardinal rule was again reinforced directly to me by the camp director, randonneurs don't race! SIGH! Was there no eluding the "Danish Connection?"

On the fourth day of camp, we were given a much needed rest to prepare for the 600km taking place the next day. My metabolism burning like a furnace, I spent the entire day eating, sleeping, eating, sleeping, eating, sleeping, and eating some more. Mallorca Brevet Camp was pure heaven!

Rested and ready for the 600km challenge, I looked forward to this final brevet, not worried in the least about

finishing it successfully. Just about everyone attending the camp was present at the start. Since this would be a very long ride, it was prudent to keep the pace steady and sustainable. The morning passed pleasantly without significance until I committed a faux-pas I would ultimately regret. En route for the town of Porto Cristo, I pedaled alongside one of the Danes to push him up an incline. Steering slightly out to the left, I was hit from behind by a passing truck. I didn't realize I had been struck, until I found myself skidding down the road on my rump and no longer on my bike. I left the scene of this unfortunate accident virtually unscathed save for a swollen tailbone, unsightly bruising, bloody scrapes, open cuts, and a nasty case of road rash. My Trek, on the other hand, was totaled underneath the truck. This crash naturally sparked some pandemonium with randonneurs and vehicular traffic coming to a halt, collectively fearing I was dead or severely

injured. What pained me more than anything, was seeing this fear I had instilled on so many faces I had that week come to love and respect. My injuries healed quickly, I felt little to no pain. But the loss of my bike, combined with not being able to finish the 600km brevet, compounded by dampening the mood among the randonneurs, saddled me with guilt that was emotionally difficult to bear.

My randonneuring experience did not end in Mallorca. Within days of returning to Miami, Trek delivered a new bike I rode that weekend in Central Florida to complete the Double Cross 600km brevet. With all four brevets successfully accomplished, I now qualified for BMB, a challenge I will face this coming August. Was Mallorca Brevet Camp worth achieving this goal? It most definitely was. I went into camp an incorrigible rookie, but left a reformed randonneuse. Mallorca Brevet Camp provided exceptional training by sheer virtue of its fierce climbs, rolling terrain and diverse road surfaces requiring one be at the pinnacle of physical fitness complemented by mental fortitude. Doing the 4-series brevets back-to-back at camp was not daunting given my athletic background, solid aerobic base, mental "never say die" attitude and belief in myself to get through with continual second winds. What challenged me the most were the grade of the climbs, the ever-present rollers, the false flats, and the gusty headwinds that brought on fatigue as the hours went by, and yet, revitalized one's spirits when they were conquered. There wasn't much about Mallorca Brevet Camp I didn't like, apart from the awful hotel food! The organization was excellent, the brevets well carried out, and the camaraderie hard to match. I had fun every day I was there and due to such a positive experience, I'm going again next year to train and qualify for PBP!

### 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](mailto:dhamilton@copper.net)**

# Morrisville 600K

June 3-4, 2006

By CAROLINE ATKINS

I received such warm responses from those that read my 600k report last year, that I decided to ride it again so I could write another account. NCBC Brevet Series 600k (375 miles). Morrisville, NC (Raleigh) to Wilmington and back. June 3-4, 2006.

6 a.m. and we were off, full of anticipation and curiosity about the day(s) to come. The most recent weather forecast that I caught in my motel room at approximately 4:30 a.m. consisted of a grinning weatherman reporting, "If you're headed to the coast, today will be a wash-out." Sweet. Indeed, the rain did begin, in my vague memory, within the first 10-15 miles and revisited us throughout the day, with some nice dry periods in between.

Within the first 5 miles a VERY strong recumbent rider from Ohio established himself at the top of the pecking order, sailing off the front in impressive fashion. 4-5 of us settled in next and worked together in various combinations, essentially for the remainder of the ride, with some taking solo stints for periods of time.

We were making nice progress, somewhere in the vicinity of miles 50-60, when we saw ROAD CLOSED-BARRICADE AHEAD signs. Check the cue sheet. No turns scheduled in the near future. Hmm. . . surely we'll be able to get through on bicycles. Nope. The road had a gaping chasm in the middle of it, thanks to some diligent workers installing a culvert. The workers were very friendly, and pointed to some

planks/walkboards down at the bottom of the chasm. Cleat covers on, bicycle on shoulder, scale down a muddy/sandy bank, walk the 2 planks, up the other muddy bank. Cleat covers off (along with handfuls of mud), a hasty attempt at cleaning off my tires, and I took off after Glen and Wes, who were apparently in a hurry to get out of there. And people ask me why I don't mountain bike. Gee-now I see what I'm missing. :o)

Arrived at the convenience store checkpoint in White Lake (mile 111) and pondered the Saturday projects of non-cyclists (some would refer to them as "normal people"): buying ice and other supplies for barbecues, bait for fishing, gas for the lawnmower, etc. And why is it we can't be satisfied with such activities? Good question to think about for the next 265 miles.

Between White Lake and Wilmington (the turnaround) we experienced substantial heat and wind (maybe some rain, also?). I do recall a beautiful river crossing, and it was cool to ride far enough to encounter palm trees!

I enjoyed a much-anticipated sandwich from Subway at Wilmington. The organizer rents a motel room, and our drop-bags were there. I took a quick shower and changed into dry clothes and shoes just in time to witness the most torrential downpour (and lightning) of the day! Thankfully, the guys I was riding with were not eager to leave in the middle of that mayhem. I was still scrambling around trying to get things situated: light on my helmet, reflective gear on, clear lenses in my glasses, change the cue sheet

hope they'll wait for me! Mercifully, they did.

So. . . the dry clothes didn't stay dry long. Even though the downpour had eased, there was still a light rain and a lot of healthy spray from the pavement beneath us. I always appreciate having folks to ride with on these rides, but now is when I became VERY thankful for my riding buddies! We inevitably experience low points on rides of this distance, and mine occurred somewhere after the White Lake checkpoint. The shoulder of a dark road looked very comfortable to me during this period. I would not have made it without the quiet encouragement and patience of these guys—Glenn, Tony, and John.

There WERE magical moments in the night riding. The sounds of the frogs and night birds were incredible! Adding to the challenge was a blanket of thick fog (no windshield wipers on my glasses), coupled with brand-new pavement (blacktop) WITHOUT markings (no white lines to define the edge of the road, no yellow line down the middle)! THAT was an adventure! Thankfully, we all had good lighting systems, and the curves in the road were marked.

The 4 of us arrived at another 24-hour store approximately 50 miles past White Lake. We bought some sustenance and sat down at the booths. Within minutes, we all fell asleep. A huge THANK YOU to that store clerk for letting us sleep! He certainly would have been warranted in shooing us away for loitering. In a semi-conscious state, I became aware of the

arrival of a customer in the store. This person had an extremely raspy voice, and exclaimed, "Boy! Them bikers is tired! Them bikers is dead meat!" I did not have the energy to open my eyes, nor did I want to encourage any sort of exchange with this individual. I thought it best to remain dead meat.

It was daylight by the time we left that store. A BEAUTIFUL, sunny day. Yippee!! Shortly thereafter, we encountered the closed road again. This time, we skirted it on a farmer's sandy road. Much better.

Approximately 30 miles from the end, Glen, Tony and I stopped at a McDonald's for breakfast. John pedaled on. I proceeded to march into the restaurant, place my order, and sit down and eat my breakfast, all while wearing my helmet. I turned to Glenn and scolded him for not advising me of this status. He just grinned and said, "at least your light isn't blinking." In hindsight, it probably was an added safety benefit—it was not out of the question that I could negotiate the restaurant without falling down at that point.

Glen and Tony nursed me back to Morrisville, where the sight of Alan's house was a welcome relief! I vow to become stronger so that I can help these guys on our next ride together. And regarding that earlier question to ponder for 265 miles. . . not sure that I have a clear answer, but I do know that riding a bike is still a blast, and I never cease to be intrigued by what our bodies are capable of, with the help of our minds and terrific friends!



# My Sexy Randonneur Lifestyle

Cascade 1200K: July 2, 2006

By Mary Gersema

Sometime last fall I was sitting in my office when my phone rang. It was Ed Felker, boyfriend and tandem partner. "Mary, I have a great idea! Let's sign up for the Cascade 1200! Let's do it on the tandem" Ed, not a great idea. I did not feel like taking on quite so ambitious a project. In 2004, I had just completed my first century ride, in 2005 I completed the DC Randonneurs brevet series, and the idea of going on to tackle a 1200 the very next year seemed like too much to me. I did not want my legs or spirit to break from too much riding! "OK, then," was Ed's response. "I will sign up and do it solo." Well, I don't think so. If you are doing it, you are not leaving me behind! And that is how I became a registered rider for the Cascade 1200K Randonnée. Ed and I worked through the winter and spring to maintain our cycling legs and be ready for the great event. We set out fairly regularly to join Crista Borrás and Chuck Wood on their weekend rides. We spent a few weekends out in the Shenandoah Valley in DC Randonneur World Headquarters with Matt Settle and Liz Crotty, riding the hills of the Blue Ridge. We diligently worked together through the Washington, DC brevet series, and I completed my flat flèche ride—ha ha, not so flat!—with the Gray Ghosts.

In order to help me prepare for what the Cascade 1200 might bring, I read a few ride reports, paying special attention

to the ride report from Davy Haynes, captain of last year's Alabama tandem team, and fully investigated the Cascade 1200 website.

After the brevets, I talked with Chuck and Crista about how nervous I was about completing the Cascade 1200. "Oh, you are going to do it, Mary," they said to me. I told Matt Settle, who had completed the Cascade last year about my apprehensions. "Oh, you'll do it, Mary. It will not be easy, but you'll do it." Paul Donaldson, World's Greatest Randonneur, sent me a note wishing me luck on the upcoming event. And best bud Andrea Matney drove Ed and me to the airport, saying she was so happy to support us and share in our grand undertaking.

We arrived to Monroe, Washington, on Wednesday evening, assembled the bicycle on Thursday, and spent the day being nervous on Friday and watching the randonneurs arrive. We searched the scene for the other randonneuses. Only four total women in the 1200K, and one participating on the 1000K. Ed and I kept scanning the crowd for another tandem, but it was just us! Wow, we thought, only one tandem. Now we are representing the tandem community everywhere, as well as our home club of the DC Randonneurs. SO MUCH RESPONSIBILITY!!! COULD WE HANDLE IT?!

Throughout the preparation leading up to the brevet,

people approached us and made a variety of comments about riding the course on a tandem. "You are riding this on a tandem?!" "Wow, tandem. This is a difficult course on a tandem." La la la la la la! I tried to block the comments from my mind. We are doing this ride, and we are finishing, even if my legs fall off from pedaling!

I told Ed about my nerves, and he said it was normal. Whenever I throw myself into pre-ride panic, Ed's response is to say, "No need to be nervous. We'll be fine... that's why we brought all these gears." I told Ed, "Well, I brought all these nerves, I'm going to use all of them and be nervous!"

## Day 1 - Monroe to Cowiche

FINALLY, the moment to begin the great adventure arrived. Jennifer Wise, the organizer for BMB led us all in a pre-ride pledge. "I pledge allegiance to the ride of the Seattle International Randonneurs and to Randonneurs USA, of which it's part, one pedal stroke, after another, unrelenting with exhaustion and achievement for all." And then we were off.

The group rolled along together, people saying hello to each other, inspecting each other's bicycles, and talking about past rides. One rider on a blue Davidson passed by and told us how much his son had been impressed by the Squidward doll (from the children's show SpongeBob

SquarePants) we had attached to our Carradice trunk bag. All those bicycles, and Squidward left the biggest mark on him. We rode along for the first 30 or so miles with the Atlanta riders, including Jeff Bauer and Bill Glass, but then pulled off to de-layer and have espresso. We rode on alone on the gently rolling terrain, and eventually arrived to the first control. We ran into a little store and ate the BEST turkey sandwiches ever—who knew I would ever be eating turkey again. Two of the SIR volunteers, Chantel and someone else, complimented Ed and I on our Ixex jerseys. We loved that! We are all about high randonneur fashion! The SIR volunteers refilled our Camelbaks with water, told us the terrain would not be too tough for a tandem, and with that renewed confidence we took off again.

The day started to heat up and Ed and I kept moving to the next control. It was hotter than either Ed or I had expected. We had filled a small pannier with rain and cold weather gear, but by the second day of the ride it was quite apparent that we would not need it. As we rolled along we discussed our "Strategies for Success." I had seen sports commentators employ this technique in pre-game commentary so was looking forward to trying it with us. We decided the following tactics would help ensure our success—

■Continued on next page

## Randonneur Lifestyle (continued)

ful completion of the brevet: 1. No whining (This was something I had struggled with on past rides!); 2. Be nice to each other. (Not that we are not nice to each other in our everyday lives, but we thought it was something of which we should be particularly cognizant on this long journey); 3. Keep pedaling; 4. Keep eating and stay hydrated; and 5. Ride our own ride. That settled, we continued on.

We stopped at the Truly Scrumptious Bakery, grabbed more turkey sandwiches (surprising, isn't it?), and then had our brevet cards signed at the grocery store up the street at mile 93.8 before moving further on into the hot day. As we proceeded, we ran into a parade! This was becoming more and more common for Ed and me! We must be parade magnets. We navigated around the parade, and then caught up to some SIR riders, including Mark Thomas and his riding buddy, and rode with them for a little bit. It was fun to be riding with some new faces. We love our DC Randonneurs, but it was great for me to be meeting the larger community of randonneurs for the first time, too. Ed is a well-seasoned randonneur with four 1200s under his belt (not including Cascade), but this was new territory for me, and I found it exciting!

The heat continued and not one cloud was to be found in the sky. We began mentally preparing for White Pass. We asked a Seattle Randonneur what it would be like, and he assured us it would be hilly, ha ha! He also said it would mellow out for a while, so not to panic when we first began our climb-

ing. And suddenly, there it was. Ed and I began our slow-going ascent in the granny gear. The climb was HOT!!! And as we worked, it just kept getting hotter. We climbed for a few miles and then ahead we saw a couple of riders taking a little break. A break? That was a great idea! We stopped for a little photo opportunity, a few moments to cool our bodies down, and then we moved along, taking a couple more breaks as needed. Ed and I were not accustomed to this type of climbing. We were accustomed to climbs, but not climbs where you literally climbed for hours at five or six miles per hour. The climbs on the Cascade 1200 taught me it was not possible to measure progress in miles per hour, especially on climbs like White Pass that are at least 14 miles. It was like my friends Andrea and Bones said, you just get on down in the granny and settle your brain into the idea that you will be climbing like a turtle for several hours.... Just embrace that, and you will be OK.

In Randle, mile 140, we met a couple that wanted to know where we were riding and how far. They were quite impressed with our cycling craziness! We ran into them again just before the summit of White Pass where they stopped to ask us how many riders were embarking on this adventure and where we would be stopping for the night. When we told them our overnight stop was Cowiche, the gentleman said, "Oh you will have a climb to get there." Oh yeah, how long of a climb? "Oh not bad, just a couple of miles." Oh, good because we would not

want this ride to be too flat.

Our work to ascend White Pass was rewarded by the SIR White Pass Oasis at mile 176. There we were treated to fresh strawberries, soup, sandwiches, and pop. We chatted for a while with the volunteers, regrouped, readied ourselves for the night ride into Cowiche, and got on our way.

The descent down White Pass was incredible. The tandem felt like a rocket, and we had a great descent down by the Tieton and Naches rivers. We stopped to de-layer from the initial descent and Joe Llona rode up behind us. He sat down, said he was feeling tired, but he knew he needed to keep moving to make the next control. I did not tell him he had until 5:30 a.m. to make these last 20 miles because I was worried he would not get up. I said, "Yup, Joe, you better keep moving." So up Joe got and kept on moving.

We turned to go up to our overnight stop, Cowiche. The gentleman was right—we did have a climb. But he had underestimated the mileage! The climb seemed to be more like four miles. The tandem slogged its way up the hill and we arrived to our stop, mile 220, at midnight. The SIR volunteers got us fed, settled in, and directed us to the showers.

### Day 2 - Cowiche to Quincy

We got down for a four hour nap and then Peter Beeson woke us up at 5:30 a.m. ARGH! We pulled ourselves up, and spent a little too much time piddling around the control. Ed was feeling pretty tired (and

grumpy, I would add!), and not very excited about riding. One of the volunteers reminded us that we needed to get on the road to make the next control, and that got us moving!

The departure from Cowiche was nice and rolling, almost tandem-friendly, I would say. We rolled through some orchards and on into the heat of the day. I decided that heat was the third person on this ride. It was Ed, me, and our buddy, Mr. Heat. It was making our progress much more measured, as going at harder efforts would simply overheat us and force us to take a break. We stopped at a gas station in Selah, where the women there informed us that the road through Yakima Canyon would have only one climb and a lot of downhill. Well, I have also decided that I am never listening to locals when they tell me what the terrain is going to be like. One hill? What? The ride was a lot of up and down pretty much the entire way through the canyon and, since we had the pleasure of experiencing the canyon in both directions, I would say the ride back had more downhill than the ride out. Oh well, at least their lies kept me optimistic.

We ran into Bob Brudvik midway to Ellensburg, and we talked about mutual friends. He told us to tell Chuck and Crista hello, and to remind them about the outstanding wheel sucking ability he exhibited on Paris Brest Paris.

We stopped to eat at the control in Ellensburg at mile 269. Manfred, from British Columbia, encouraged us to eat

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## Randonneur Lifestyle (continued)

there, saying that we would need that food to get us through the day. We stopped and sat down for breakfast at a table next to two sweet older ladies. Ed started telling them about our ride, and how we were doing the route on a tandem. When we asked for our check we were informed that someone had already picked up our bill. The server said that one of the women with whom we had been talking had paid it. WOW! "That's great! How nice of them!" Ed and I thought. Ed said all we have to do to get free breakfast is ride 760 miles on a tandem, and that we should do this more often.

We remounted the bike, and roasted our way back through Yakima canyon to the next control in Selah, mile 299. There was absolutely no shade and not one cloud to be found. I had never climbed in such barren terrain. It may have been a dry heat, but it was toasty all the same. When we arrived in Selah, we found Bill and Mark Olsen, Joe Llon, Manfred, Alard, and Chester Fleck. They, too, were looking mighty hot. Ed and I bought ice for our Camelbaks and we all refueled with more water. I kept eating and riding, worried that if I stopped fueling up, I would bonk and die in the desert.

We rode the bike trail out of town, and made our way through some more orchards and stopped at an SIR stop where we first donned the miracle socks of ice. A volunteer filled these tube socks with ice and then we put them around our neck... heaven! Thank God for these socks, I said to myself. They were not helping me to make a fashion statement, but even better, they were helping

me to stay alive in the day's heat!

Even so, the miracle socks could not prevent me from wanting to snag a mini-break under some shade. We passed through a stretch that had several trees and inviting patches of grass. I told Ed, "Ed, I want to stop under some shade." "OK," Ed said, and pulled into a parking lot and the shade of a building. Well, that was not what I had in mind, nor was it acceptable break territory. "Umm. Ed, I was thinking under a tree in some grass." "Grass?" Ed said. "Tree? Where?" "ANYWHERE, Ed!!!" I said desperately. "There are only about 100 trees on both sides of us so just find one and stop!!!!" This was a little lapse in rule #2. Be nice to each other, but Ed did get the point and pulled over into a sweet little shaded spot with some lovely wildflowers. Good job, Ed!

After our mini-break we started passing through some mint and hop fields. That was refreshing, and the air smelled delicious. This must be the aromatherapy part of the ride, I thought. We arrived at the Sunnyside control at mile 345, where Manfred informed us that he was feeling like a sweaty pig, and a group of us paused to catch our breaths and fuel up before embarking on the Rattlesnake Hills.

Thanks to Davy Haynes's ride report, we knew we would be doing some shallow grade extended climbing in the Rattlesnake Hills. We began our ascent and I was feeling a little blue. I kept in mind how Davy Haynes's report had added that a person would pass through difficult moments and then a few minutes later would be feel-

ing great so that also propelled me on. After a few miles, I asked Ed to pull over for a brief moment so I could regroup, and I promptly sat down on top of an anthill. "Mary, what are you doing?" Ed asked me. Oops! Just trying to add a little more excitement to the ride, Ed. After we remounted and had pedaled on a little bit, the heat appeared to be subsiding somewhat. I asked Ed how he was feeling, and he said, "Powerful. I feel great." That was good news for me! Does that mean I can stop pedaling, Ed? Just kidding! Actually, Ed's high moment, combined with the cooling temperatures were an inspiration for me to climb with more effort, too. We enjoyed the rest of the lengthy ascent, and then reveled in the dynamite downhill to the SIR Rattlesnake Hill Oasis.

When we arrived, Donald Boothby said, "Mary, I found the perfect thing for you so you don't overheat. A little fan!" And he gave me this little toy fan that also had a little lollipop on the other end! Oh yes, that little guy was sure to do the job of keeping me cool. With this fan and the miracle sock, I just knew I would be OK! Donald also informed us that we were continuing to lead the mixed tandem division of the ride. Go tandem!

After this segment, Ed and I donned our evening riding wear, and went on to the "yes, up THAT hill" segment. We were proud to report that we did not walk that little steepy, and, in fact, it brought to mind many of the Northeast roads that we ride throughout the year. The evening was extremely pleasant and the road to the Mattawa control at mile 392

was quiet and mellow. After stopping and eating a delicious turkey sandwich, Ed and I prepared to go. Ed asked me, "Mary, do you have your gloves?" "Yes, Ed," I said. "I have my gloves. Do you know how I can tell? Because I can smell them, Ed." With that, we hopped on the bicycle, and I told the SIR volunteers that we must be leaving so that I could get back to my sexy randonneur lifestyle. For some reason, the volunteers thought this was a pretty funny comment. What? Isn't our lifestyle of smelly gloves, saddle sores, and overall feelings of being covered in road grit sexy?

Before leaving town, we asked the SIR volunteers about the upcoming terrain. "You just have one climb between here and the overnight," someone informed us. Ha ha ha ha ha ha!!! Sure we did. It was one climb that lasted the next 30 miles. They did not tell us that part! It seemed we experienced a lengthy stair-step climb. Along the way we ran into Bob Brudvik, the guy who had been riding with Mark Thomas earlier in the day, and a couple of other riders. Bob had just taken a caffeine pill or something so he was full of energy. The riding was quiet (except for Bob, ha ha!), the stars were out, and the air was pleasant. We watched Bob move on ahead on his Bianchi San Jose single speed and I was enthralled watching his red taillight serpentine smoothly up the hills.

After our "just one climb" we enjoyed another mighty descent into a little town and then began the last ten miles to Quincy. We caught the Olsen

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## Randonneur Lifestyle (continued)

brothers at that point, and began pulling the group along. We saw police lights up ahead, and as we approached we saw there was a rider down. It was shocking for all of us. Bob found out that Seattle randonneur Patrick Gray had been hit by a driver, and at that point all conversation among riders ceased. Ed and I put our heads down, and rode the quiet group into the overnight control at mile 432 in Quincy.

### Day 3 - Quincy to Mazama

Organizers Peter Beeson and David Huelsbeck were always so encouraging of our efforts whenever we arrived at a control. "Good job. Congratulations!" And then they would lead us to our stuff, showers, and sleeping and eating areas. After three hours of sleep, we hauled ourselves out of slumber, ate a bit of food and prepared for the journey to Farmer. We ascended a climb and then rode through the Moses Coulee. The Moses Coulee had its beauty in that there were some segments where we were flanked by barren territory and then I would see a lush green farmstead off to the side of the road. This was also where I experienced cattle guards for the first time. We would stop before the guards, dismount, and Ed would walk the bike over. The first cattle guard gave me a panic attack, however. I tried to get my foot to begin crossing, and I just could not do it. "Ed, I need help! I don't think I can cross over!" "Are you serious Mary?" Ed asked. "Yes, I don't know if I can do this. I don't want to DNF because I can't cross a cattle guard. Help!" Ed

came back and helped me across. After crossing the first cattle guard my panic diminished a little bit, and I managed to get across the next few guards without too much drama. We ascended our way in the day's heat up to Farmer. Along the way, the SIR van stopped and volunteers refilled our Camelbaks and our miracle socks. Thank you, Seattle Randonneurs. We love you!

As we continued our ascent to Farmer, I wondered who ever had reason to drive or ride their way to this part of the state. If a car went by, I occupied my mind wondering where it had come from, where it was going, and why. I was beginning to feel like we were in the middle of nowhere. And the Farmer stop at mile 481 did not quite cause that feeling to abate, as it was one little building in the middle of what seemed a lot of desert. There we ran into David Rowe and Nate Armbrust from Portland. Nate was having a bit of a low moment, and when we left he was still napping on the Farmer floor. As I said, we do have such sexy lifestyles! Ed and I took mini naps for a few minutes, ate and drank up, and made our way out the door to keep on climbing our brains out!

During this stretch we kept running into Seattle rider Thai Nguyen who was riding well and seemed completely in his zone. His legs were like metronomes, pedaling him steadily along the route. Ed and I admired his effort. This stretch was particularly challenging because there was absolutely no shade and it seemed like we were climbing right into the sun. I wanted to

take a break, but knew that we just needed to keep moving through this section. We finally peaked our climb, and then prepared for our descent. Thanks again to Davy Haynes's write-up we knew this was a very switchbacked downhill with rough pavement, and we found ourselves stopping a few times on the descent to cool the brakes and regroup. Even scarier than the descent however, was the sweltering heat that was billowing out of the canyon. I had thought we would be descending to cooler territory, but instead we were swirling into a desert inferno.

After we reached the bottom of the descent we immediately sought shelter in Beebe Park. There we found the Atlanta riders, including Jeff Bauer and Bill Glass, and were soon joined by David Rowe, Kitty Goursolle, and a couple more people. Jeff said they were going to nap there, wait out the heat, and take off again around five. Ed and I immediately agreed with that plan. Count us in! We cooled off and drowsed a bit on the picnic tables. It was at this point that I realized we were indeed embarking on an epic adventure. Soon after we stopped, one of the riders who had DNF'd previously showed up with Subway sandwiches. THANK YOU! THANK YOU! And then, to make the stop even better, the sock ladies, Susan France and Peg Winczewski, showed up with ice. THANK YOU THANK YOU!!! Thanks to all the help we received at Beebe Park, we were able to make the most of this unplanned stop and resume riding refueled and somewhat cooled.

We rode along a nasty little stretch along US-97, where it was hot and busy with car traffic. We ran into Chester Fleck a couple of times. He was looking like I felt... hot and bothered! Fortunately, the sock ladies rescued him by providing him an ice-filled sock at our next gas station stop. They were so great about looking out for riders and giving us what we needed to keep going.

After this segment, we turned off of US-97 and rode through some pleasant terrain on into Mallott at mile 547. We noticed our rear wheel had detensioned and the Subway sandwiches man/DNF rider/volunteer helped us get our spokes tightened and ready to roll again. I took a mini nap and prepared for the ascent up Loup Loup Pass.

Chester came by and expressed concern about not having appropriate clothing for the Loup Loup descent, and Bill Glass and I suggested he grab a garbage bag as a wind-breaker for the way down. Bill carefully explained to Chester that he would need to cut a hole in the top of the bag for his head and not to forget to do that. Ed helpfully added that he normally didn't do that on descents and preferred to cut two holes in the top of the garbage bag for eyeholes and descend that way. Chester appeared to be ignoring our helpful comments, but ah, the randonneur adventure was getting crazy now!

Ascending Loup Loup in the dark was the most difficult part of my ride. Even though other riders were around us, I felt isolated and having to climb

■ Continued on next page

## Randonneur Lifestyle (continued)

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and descend the pass in the dark sort of bummed me out. Also, this 17-mile climb tested me mentally because it endured for more than three hours. I stopped and wept for a little bit. Boo hoo! “Ed, I just wish I had more to give on this climb.” I said. Ed said, “Your legs feel fine. Just keep pedaling! We’ll get there!” I was looking at the stars and going into my head to remind myself of all the positive aspects of this ride, and just then I saw the biggest shooting star I had ever seen. Ed saw it too, and that inspired us both to keep moving. I reminded myself again that I could not measure my progress in miles per hour, I just needed to keep my legs moving, working my way with Ed toward the top of the climb, and eventually we would get there. After the ascent we donned jackets, and other gear for the descent, and started on our way. We could never let the tandem go since it was too dark to see that far ahead on the descent. Also, Ed had to pull over a couple of times because, even though he had a jacket on, he was chilled.

We finally turned away from Loup Loup and began easily pedaling the last 25 miles or so to Mazama. It felt so late! Jeff Bauer, Ed and I talked about riding tandem, different rides we had done, and other topics that come up when people are hanging out on their bicycles at 1:30 a.m. As we rode we caught a couple of other riders, including Jack from Oakland on his Calfee. I was shocked to see him, as I assumed he was already in bed for the evening. “Jack?” I said incredulously. “Yes,” he responded. “What are you

doing here?” I asked him. “Well, I was riding with a buddy of mine who wasn’t feeling well, but he dropped me so I guess he must be feeling better.” Jack, Jeff, Ed, and I rode together. Jack said he couldn’t wait to tell his wife he had ridden with the tandem. I was so happy we could make Jack’s dream come true at 2 a.m. on the third night of the Cascade. What a lucky guy! We caught up to Kitty and a couple of the Florida riders. Kitty asked Jack where he had come from. “Outer space,” Jack answered. Two miles outside of town Ed noticed our front tire had gone soft, and Jeff and Jack stopped with us. Jeff offered one of his CO2 cartridges and we gratefully accepted. We finally arrived to the Mazama control at mile 600 at 3:30 a.m. I remembered how the SIR volunteers told us this would be the easiest day of the ride, and thinking that I was going to have to respectfully disagree with that assessment. Day three was definitely the most challenging 150 miles I had ever attempted in my short brevet career!

After we arrived, the SIR volunteers seemed thrilled to see us. I said, “We are not meeting my expectations on this ride,” and had a little down moment. Peter told us happily, “Well, you are exceeding ours!” This made me confused. I think that was a compliment, but it sure sounded strange. Peter continued, “When we heard there was a group of you stopped at Beebe Park, we were worried!” Donald came up to me and said, “You are doing great. Keep on doing what you’re doing. You’re doing beautifully. And you’re still win-

ning the mixed tandem division!” These words restored confidence in me, and made me feel less disheartened about our late arrival.

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### Day 4 - Mazama to Monroe

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Ed and I dragged ourselves off to bed. We had a lot to do the next morning... change the front tire, change out the rear wheel that had detensioned, and climb our brains out some more! I said to Ed, “Ed, I will not DNF because we did not get up in time so we better get up and going after our 90 minutes of sleep.” Ed said, “I will do my best, but be nice to me, ok, because I have a lot to do in the morning.” “OK,” I said. “I will be nice!”

Ninety minutes passed quickly and the red Mercian Seattle rider presented himself in our doorway to wake us up and get going. He said, “Good morning. Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.” I remember not understanding anything he said to us because I felt so disoriented. “What time is it?” 5:45 a.m. We dragged ourselves out of bed wordlessly. I made my way to the bike, and saw Donald. He had already put the tandem up on his workstand. Wow! Thanks Donald. “Did you both want espresso?” he asked us. “Yes yes yes yes!!!” Thanks Donald! I went and grabbed breakfast for Ed and me. After I came back to the bike, Jeff Bauer came over and asked if he could change our front tire for us. Wow! You bet! Thanks, Jeff!!! Everyone worked triage on our bike! Ralph Nussbaum put the rear wheel in and Ed said he did not even have to adjust the rear disk brake—a high compliment

from Ed Felker! All this assistance and support buoyed our spirits and got us rolling down the road with renewed vigor. We were going to make it!!!

As we left town we saw Lisa Butkus from Florida sleeping in a ditch. We had heard that some of the Florida riders had missed a cue and ended up doing around 30 bonus miles and just barely made the Mazama control. No wonder she was needing a little nap!

The ascents up Washington and Rainy Pass were incredibly picturesque, and it was nice to be tackling them early in the day. A couple SIR volunteers passed by to shout encouragement and moved up the course. We stopped a few times and took a couple of photos of the epic ride. As we ascended Washington Pass, we saw volunteer Lisa and she offered us water. Thank you, Lisa! We ascended Washington Pass with Dan Wallace from Florida, who I thought for sure was Don Wallace, and so for the last 160 miles of the ride Dan became Don to us. We summited both Washington and Rainy Pass in high spirits and descended to a little roadside SIR stop. We ate more and drank more, and chatted with the volunteers. Ted loaned me his green bandanna for the rest of the ride so that the back of my neck would not cook too badly. The descent off of Rainy Pass was the longest I had ever experienced...miles and miles of descent! There were some crazy crosswinds that made our downhill a little more than we bargained for, but it was a majestic part of the ride,

■ Continued on next page

## Randonneur Lifestyle (continued)

descending to the lakes and valleys below and then into Newhalem. We grabbed more water there, and some passersby caught me in the act of putting bag balm down my shorts. Oops! “Sorry about that,” I said to him. “It’s desperate times! Desperate times!”

The day’s ride was pretty tandem friendly, full of stretches of shaded road, and Ed and I were loving the ride now! We felt like we could sustain momentum and really move up the course. The day was not as hot as what we had experienced over the past two days so we could work a little harder, too. We stopped in Marblemount and Jack saved my butt (literally) by giving me a Lantiseptic packet. “You ride a tandem. You need this stuff,” he said to me. Yes, I kept getting sexier and sexier! The Clif Bar fairy also stopped by our tandem and left both Ed and me a Clif Bar. I never did find out who did that kind deed, but my thanks to them!

Ed and I pedaled the next 35 miles to Darrington, and there we bonked a little bit and

explored the town café, and town grocery store before backtracking to the Darrington gas station and consuming more calories. The Atlanta group rolled up, along with Susan and Peg, and someone asked Jeff when he was leaving. He looked at us and said, “Whenever they are.” Jeff, Ed, and I took off ten minutes later. I loved riding with Jeff. He was such a strong rider, always seems to be in control of his ride, and was a great group rider. We enjoyed getting to know him better, especially since he had captained tandem with a friend of ours, and we envisioned ourselves riding more together in the future! Jeff remarked that he was seeing something very unfamiliar to this ride—clouds! A few miles outside of Granite Falls we caught up to Dan/Don and this formed our little Cascade 1200 finishing group. We took a few more tandem friendly roads and then climbed our way to the Granite Falls control at mile 741.

We hurriedly ate something, put on our night riding gear and settled in for the final 21 miles. We rode out into the

last of the day, tasting the finish. I imagined myself finishing the ride and how happy I was going to be! Unfortunately, this stretch was winding, included some short, but slow climbs, and the toll of the ride on our bodies was becoming apparent. It took us two hours to ride through the last 21 miles. Ed had been leading our little group, but we asked Jeff to come up and get us all to the finish. He looked just as fresh as he had at mile 50 of the ride, and happily obliged, his GPS leading the way. Finally, we spied the Monroe Holiday Inn. We were going to make it!! It had taken us 89 hours, but we were finally there!

We rode triumphantly into the finish and the volunteers and other riders came out to applaud our arrival. I was so proud of us. Ed and I had kept it together and had a transcendent ride experience together. We had successfully tackled the Cascade 1200, and we were the first mixed tandem to successfully complete the ride! It was not in the way I had exactly planned, i.e., the heat, and

extended Beebe Park stop, but I decided the randonnee was all about just rolling with what the ride gave us. I thought again about all the help and support we had received along the way, from our DC Randonneurs, SIR Randonneurs and volunteers, as well as other riders. So many people had encouraged us along the way, believed in our abilities to complete the ride. And Ed and I had proven we had the physical and mental strength to do it. I was also thrilled that Ed and I had stuck with our strategies for success. We did not whine, had no “tandem team meetings,” kept pedaling, eating and drinking, and we had stayed within ourselves throughout the entire brevet. Jack told us we should get ourselves a custom Co-Motion tandem to celebrate, since it was obvious we had more brevets in our future! I was so happy I had not let Ed run off by himself to do the Cascade 1200K. I see a bright future full of 1200Ks for both of us!

### Piloting the Cascade 1200

Putting on a 1200k randonnee is no small feat! It takes lots of time, energy, dedication, volunteers—and someone to lead them. Seattle is fortunate to have so many wonderful volunteers and riders.

After last year’s Cascade 1200, Mark Thomas approached Peter Beeson, one of Seattle’s very enthusiastic members, and asked a few questions. So Peter, did you enjoy the ride? A resounding yes. How about them volunteers—weren’t they great? They were awesome.

Well, what do you think about volunteering next year? I’d love to help out. How about being a co-director? Um, well, yeah, I guess so. And so Peter was coerced to join me. Not long after, Peter called David Huelsbeck looking for someone to help out and back him up. David agreed and so we had a threesome to lead the Cascade 1200. We were a great team all the way through, each one taking on the things we could do best.

In the end it was Peter and

David who shepherded the riders and guided the volunteers around the course at all the overnight controls.

In between they were able to deal with the unexpected—unusually hot weather and a rider hit by a hit-and-run driver. They did an amazing job and I want to thank them for all their work and energy and putting on another wonderful edition of the Cascade 1200.

Cheers, Terry Zmrhal

# Oh, Fudge, A Fixed Gear...

BY CHIP COLDWELL

I have a well-deserved reputation for animosity toward fixed gear bicycles. Years ago, an old friend and Nobel Prize quality bicycle mechanic, Milton Trimitsis, tried to persuade me to try one. My refusal was usually accompanied by some snide remark about being a strong believer in mechanical advantage, to which he would always reply that I could have any mechanical advantage I wanted with a fixed gear bike. I just wouldn't have the prerogative of changing my mind down the road. Later on, my long time cycling partner Max Poletto built himself a fixed gear for winter commuting and once

more I watched a good friend turn into a fixed-gear evangelist. Most (perhaps all excluding myself) of the members of the New England Section of the Veteran-Cycle Club have at least one and more likely several fixed-gears in their collections. On one V-CC ride I struggled to chase after Jack Demarest as he piloted a fixed gear over mountain bike trails in Foxboro with the grace and ease of a mountain goat. But still, nothing would persuade me to try riding without the ability to coast and change gears.

The first brevet in the 2006 Boston Series started at 7 a.m. from the parking lot of the civil air terminal at Hanscom Field in Bedford, Massachusetts, about twelve miles from my home in Somerville. Max Poletto and I

have made it a habit to meet in Cambridge an hour before the brevet starts to cycle out to Hanscom Field. This policy of riding to the start and home from the finish has earned us a reputation of being especially



The borrowed ride

hard-core randonneurs, but the reality is that it is the only practical thing for us to do since neither of us owns a car and the ride to the start usually only takes forty minutes or so (the ride home is considerably longer).

There was an enormous turnout for the 200K this year (2006), 111 riders. Tracey Ingle (one half—Bruce Ingle is the other half—of the husband-and-wife RBA team that do a stupendous job of putting on the Boston Brevet Series) was swamped with registering riders and handing out brevet cards. I managed to move through the line with about ten minutes to spare before the start. Imagine my horror when at that late moment I discovered that my rear wheel bearing has gone out.

This is a problem with a history. The rear hub on my sturdy English touring bike (frame by Bob Jackson, details at [http://frank.harvard.edu/~coldwell/bob\\_jackson/](http://frank.harvard.edu/~coldwell/bob_jackson/)) has been a source of trouble for the last

three years. It's not a cheap hub; it was made by Phil Wood with sealed bearings and is designed to be "field serviceable" (if the tools you carry with you into the field include a freewheel puller, a 14-inch wrench and a bearing press). Normally, these hubs have a reputation for reliability. This one, however, is letting the side down.

The first sign of trouble came in August 2003 on a double century event that was appended to the end of the usual Boston Brevet Series to bridge the long gap between the last event in the traditional series and the Paris-Brest-Paris. During a long descent on route 169 in Connecticut with myself in the lead and Max following, the rear hub let out a puff of smoke (witnessed by Max) and

then spilled its ball bearings on the road, forcing me to DNF the event. My theory, based on extensive post-mortems, is that the bearing retainer inside the sealed bearing cartridge gets bent somehow and starts dragging against the inside of the bearing, creating enough friction to ignite the lubricants. Once the lubricants are gone, the rest of the bearing follows soon after.

Within days I had brought the bike to see Milton Trimitsis, perhaps the most talented bike mechanic in the metro-Boston area. He gave me the bad news: he had seen this before with Phil Wood hubs, and once they start doing it, you lose a bearing every several hundred miles. The

Paris-Brest-Paris is 750 miles, and there wasn't much time left before I was leaving for France. So Milton replaced both cartridge bearings and gave me a set of spares in case I needed them. In the event I did, as my bearing was shot again by the time I got to Carhaix on the outbound trip to Brest, and I had to have the mechanic at the controle install one of my spares (the French word for bearing is "roulement," by the way).

During the Paris-Brest, I met a Canadian bicycle mechanic who had also witnessed the same problem with Phil Wood hubs, and he recommended that I switch to a different brand of cartridge bearing, called "Enduromax," which does not

■ Continued on next page

## Fixed Gear (continued)

use a bearing retainer. On my return to Boston I did just this, and things were working well again. Until the 2006 Boston 200K.

As I was leaning against my bicycle that morning I noticed that there seemed to be a bit of wobble in the rear wheel. Sure enough, I could move the rim left and right by a few millimeters with my fingertips, a sure sign that the bearing was about ready to spill its guts. I had visions of being stranded in rural New Hampshire without a ride home. Bruce and Tracey Ingle had their hands full with 110 other riders and calling my wife wasn't going to get me more than sympathy because, as you recall, we don't own a car. So I turned around and handed my card to Bruce Ingle and told Max to go ahead without me. My expectation was that the bearing would have enough life left in it to get me home again.

Tracey was sending the riders out in waves because there were so many of us, and Max left with the first wave. I was moping around getting ready to ride home when I overheard Ray Coffey saying, "I'm looking at him right now." I turned around and saw Ray talking to Elton Pope-Lance who had cycled up from Sudbury to watch the start, but wasn't planning to do the ride himself (Elton had asked Ray if he had seen me at the start). I told Elton my sob story about the bearing, and without a pause he says, "Do you want to ride my bike?"

Elton's bike deserves some description. It was a gleaming white custom Rivendell beautifully appointed with Brooks leather handlebar tape, toeclip

pedals, Brooks leather saddle and a Carradice saddlebag. All of Elton's bicycles are works of art, but this one was especially breathtaking. And, of course, it was a fixed gear. At this point I will simply pass the microphone to Elton to provide a fuller description of the machine:

Chip: When did you get it and how?

Elton: Bought it from my boss, Marc Elliott at Color

more than a few years ago. I believe he rode for Ben Serotta at one point. He's also the guy I got my 1971 24" Raleigh International from and two others—a very sweet lugged steel 1986 Pinarello cross bike (now fixed) and the 1993 Bridgestone XO-1 I sold to Chuck Hughes. He ordered it from Grant as he was starting Rivendell but before it was "official." He now rides a 68cm Quickbeam and a

Maxian sized bike. He must be huge.

Elton: He is 6' 4.5". Not quite as lanky as Max P., but a big guy. A very powerful rider.

Actually, he reports that Grant didn't want to build it in the beginning. It was ordered before Rivendell was up and running. He is a friend of Grant's from his/Grant's Bridgestone days, though up until 2005, they had never actually met. He ordered the frame and Grant kept asking him to consider a geared bike. When Grant finally agreed to design the bike, he initially refused to paint the whole thing "tusk." He eventually relented (Marc can be very persuasive) and thus began the bike you rode. It is Waterford built, before Riv had proprietary lugs designed.

Bruce Ingle had shown up by now and saw what was happening. He knew that I had never ridden a fixed gear before (not more than 100 yards, anyway) so he gave me a 60-second crash course on fixie technique ("Remember: you can't stop pedaling."). I took the bike for a spin around the parking lot and fell over. I tried to make sure that I hit the pavement before the bike since it was so pretty I would hate myself if I dented it. Then I got back up into the saddle, Bruce stuffed my brevet card into a jersey pocket, and I headed out in the next wave of riders.

I started to advance forward through the pack as I fumbled with my cell phone trying to call Max on his so that I could let him know that I was back in the ride. The process was made much more difficult by my



The borrowed ride, front view

Services in Needham (featured in Riv Reader #32, IFIRC). Marc was once a Cat 2 racer,

68cm Rambouillet. It was small for him.

Chip: Geez — that's a

■Continued on next page



## Fixed Gear (continued)

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instinct to stop pedaling in order to concentrate on what I was doing with my phone...the fixed gear reminds you very quickly that you are not allowed to coast. I pass by a couple of other riders that I know (David Wilcox and Ray Coffey) and continue to advance forward hoping to catch up with Max before he leaves the first checkpoint at New Boston, New Hampshire.

The three things that I immediately discovered about Elton's fixed gear were:

1. You can't stop pedaling.
2. You only have one gear (48 x 18; 72-inches).
3. It is a whole lot lighter than my Bob Jackson touring bike.

The second and third points above meant that I was going uphill considerably faster than I would have otherwise. I like to keep my cadence up above about 70 rpm to avoid "stalling": sometimes it is actually easier to go uphill faster with a high cadence than slowly with a sub-stall cadence. On Carlisle Road in Westford, MA I caught up with a group including Ted Lapinski and Melinda Lyon. I ride with them for a couple of miles, and then we start the climbs in Dunstable and I leave the group behind as I try to keep my cadence above stall. I'm starting to hope that I might catch up with Max after all.

The next big challenge on this ride is the four mile climb up New Boston road before the first checkpoint. It was on this ascent that I overtook Kris Kjellquist, Emily O'Brien and one other rider whose name I've forgotten (Jake Kassen may have been there, too, but I just don't remember anymore.) Kris and Emily were riding fixed gears, also. I later learned (from an

advertisement in American Randonneur magazine) that Emily holds the womens' fixed-gear course record for the Furnace Brook 508. Kris and Emily seized the opportunity to evangelize just as soon as I told them that it was my first fixed gear ride. I wasn't doing too badly at that point, but I hadn't reached the descent on the other side of the summit on New Boston road.

Remember: rule number one is that you can't stop pedaling. That means that the long descents on the 200K course (which Pamela Blalock informs me was chosen to maximize tandem speeds going downhill—she designed the route and usually rides stoker) force you to either run at a VERY high cadence or ride the brakes or most likely both. I actually found the descent off New Boston Road much more difficult than the climb to the summit. As we were coming down that hill Emily asked me if I would be doing more fixed-gear rides in the future. It was the wrong moment to ask—I told her "probably not" but what I meant was "no way in hell."

We rolled into the checkpoint at New Boston just as the group Max was riding with was pulling out. I shouted his name and got his attention, then enjoyed the confused look on his face when he saw that I was back in the ride followed by a very confused look on his face when I pointed at the bicycle below me and shouted "fixed gear." They didn't stop to wait for me, which was just as well since there was no chance that I would have been able to keep up on the descents.

Elton's bike was only equipped with a single bottle

in the cage, but the Carradice saddlebag had plenty of carrying capacity so I bought a liter of Evian water at the store in New Boston. I ate a little at the checkpoint and then headed out alone.

The next section of the ride from New Boston to Brookline, NH has another one of Pamela's massive descents at Mount Vernon, NH. I had to ride the brakes all the way down with my legs doing about 110 rpm. It was at this point that I noticed that the brakes on Elton's bike, which had a bit of a squeak in them when I started the ride, were now operating silently. I had worn the squeak right out of them.

Somewhere on route 31, before the left turn onto Adams Hill Road, after a bunch of up-and-down followed by a long steady up, I ran out of water. I still had the liter of Evian in the Carradice bag, so I stopped at the top of one of the intermediate ascents to refill the bottle in the cage. At this point, I was passed by a bunch of riders, including the group led by Melinda and Ted that I had passed way back in Westford, which now had Emily with them. Everyone knew my story and asked after my well-being, so I had a chance to explain several times that I was just refilling my water bottle. I got back under way after a few minutes and got to the checkpoint at Brookline while they were still there.

At that point, I realized how much the fixed-gear had been beating me up. My legs were a lot more sore than I expected them to be at that point in the ride. My cycling instincts were being turned upside-down because now I was dreading the downhills. I ended

up lingering at the checkpoint longer than I should, then finally decided to get back on the road and get Elton his bike back.

The thing I remember most about the last leg of the ride was passing riders on the climbs, only to have them pass me again on the descents. This happened over and over again. The bike was so light that I could propel it uphill effortlessly, but payback time came on the other side.

At one point, a light rain started, and I remembered noticing a rain jacket in the Carradice saddlebag when I put the Evian water in there. I thought to myself, "Elton rocks." Fortunately, the rain stopped so I never put the jacket on, but those of you who ride without Carradice bags stuffed with Burley jackets should consider getting them. And while you're at it, get fenders 'cause I'm sick of riding in your rooster tails.

Elton and Max were waiting for me at the finish at Hanscom Field. Elton had ridden my Bob Jackson home to Sudbury, then drove back with my bike on his roof rack. I returned his bike to him, somewhat ashamed of how dirty it was after the ride. Max had received my phone message after getting to the finish — what can you expect from a guy who insists on using GSM?

Max, Emily and I then got back on our bicycles for the ride back into town. Emily stopped at Quad Bikes in Arlington and Max and I continued together until Cambridge. As we parted ways on Mass Ave Max said to me, "You can borrow my fixed-gear anytime you like, Chip."

# Super Randonneur Medal Application

In 1952, the Audax Club Parisien created an honorific recognizing randonneurs who had completed, in the same year, the series of brevets of 200k, 300k, 400k and 600k. This honorific is called the Super Randonneur Award. Randonneurs may request a medal commemorating their accomplishment by submitting the request form shown below. This request form, filled out correctly and including verification numbers for the brevets, should be submitted with payment to RUSA, which will collect the forms and forward them to the ACP person responsible for Brevets de Randonneurs Mondiaux. The medal design will be changed every Paris-Brest-Paris year.

## SUPER RANDONNEUR Medal Application Form

Last Name: \_\_\_\_\_ First Name: \_\_\_\_\_ RUSA #: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

Club: \_\_\_\_\_ ACP Code: \_\_\_\_\_  
no abbreviations

	Brevet	Date	Organizer or Name of Event	* ACP Brevet Number
Brevets de Randonneurs Mondiaux	200k			
	300k			
	400K			
	600k			

\*The ACP Brevet number can be found on the ACP sticker on your returned Brevet card or check the Brevet Results on the RUSA web site.

Signature : \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Include medal payment of \$7.50 to Randonneurs USA. Mail to:

Mark Vickers  
RUSA Super Randonneur Award  
3705 Normandy Rd  
Greensboro, NC 27408

**Deadline for submission is September 15.**

# Randonneur 5000 Medal Application

In 1961, the Audax Club Parisien created an award for those randonneurs who have completed 5000 km in BRM events. It 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 Vélocio and additional brevets to bring the total distance up to 5000 km. The normal R-5000

application period is each September 1st to 15th—except in years when PBP is held. The ACP is busy with that event and does not accept any R-5000 submissions. Those riders should hold their application and send it to RUSA the following September. The qualifying events must be completed within a four year period, beginning on the date of the first qualifying event.

Last Name: \_\_\_\_\_ First Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

Club: \_\_\_\_\_ ACP Code: \_\_\_\_\_

RUSA #: \_\_\_\_\_ Birth Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of First Event: \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Last Event: \_\_\_\_\_

	Brevet	Date	Organizer or Name of Event	Certification Number
Brevets de Randonneurs Mondiaux	200k			
	300k			
	400K			
	600k			
	1000k			
PBP	1200k		Audax Club Parisien	<b>PBP Rider #</b>
Flèche				

### Balance of Required Kilometers

	Brevet	Date	Organizer or Name of Event	Certification Number
Brevets de Randonneurs Mondiaux				

Signature : \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Include medal payment of \$7.50 to Randonneurs USA. Mail to:  
 Mark Vickers  
 RUSA R-5000 Award  
 3705 Normandy Rd  
 Greensboro, NC 27408

**Deadline for submission is September 15.**

# RUSA SOUVENIRS CATALOGUE



**Item:** Randonneurs USA Sam Browne-Style Reflective Sash  
**Description:** Sayre Reflective Sash  
**Fabric:** Breathable Elastic. Features a quick-release belt buckle for easy use.  
**Colors:** Reflective yellow with Randonneurs USA in black lettering.  
**Sizes:** Adjusts to fit any size.  
**Cost:** \$5.00



**Item:** Randonneurs USA Reflective Ankle Bands  
**Description:** Sayre Reflective Ankle Bands  
**Fabric:** Breathable Elastic  
**Colors:** Reflective yellow with Randonneurs USA in black lettering  
**Sizes:** Adjusts to fit any size.  
**Cost:** \$2.00/pair



**Item:** RUSA Lapel Pin  
**Description:** Roughly the size of a penny... 5/8" high x 7/8" wide with a gold backing, clutch attachment. Has a clear epoxy dome coating that is weatherproof, as befits randonneuring equipment  
**Cost:** 1 Pin: \$2.00 2-9 Pins: \$1.75 10+ Pins: \$1.25



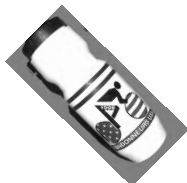
**Item:** Randonneurs USA Cycling Jersey  
**Description:** Lightweight touring jersey with short sleeves  
**Zip:** 15 inch long zip  
**Pockets:** Three rear pockets with reflective strip across the top  
**Fabric:** Microdry  
**Colors:** RUSA logo in red, white, blue, and black; blue sleeves, white line, red trim  
**Sizes:** S, M, L, XL, XXL (unisex)  
**Side Panels:** Blue background with Randonneurs USA in white lettering  
**Sleeve:** RUSA in white lettering around outside edge of blue background  
**Cost:** \$55.00



**Item:** Randonneurs USA Cycling Shorts  
**Description:** Lycra cycling shorts  
**Chamois:** Synthetic antibacterial microfiber chamois  
**Fabric:** 8.5 oz. nylon, Lycra, spandex blend  
**Colors:** Black with Randonneurs USA in white lettering  
**Sizes:** S, M, L, XL, XXL (unisex)  
**Cost:** \$45.00



**Item:** Randonneurs USA Duffel Bag  
**Description:** Lightweight duffel for PBP bag drop  
**Fabric:** Nylon  
**Colors:** Yellow with Randonneurs USA in red lettering on both sides  
**Size:** 10 in. x 20 in. (one size fits all)  
**Cost:** \$10.00



**Item:** Randonneurs USA Waterbottle  
**Description:** Plastic waterbottle  
**Colors:** White with Randonneurs USA logo on both sides  
**Cap:** Black, wide mouth, screw-on  
**Size:** Large (one size fits all)  
**Cost:** \$4.00



**Item:** Randonneurs USA Polo Shirt  
**Description:** Short-sleeve polo shirt with RUSA logo  
**Fabric:** Soft knit, two-ply cotton with banded cuffs, no pocket  
**Color:** White with RUSA logo embroidered on left side  
**Size:** S(34-36), M(38-40), L(42-44), XL(46-48)  
**Cost:** \$27.00

# RUSA SOUVENIRS CATALOGUE



Item: Randonneurs USA Windvest  
 Description: Lined windvest; lycra jersey back with 3 pockets  
 Fabric: Non-stretch poly front; lycra jersey back  
 Color: red, white & blue with Randonneurs USA logo on rear  
 Sizes: S-M-L-XL-XXL (order a **size larger** than jersey size)  
 Cost: \$55.00



Item: Randonneurs USA Cycling Socks  
 Description: Snug-fitting Sock-Guy ankle socks  
 Fabric: 100% wook  
 Color: Grey with with Randonneurs USA logo  
 Sizes: S/M & L/XL  
 Cost: \$10.00 per pair



Item: Randonneurs USA Coffee Mug  
 Description: 10oz mug with RUSA logo front & back  
 Fabric: Ceramic - microwave safe  
 Color: White with color RUSA logo  
 Sizes: One size fits all  
 Cost: \$8.00



Item: Randonneurs USA Insulated Travel Mug  
 Description: 15oz mug with black RUSA logo  
 Fabric: Stainless  
 Color: Brushed silver with black trim  
 Sizes: One size fits all  
 Cost: \$8.00



Item: Randonneurs USA Long-Sleeved jersey  
 Description: Long-sleeve version of the classic RUSA jersey  
 Fabric: Microdry with long zipper  
 Color: White with color RUSA logo  
 Sizes: S-M-L-XL-XXL  
 Cost: \$70.00



Item: Randonneurs USA Fleche T-shirt  
 Description: Fleches USA flaming arrow short-sleeve shirt  
 Fabric: 100% cotton  
 Color: White with black collar band  
 Sizes: S-M-L-XL-XXL  
 Cost: \$12.00



Item: RUSA PBP 2003 Commemorative jersey  
 Description: Short sleeve Special Edition PBP 2003 jersey  
 Fabric: Microdry with long zipper  
 Color: White with Eiffel Tower graphic and PBP route on back  
 Sizes: S-M-XL-XXL  
 Cost: ~~\$55.00~~ Closeout Price \$33.00

## RANDONNEURS USA Souvenirs Order Form

ITEM	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	SIZE	QTY	TOTAL
PBP 2003 VIDEO	45 MINUTES OF PBP 2003 (FRENCH)	\$45.00			
PBP 1999 VIDEO	42 MINUTES OF PBP 1999 (FRENCH)	\$25.00			
PBP 2003 YEARBOOK	PBP 2003 STORIES & RESULTS	\$10.00			
PBP 1999 YEARBOOK	PBP 1999 STORIES AND INFO	\$7.00			
RUSA HANDBOOK	THE MEMBERS' GUIDE TO RANDONNEURS USA RULES, REGULATIONS, STORIES AND ADVICE	\$6.00			
RUSA DUFFEL BAG	LIGHTWEIGHT NYLON DUFFEL BAG	\$10.00			
RUSA JERSEY	SHORT-SLEEVE: S-M-L-XL-XXL	\$65.00			
★ <b>NEW!</b> RUSA LS JERSEY	LONG-SLEEVE VERSION OF CLASSIC RUSA JERSEY S-M-L-XL-XXL	\$70.00			
<b>Sale! 40% off</b> RUSA PBP 2003 JERSEY	COMMEMORATIVE PBP 2003 JERSEY - Limited quantities SHORT-SLEEVE: S-M-XL-XXL	Now \$33.00			
RUSA POLO SHIRT	WHITE WITH EMBROIDERED LOGO: S-M-L-XL	\$27.00			
RUSA SHORTS	LYCRA BLACK SHORTS: S-M-L-XL	\$45.00			
RUSA WIND VEST	SLEEVELESS WINDFRONT VEST WITH REAR POCKETS <b>RUNS SMALL: ORDER NEXT SIZE UP</b> S-M-L-XL-XXL	\$55.00			
RUSA LOGO DECAL	5.25"x3" - REMOVABLE VINYL	\$1.00			
TOP TUBE DECAL	5"x1" REMOVABLE (BLUE & WHITE)	\$0.25			
T-SHIRT	WHITE SHORT-SLEEVE: S-M-L-XL-XXL	\$12.00			
FLECHE T-SHIRT	WHITE SHORT SLEEVE - BLACK TRIM: M-L-XL	\$12.00			
WATERBOTTLE	WHITE 28 OZ WATERBOTTLE	\$4.00			
RUSA LAPEL PIN	SINGLE PIN	\$2.00			
RUSA LAPEL PINS	2-9 PINS	\$1.75			
RUSA LAPEL PINS	10 OR MORE PINS	\$1.25			
RUSA REFLECTIVE SASH	SAYRE SAM BROWN-STYLE REFLECTIVE SASH	\$5.00			
RUSA REFLECTIVE ANKLE BANDS	SAYRE REFLECTIVE ANKLE BANDS: Sold in pairs	\$2.00pr			
REFLECTIVE TAPE	9" STRIP OF SCOTCHLITE ADHESIVE TAPE	50¢			
★ <b>NEW!</b> RUSA SOCKS	SNUG FITTING WOOL SOCKS: S/M or L/XL	\$10.00pr			
★ <b>NEW!</b> RUSA CERAMIC MUG	WHITE 10oz MUG WITH RUSA LOGO	\$8.00			
★ <b>NEW!</b> RUSA TRAVEL MUG	STAINLESS 15oz TRAVEL MUG WITH RUSA LOGO	\$8.00			

**SHIPPING & HANDLING (USA):**

- .40-cents for up to 6 decals (or SASE)
- .40 cents for up to 6 Scotchlite strips (or SASE)
- .65-cents for each lapel pin
- \$4.50 for first item
- Add \$1.50 for each additional item.

SUB-TOTAL

SHIPPING & HANDLING

TOTAL

Questions?

email us: [souvenirs@rusa.org](mailto:souvenirs@rusa.org)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ RUSA MEMBER # \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

TELEPHONE \_\_\_\_\_ EMAIL \_\_\_\_\_

Use PayPal to pay electronically with a credit card.  
Go to [www.paypal.com](http://www.paypal.com) and send payment to [souvenirs@rusa.org](mailto:souvenirs@rusa.org)  
Or pay by check payable to Randonneurs USA.



Send order form and payment to:  
Randonneurs USA Souvenirs  
10 Bliss Mine Road  
Middletown, RI 02842



4-1-2006

## PRODUCT REVIEW

# Garmin Edge 305

“GPS-enabled  
computer  
for cyclists”

**Price:** Suggested retail of \$399.

**Included:** Three-ounce GPS unit with bike mounting brackets, heart rate monitor strap, cadence unit, USB cable, wall charger, training software and manual.

**Summary:** Advertised as a “GPS-enabled computer for cyclists,” the Garmin Edge 305 has proved to be a tremendous training aid, allowing post-ride analysis of routes, speed, heart rate and cadence. But the unit’s internal rechargeable battery, with a run time of 12-hours or less, is likely to limit its use on longer brevets.

**Initial impressions:** About six months ago, I looked with mild interest at GPS units in the display case at our local REI store. My loving and observant wife made note of that fact, and surprised me with the Edge 305 as an anniversary present. Gotta love our supportive spouses!

A sucker for electronic devices, I immediately charged up the battery and dived into the manual. Before I went to sleep that evening I’d tested out the heart rate monitor.

The unit set-up was a snap. I plugged in a few personal numbers—age, weight, bike weight, and so on, presumably so the GPS could accurately calculate maximum heart rate and calories burned. The unit handles other calculations, including wheel size, automatically.

Attaching the unit to the bike was easier than installing a normal bike computer. Two zip ties attached the mounting bracket within seconds to the bike stem, and the GPS unit—all three ounces of it(!)—clicked in securely. Every accessory should be so simple.

Since our local brevet series was already wrapped up, I put the Edge to work on pick-up rides with the usual suspects: Bob, JoeRay, Jerry and Dan.

Typically, about all the information I’ve had on the bike is speed and average, distance, and gel packs remaining. The Edge, on the other hand, can overwhelm you with data. A small screen is capable of displaying up to eight items. Cadence, speed, average speed, distance, elevation gain, trip time, time of day, sunset and sunrise, calories burned and current heading. The list goes on and on. It’s also possible to select fewer data fields per screen. For ease of reading I chose to include only four fields: speed, distance, heart rate and time of day. A mode button



toggles to several other displays—compass, route and elevation profile.

The data screens are not very different from a standard bike computer, and I found most readable at speed. My favorite was the heart rate monitor, although it was slightly alarming to see how often my maximum popped up on hard training rides.

Perhaps the best feature of the GPS is not what it tells you while riding, but what it tells you at day’s end.

A USB cable supplied with the device transfers the day’s ride into your computer and plots the route on a map. (The cable can also charge the unit).

The title of the included software, “Training Center,” suggests the unit’s real strength. Clicking on points along the route map shows your speed, mileage, grade, elevation and so on. Data can also be viewed on a chart for comparison with previous training rides on the same course.

It did not take long to recognize the unit’s potential for planning new routes. Just bring the unit back home, transfer the day’s data across,

and voila.

But a question remained: how would the 305 be on the kind of long rides we do? The answer proved to be something of a disappointment.

One major shortcoming is the Edge 305’s internal rechargeable battery. The manual claimed a 12-hour run time between charges. For most randonneurs, that would limit its use to a 200K—or a 300K on a good day with a strong tailwind.

I decided to put the Edge through the paces on a July 1 permanent ride from Raleigh to Swan Quarter (see August 2005 American Randonneur). The distance: about 175 miles.

As I suspected, the battery’s run time was a show-stopper.

As we approached the small coastal town of Bath, the unit’s low battery alarm sounded at 129.45 miles, or 8 hours, 12 minutes and five seconds into the ride—well short of the advertised 12 hour battery charge. The unit may have continued recording, but I flipped it off.

The bottom line: the Edge might be sufficient on a century or 200K, but it’s certain to come up hours and miles short on most other brevets.

In the end, I was sold on the Edge’s value as a training aid, and as a tool for designing new routes or verifying existing cue sheets.

For longer brevets, a unit that allows batteries to be replaced, while not as environmentally friendly, is in my opinion the better choice for randonneuring.

—Mike Dayton



**Randonneurs USA Membership Form**

*PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY!*

*Renewal*       *New Member*



Name : \_\_\_\_\_ RUSA # \_\_\_\_\_

Address : \_\_\_\_\_

City : \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

Country : \_\_\_\_\_ Tel: ( \_\_\_\_\_ ) \_\_\_\_\_

FAX: ( \_\_\_\_\_ ) \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Local Club : (full name) \_\_\_\_\_

Birth Date : \_\_\_\_\_ Gender (M/F): \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

**Randonneurs USA keeps personal member information private.**

**Membership Types and Terms - Please Check One**

**Individual Membership**

One Year \$20.00       Two Years \$40.00       Three Years \$60.00

**Foreign Membership** (if residence and mailing address is outside the United States)

One Year \$30.00       Two Years \$60.00       Three Years \$90.00

**Household Membership** (limit two names; please add the second person's information below)

One Year \$30.00       Two Years \$60.00       Three Years \$90.00

*Complete this section for Household Membership only*

Name : \_\_\_\_\_ RUSA # \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Birth Date : \_\_\_\_\_ Gender (M/F): \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

**Memberships are active for the calendar year of January to December.**

**Should RUSA publish a Membership Directory, may we list your name and mailing address?**

**Yes**       **No**

Make check payable to Randonneurs USA in US Dollars. Amount enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Send this form and payment to:

Don Hamilton  
RUSA Membership Office  
3078 Wakeshire Drive  
Dublin Ohio 43017

Please allow two weeks for processing.