

# AMERICAN RANDONNEUR



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The visit to Dr. Vince's practice was very exciting for me. His holistic inputs, explanations and advice were very helpful for me. For example, we checked the foot position on the pedals. Adjusting the rotation of the lower leg and more activity with the tibialis anterior muscle already resulted in more watts at the same RPM. At the RAAM 2023 I implemented them directly and managed a successful performance. In addition to all these tips, the top adjusted infinity bike seats also helped me. I use 3 different models. All from the Elite Series, the E3 for the flat with my TT bike, the E2 with my all-round bike and the E2X with my mountain bike. Thanks to the Infinity Seats I had the right points relieved in every position and was able to concentrate fully on my race.

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**COVER** — Joe Ray on the footbridge over  
Lochsa River en route to Lolo Pass, MT.

PHOTO MICHELLE "LEFTY" RAY

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# President's Message

## Celebrating Our Volunteers

What's the longest USPS receipt that you've ever had? If you mail out 50+ packages at the same time, it's longer than six feet! That's almost as long as the queue behind you in the post office!

By the time you read this, months will have passed but this is absolutely worth mentioning. The packages that I'm talking about were volunteer patches and stickers going to the RBAs. Ranging from a couple of patches and stickers to a hundred, the RBAs let me know how many volunteers they had helping to run their events. I mailed those packages out to the RBAs as well as almost 100 to individual volunteers who work on our various committees. The individual patches went out in #10 envelopes, so they were easier to manage. :)

We purchased 1,000 patches and about 800 have already been distributed; the balance will be used at marketing events. A large percentage

of our membership gives back to the club, helping with events and helping on committees. It's really amazing. Thank you all!

Special thanks goes to the web team from 2025. Many of you won't notice the subtle but significant changes to the website affecting membership renewal and personal information updates, permanents program registration, and climbing accumulation. A large infrastructure upgrade was required in the midst of that, to ensure that our environment is running on the supported versions of our software. The web team is also comprised of volunteers.

Hug a volunteer when you get a chance — better yet, be a volunteer!

Volunteers sometimes take a break and ride their bikes but they often don't have time to deal with the administrivia of their accomplishments. Susan Otcenas (at right), a long time RUSA volunteer — Board member, Rules Committee member, Cascade



1200 organizer — accumulated enough international riding to earn the International Super Randonneur award. She completed that about 9 years ago ... and I finally decided to stop nagging her to put in the application and did that for her. Join with me in thanking Susan and in celebrating her ISR - 1200k's on three continents and in four different countries — France, the UK, Japan, and the U.S.

Paris Brest Paris is next year, and we are again gearing up for it! Preparing riders for PBP was RUSA's original raison d'être. The longest ride that you do from November 1, 2025 to October 31, 2026 establishes your PBP registration priority. Get out and ride ... and when you aren't riding, volunteer! Your RBA always needs help and never more than now.

See you on the road!

—Dave Thompson  
RUSA President  
president@rusa.org



## Hey Readers!

## We want to hear about your randonneuring tips or tricks!

WE WANT TO SHARE YOUR IDEAS

**SUBMIT** a paragraph + maybe a picture.

**HAVE QUESTIONS?** Please contact Corinne at [editor@rusa.org](mailto:editor@rusa.org).

# From the Editor

Part of what makes RUSA such a great organization is that there are clubs in most and routes in every state in the country, and ample opportunities to travel with a plethora of routes already planned out for you. I feel like I have a rando home away from home every time I travel to the Bay Area in California because of the large and welcoming San Francisco Randonneurs, which I call my second randoneurring club.

I was first introduced to the SFR club on Cascade in 2016, when I met Bryan Kilgore the last day of the ride. He told me about his new Golden Gate 1000K and invited me to join SFR for the adventure. I traveled out for my first 1000k and had a great time riding with Eric Walstad and Gintautis Budivitus. The following year, I headed back to the Golden State to Davis, home of my alma mater, for the Davis Bike Club's Gold Rush Randonnée. Of the many people I met and rode with, there was one unforgettable section ridden with Jason Pierce and Eric Norris. While I did struggle to keep up, that stretch in the middle of the night pretty much out in the middle of nowhere was magical and I will always remember it fondly. Later that month, I would not have been able to participate in London Edinburgh London if not for the generous hospitality of Robert Sexton and Brian Feinberg. One of the San Francisco crew told me they added

my name to the list of SFRs that were doing LEL so they could monitor my progress, too. A silly little thing, but that really touched me and made me feel part of their community.

A couple years later, while doing the California Triple Crown, I came across Jon Beckham out on a ride on his own, his pedal stroke unmistakable. He cheered me on and lifted my spirits just as I was starting to climb the Marshall Wall. And now I regularly do an early season brevet with SFR when their rides start in Marin County. Whether I am riding with Jasmine Wu, Rob Hawks, or Pierre Moreels, I feel like I am riding with my club and my friends and that I belong just as much as I do to RMCC.

My wish for all of you is that you, too, find a second RUSA club that feels like home. It might be where you have family you visit, a place you travel to often for work, or simply an area that is easily accessible to you. Riding with a secondary club is a good way to see even more of the country as well as hopefully making you feel like you are part of a much bigger whole, our big RUSA community.

Kim Freitas understands that feeling of belonging after riding a 600k in Korea, and we have the conclusion to her story in this issue. Laurent Chambard is back, this time relating the tale of a particularly splendid grand

randonnée in Belgium, and Fred Chagnon recounts his first 1200 in Canada, the Granite Anvil. RUSA riders might be based in the U.S. but we ride the world seeking adventure.

Speaking of adventure, Joe Ray completed the ultimate rando bucket list ride after he retired, his Port to Port journey that spanned the country, broken up into a slew of perms he crafted for the experience. It's not without a bit of jealousy (his wife Michelle was his support) that I read his report, but what a way to retire!

The K-Hound Krew last year was thin on new pups but still robust in active members. This group gives you one more reason to ride, one more group to grow with, one more place to feel you fit in.

You don't have to venture beyond our borders or put in major miles to know that RUSA is the place for you. Just roll up to a ride start, introduce yourself to someone new, and start your journey to belonging.

—Corinne Warren  
*Editor, American Randonneur*  
editor@rusa.org

With my home club at the start of a 200k.

—PHOTO ANDREW MORRIS



# Port to Port: A 6,550 km Retirement Project

BY JOSEPH RAY

After decades of work, my first official order of business in retirement was to trade the office chair for the saddle and the daily grind for the road. The goal was to go “Port to Port:” a coast-to-coast ride connecting 35 new RUSA permanents from Seaside, Oregon, to Portland, Maine.

## THE PROJECT AND THE PARTNER

All winter and spring, planning turned my desk into a command center for route-mapping the Cascades, the Great Plains, the rail trail networks of the Midwest, and the hill-and-valley crossing of New England. I had originally anticipated a magnificent but

solitary mission, having been inspired by previous cross-country rides by fellow randos like Bill Fischer, Gavin Biebuyck, and Chris Slocum, but as my wife Michelle listened to the unfolding logistics and the promise of sights like the Columbia Gorge and Lolo Pass, her curiosity turned my adventure into a

co-conspiracy. The trek, which spanned over eight weeks, was no longer a solo effort. I would chase daily time limits, and she, affectionately nicknamed “Lefty,” would define the role of the Randonneur Adventure Partner.

## I. Permanent Planning and Approval as an Endurance Test

My first long-distance effort of retirement was actually the route approval process. I wanted to ride this as a complete series of linked permanents, which required significant review-and-edit work on existing and brand-new routes to make them suitable for RUSA submission.

The process of working with our Permanista, Crista Borrás, began in early January. I worked to produce several days’ worth of routes in advance, creating an inventory that allowed me to take time off for events — like NE Florida’s brevet week — without disrupting the flow of submissions. From start to finish, approvals for the entire set of 35 perms required five full months, concluding in May.

**Randonneur Take Away:** If there were an award for route submissions with the fewest edits required, my only contender would be a segment



The trail along Columbia River in Umatilla OR.

—PHOTOS MICHELLE “LEFTY” RAY



Selfie in Madison WI.

me for lunch at one of the controls or food stops on the route. To simplify her navigation, I compiled a booklet with a page for each day, detailing controls, food stops, and hotel addresses. This commitment to pre-planning was the reason we felt comfortable making only two advance hotel reservations (Lochsa Lodge and Yellowstone); the rest we would book on the go, relying heavily on Lefty's search skills.

### III. The Pre-Game and The First Lesson

August arrived, and we headed west. It was during the five-day drive, somewhere in Nebraska, that Michelle gained her fitting nickname: Lefty. Not just because she is left-handed like me, and notices others who are, but because we were going to be riding through the West, where nicknames seem de rigueur, and Lefty thus so fitting.

En route, I rode another new perm, "Nebwyco," spanning Nebraska, Wyoming, and Colorado. I quickly relearned a lesson that RUSA veterans often share about sight-unseen route planning. The ride was as expected until I reached Colorado. I was later informed by a maintenance crew that Weld County "does not maintain its gravel roads." That stretch, though

somewhere in the Dakotas where I basically stayed on US-12 all day, and the perm returned with zero changes to a very brief cue sheet.

### II. Beyond the Saddle: Partnering Up

Michelle's decision to join me was the true turning point. A chance meeting with SC Rando Michael Billings during his cross-country ride while she and I were biking in New Orleans solidified the plan: Michelle would retire in time to come along, bringing her bike, her swimsuit, and a virtual stack of books on her Kindle. I immediately had to recalibrate my planning to consider the quality of hotels and the addition of "Adventure Partner Logistics." I located every US Masters Swimming club along the route and gathered their session times. Our car was not going to be a support vehicle so much as a luggage-transfer system for this shared adventure.

To make the journey cohesive, I created an extensive logistical data set. In all, I created 76 routes in RideWithGPS: the 35 perms, plus 24 morning and 17 afternoon routes for Lefty. She would have multiple options including swimming, riding the first 15-25 miles with me, meeting me in the late afternoon for the final miles, or simply playing tourist and meeting

I am blessed to have the best rando cheering /PR agency.





doable on my 42mm tires, was brutal enough to be instantly added to my post-trip edit list.

## THE WEST AND THE DIVIDE

### I. Oregon to Idaho: Dramatic Shifts

Before shoving off from Seaside, OR, I dipped my rear-tire in the Pacific next to the Lewis & Clark monument. Day 1 was a picture-perfect start through cool, moss-covered forests before the terrain opened up to flat suburbs where Lefty turned back to log her first DNF.

**Randonneur Insight:** Registering Lefty for each perm, only to have her DNF on her morning loop, ensured I didn't run afoul of RUSA rules by riding with an unregistered rider. I suspect she is now a record-holder in the "Most DNFs by an Adventure Partner" category.

Day 2 introduced the historic Columbia River Highway, the first Scenic Highway built in the U.S. This road is the poster child for sightseeing by bicycle. The stunning scenery — waterfalls,

tunnels carved through volcanic basalt — drives a near-constant urge to stop. Riders should be prepared to stop often, which adds time, especially when dealing with unforeseen road repairs (thankfully completed now) that could have forced a major detour.

There were geographic shifts aplenty. Forests quickly gave way to the hot, arid, treeless, but no-less-mountainous cropland of Eastern Oregon and Washington. Surface quality ranged from well-paved to too-chunky gravel. We had entered the world of massive combines and grain trucks, where distant combines on mountainous wheat fields look like toys. Lefty was introduced to her own challenges, including huge trucks blowing onion skins over her as they roared past and biking over her first (and thankfully only) snake.

### II. The Mountains of Idaho and Montana

Entering Idaho and Montana, lands of steep valleys and tall pines, brought climbing, beginning with smoky air.

Left: Misty start in Seaside OR.  
Right: Final tire dip in Portland, ME.

The long but quite manageable climb to Lochsa Lodge near the top of Lolo Pass was nearly derailed when the intermediate control I had so carefully chosen online was unexpectedly closed. Fortunately, a restaurant at a nearby campground saved the day. While the air cleared by midday, our evening at Lochsa Lodge was capped by having to wait for the local forest fire-fighting crew to be served first, a reminder of how far from over the threat might remain.

My rest day in Missoula was well-timed. A puncture I had plugged two days earlier reopened and required a tire swap. The strong headwind on the descent from Lolo Pass meant my brakes didn't get much wear at all, but the stretch of consecutive 200 km+ days that soon followed demanded that new tire and some fresh legs.

### III. The Continental Divide and the Audible

The next day we crossed the Continental Divide at Flesher Pass. Fire activity was again visible nearby, and a brief slow-down was caused by a helicopter crash near Lincoln, MT. After a climb past the now-extinguished fire zone, I enjoyed the views with Lefty and then had a much more exhilarating descent than two days earlier.

East of Helena, our itinerary hit a snag. The days immediately before and after our planned Yellowstone visit averaged 226 km. This was not excessive, but in the comfort of my family room I had neglected to factor in the driving time to and from the parks. We called an audible, stopped in Three Forks MT, and shortened the riding day to allow for a comfortable, enjoyable drive and visit to Yellowstone and the Tetons. The choice between 35 perfect perms and marital harmony was an easy one.

### GREAT PLAINS GRIND AND MIDWEST HOSPITALITY

Eastern Montana is challenging in its emptiness. A lack of services necessitated long days. On the route to Miles City, I was met with another sight-unseen route challenge: a 20-mile stretch of county road with gravel that was often so deep that my tires sank, slowing me to a crawl. This was compounded by huge, dust-generating trucks servicing a nearby feedlot. Lefty, sufficiently worried, shadowed me for much of the latter half of the day.

**Unexpected Fact:** On an eastbound coast-to-coast trip, you may only need sunscreen on the right side of your body.

The next rest day in Medora, ND, at the Theodore Roosevelt National Park was perfectly timed, as the wind gusted at 50 mph. I had enjoyed a terrific tailwind into Medora and would breeze into Bismarck the following day,

Cartersville Road gravel can get deep but it looks pretty.

*Wind became the primary question mark in the flat terrain of South Dakota. The mountains were replaced by flat fields of corn, and the air was filled with the constant song of locusts.*

but the rest day was focused simply on rest, food, and laundry. I also learned a hard lesson about the Central/Mountain time zone border, which ran through the perm. My time reporting based on photo timestamps ended up being an hour slower than reality, though I finished with time to spare. A similar innocuous error occurred later in Indiana on the Central/Eastern zone border.

Wind became the primary question mark in the flat terrain of South Dakota. The mountains were replaced by flat fields of corn, and the air was filled with the constant song of locusts. Accommodations grew more, shall we say, “interesting,” but many of the

unbranded places Lefty found helped break up the monotony of the typical chain establishments’ reconstituted powdered eggs.

### Half Way Done

In Spicer, MN, we determined that our route was 50% complete. We celebrated over dinner that evening and experienced some Midwestern hospitality, with strangers offering to pay for our meals. Earlier that day we had had the fun experience of being interviewed by the editor of the Kerkhoven Banner.

**Pro-Tip:** If you want to be interviewed by the local press, just stop right outside their offices and start changing your kit on the sidewalk.



Moving deeper into Minnesota, the landscape became greener, featuring lakes and rolling farmland. I dipped both wheels in the Mississippi River in the Twin Cities, memorializing the trip's halfway point. Minneapolis was another planned rest day for a service visit, terrific meal variety compared to the prior ~1,000 km, and a little tourism.

## THE DRIFTLESS AND THE GREAT LAKES

The Driftless region of SE Minnesota and SW Wisconsin was a welcome change, bringing more hills and farms that resembled an Easterner's expectation more closely than the ranches and endless grainfields I had already traversed. We crossed the Mississippi for the third and final time as we left Iowa and made extensive use of Wisconsin's rail trails. Trails became a near-constant feature through the Great Lakes region, providing shelter from both sun and traffic.

However, not all trails are created equal. The southern portion of the Des Plaines River Trail just west of Chicago, for instance, was far rougher than anticipated — a word of caution for riders on skinnier tires or velomobiles.

East of Chicagoland, we headed around Lake Michigan to Indiana Dunes National Park. My favorite sight here was the 1933 Chicago World's Fair Century of Progress Homes, including the flamingo-pink Florida Tropical House. That night, our book-as-you-go hotel plan nearly failed because Notre Dame was playing a home football game. Add one more planning variable to the list when passing near college towns.

In Michigan, I had the pleasure of Detroit Randonneurs' RBA Dragi Gasevski accompanying me to Ohio. Meeting up with randos — like Dragi, and later Ohio RBA Joshua Haley and Jonathan and Jamiye Karpick in Cleveland — demonstrated the real payoff from years of traveling to distant brevets and grand randonees.

*The finish was celebrated with a front-tire dip in the Atlantic, photos, and much cowbell-ringing at the brewpub on Portland Harbor.*

## The New York Grind

After deciding to skip a sightseeing day in Buffalo so soon after our pause in Cleveland, we instead chose an extra night in the next destination, Geneva, NY. Lefty explored a Frank Lloyd Wright home, one of Buffalo's architectural highlights, while I rode the longish perm east along the Erie Canal.

This perm featured the welcome company of another guest rider, Joe Voekel, but also delivered the journey's most exciting technical problem: my dynamo headlight started flickering and shut off while I was on a remote and now quite dark section of the unpaved Ontario Pathways rail trail, another trail I will need to edit out. Having to walk to the nearest road and fiddle with the wiring to get the light working again was an exciting way to wrap up earning my second K-Hound award. We celebrated and exchanged glorious and near-disastrous stories over dinner with Western NY RBA Pete Dusel, rando Nat Watson and their spouses.

**Randonneur Lesson:** This day reaffirmed the lesson of sight-unseen route planning and the need for redundancy in lighting, especially when riding late in the season.

## GREEN MOUNTAINS AND THE CLOCK

Leaving the Erie Canal meant we were again heading for the hills. The last rest day in Saratoga Springs NY, was perhaps one day too short, as I anticipated a tough Vermont crossing.

We had crossed into New England, and though the leaves hadn't fully changed, the terrain delivered the expected punch. I found myself grinding slowly up two significant climbs, including over a gap between Okemo

State Forest and the aptly-named Terrible Mountain. My legs, thirty-three days into this trip, weren't fresh enough for a faster attack.

**The Ultimate Randonneur Lesson:** I finished the ride two minutes beyond the RUSA time limit. Two minutes! Shorter stops, or simply taking one or two fewer photos of the beautiful small farms and villages, would have secured a successful perm result. It was a mildly disappointing end to a beautiful day and a reminder that the clock is unforgiving.

## PORT TO PORT IS COMPLETE!

The last two days through New Hampshire and Maine were gorgeous, with manageable terrain and historical towns. The final day on October 2 was a blur until the end in Portland, ME.

Lefty met me on her bike just a few hundred yards from the boat launch control near the finish, where family and friends — including both of our daughters from Boston and London — had gathered. The finish was celebrated with a front-tire dip in the Atlantic, photos, and much cowbell-ringing at the brewpub on Portland Harbor.

Of the route's thirty-five perms, I finished 32 successfully. Two were sacrificed for an easier drive to visit Yellowstone, and the third was finished beyond the time limit. The total distance covered was 6,550 km in 36 riding days. Only three of those days involved rain, and I suffered only two flat tires. Lefty rode 2,100 km, ran over one snake, and, most importantly, shared an adventure that was the most fulfilling way either of us could imagine kicking off our retirement together. 🚲

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# Korea Touring: Embedding a Brevet in a Fantastic Journey, Part Two

BY KIM FREITAS

In Part One, Kim thought her brevet was over before the first checkpoint due to a defective rear derailleur.

## Creative Generosity

“Wait,” said the young mechanic. “I have my personal bike in the back of the shop. It has SRAM and I can give you my derailleur.” What!?! I was shocked at his generosity. Quickly, he swapped out the derailleur and replaced brake pads that I’d overextended descending off some steep paths on my tour. He then drove me back to the course. Back on the route, a rider indicated I should get on his wheel. After 20k he pulled over at a farmhouse that turned out to be a restaurant. He’d phoned ahead and found the group had stopped there. Not only that, they also had pre-ordered lunch, which was waiting when we pulled in: steaming bowls of vegetable and pork soup, rice, and kimchi. Waves of gratitude washed over me. Less than 100k into the event, I’d already had a brevet-worth of experiences.

## When it Rains, It Pours

It rained on and off all day and into the night, but the rain was warm. Korean riders seemed quite accustomed to these conditions, and most wore only shorts and a light wind shell. Eight inches of rain were recorded in Busan on that first day — an unusually

big storm that broke the hot, humid weather pattern. At one control we waited under a metal-roofed bus stop and ate pizza that a friend of one of the riders brought, deafened by the rain pounding down. When the pizza was gone, we all remounted. Some roads were flooded halfway up to our axles! The Korean riders just kept going, spacing out a bit for safety and calling out turns. I was astonished by this calmness and stoicism.

## Minimalists

Generally, the Korean Randonneurs carried almost nothing. They had one water bottle and used the other cage

for tools. They stowed their phone, arm warmers, and a vest in their pockets. I was overloaded with extra tubes, warm clothing, batteries, and food, more accustomed to the rural areas of our western routes and lack of services after dark. All the riders had elite performance road bikes, not retro rando bikes that are the pride of many American randonneurs. They ride fast, narrow tires. In the rainy conditions there were at least six flats in our outbound group. Everyone stopped to assist by sharing tools and tubes, an active demonstration of the collectivist mindset that I’d seen among the Korean riders at PBP.

## Rock Paper Scissors

Every two to three hours the group stopped at a convenience store for food and drinks. Often one rider would pay for everyone’s coffee, decided

With Jisung Hwang, a songwriter and cyclist, who was my riding partner for this adventure.

—PHOTOS KIM FREITAS



The young mechanic who saved my ride by giving me his own rear SRAM derailleur.



by a round of Rock Paper Scissors. At the convenience stores you could buy portable rice triangles and make ramen soup. The stops were chatty, short, and efficient. Someone made sure I found snacks and pointed out a restroom — so thoughtful.

### Steady Forward Motion

The route used secondary roads and connecting river valleys with a total of 14,000' of elevation gain over 600k. As night fell, we still were 40 miles outside of Busan, the 188-mile turnaround. Busan, the second largest city in Korea, is a busy port city of 6 million. As we approached Busan, we merged onto bigger roads with more truck traffic and went over several long bridges. The combination of darkness on a poorly lit, eight-lane divided highway; fast moving trucks merging at the on and off-ramps; and the low visibility caused by steady rain was positively terrifying. I never would have ridden in these conditions on my own. Fortunately, I was packed into a group of 10 riders that just kept going, pointing out road hazards and quietly bearing down. We were a small pod of blinking red lights, threading our way into a busy metropolis that never sleeps. I didn't think at all about what would come next; all my focus was on riding safely and smoothly. The way the group committed to keeping everyone safe shut down the uncomfortable feelings of danger. Just keep turning the pedals.

### The City Lights of Busan

The turnaround was at a sports center on a small island. We checked in around midnight. Chang Lee asked if I had a place to stay. I didn't know the typical logistics, so I hadn't arranged any lodging. He quickly booked a nearby hotel online and rode with me there, saying we'd meet for breakfast at 5 a.m. It had been a long and eventful

first day. I'd never ridden in rain that intense. The care and courtesy from other riders were overwhelming.

### Day Two

The next day the rain stopped. At a busy cafeteria Chang Lee, Jisung Hwang, and I had steaming bowls of fish soup, rice, seasoned tofu, seaweed, and coffee. We had 16 hours to ride back to Gwangju on a slightly longer, different route. Hmm, the outbound had taken 18 hours. Sure, the rain had slowed us down, but my legs might not be in negative-split condition. Jisung Hwang and Chang Lee didn't seem too concerned. They had gotten phone messages from the RBO that some of the early sections of the return course were flooded and that we would need to revise the course to get to the next CP. I was completely in their hands again for navigation.

### The Wheels Start Coming Off

For the next several hours I just followed them through a series of hills, along gravel farm levees and back roads as they devised a route to the next CP. They navigated by squinting at their phones, sitting up, no-hands riding, and working it out on the fly. I was astonished by their eyesight, dexterity, and bike-handling skills. It was like a movie when a lot of things go wrong, but the plot never really falls apart. They just kept riding, chatting,

and improvising until we got back on the official route.

I was pretty tapped out from the exertion of the first day, and fell behind on small climbs. The guys would slow pedal over the top and wait for me. This happened about five times. I just couldn't generate enough power to keep up with them. Very sincerely I told Jisung Hwang and Chang Lee to keep going without me. I needed to drop back and ride at my own pace. I said I felt confident about riding on my own (not really true) and that I'd gotten everything I'd wanted out of the ride already (very true). I knew I could ride back to Gwangju, probably not within the time limit, but I would make it. I had a credit card and phone, so I'd get back somehow. It had already been an incredible and rewarding experience. The way the group had cared for me completely filled my heart. Finishing the ride officially didn't seem very important anymore. They said, "Just keep going," and eased up. We collected a few more riders and soon formed a double paceline, following green rice valleys separated by small wooded climbs. The pace quickened, and I focused on drafting closely. Roundabouts marked the beginning and end of small towns. I was being pulled by the group and started to settle in and feel better.

### Owning My Breath

With a bigger group it was now imperative to manage the rollers at the group pace, but I just couldn't do it. Then something surprising happened. Jisung Hwang would come up beside me and put his hand on my lower back and push me. Then he would say, "Slow down your cadence and shift into a bigger gear." With the power he was transmitting to me, I could shift up and match his cadence. Then he would say, "Slow down your breathing." I did exactly what he said. Becoming conscious of deep breathing made my whole body feel relaxed and energized. Knowing he was right there, our handlebars nearly touching, flooded

The lovely coast off Southwest Korea.

me with relief and gratitude. Breathing reset my body, anchored my mind, and helped me feel more organized. I would live for one more hill.

### Doing the Math

The return to Gwangju followed a ribbon of mountains, rivers, and farmland. As the day progressed, I started to feel more like an endurance athlete, able to meter and replenish my energy. The group whittled down to Jisung Hwang and me, with about 120k to go and less than six hours left on the clock. I knew it would be close. We stopped at a convenience store and ate some ramen soup. I kept calculating the pace and remaining time. Darkness came, and it started raining again. Jisung Hwang never got rattled; he just said, “Keep riding,” and gave me some candy.

At some point, Jisung Hwang’s lights began to dim. He had never planned to ride into the second night. So, I rode in front with my stronger beam for the final miles over the hills near the 18th May National Cemetery



commemorating the Gwangju Uprising. We arrived at the finish control at 9:45 p.m., just 15 minutes ahead of the cutoff. I sat down on the curb and cried — tears of relief. Jisung Hwang laughed, lit up a cigarette, and waited for his friends to come in.

### Returning to Seoul

After resting for two days in Gwangju, I had 9 days to ride back north to Seoul on an indirect route.

First, I headed southeast using a RideWithGPS route (Yeongsangang to Seomjingang) to Suncheon. Then, I picked up Korea Randonneur permanent route PT-49 to follow the southern coast. The coastal route went past tidal flats and small working harbors with brightly painted boats and fishing nets drying on the road. Short climbs offered views of the island-dotted horizon. This brilliant route took me over several very long, graceful bridges connecting larger islands.

### Jindo Island: Perm 87

I connected Perm 49 to Perm 87, a 200k loop around Jindo Island. The coastal roads looped around low mountains and rice fields, with quiet stretches where it felt like I had the whole island to myself. I passed through clusters of traditional homes with tiled roofs, then climbed gentle hills towards the coast. Aquaculture defines the landscape and economy. Oysters, mussels, and clams are cultivated in racks and baskets attached to floating platforms in the many bays. Small fishing villages process the harvested seaweed dried on outdoor racks. On Jindo Island’s quiet



These pavilions provide shade for resting along the bike trails.



roads I replayed the brevet many times in my mind, recalling all the experiences that had been packed into 40 hours. It made me feel connected to a big cycling family and very motivated to enjoy every mile of riding in Korea.

### Lean Into the Perm Library

Google Maps doesn't currently have 'Directions' functionality outside of Seoul. I used two local online mapping services, Kakao and Naver. These apps can plan bike-legal routes and indicate services like hotels, restaurants, and bike shops. RideWithGPS heatmap routes were sparse in the countryside and when using them I sometimes ended up on absolute goat paths — crumbling, steep, farm paths — so I'd

often reroute. Using established brevet and permanent routes from the extensive Korea Randonneur archive was the very best source of cycling routes. The permanent brevet routes are designed by cyclists and have been tested and improved by KR club members. The routes are very well organized by distance and region with RideWithGPS download links. I used parts of eight different perm routes and connected them using the mapping app Kakao.

### Finishing on a Sad Note

The final permanent route I used was PT416. The route commemorates the 300+ victims of the April 16, 2014 Sewol Ferry Disaster. Of the casualties 250 of the victims were students, and 11 were teachers. I started riding at the Lighthouse of Waiting in the south and continued to Ansan, near Seoul, the location of their school. The Ansan Cycling Club designed and rode the 416k course after the tragedy, even though they didn't have long-distance riding experience.

In Ansan I visited a reconstruction of Danwon High School, where most of the students were from. The preserved classrooms, photographs, and the students' personal belongings — notes, uniforms, half-finished drawings — left me feeling heartbroken. The annual KR Permanent 416 brevet captures the collective grief and the enduring hope for healing and justice after the loss of so many young lives.

Cycling can be part of these meaningful cultural touchstones.

After this experience, just as easily as I rode out of Seoul on the Han River Bike Path nearly 4 weeks earlier, I rode back into Seoul on a bike path from the south. Randonneuring was my passport to connection, humility, trust, and a truly remarkable Korean adventure.

### Visit Korea!

I loved the spirit of ambition, ingenuity, and resilience that you feel in Korea. Korea's cycling scene combines meticulous infrastructure, thoughtful touring amenities, and a committed, cooperative, and welcoming randonneuring community that works together to offer a big calendar of rigorous events. I experienced extraordinary hospitality and kindness on a KR brevet. The happiness they gave me carried me over many miles exploring the countryside. Korea Randonneurs punch way above their weight! 🚲

### More about Korea Randonneurs

KR was founded in 2009 by Lothar Hennighausen, an American genetics professor doing a term lecture in Korea. They held their first brevet in 2010 and have been growing and adding routes and riders ever since. All their brevets are sanctioned by Audax Club Parisien and can be used to qualify for PBP and other international events. KR hosts an annual 1200k, first held in 2012. They hold many 200-600k events based out of Seoul, Busan, Gwangju, Daegu, and Cheo. The 2025 calendar had 56 events, including 2 Flèches and multiple 600k, 1000k, 1200k, and 1300k's. This is a big impressive calendar for a 15-year-old organization. The club also sponsors Vector events each year during Korea's bitterly cold winter and the brutally hot and humid summer months. Vectors are indoor virtual permanents done indoors using Zwift meetup. The distance is 201k and counts towards R12. Can you imagine?

### REFERENCES

Korea Randonneurs: @korea\_randonneurs on Instagram, [www.korearandonneurs.kr](http://www.korearandonneurs.kr):8080

You can find many bike friendly routes in all parts of the country at [www.korearandonneurs.kr/en/permanents](http://www.korearandonneurs.kr/en/permanents). Korea Randonneurs offers these "Permanent" routes, which are similar to brevets but can be ridden at any time, and are overseen by Korea Randonneurs.

Course for the 600k Gwangju-Busan-Gwangju with the Korean Randonneurs on September 21, 2024: [ridewithgps.com/routes/44483500](http://ridewithgps.com/routes/44483500) (Gwangju to Busan) and [ridewithgps.com/routes/44483526](http://ridewithgps.com/routes/44483526) (Busan to Gwangju)

Music Video 'Randonneur' by Jisung Hwang, Korean Randonneur, who helped me so much in the 600k, featuring the singer Perc%ent. Jisung took responsibility for me finishing this event. I am forever grateful. See the video with amazing anime at [www.youtube.com/watch?v=qa5isZyAb4Y](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qa5isZyAb4Y). It captures a lot of the feelings of randonneuring, set in Korea.

## ROULEUR WEEK.....for so many reasons!

Rouleur is a French word that loosely translates as “all rounder” in cycling parlance. It means someone who can ride a steady pace into a headwind, climb hills if not mountains, and deal with the issues that attend distance cycling.

This concept was applied to American randonneuring by Bill Bryant when he created a series of rides qualifying one for the Rouleur Award. The rides which must be done to earn a Rouleur Award are one each of populaires of 100-124km, 125-149km, 150-199km, a brevet of 200-220km, and a Dart Populaire.

In 2025, Grant McCalister, Regional Brevet Administrator (RBA) of the San Luis Obispo Randonneurs, organized a fun and intriguing new series of rides done over a week which culminated in a Rouleur Award. The inaugural event drew so much praise from participants that other regions are hosting similar

series in 2026. Here are some of the impressions from randos who enjoyed this inaugural event.

### **Kerin Huber, RBA, Pacific Coast Highway Randonneurs**

I went because I could explore new roads, earn Rando Scout points, find an excuse for a road trip, and have an opportunity to hang out with some fellow randos that I don't get to see very often. Rouleur Week was more like a tour or a training camp than a random event. Each day was a reasonable mileage, so there was no exhaustion or sleep deprivation. Every night there was time for a shower, a real dinner,

and a good night's sleep. On the other hand, the fellowship with other randonneurs reminded me a bit of what it is like at a 1,200k. This was great for me as I've retired from 1,200k's, but I miss the camaraderie of those events.

Our region was already onboard with hosting a Rouleur Week before I went. Lisa Jones thought it a great idea and volunteered Greg and herself to host it by tacking it onto the dart populaire they have hosted for several years. We have beautiful scenery riding along the Pacific Ocean in Ventura and Santa Barbara. Homemade pizza will highlight the finish parties. And it will be an adventure with train trips for the return on several rides.

### **Kitty Goursole, San Francisco Randonneurs**

I really enjoyed Rouleur Week. The hardest thing for me was doing the rides back to back, as I usually take a day off between rides. The team event was especially enjoyable because I'm often Lantern Rouge, but for this we stayed together. The finishing barbecue was much appreciated. Many thanks to Grant for hosting us!

### **Terri Boykins, Pacific Coast Highway Randonneurs**

The flexibility of Rouleur Week was really nice. Not having to ride every day



l. to r. Terri Boykins, Kim Freitas, Kristen Walker, Kerin Huber, Kitty Goursole, and Poppy Krasnova.

—PHOTO JACK HOLMGREM



fit my agenda of doing some nice hikes in that area. If you like variety and options Rouleur Week is great!

**Sarah Stolz, Seattle International Randonneurs**

When I heard about Rouleur Week I thought it sounded like a lot of fun. What could be better than riding some shorter rides in beautiful sunny California, especially coming from the soggy Pacific Northwest? It was a lot of fun! Relaxed with lot of camaraderie, beautiful scenery, and great people. Fun meeting new folks from other regions and seeing old friends, too.

**Kirsten Walker, San Francisco Randonneurs**

Managing asthma during a Rouleur Week is far easier than during a 1,200k. Shorter daily distances and riding mostly at a steady club pace put significantly less strain on my airways. This made breathing more manageable and

recovery better with more rest. *Note that Kirsten did three 1,200ks in 2025!*

**Poppy Krasnova, Santa Cruz Randonneurs**

I came into Rouleur Week with an overuse knee injury. After two weeks off the bike I was a little nervous. Turned out, this was the perfect week for me. Maybe it could be for you, and here's why:

First, the mental peace of knowing this isn't a high stakes ride series was a huge relief. The focus was to enjoy cruising the gorgeous coast with my friends. This got me to the start line.

Second, the physical ease of the rides with modest distances. I was able to maintain what Charlie Martin and I call "wellness pace." Riding almost daily was plenty challenging and kept things interesting, but the healthy distances were perfect for getting back into the flow of consistent riding.

I truly think Rouleur Week is the best way to get back on the road after an injury or to get back in the groove of training or both. Completing it felt like a true accomplishment and gave me the energy to get back on track. It made me feel like a rando again.

**Kim Freitas, San Francisco Randonneurs**

The terrain and microclimates of the Central Coast make it one of the most interesting parts of California. In the fall the heat and summer crowds have faded, vineyards turn a soft golden rust beneath deep blue skies, and the riding settles into a calmer rhythm.

West Coast Randonneurs from north and south.

—PHOTO CARLA MCCALISTER

l. to r. Sarah Stolz, David Horwitt, Terri Boykins, and Kerin Huber.

—PHOTO KERIN HUBER



Along the bluffs of Montaña de Oro State Park coastal scrub and chaparral take on muted olive and brown tones above the Pacific Ocean. San Luis Obispo and Morro Bay offer proximity to beach towns, coastal plains, and quiet inland hills and canyons. RBA Grant McAlister alternated longer and shorter rides to create a compact sampling of the terrain. With 15-20 riders per day, frequent regrouping, a friendly post-ride BBQ, and a closing dart, this was a perfect late-season riding experience for randonneurs.

Randonneuring has evolved from the beginning. Rouleur Week is the latest pedal stroke forward. 🚲

**Rouleur Weeks to put on your calendar for 2026:**

**September 1-7**, Pacific Coast Highway Randonneurs Rouleur Week

**November 9-13**, Santa Cruz Randonneurs Rouleur Week (Includes 200km Paris-Brest-Paris 2027 qualifying brevet)

Stay tuned as Rouleur Week is here to stay and blowing up so there will be others coming!

# Luck or Providence

BY KARL HALOJ DU LAC RUSA #7710

“Luck or providence,” I said, “Depending how you look at it. I’m a ‘luck’ man, myself.”

My mother-in-law, on the other hand, was inclined to see it as providence. Either way, I was feeling grateful to have been able to walk away from the whole thing and to be discussing how the course of a life could be altered, in the blink of an eye, by such utter horsesh\*\*.

But maybe I should explain: The year 2025 was going to be a big randonneuring year for me. I’d been going through some of life’s difficulties, and I’d decided that a season of brevet rides would be one way to get back to center. Well, as it turns out, between my own schedule and the vagaries of the year’s weather, I just wasn’t making it to as many club-sanctioned rides as I had hoped. To make up for this, I rode “unofficial brevets;” in other words, I’d plan a route equaling one of the standard distances, and then I’d ride it solo within the standard time limit. This was going well; I was spending a lot of quality time on the bike, and I was feeling pretty good. In fact, I even did an unofficial Grand Randonnée, Buffalo-Albany-Niagara, in August.

1200k solo on the Erie Canalway Trail was magnificent. It was an experience I wanted to repeat, and so I set

my sights on the Ohio to Erie Trail (OTET). If I did it as an out-and-back, Cincinnati-Cleveland-Cincinnati, it would make for a fine 1000k solo adventure. I began planning the details. About a month and a half later, on a cool and dark October morning, I was pedaling out from a park on the banks of the Ohio River.

The trip began well enough. Getting out of, or through, a major urban area

always involves some close attention to navigation (I haven’t yet adopted GPS), but the OTET is pretty well marked, and I managed without too much confusion. Then, it was on to the patchwork of local and regional trails and connectors that make up the beautiful mosaic that is the OTET. Most of these were paved, protected pathways that made for very pleasurable riding. The real challenge that I would face over the course of this outing would be the short days. The fall equinox had already passed, and it was the time of year when long-distance rides involve much time riding in the



The white crashed helmet has been replaced by the black.

—PHOTOS AIMÉE LEIGH WILSON

At the start of the Buffalo/Albany/Niagara ride.

dark. So, as midnight of my first day approached, I had already been pedaling for nearly five hours by lamplight. By then, I was cold and tired, and I was looking for a reasonable place to stop and catch some zzz's.

You can imagine my delight when I came to one of the trailheads and saw a sign indicating that the town of Danville, OH invited through-bikers to camp at this junction. The town had provided a well-stocked fire ring, a port-a-potty, a water fountain, picnic tables, and shelter. I would have been a fool to pass this up, so I didn't! I rolled out my sleeping bag and inflatable mat, and I settled in under the shelter for a few hours' sleep, secure in the knowledge that I was welcome there.

I was up at 4:00 and back in the saddle at 4:30 a.m. I hadn't quite covered the distance I had hoped on Day One, but I calculated that if I did a bit better managing my time at the pit-stops, I could stay on schedule to meet my second-choice target finish time. (The faster first-choice finish was out of reach, but no need to bail yet.) Though the morning was dark and cold, I was moving forward into the day with confidence. My optimism grew as the sun rose above the horizon, bringing light and warmth to the landscape. At about the same time, I rolled into the town of Fredericksburg, OH, and came upon the Salt Creek Café. The café had just opened, and I wasn't about to miss the chance for a hot drink and a pastry!



Well, so much for better time management at the pit-stops! But the seventy-five-hour time limit was still achievable, so I was back on the bike, feeling good and peeling off layers as the warm sunshine started to bring the temperatures back into my comfort zone. I was rolling through Ohio's Amish country, and the scenery was lovely! It was also enjoyable to see the many horses and buggies moving along the paths and roadways. Even when no buggy was in sight, evidence of their passing was everywhere; horse droppings seem to be an integral part of the landscape on this part of the OTET. I wouldn't say it was a problem, but it was indeed something that caught my attention.

So, I'm now traveling alone along a straight, open, country road, well-

tended farms on either side, blue sky above, and in my mind I'm estimating the number of minutes it will be before my next turn. I look down at my cue sheet (remember, I haven't yet adopted a GPS navigation system) and cycling computer to verify time and distance, but out of the corner of my eye, I see something lodged in the bike lamp attached to my right fork. It's a piece of horse sh\*\*! My goodness! I can't have horse sh\*\* on my lamp! What if the horse sh\*\* somehow stops this light from working? Then I might have to alter my ride plan, and then I might not finish the ride within the time frame I'd set. Gotta get the horse sh\*\* off the lamp ASAP!

So, I reached down to brush the little piece of horse droppings from the lamp, and just as my hand touched the lamp, some part of my glove must have snagged on a moving spoke, the moving spoke pulled my hand toward the spinning wheel, and the back of my hand connected with on-coming spokes. This contact caused a couple of spokes to break, which caused the spinning wheel to go out of true. When it did so, the tire on the wheel touched

*Though the morning was dark and cold, I was moving forward into the day with confidence. My optimism grew as the sun rose above the horizon, bringing light and warmth to the landscape.*

Two broken spokes.

the left fork, and the wheel immediately stopped turning. Unfortunately, the rest of the bike, with me on it, just kept moving around the axis of that front wheel. I knew I was in trouble, but already the crown of my helmet-protected head was smashing into pavement with enormous force. At that instant, two thoughts went through my head: “My wife is gonna kill me!” and “One doesn’t walk away from this kind of accident.”

But, as luck would have it, I was wrong on both counts.

I was able to get up and walk away from that accident. Certainly, the bike had become unrideable, and minor injuries to my hand, leg, neck and back would have prevented me from continuing the ride even if the bike had not been damaged, but really, I was doing pretty darn well considering.

My wife didn’t kill me. In fact, she did what she’s always done; she loved and supported me in both word and deed. Upon receiving my call, she dropped everything she had going on and rushed six hours by car to pick me up, bring me home, and care for me.

But my wife wasn’t the only one to come running to my aid. A local resident had been out in his workshop when I crashed, and he had seen the whole thing. He hurried over to offer whatever help he could. When it was clear that, even though my injuries were not that serious, I would not be able to continue biking, he suggested that I come wait for my wife at his place. Then he worried that finding his place would be an additional burden on my already stressed wife, so this kind man started calling people he knew who might be able to take me and my bike to the nearest town. (He surely would have taken me himself had he been a driver.) It was only a moment before he found someone who was available and willing. The driver arrived



just minutes later. He would be happy to shuttle me to town, he said, and he refused any kind of reimbursement. Furthermore, when this generous man understood the route that my wife would be taking to meet me, he drove out of his way to drop me off in a larger town that would be right off the highway she would be using.

I ended up spending a few hours in downtown Wooster, OH. It’s a lovely little city. Despite my aches and pains, I was able to establish a base at the town’s beautiful public library, then walk down the main street to grab a bite, browse a used bookstore, and chug some coffee. This also gave me the opportunity to reflect on some of the big questions about life and cycling. I found myself thinking that randonneuring is an act of optimism, an act of faith even. We get on our bikes to pedal

long distances, through varied and sometimes challenging landscapes, at all hours of the day and night, and in all kinds of weather. We do this with faith, not only in our own abilities and equipment, but also in the people and communities we ride with and through. We may say that we are participating in a “self-supported” event or sport, but, really, when we think about it, we know that we are being supported by our spouses, our friends, and often even complete strangers — people who will come the aid of a wandering cyclist without the slightest concern for possible differences in race, gender, language, religion, political affiliation, etc.

During the drive home, the radio played pundits trying to convince me that the world is a bad, scary place. But I know better; I’m a randonneur cyclist, and a lucky one at that! 🚲

# 2025 American Randonneur Award

## ROB HAWKS

BY BILL BRYANT, RUSA #7

As you know, every award from Randonneurs USA can be earned by any number of riders each year — except one. The RUSA Board of Directors chooses to give our annual American Randonneur Award (ARA) to a special person. This award is not earned by riding the most brevets or covering the most kilometers. It is earned by volunteering to help our sport and its participants.

Over the years we have had many worthy recipients, most coming from a regional scene or from working at RUSA HQ at the national level. This year's ARA recipient, Rob Hawks, has done both and in huge amounts. The time and energy he has spent making our sport better is truly astonishing.

First, Rob is the long-time RBA of the San Francisco Randonneurs, our nation's largest rando-club with over 600 members. SFR brevets frequently have more than 75 starters, and its yearly calendar is truly rich, with events happening each month. Rob's capable leadership has helped turn a middle-sized club into a giant. Developing a strong group of volunteers and club Board of Directors over the years, Rob remains firmly in touch with the club's members and leads them well all year long. He encourages new riders and keeps existing ones engaged. Longtime and new SFR members have frequently mentioned Rob as one of the reasons they enjoy our sport. Rob has also extended his help and cooperation to new RBAs in neighboring regions

On the national front, Rob has also toiled tirelessly at RUSA headquarters

for many years. A long-time board member and a past president, Rob was also our RBA Liaison for many years. He made sure our 50+ Regional Brevet Administrators received any help they might need. Rob also pioneered an effective new RBA on-boarding program so that their first years on the RBA learning curve were not as steep as they used to be. He is also RUSA's



Brevet Coordinator, a vital job that ensures good communication, results processing, and proper calendaring with our colleagues in the Audax Club Parisien in France. Rob is also a key part of the RUSA Membership Committee and strives to keep everyone able to ride with RUSA. A few years back I was elected to the RUSA Board myself for a second stint after being there for our first eight years and I was gobsmacked to see how many important jobs Rob was doing, and doing them well. Fellow Board member Charlie Martin summed it up: "Rob is a critical component of RUSA's drivetrain, doing so much behind the scenes to keep things operating smoothly for members and RBAs alike. His experience, dedication to the mission, and his thoughtful, data-driven communications have made him an essential part of RUSA's functions."

Rob is an accomplished randonneur himself. He has earned the Super Randonneur and R-12 medals many times, and he loves riding Paris-Brest-Paris. Over the years he worked hard for our US PBP contingent by sharing pre-ride info and video seminars that have helped other RUSA members earn their finisher's medal. He frequently puts himself in other riders' shoes, including when things might go wrong on a brevet. For example, fellow ARA recipient Mark Thomas recently said, "He's also generous. When a rider's bike became unrideable on the last day of the Seattle-SF 1700k, Rob brought him a bike to enable a finish." He works for our sport in so many ways and "is a fine example to us all." 🚲

# Random Thoughts BY CHRIS NEWMAN

## Our Collective Vibe

Too many years ago, I was volunteering at the start of a local 200k brevet, signing in the riders and handing out brevet cards and cue sheets. (That used to be a thing we did regularly.) One rider handed me back the baggie which protected the brevet card, claiming it would add extra weight. Really? Extra weight? I think that baggie weighed less than all the sweat his card absorbed on a hot, humid New Jersey summer day! Another rider informed me the cue sheet was not necessary since he would just follow the road markings. Seriously — do you people read the pre-ride e-mails?

I have been writing the Random Thoughts column for over 10 years, and sometimes inspiration eludes me. But that day, driving home after finishing my volunteer duties, the column seemed to write itself. All I had to do was type it out when I reached my desk.

This edition's column was similarly inspired. I had several other ideas, none particularly compelling, but a moment from this past weekend's 100k populaire kept intruding on my thoughts, demanding I share it with *American Randonneur* readers.

One of my favorite aspects of randonneuring is the opportunity to spend time with fellow riders who are just crazy enough to participate in these long-distance events. I love the camaraderie, the conversations, the

jokes, the mutual support, the sense of shared adventure (and suffering), and the unique feeling of accomplishment that completing a long ride provides.

I also love the randonneur ethos, the core of which is that this sport is not about competing against others:

*"The sport's regulations expressly forbid any ranking, and Randonneurs do not ride for prizes or trophies resulting from beating others to the finish line... a randonneur rides his brevet to experience the wholesome camaraderie among the participants, to enjoy the scenery found along the route, and especially to feel the intense personal pride at having completed such an arduous distance."*\*

Last year I only managed to participate in four local brevets. My monthly mileage had dropped precipitously after March, and a vacation in November limited my total riding to a single 100k permanent. So, my training had not been ideal when I signed up for the final ride of the year. The starting temperature was forecast to be in the low twenties, but it was a chance to reconnect and ride with friends, and why buy all that cold weather cycling gear if there is no plan for using it?

Chris, Jon, and Gil socializing at a control.

—PHOTOS CHRIS NEWMAN



George and Nigel out enjoying a ride and each other's company.

About thirty riders took the start, an impressive number for a December outing. And it seemed there were lots of unfamiliar faces hidden under those caps, which was not surprising given my sparse brevet schedule. I hoped this meant our singular sport was attracting new members.

I started the ride with a few friends who are always willing to accommodate my slower pace, but we eventually became separated, and when I zipped past them at the first control, I expected they would catch me down the road. I spent a good bit of the next twenty miles riding solo, which I don't mind, but it is never as enjoyable as riding with friends. We eventually regrouped when I stopped at a port-o-john, thoughtfully placed at the edge of a construction site.

Riding alone allows me to let my thoughts wander, but during the previous few miles my brain had been consumed with the question I now posed to my friend JB. I started with a disclaimer "I want to ask you about something that just happened to see if I am being crabby, old, and crotchety or if my observation is legitimate." He assured me that both could be true.

I explained that I had been riding an admittedly slow pace up a climb when several fellow riders in a few different groups had passed me. One rider had said "Hey," but the others passed by without a word. As most of us have no doubt experienced, this is a fairly common occurrence when we are out riding and a stranger passes us, but it seemed unseemly, in our sport, that a randonneur would not acknowledge a fellow randonneur in some way. It is my practice to always call out a greeting and maybe engage in some brief conversation on those rare occurrences when I pass someone. I know this sport is all about self-sufficiency, but a



friendly hello may lift someone's spirits or let them know they are welcome in our group. JB told me that although he would have no comment on my crabbiness quotient, he had just had the exact conversation with another friend who had made the same observation. I thought maybe my slow pace was not worthy of respect, but those of us who have been doing this a long time know you cannot guess anyone's randonneuring "palmarés" by their current riding style. That speed demon who just blasted through the 300k? This might be his only ride of the year. That snail crawling up an incline? A PBP ancienne. JB then mentioned that the other factor you can never employ to evaluate a rider's skill level is body type. So true! I have often thought that if you took a random group of randonneurs and placed us in a room with other athletes, nobody would select us as the ultra-endurance cyclists. We come in so many shapes, sizes, and ages; ability seems to not be much related to any of these factors.

I don't know who the riders were who passed me. I have no idea if they are new to this sport or have been around forever. We opined that perhaps they were from a club background or raced competitively and were unaware of our vibe.

A few miles after I was passed, two of the riders were stopped on the shoulder and appeared to be examining a drivetrain. I slowed as I got close and asked if they were okay; they appeared quite surprised at my inquiry but assured me they were fine. Maybe they also didn't realize that helping each other along the way is also very much who we are!

I am raising this subject sort of as a PSA for anyone new to RUSA who hasn't gotten the full gist of what randonneuring is all about. We are a diverse group of people from every background you can think of, and no one, from a Charly Miller rider to a 1200k lanterne rouge, is considered different or better than anyone else. It's like a huge egalitarian club; we are one big group, and while not everyone may be friends with everyone, we are all friendly. So please, acknowledge other randos you encounter out on the road, offer help if needed and a kind word to those you might pass. The rando esprit d' corps is one of the best parts of being a RUSA member, so please share it and pass it on — that's what we are all about! 🚲

\* From "Member's Handbook", 5th edition. Pg 18. The full handbook is available to read on the RUSA website.

# Forging Iron Will on the Canadian Shield

BY FRED CHAGNON (RUSA #17611)

The highlands of central and eastern Ontario consist of three things in abundance: lakes, trees, and relentlessly twisty, hilly roads. This rugged topography, known as the Canadian Shield, is the handiwork of massive continental glaciers that scoured the land during the last ice age, leaving behind one of the world's largest areas of exposed Precambrian igneous rock.

It is against this backdrop that the Granite Anvil 1200K is set. Organized by Dave Thompson on behalf of Randonneurs Ontario, the Granite Anvil has run every four years since 2009, making 2025 the fifth edition of this grand brevet. With over 45,000 feet of elevation gain (14,000m) packed into a remote and unserved part of the province's cottage country, the route is an artisanal challenge, crafted to test even the most veteran *ancien randonneur*.

What I found most compelling about watching this event unfold was the stark difference in experience across the field of thirty-five registrants. Whether a rider was pushing the front, relying on physical prowess, or hanging back, drawing more from mental and spiritual fortitude, the criteria for success and the reasons for withdrawal were intriguingly juxtaposed. And somewhere within that spectrum lies a highly personal balance we are all trying to find on our long rides.

While the main course was the LRM 1200, riders also had the option of entering the ACP 1000 or a longer LRM 1300. I eagerly registered for the 1200k event, hoping its completion would count toward my pursuit of the ACP R10000. The brevet gave my upcoming season a focus point — an “A event” upon which to anchor all my training. I knew that, as 1200s go, this was a challenging course to choose for my debut, but being from nearby London, Ontario, I had the convenience

(or curse) of proximity. I felt qualified, however, having completed two consecutive SR series, each including a 1,000k brevet, with a third consecutive series leading into this event. My preparation went mostly to plan, but I did make one adjustment. After finishing my SR series this year, I felt a tremor of trepidation about my chances of success. All my brevets this year had been completed within the 90th percentile of the allotted time. Recognizing that the Granite Anvil's 1300k offering would provide me with more time (108:20 up from the standard 90 hours), I decided to shift my registration. I was essentially taking out an 18-hour time insurance policy, the premium for which was an extra 100k leg tacked onto the end of the main route.

This edition of the Granite Anvil started in Barrie, Ontario, a city often touted as “The Gateway to Cottage Country.” With a population of about



Early morning fog leaving Bancroft, ON.

—PHOTO FRED CHAGNON

Control card stamped. Bottles filled. Ready for another leg.

—PHOTO BRENDA WIECHERS

180,000, Barrie is a commuter hub easily accessible from the Greater Toronto Area, making it a convenient launchpad for randonneurs from abroad. A storm had roared through the night before the depart, just as riders were arriving at the hotel. For weeks prior, Ontario had been plagued by heat waves and a high risk of poor air quality and wildfires. As we rolled out in the pre-dawn fog along recently soaked roads, it occurred to me that this blessed rain may have actually saved the event.

The first leg was a 217-mile (350k) ride that would take us to Bancroft, the true hub of this remote riding event. We left the urban sprawl of Barrie, heading northeast on quieter roads. As the terrain became more lumpy, the large peloton broke organically into various pace groups. I settled somewhere in the middle of the field, a familiar place for me. After about 200k, beyond the Dwight control, we found ourselves in the Muskoka region, riding wide-shouldered highways through Algonquin Provincial Park before curving south into Bancroft. The hills here were gentle and welcoming. Never flat, the roads were a fair blend of gentle climbs and long, fast descents that would slingshot riders into the next hill. I arrived with a few other riders just before 9:30 p.m., giving me ample time to settle into the room I'd call home for the next three nights and get some rest before the second day.

I set out alone after breakfast on Day Two, not wanting anyone else's schedule to define my own. It was a cool morning, and my legs seemed to be taking a while to warm up. Within the first hour, a few waves of riders came by, only to carry on at paces I couldn't possibly hold for long. I continued to remind myself to "ride my own ride" Arriving solo at the first control, I recognized one of our club's stronger riders sitting on the curb, talking on



his cellphone. I confirmed he was withdrawing due to knee pain. I checked in with myself — my right knee was niggling from some residual inflammation after a mountain bike crash weeks back. *Was this going to be my undoing as well?* After another 50k solo to the next control, I heard the event had claimed several more victims. Two riders behind me, both mentors of mine in various capacities, had also withdrawn.

I spent the rest of the second day shifting between the physical battle of 15% climbs and the mental battle of imposter syndrome. I conjured up fictional images of strong riders like Nick DeHaan, Serg Tsymbal, Paul van Wersch, and Oleksander Shyman having a great time, working together in strong pacelines, clinking glasses and laughing during well-deserved breaks. In this fabricated reality, life was all roses at the front of the ride while the rest of us were grinding it out at the back. If

not for coming across Mimo DeMarco on one of the final climbs of the night, I would have spent the final few hours in my own miserable company. Mimo's presence made time disappear, and pacing along with another recognizably strong rider did much to silence the imposter demons. We rolled in together at half past midnight, having knocked out another 215 miles (345k).

The warmer weather the next day had me riding much stronger, which had a huge effect on my spirit. I knew I was riding well because I was yo-yoing with Marc Deshaies, a friend and fellow rider from London — someone I know to be extremely athletic, mentally dialed-in, and always positive. It would be a good day for me if I could share a big portion of it on his wheel. Tucked into my aero bars, I sailed by Marc just before the Madawaska Valley control, but when he pulled in moments later, I heard him declare his Achilles was



Marc Deshaies and the author feeling fabulous in Maynooth, ON.

—PHOTO PETE DUSEL

inflamed and he was making the difficult decision to withdraw before it became aggravated. This was the moment I started to realize that riders seemed to be abandoning from behind me. It was as if, because I was in front, their fate was sealed — they just might not know it yet. *Was I the grim reaper of the Granite Anvil?* Marc made the right choice, to be sure; the rest of the day was backloaded with the route's toughest climbs, one after the other: Foymount Road, Letterkenny Road, Dafoe Road.

By the end of the third day, and another midnight arrival, half the field had abandoned. It seemed those who were routinely riding in front of me were taken out by injury or exhaustion, while those who dropped out behind me did so because they were falling further behind, lost the plot, or simply mentally cracked. I don't consider myself a fast rider, but I always aspire to be, lured by the fantasy that brevets are easier if you can ride hard and rest longer. But there's a definite balance to be struck. Strong riders put more

physical strain on their bodies and probably need the increased amount of recovery time. Those at more conservative speeds mitigate the risk of physical injury but must dig deep on spiritual and mental resolve. It's not either/or: I think every randonneur exists on a spectrum. And we owe it to ourselves to reflect on where we are, and what that means for our risk factors and our criteria for success.

I'll keep training to get faster — that's part of what I get out of cycling in

general. But I'll do so now fully aware that this introduces new risk factors I may not be contending with today. As much as watching Nick DeHaan demolish a hill in front of me is inspiring, seeing Mark Thomas restfully leaning on his elevated aerobars, taking in the lakes at no more than a zone 1 pace, is equally inspiring. This guy has ridden almost a hundred 1200k rides, so there's something to be said for an approach that doesn't max out the body's physical capacity. Where am I on this spectrum? And where do I want to be?

In the end, I held the honour of *lantern rouge*. Though I finished the 1200k segments within the 90-hour time limit (88:15) after all, my ride wasn't over until I eked out the final 100ks. Some opted to wrap this segment the same day the 1200 was completed; others left as early as 6 or 7 a.m. the next day. Wanting to catch up on sleep, I took a lazier 8 a.m. depart and finished just after noon that day, leaving me with a final time of 104:15, over four hours ahead of the cutoff. A tough introduction to LRM brevets, but I'm already thinking about another one. 🚴



Neverending lakes and trees adorn the Algonquin Park region in Ontario.

—PHOTO FRED CHAGON

# *SON Ladelux*



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The new SON Ladelux dynamo headlight adds USB charging, with a 1,200 mAh battery fully integrated in the headlight housing. The battery acts as a buffer for USB charging when the rider stops. It also powers the high beam. The optical design is the same as the Edelux II but the standard beam is brighter at 150 lux. The high beam is controlled by the handlebar mounted switch, which also incorporates the USB-C port. The Ladelux is now in stock at Peter White Cycles.

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# Between Rhine and Seine 1200: An Adventure in the Flat Country

BY LAURENT CHAMBARD

Jacques Brel used to sing the merits of *Le Plat Pays, qui est le mien* — his native Belgium’s Flanders “Flat Country.” On August 21, 2025, the first edition of the LRM 1200k Between Rhine and Seine began in the town of Jabbeke, a few miles from picturesque Bruges, a city renowned for its chocolate and lace and home of the late painter and sculptor Constant Permeke, whose residence is now a museum.

The course is a double loop, starting and ending in Jabbeke. The first 600k loop goes east across the Netherlands’ polder region, the vast sections of low-lying land reclaimed from the sea and marshes, then ventures into Germany to the Rhine River. Then, the route loops back through the Netherlands and most of the main cities of Belgian Flanders (Antwerp, Lokeren, Ghent, Bruges.) The second 600k loop heads west to France, through Picardy and the sub-section of Normandy that is *Pays de Bray* all the way to Rouen and the Seine River, before doubling back mostly the same way. The route is a combination of two 600k brevets previously run by organizer Luc Thienpont, who also offered this new 1200.

The idea is to create a grand tour of what was once *Belgica* as Julius Caesar knew it. Caesar claimed that out of all the peoples of Gaul, Belgians are the bravest — a claim that has been grating the French ever since! The first half is totally flat; however, it is subject to strong winds. The second half has a PBP-esque level and type of climbing. Luc ran the event on a self-sufficiency

basis, where riders had to book their own accommodations and find their own food; however, he also suggested hotels every evening after about 300km per day. I followed his suggestion.

The day before the start, Luc had arranged a social ride, followed by a dinner for the participants. The ride, led by a local rider on a penny farthing, went to an incredible bicycle museum, created by a family who started by restoring an old bike, took a liking to it, and expanded it into a fantastic collection. The place accepts visitors, but only by appointment, and the people there

only speak Flemish. After hearing I was American, the lady of the house handed me her leaflet and told me U.S. Randonneurs are welcome to visit, subject to emailing, *in Flemish*, a request for an appointment. Details are as follows, in case you are interested in visiting:

Fietsen-collectie De Velodrom  
Woudweg naar Zedelgem 20  
8490 Snellegem  
nicolejonckeere@hotmail.com

Day 1 (312k to Goch in Germany) included a ferry crossing early on, riding through three different countries and as many different languages, and having to deal with a strong, adverse northerly crosswind for much of the day. Much of the mileage also involved riding on bike paths in the Netherlands, where cyclists enjoy priority over motor traffic.

Once I arrived in Goch, adrenalin pulled me out of bed after only 45 minutes of sleep. Day 2 started with a long night ride across Germany, then





Beffroi and the Grand Palace  
in Ypres, Belgium.

the Netherlands, again over many miles of bike paths, before I reached a canal in Belgium and followed it for a long time all the way to Antwerp. I wasn't far off emulating Paul de Vivie, alias Velocio, after being nearly run over by a tramway. However, luck prevailed, and I was able to make it through Antwerp, Lokeren, beautiful Ghent, and finally Bruges still in one piece, if without much spare time, riding 280k for the day.

After a short sleep (1:30) in Jabbeke, I hit the road again for a full night's solo ride through French Flanders first (and an encounter with a farm dog, without any damage), Picardy and the Somme valley next, to the much-appreciated early morning controle at a lovely *patisserie* in Auxi-le-Chateau. Relentless climbing followed soon thereafter, reminiscent of the Brest-Carhaix stage on PBP 2023, before the vertiginous descent into downtown Rouen with its beautiful cathedral, miraculously spared from spring 1944 bombings. (The choir remained standing on only three of its four

pillars — thanks to the safety factors used by medieval architects!) Claude Monet would have struggled to do his job in such a crowd as was gathered in front of the cathedral, so I didn't hang around and hurried back up the plateau (on foot, up the 30% grade at the top) to the hotel for another short night (2:15 sleep), having ridden some 310k for the day.

The last night was chilly. However, we had all the stars to ourselves and enough climbing across *Pays de Bray* to stay reasonably warm. As the sun was slowly rising over the Picardy countryside, we heard duck shooting from the Somme River, where the first of a long series of WW I cemeteries began. Luc managed to find us a very official *col* (des Six Chemins, elevation 136 metres and 10% gradient), in Pas-de-Calais of all places, which every French schoolkid learns is supposed to be a totally flat region! Accordingly, the terrain eased considerably from there and made a nice victory tour of the last day. We visited many more WW I cemeteries and memorials, especially around Ypres, where combat poison gas was first used in 1915 and where locals still play the "Last Post" every night (Menin Gate in Ypres, 8:00 p.m.)

Most riders took their time on

this event. I wasn't alone in riding at a relaxed pace throughout the last day, enjoying the company of some fellow riders from France and Italy. Out of the 40 starters, 37 finished on time, two DNF'd, and one finished over the time limit, a good illustration of the moderate level of difficulty of the event, blessed by perfect weather.

Organizer Luc Thienpont says *Between Rhine and Seine* is likely to be on the calendar again in 2026. This is your chance to explore four different countries across four different language zones, very different topographies between both halves of the course, and similarly different types of roads and road surfaces (spoiler alert: you will get to ride (or walk!) on some cobblestones.) Not to mention the route takes you past a number of beautiful cathedrals and provides the opportunity to visit Bruges, Ostend, Courtrai, and Brussels at easy riding or train distances from the start/finish. Luc has ideas for a different route beyond 2026, so it's not impossible 2026 might be the last edition of this particular route. See you there? 🚲 [www.garde-boue.be/](http://www.garde-boue.be/)

Ypres Biking Bar, penultimate controle. The bike is Freddy Maertens', legendary sprinter in the 1970s and winner of many Tour de France stages.

—PHOTOS LAURENT CHAMBARD

## Further: Seeking the Distant Limits of Cycling Endurance

What does it take to go further than you've ever gone before on a bicycle? After writing several well-regarded accounts of speed, Michael Hutchinson, known also as Dr. Hutch, one of the most accomplished time trialists from the land of time trialing, turns his attention to answering this question about distance in his new book, *Further*.

Hutchinson has held cycling records at the 10, 25, 30, 50, and 100-mile distances as well as the hallowed UK 12-hour national title. He decided to expand his horizons to include a

24-hour race after becoming obsessed with the practice of "dotwatching" ultra-distance races several years ago. This journey brought him face-to-face with many of the same challenges randonneurs encounter as they train for success on long brevets.

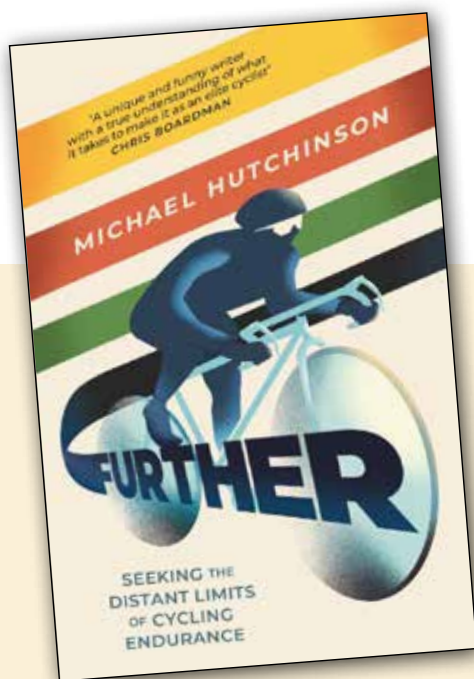
In addition to writing several successful cycling books, including *The Hour*, in which he chronicles and analyses his quest for the elusive one-hour cycling record, and *Faster*:

*The Obsession, Science and Luck Behind the World's Fastest Cyclists*, Hutchinson, who holds a PhD in international law from Cambridge, now writes about cycling as a contributor for *Cycling Weekly* and operates a consultancy for cyclists, aiming to improve their aerodynamic performance.

In preparation for this book, he leverages his extensive industry and academic connections to interview scientists and coaches on the forefront of exercise science, as well as several successful ultracyclists about the best ways to translate what he knows from a career spent riding shorter distances into success on longer events.

As a result, *Further* is filled with great stories and wise advice from a wide range of sources. Ultra-cycling demigods Christoph Strasser, winner of multiple ultradistance titles from the Race Across America to the 24-hour distance record, and Fiona Kolbinger, who completed PBP in 75h 59m, less than two weeks after winning the Transcontinental Race in 2019, provide insights that are not always what the author expects. Michael Broadwith, holder of the British end-to-end cycling record, also offers the sagest kernel of advice to Hutchinson, who is about to throw in the towel during his first 24-hour attempt, when he asks simply: "Can you not do just 20 more minutes?"

While much of his focus is on ultradistance racing, Hutchinson also mentions randonneur events such



### Further: Seeking the Distant Limits of Cycling Endurance

MICHAEL HUTCHINSON

Atlantic Books

272 pages. 2025

as Paris-Brest-Paris and London-Edinburgh-London, and captures the essence of our sport quite well when he describes randonneuring as:

*“A whole subculture of cycling, and perhaps its least flashy. The discipline is about quiet self-sufficiency and reliability, ideals that harken back to the earliest days of cycling. The fact that it’s not quite a race, but not quite not a race, means the riders have to have a certain level of both commitment and ability that makes the event an experience that’s more communal than competitive. The objective is not to win but to succeed, and while only one person can win, lots of people can succeed.”*

As we know, randonneuring is a sport that rewards hope and perseverance as much as physical prowess. To drive this point home, one of the ultracyclists Hutchinson interviews

attributes his success to “an ability to believe that things are going to get better.”

As I sit here typing this review in mid-December after a fresh coating of snow appeared out my window overnight, I am filled with warmth and anticipation as I visualize the cycling season ahead. 2026 will be my 20th year of randonneuring, and my principal goal this year is to successfully earn my long-overdue Ultra Randonneur Award, something I thought I would have accomplished a decade ago. What I did not anticipate as I was starting out my randonneuring career was how the many twists and turns of life, including accidents, injuries, surgeries, weddings, deaths, promotions, pandemics, and the insidious aging process itself, can all conspire to make something as straightforward as completing a basic Super Randonneur series unattainable.

For various reasons, it’s been more

than three years since I’ve ridden an event over 300 kilometers, and this is going to be the year I make it happen. While I can remember a time many years ago when the concept of riding yet another SR series seemed sort of dull and pedestrian, those distances now feel like a series of monumental accomplishments, much as they did in my first year of randonneuring.

I will take on each of these events one at a time. In this way, Year 20 feels like it may be the final stage of a great odyssey when I will return home to where I began. So, whether your year contains the goal of completing your first SR series or your 20th, I suspect there will be something of value for you in Michael Hutchinson’s new book. A bonus is that Hutchinson himself reads the audiobook, which is a treat as his warmth and self-deprecating humor come through loud and clear. Enjoy! 🚲

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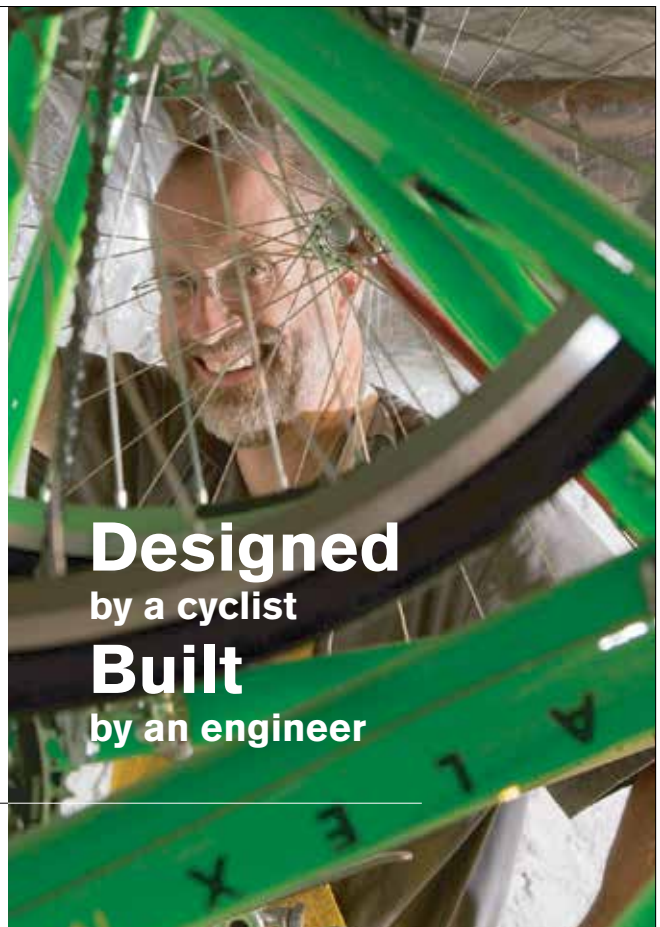
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# Gold Rush Reflections

BY DEB BANKS WITH VICTORIA NORMAN,  
ELI ALEXANDER-TANNER, AND DAN DIEHN

The Gold Rush Randonnee 1200k and 1000k was held September 3rd - 6th, 2025. Davis Bike Club Randonneurs successfully hosted 36 riders from the US and South Korea for this audacious event.

The ride began in Davis, traversing the Central Valley and then wound up into the Sierra Nevada foothills to the quaint mountain town of Quincy, CA. On Day 2, riders completed a loop including riding up to Antelope Lake and down the Janesville Grade, along the Bizz Johnson rails-to-trails route, and then along Lake Almanor and back to Quincy. Day 3 challenged tired legs with a route over Gold Lakes Road and then completed a big loop around the Sierra Valley with climbs to both Frenchman's Lake and Lake Davis. Day 4 looked easier on paper, with a ride down the fabulous Feather River Canyon to Oroville, but as is often the case, fierce headwinds met the tired riders as they headed back home to Davis by way of the Sutter Buttes.

Here are three riders' stories from the event, two from first timers and one seasoned randonneur. Wrapping it all up are reflections from the organizer.

## VICTORIA NORMAN:

On Saturday 6 September 2025, at 6:25 p.m., I completed my first 1200k event, the Gold Rush Randonnée, with a heart full of pride, very sore labia, throbbing quads, and an overwhelming sense of gratitude. This epic 86 hours and 25 minutes (because who's counting?) adventure took me places, both physically and mentally, I had never been.

Over four days, we rode in the northern Sierras. We went through the Plumas and Tahoe National Forests, which provided awe inducing scenery and long climbs, and it didn't hurt that we had perfect weather — sunny, no rain, not too hot! The route also took us through parts of California that were devastated by wildfires in recent years — a reminder that climate change is not a thing of the future but a reality of the present that we need to mitigate and adapt for, as well as a testament to nature's resilience as trees and communities alike regrow.

It's obvious that Deb Banks and her crew of volunteers spent time carefully and thoughtfully designing the route to ensure we had everything

Along the Yuba River on Day One.

—PHOTO ERIC LINSER



available to us to succeed. Here are a few examples:

- Volunteers cheered us on, hydrated and fed us at key points of the ride — sometimes at controls, sometimes in the middle of nowhere, sometimes in awful conditions (mosquitoes in Indian Valley, IYKYK). I can confidently say my ride was fueled by Lays chips, soda, and good vibes!
- The clover design allowed us to regroup and get some sleep in a proper bed.
- The use of e-brevet (yay for technology!)
- A pop-up kitchen and the world's best enchiladas. Gary cooked breakfast and dinner every day — the enchiladas were so tasty that I ate leftovers every day of the randonnée. I have a good appetite, or so I've been told.

### A Physical and Mental Challenge

I knew that if I could ride the first 600k, or two days, barring any unbearable saddle sores, I'd be able to complete the whole thing. Little did I know that it was the following 300k on Day 3 that would truly test me. I couldn't eat, I kept bonking, and considered bailing, but



There's gold in them thar hills — the Sierra Valley in golden glory.

—PHOTO ERIC LINSEY

people kept showing up for me. From Drew, who brewed me a fresh cup of coffee after the first big climb, to Pascal from Bougival and Jae from Korea who pulled me through headwinds and never-ending flats, plus those enchiladas that sustained me: THANK YOU!

As I plowed through the day thinking to myself “Why am I here? Why am I doing this?” I was also chatting with Arvi as we climbed Yuba Pass for the second time about the changes I should make to my bike set-up to make my next randonnée more comfortable. They call it randonesia — it's meant to kick in after the ride. But I was already agreeing to sign up for the Colorado Fruita Loops 1200 in May 2026. Who's joining me?!

### ELI ALEXANDER-TANNER:

Last year I did my first Grand Randonnee, the Davis Randonneurs' Gold Rush. It was a tough one with the traditional 1200k in distance and a daunting 37,000+ feet of climbing.

I started my odyssey of long-distance riding the way I imagine most cyclists do: with a century. I did a 100 mile fund-raiser, the Tour de Cure in Napa, in 2013. The following year I did my first Grizzly Peak Cyclists Century ride, a popular century put on annually in May in the Bay Area.

For years, the GPC century was my one century per year, but then, in 2020 when the pandemic broke out, I decided to do my first self-supported century on the same day that the canceled GPC century would have been held. Like many of us, I had a lot more time and energy to dedicate to riding, so I decided that I would do one century per month going forward. I've now done at least one century per month for the last 64 months and counting.

With centuries becoming a regular part of my cycling routine, I started looking for something more challenging. A double century seemed like the logical next step and luckily, I live a short distance from Davis, California, whose annual double century is famously accessible and well supported. In 2023 I signed up and did the Davis Double for the first time. During the ride, I met up with Tom Dunscombe, a fellow GPC member, and we rode part of the route together. Tom told me about Paris Brest Paris, a ride I had never heard of before.

Hearing about PBP, a 1200 kilometer, multi-day, famously grueling event, my first thought was, thanks but no thanks. But after getting my first



double century under my belt, I found myself back home a few months later Googling PBP and learning all about its history and the culture of randonneuring in general.

The next PBP is in 2027, the year I turn 50. It seems like the perfect event to do for a landmark birthday. There was only one small problem: I wasn't sure I could do such a long ride! It would be a bummer to go all the way to France and find out the hard way that it was too much of a challenge for me. That's where the Davis Gold Rush came in.

As I looked over the events I was planning for 2025, I found the Gold Rush. Because it was close to home and especially since it had a central hotel for the majority of the days, it gave me a chance to try the challenge of completing a Grand Randonnée with the bailout option of skipping days or heading back early if it all got to be too much.

The Gold Rush was everything I could have hoped for! The first day featured a flat hundred miles before

climbing to Quincy, California, which would be our base camp for the next few days of riding. For the flat section, I found myself in a great group of ten riders, with everyone trading pulls and making great time. We hit the hills and I decided to go my own pace and got to Quincy at a reasonable hour.

The second day would be the real test, after doing what was one of my longest and hardest days on the first day, I didn't know how my legs would do on Day Two. After a slow start, I started feeling better by mile 60 and got into a good rhythm. There were some amazing sections on Day Two with many stretches where it was just me, my bike, and seemingly endless rolling terrain.

Day Three was about the same as Day Two, but with better legs in the morning. Despite my body being very sick and tired of the extreme heat (at or above 100 degrees) during the middle portion of the day, I surprised myself and did okay. Day Three also was amazing for the fact that it had more lakes than you could shake a stick at, it was beautiful.

On both Days Two and Three, I had some good company and support from Greg Cardell, which really helped with pushing some wind out of my way and some much-needed company after many hours of solo riding.

For the final day, I was very tired and very determined to make it back to Davis to complete the course. At our Quincy base camp, I was the last to leave, at around 7 a.m. Our fearless leader and organizer, Deb Banks, gently asked me if I was leaving soon. I think she was a little worried about me finishing under the time limit. Leaving so late left me very little wiggle room for making the time cut, but with significantly less climbing on the last day and lots of flat, it was mostly a matter of mental toughness and keeping the stops to a minimum. I never did catch up to any other riders, so I rode the whole day solo with NPR's "Snap Judgement" keeping my mind occupied for many hours of the ride.

After seemingly endless hours riding through flatlands on my way back to Davis, I was treated to the best moment I had during the ride: in the midst of massive fields of corn and tomatoes, the moon rose in front of me at the same time the sun was setting behind me. It was a very beautiful moment and with so many miles in the legs and my mission almost over, it was something I'll never forget.

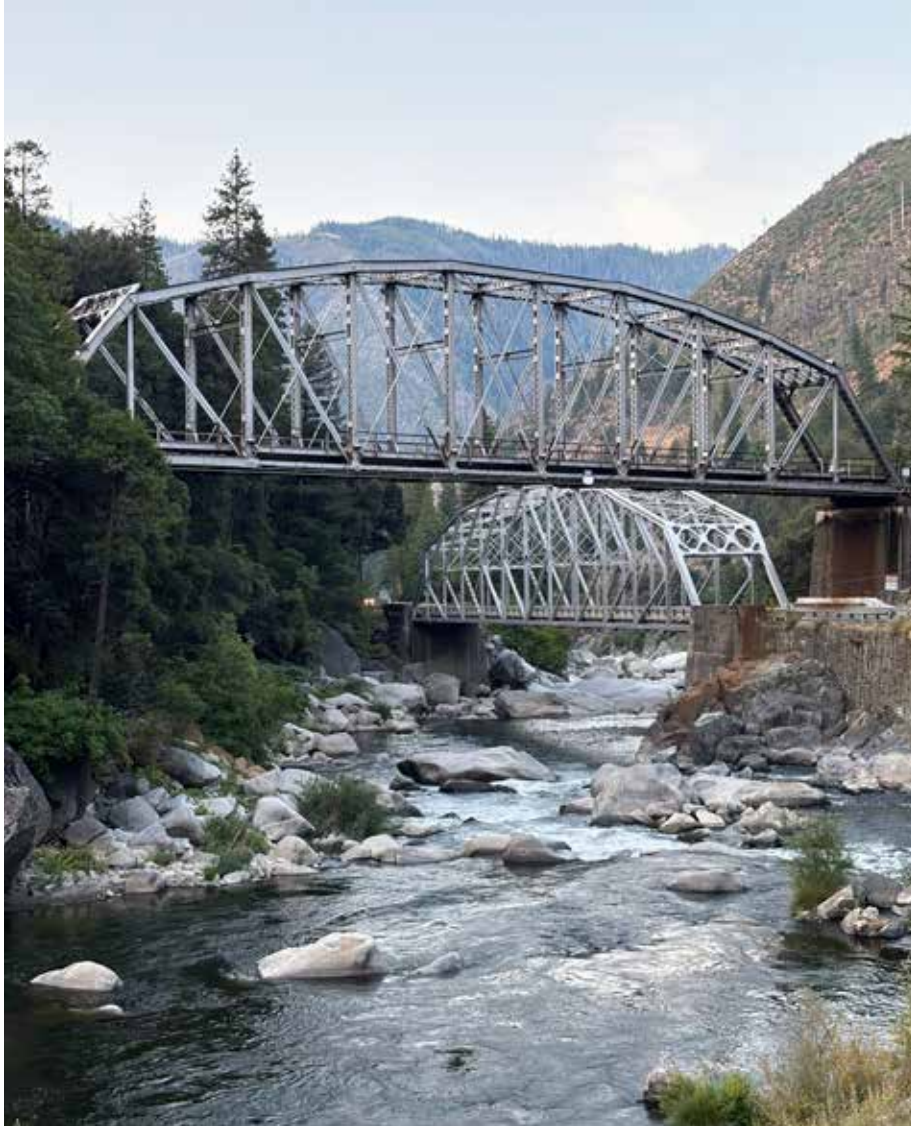
Rolling into the same hotel we started out from on Day One in Davis, I was greeted by my fellow riders who cheered my arrival and gave me a round of welcome hugs and high fives. I was



Still smiling on Day One.  
—PHOTO VICTORIA NEWMAN



Eli finishes his first 1200k  
as the lanterne rouge.  
—PHOTO MARK BEHNING



It's all downhill from here, except for the parts that aren't. Heading down the Feather River Canyon, Day 4.

—PHOTO DAN DIEHN

the “lantern rouge” with a time of 89:30, just under the 90 hour limit. It was an amazing feeling.

It had been years since I had started a ride I wasn't sure I would be able to finish. The challenge was like nothing I had ever done before. I woke up the next morning laughing, still half delirious from the effort and telling myself, “You're a grand randonneur!” Next stop, Paris.

#### **DAN DIEHN:**

Descending Feather River Canyon in the pre-dawn twilight of Day 4, my mind wandered into normally forbidden areas, thinking about how far the ride had come and how much remained. I thought about the preceding three days battling in the Sierras and considered with dread the impending 90 mile crossing of California's Central Valley back to Davis, with its baking sun and feared headwinds. The descent itself in-

cluded such reflection. There was no traffic at this early hour, the peaceful river flowed on my left or right, depending on the last bridge, and the light slowly rose between the steep canyon walls.

Any thoughts of GRR have to start with the incredible and varied scenery. GRR's scenery was world class and ranks among the best I've experienced on any of my 14 official 1200 kilometer rides. The ride featured long, wooded climbs along mountain streams, beautiful alpine lakes, large, flat valleys that seemed more fitting for Wyoming or Montana, impressive rock walls, and larger rivers flowing from the mountains. There was also plenty of wildlife. Personally, I saw a bear (a bit closer than I would have preferred), lots of mule deer, and a number of other critters.

Apart from the scenery, GRR offered many of the challenges that make randonneuring such a special sport. The climbs presented obvious

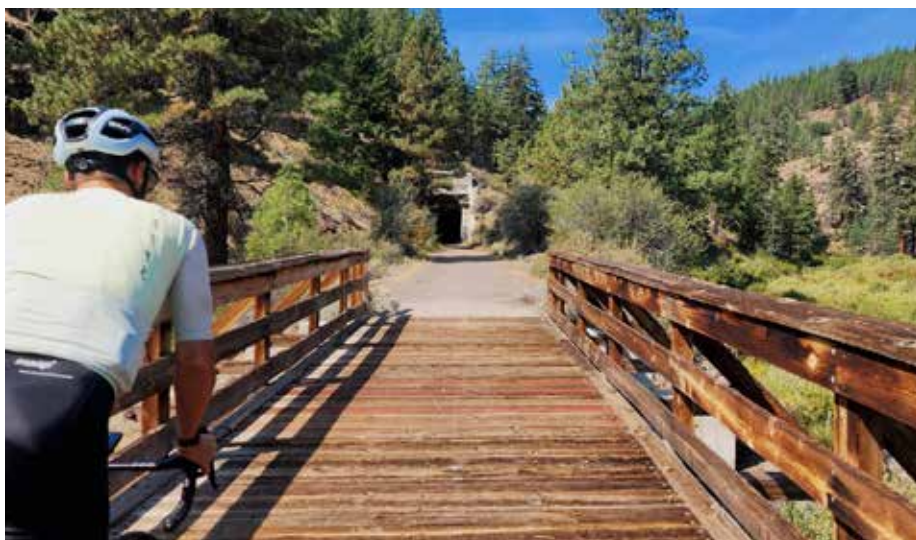
physical challenges. Unlike any ride I have done before, the long and frequent climbs made it very difficult to ride with others, so I rode nearly the entire 1200 kilometers solo, which was a first for me. The remoteness of parts of the course required special planning to ensure adequate food and water. In addition, the hot, dry conditions made some of my normal rando foods tough to digest. I ended up shifting my “go-to foods” to 4 packs of pudding cups, ice cream sandwiches, and gas station burritos.

In hindsight, I think I made a few errors in my approach to GRR. First, I did not spend enough time studying the route. As a result, there were a few times when I was running low on food and water. I naively underestimated the climbing. The total amount of climbing on the ride seemed reasonable at around 39,000 feet. The common wisdom I had heard in the Midwest was that western climbing is “no big deal” because the long climbs are very gradual. That may be true in some places, but wasn't in the Sierras. Several climbs had pitches in excess of 12% and others had long stretches around 7-8%. Having proper expectations can make or break a long ride.

All in all, I had a great experience riding GRR. Finishing a 1200k shouldn't be a foregone conclusion. GRR, with its tough climbs, including one on a gravel rail trail, provided the challenge I wanted, the scenery was spectacular, and the volunteers and organization were great. The food at the overnights in Quincy was better than any food I've had on any 1200k.

#### **RBA Deb Banks, event organizer:**

When I considered re-creating Gold Rush from an out and back route to a cloverleaf, a few parameters were in play. I wanted to give riders an unfor-



Heading into tunnel #1 on the Bizz Johnson Railtrail. Day 2, Gold Rush.

—PHOTO ERIC LINSER

gettable experience, where they really felt “out there” in the Sierra mountains. I wanted to save the best parts of the older version of Gold Rush and add in new elements to the route, creating a cloverleaf. Finally, I wanted to use one central motel for logistics and food.

I was blessed with many volunteers, all friends who I’d ridden many miles with, when I was at the height of my randonneuring years. I staged volunteers to be in some of the most difficult places: when a rider exited the Bizz Johnson rail-trail, but was still 3 miles from pavement; in Indian Valley at night, waging war with mosquitoes till the last rider came through; at the highest spot on the course slinging coffee for an early morning climb. Where I didn’t have volunteers was at most of the controls. I chose to use e-brevet, created by Chris Nadovich, and it was an excellent tool to track rider’s progress. Using e-brevet allowed me to place people where I thought riders would most need to encounter an encouraging volunteer, and at places where a control was necessary e-brevet provided the check-in tool.

Chef Gary Parsons from Nevada City and longtime supporter of Davis

randonneuring events wowed us once again with his outdoor kitchen. Situated in the parking lot of the Gold Pan Lodge, a complete outdoor kitchen was created with two stoves, a BBQ grill, a freezer, two fridges, and an espresso machine. Under the canopies, we had a full dining room with plates, silverware, and GRR insulated mugs, which riders took home after the event as a memento. Gary provided two freshly cooked meals a day, serving over 300 individual meals for the riders and volunteers during the event. Alongside Gary, Bill Green created an outdoor washing station that was as green as his name. A full outdoor sink powered by an instant hot water heater, cleaned dishes and cutlery, followed by a rinse and then a

second bleach rinse. Grey water went into a large tub, then re-filtered into a second tub. Once sludge filtered to the bottom of the second tub, grey water was hosed directly into the sewer system. Waste from cooking was 100% recycled. It was something to be proud of! We fed close to 70 people over the course of three days with minimal waste.

Gold Rush is an amazing event for everyone who rides or volunteers to help. I want to thank everyone who lent a hand. From the Davis Bike Club: Rick Waters and Eric Senter. From the larger rando community that rides with Davis randonneurs: Scott Agatep, Eric Norris, Peter Morrissey, Kevin Williams, Micheal Tigges, Susan Jacobsen, Ken Knutson, Kitty Goursolle, Willy Nevin, Dave & Julia Walker, Drew Carlson, Vlad Georgevich, Don Bennett, Gary Parsons and Bill Green. Without the support, time and energy of Mark Behning, Gold Rush would not happen. It takes a rando village. 🚲

*Postscript: Davis Bike Club Randonneuring is sunsetting after 45 years. On January 1st, find us across the causeway under our new name: Gold Country Randonneurs.*

Chef Gary Parsons making riders full and happy, plus the clean-up side of the outdoor kitchen.

—PHOTO DEB BANKS





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# New RUSA Members

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18691	Bridges, Claude	Madison	AL	18587	Kuhn, Andrew S	Brisbane	CA	18735	Wright, Jimel O	San Francisco	CA
18550	Atkins, Debra D	Tempe	AZ	18668	Lam, Andrew	San Mateo	CA	18642	Yee, Ben	San Francisco	CA
18613	Hatfield, Landon	Waddell	AZ	18577	Lavender, Marina	San Diego	CA	18670	Young, Elizabeth A	San Francisco	CA
18632	Karel, David	Tucson	AZ	18600	Lee, Leticia	San Diego	CA	18690	Zhong, Eula	San Francisco	CA
18553	Pease, Marian R	Phoenix	AZ	18525	Liardon, Gary J	Roseville	CA	18730	Crouse, Jake	Louisville	CO
18530	Turman, Ray E	Surprise	AZ	18539	Luna, Amadeo Levi	San Jose	CA	18659	Flannery, Colm M	Wheat Ridge	CO
18583	Walton, Chris G	Mesa	AZ	18683	Margerum, Spencer	Berkeley	CA	18638	Goscinski, Dwayne	Georgetown	CO
18700	Ahn, Sarah	San Francisco	CA	18650	Markowitz, Daniel Seth	San Diego	CA	18538	Santos-Cotto, Abimael	Washington	DC
18615	Alan, Kristen	San Francisco	CA	18537	Markwell, J D	Del Mar	CA	18648	Carberry, Tom G	Safety Harbor	FL
18711	Albert, Matthew L	San Francisco	CA	18596	Marshall, Lori D.	Sacramento	CA	18679	Gasiglia, Morgan	Miami	FL
18534	Alonzo, Jeffrey D	Pittsburg	CA	18625	Mateer II, William H	La Crescenta	CA	18554	Laney, Nate	The Villages	FL
18584	Alqueza Jr, Percival	Edillor Chula Vista	CA	18594	McEachern, Lee	Poway	CA	18685	Lemire, Aymeric	Miami	FL
18631	Armero, William L	San Francisco	CA	18546	McGoldrick, Michael P	Sacramento	CA	18618	Savchuk, Maxim	Holiday	FL
18573	Ballard, Robert	Berkeley	CA	18556	McMillan, Marcus A	Santa Rosa	CA	18665	Spence, Patti	St. Petersburg	FL
18636	Barrios, David Lennox	Los Angeles	CA	18664	McNeary, David	Los Angeles	CA	18560	Trebbi, Cristofer M	Port St Lucie	FL
18696	Bass, Steve	La Mesa	CA	18673	Melton-Stephan, G	San Francisco	CA	18612	Walter, Otto	Tampa	FL
18543	Beesley, Scott	Grass Valley	CA	18674	Mendel, Noah Benjamin	Oakland	CA	18597	Zoschke, Sebastian	Jacksonville	FL
18660	Berlin, Brian Bartley	Palos Verdes Estates	CA	18578	Montague-Breakwell, Chris J	San Jose	CA	18569	Thompson, Samuel R	Manosque	FR
18599	Bermudez, Rudy	San Diego	CA	18681	Nelson, Matthew B	Berkeley	CA	18655	LaLonde, James	Atlanta	GA
18540	Bianchetti, Cristian	Escondido	CA	18559	Nguyen, Hung L	Dublin	CA	18722	Osburn, Kenneth	Buford	GA
18703	Borchardt, Jackson S	San Francisco	CA	18707	Nicholson, Jamie M	Mill Valley	CA	18598	Roenigk, Ryan	Carrollton	GA
18640	Breuer, Martin E	San Francisco	CA	18701	Norris, Christopher R	San Francisco	CA	18635	Herr, Deanne R.	Indianola	IA
18563	Chivvis, Matthew	San Francisco	CA	18755	Ognibene, Ted	Berkeley	CA	18740	Bolliger, Rick	Chicago	IL
18682	Clements, Tim H	San Francisco	CA	18536	Olson, Anna	San Francisco	CA	18756	Cheng, Angel Y	Chicago	IL
18542	Constance, Dana C	Alameda	CA	18719	Ortiz, Carlos Aryok	San Diego	CA	18558	Gray, Jonathan	Addison	IL
18649	Dempsey, K	San Francisco	CA	18720	Ortiz, Junior Daniel	San Diego	CA	18698	Ingraham, Nathaniel	Chicago	IL
18544	Diamond, David S	Berkeley	CA	18629	Ostolaza, Gabriela	San Francisco	CA	18574	Welvaert, Todd	Moline	IL
18747	Enciso, Teddy M	San Diego	CA	18633	Parsons, Christy	Elk Grove	CA	18754	Wilson, Emily	Chicago	IL
18759	Fan, Nathan	San Francisco	CA	18686	Peirce, Kendal	San Francisco	CA	18725	Coffin, Scott	Bloomington	IN
18762	Fell, Harriet	Oakland	CA	18621	Perez, Christian A	San Francisco	CA	18710	Kinder, Joshua M	Elkhart	IN
18752	Felton, Andy C	Burlingame	CA	18617	Priggie, David	San Francisco	CA	18714	Myers, C Hunter	Olathe	KS
18739	Fluss, Mark S	Dana Point	CA	18590	Quxtan, Gabriela N	Belmont	CA	18695	Vierra, Anthony W	Hopkinsville	KY
18761	Foy Jr, Patrick K	Danville	CA	18760	Ren, Rachel	San Diego	CA	18705	Lamothe III, Frank E	New Orleans	LA
18557	Garth, Gregory E	Los Angeles	CA	18704	Rhea, William	Napa	CA	18669	Bicknell, Sean C	Groton	MA
18663	Gossett, Cody	Oakland	CA	18589	Richard, Philip A	Belmont	CA	18549	Lew, Albert	Winchester	MA
18532	Goyal, Ashish	Danville	CA	18644	Schol, Martin B	San Francisco	CA	18697	O Meara, Michael	Winchester	MA
18535	Grape, Frank	Roseville	CA	18526	So, Kevin E	San Diego	CA	18548	Tacelli, Judith	Arlington	MA
18753	Green, August J	Oakland	CA	18675	Stern, Jordan Baxter	Oakland	CA	18570	Day, James	Bethesda	MD
18652	Gutierrez, Jose Angel	Burlingame	CA	18728	Stewart, Craig	Orinda	CA	18651	Balentine, John H	Windham	ME
18630	Ha, Emory	San Francisco	CA	18592	Stowell, David	San Diego	CA	18565	Cerreta, Michael	Portland	ME
18602	Hambly, Corey	Los Angeles	CA	18672	Tehan, E	San Francisco	CA	18595	Sugden, David	Industry	ME
18531	Henry, Rhiana Elizabeth	Seaside	CA	18750	Tonel, Justin	Fresno	CA	18678	Basaldua, Javier E	Bloomfield Hills	MI
18716	Hofman, Erik	Danville	CA	18666	Trulin, Rose	San Francisco	CA	18718	Kerner, Stephanie	Washington	MI
18646	Holmes, Christian D	Walnut Creek	CA	18527	Valenzuela, Michael	San Diego	CA	18585	Trout, Oscar	East Grand Rapids	MI
18667	Johnson, Xander	San Francisco	CA	18552	Vempati, Narasimham	San Ramon	CA	18624	Bailey, Daniel W	Rosemount	MN
18743	Jordan, Todd T	San Francisco	CA	18582	Volk, Michael J.	Los Angeles	CA	18653	Hoffmann, Cory	Robbinsdale	MN
18575	Kaur, Jagjot	Fremont	CA	18580	White, Cameron	San Diego	CA	18654	Kitchar, Nicholas V	St. Anthony	MN
18658	Kealhofer, David	Redwood City	CA	18555	Wilks, Asa	Los Angeles	CA	18656	Morehead, Michael J	Fergus Falls	MN
18616	Keyes, Steven D	San Francisco	CA	18662	Williard, C	San Jose	CA	18610	Ryll, Martin J	Rochester	MN
18528	Khu, James	San Jose	CA	18541	Wong, John	Lancaster	CA	18643	Smith, Christopher M	Saint Paul	MN

RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE	RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE	RUSA#	NAME	CITY	STATE
18637	Kolak, P John	Independence	MO	18737	Galloway, Deb A	Jefferson Township	PA	18729	Dolmans, Yme G	Olympia	WA
18545	Barbosa, Moraes	Asheville	NC	18746	Johnson, M L	Scranton	PA	18693	Dyer, Lane C	Seattle	WA
18680	DiNofa, Kevin	Waynesville	NC	18763	Ringer, Alexa	Philadelphia	PA	18533	Eusebio, Michael Louie	Snoqualmie	WA
18551	Duran, Jakob A	Raleigh	NC	18741	Schrier, Mark J	Roaring Brook Township	PA	18657	Glenn, Jeremy	Seattle	WA
18634	Mennona, Amelia	Frisco	NC	18620	Wade, Gary James	Pittsburgh	PA	18694	Green, Katie	Seattle	WA
18671	Wilson, Galen	Carrboro	NC	18639	Calina, Gwyn P	San Mateo	PH	18588	Hwang, Do Hyun	Seattle	WA
18726	Savage, Joseph D. T.	Lebanon	NH	18591	Campelo, Paulo Jorge Marques	Pedroso	PT	18749	Jensen, Kris R	Seattle	WA
18758	Fazzio III, John P.	Hoboken	NJ	18688	Howley, Luke	Providence	RI	18706	Kennan-Meyer, Lisa C	Anacortes	WA
18581	Landis, Mike	Cherry Hill	NJ	18593	Maxwell, Yllan P	Portsmouth	RI	18608	Kim, Dennis	Federal Way	WA
18715	Salomon, Orland V	Chatham	NJ	18647	Saracina, Alan J	Clemson	SC	18645	Lohrentz, Susan	Anacortes	WA
18677	Corasaniti, James	New York	NY	18561	Dunn, Kevin R	Cleveland	TN	18731	Mallory, Cameron	Bothell	WA
18676	Corasaniti, Michael	New York	NY	18601	Burrow, Jeffrey Parker	Houston	TX	18627	McCoy, Christopher	Seattle	WA
18524	Forbes, Marcellus	Brooklyn	NY	18689	Cantu, Alonso	Austin	TX	18626	McCoy, Maria	Seattle	WA
18628	King, Robert S	New York	NY	18609	Lauffer, Scott	Austin	TX	18622	Murison, Troy A	Seattle	WA
18604	Musakaev, Timur	Brooklyn	NY	18562	Pressler, Adam	Dallas	TX	18724	Padilla, Julie	Seattle	WA
18564	Rogers, Matthew J	New Paltz	NY	18641	Roepke, Olaf	Austin	TX	18738	Parsons, Erik S	Seattle	WA
18699	Zahner, Chris	Brooklyn	NY	18736	Smiley, Jon M	Austin	TX	18723	Perry Jr, Vince	Seattle	WA
18547	Koehler, Zachary Scott	Grove City	OH	18603	Upchurch, Kyle W	Austin	TX	18529	Reynolds, Bryant	Vancouver	WA
18687	Miner, Ed	Columbus	OH	18734	Wisler, Brian	Grapevine	TX	18742	Ringler, Carl H	Bothell	WA
18744	Toy, Gene	Crestline	OH	18733	Wisler, Carolyn	Grapevine	TX	18692	Saccone, Michael E	Issaquah	WA
18709	Grossman, Bob	Thornhill	ON	18684	Westcott, Mark	Wimborne	UK	18571	Smith, Glen A	Stevenson	WA
18721	Burrell, Johnny E	Portland	OR	18606	Chernenko, Alla	Salt Lake City	UT	18586	Steinbrueck, Mason T	Seattle	WA
18567	Fearing, Joshua	Portland	OR	18713	Ford, Maureen K	Salt Lake City	UT	18727	Stingaciu, Iuliana	Mukilteo	WA
18757	Forrest, Andrew	Portland	OR	18623	Greenberg, Johanna	Salt Lake City	UT	18568	Sullivan, Sam	Seattle	WA
18661	Jeffery, Rudy L	Beaverton	OR	18607	Van Huele, Yannick	Salt Lake City	UT	18576	Sykes, Paul D	Bainbridge Island	WA
18579	Schmidt, Zach	Bend	OR	18717	Reibold, Jason Cale	Alexandria	VA	18708	Volkmar, Jon	Seattle	WA
18572	Small, Ben S	Portland	OR	18702	Bell, Kevin C	Redmond	WA	18732	Wimmer, Emma	Seattle	WA
18748	Balonis, Ann	Swoyersville	PA	18614	Boyd, James	Seattle	WA	18712	Wright, Leon	Tacoma	WA
18751	Fioretti III, Samuel	Jefferson Township	PA	18605	Bykowski, Brett	Kent	WA	18745	Bankhurst, B H	Shepherdstown	WV
18619	Ford, Matthew	Bethlehem	PA	18566	Crainic, Jen	Seattle	WA	18611	Franck, Kathy	Kearneysville	WV

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# The K-Hound Over Achievers

BY DAN DRISCOLL

Going the extra mile is one thing. Actually *enjoying* it, making it a healthy part of everyday life, and building a social circle full of lifelong friends while enjoying the great outdoors — that’s where the magic happens. Sure, there’s plenty to think about: clothing, nutrition, bike setup, navigation, weather, timing, routes — you name it. But once you get in the groove and can do it again and again without over-thinking, something clicks. At that point, K-Hounding isn’t just an activity — it’s a way of life.

The 2025 K-Hound Pack came in 50 strong, with five first-time K-Hounds and seven women in the mix. Looking back over 20 years of

K-Hounding, 255 RUSA members have earned a remarkable 815 K-Hound Awards.

Some riders just keep coming back for more. Eight K-Hounds continue to log year after year beyond the Ultra K-Hound level: William Beck (11), Dan Driscoll (19), John Lee Ellis (14), Gary Gottlieb (18), Dana Pacino (16), Mark Thomas (17), Dave Thompson (12) and Pam Wright (18). These folks have truly figured out how to make K-Hounding part of a healthy, un-balanced lifestyle.

This year also included four K-Hound-and-a-Halves topping 15,000k — Dan Driscoll, Shaun Ivory, Thomas Lewis and Ian Ryan Singer — plus two Double K-Hounds, John Jurczynski and Brian McGuire. Rounding things out were two Ultra K-Hounds: Hamid Akbarian and Kerin Huber. Howlingly great! Many think

It was a Double Dog for Brian McGuire this year.

—PHOTO BRIAN MCGUIRE

that the Ultra K-Hound is one of RUSA’s most difficult awards to earn.

Behind the scenes, many of our K-Hounds are also helping to keep RUSA running strong. Eleven are serving as RBAs and/or RUSA Board members: Hamid Akbarian, Dan Driscoll, John Lee Ellis, Dragi Gasevski, Kerin Huber, Charlie Martin, Grant McAlister, Ian Ryan Singer, Mike Sturgill and Dave Thompson—along with many past RBAs, committee members, and longtime RUSA contributors. Their mentoring and leadership are a huge reason the K-Hound Pack continues to be strong.

K-Hounds are all ages and come from all backgrounds and corners of the country. The 2025 group includes seven members with three-digit RUSA numbers, 22 with four-digit numbers and 21 with five-digit numbers. Texas, Washington and California each had seven K-Hounds, followed by Colorado and Florida with four. New Jersey, Illinois, Arizona, Indiana, Connecticut and Maine each had two, while Maryland, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Virginia, Michigan and Georgia each had one. That’s representation from 18 states and 24 different club affiliations. If your state didn’t make the list this year, consider this your friendly nudge — let’s see it represented in 2026.

K-Hounds have a Facebook page if you’d like to look at some of our shenanigans. If you are an over achiever you’ll fit right in!

Below are a few pieces from our 2026 K-Hound Klub.





### Rob May

On New Year's Day 2025, I found myself in the parking lot of a local grocery store with 10 other hardy souls as we donned our cold weather gear and pumped our tires up for my first ride with Lone Star Randonneurs, a 107k populaire. I finished the ride with the group and was handed a round Populaire pin by RBA Dan Driscoll. "Now you're a randonneur!" he said. That was almost too fun so I rode the next Saturday with them and after that Dan had my whole year planned out for me: Rouleur, Fleche, P12, R12, K-Hound. I didn't even know what all those terms meant, but I do now!

It wasn't all sunshine and lollipops; I had a couple of serious medical issues that kept my mileage down. At the end of August, I was less than half-way to a K-Hound. I had 17 weeks to do 5,100k, that's 300k per week! Maybe I could do this. Thanks to some great weather in October and November, and a couple of perms only a few minutes from home, I conquered my first K-Hound with three weeks to spare! What's next? Another K-Hound, maybe an SR series, and I hear there's a big ride in Paris every few years.

### Tommy Southwood

Is it nature or nurture that drives our passion? My second K-Hound was spent chasing 1200k's, with more than half of the 10,000 kilometers obtained from those events. This was so much fun and a different take from last year. I am still young in the world of randonneuring, and perhaps that is why I question my sanity.

Day one of the Colorado Front Range 1200k was perfect timing as a heat wave took a stranglehold of the country. I was lying on a picnic table in a shelter trying to cool down. The temperature on my Garmin hit numbers close to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. I remember looking over at my friend and thinking "I can make it." I lay there and tried to reboot my brain, asking myself "Why am I doing this? Am I insane?"

Most of my bicycling friends don't act this way. Why do I? Do I ride these distances because of a childhood fantasy about the Tour de France (Nurture)? Or, is my brain hardwired to ride long distances (Nature)? As neuroscientists and geneticists keep unraveling the human DNA sequence gene by gene,

Mark Rada at Balanced Rock in Garden of the Gods.

—PHOTO MARK RADA



Tommy's new ink.

—PHOTO TOMMY SOUTHWOOD



Rob May earned his first K-Hound in 2025.

—PHOTO DAN DRISCOLL

their goal is to understand what really makes us tick. I am willing to bet that before they are through, they will inevitably find the ultra-cyclist gene. It's the one that will be found near the bottom of the DNA ladder, the one that is always fighting with its neighbors.

And when they track that gene down, we'll see that my childhood spent watching other ultra-cyclists had nothing to do with my depravity. It will show that I have a defective gene and literally can not help myself. I was born to ride, and so I do.

### Mark Rada

We can all agree that randonneuring poses lots of challenges — meteorological, physical, mental, schedule, and family commitment — but it is also very rewarding to overcome these constraints. That's what keeps us going and wanting to do more.

Having learned from experience the difficulty of completing 10,000k in the Midwest winter weather, I front-loaded rides in 2025, completing the Endless Flat 1000K and Garden State 1200K in May to earn my RUSA Cup. With lots of support from my rando-spouse handling logistics like campgrounds, food, transportation, and dog care, we took a "short-cut" through Louisiana and Texas trying to catch better weather on our annual

migration to Colorado. It was the perfect plan until a cable broke and I didn't have sufficient tools with me to repair it on the road.

Once in Colorado I took advantage of the many RUSA perms. Significant altitude, huge elevation gains and occasional rain or thunder storms were just a small price to pay for spectacular scenery. I reached 10,000k in August by squeezing in a 150k ride before dropping my kids at the airport and heading to Chicago for several weeks of post-surgical caregiving for my mom. I ended the year with 14,428 kilometers.

Cycling is a very personal activity but it is easier and more enjoyable with good friends and supportive family. I'm looking forward to doing it all over again next year. I just wish I didn't have to plan around the Midwest weather.

### Brian McGuire

My road to double K-Hound in 2025 began when I read in *American Randonneur* about the double and triple K-Hounds of 2024. I immediately thought I could do that, at least the double! I checked with a couple K-Hounds I had met in 2024. Mimo DeMarco pointed out that some K-Hounds had triple or higher K-Hound totals! That proved a double was possible, even though I am not as fast as some. I enjoy cycling, creating routes, and sharing the ride with passionate cyclists like the numerous K-Hounds I met on 1200k randonnées in 2024 and 2025, so I might as well try to reach this goal, I thought.

My RBA was extremely helpful in providing guidance, motivation, and suggestions about doing rides. I created 100 and 200k routes that started right outside my door, to reduce travel time. I enjoyed making the routes and the review and feedback that Crista provided. She always seemed to identify something I overlooked, often due to my familiarity with the route and glossing over the details. Thank you Crista.

I retired in July of 2025, giving me the last 6 months to concentrate on the double K-Hound. I enjoy working toward goals, such as collecting RUSA badges and cycling in new places, and



Joe Edwards creates the artwork for all the K-Hound awards.

—PHOTO KEITH GATES

with lots of nudging from my RBA I enjoy doing 1200km rides. My trek to double K-Hound happened due to the help of many RUSA riders!

### Bill Russell

I've been riding velomobiles in brevets since 2013. During the big run-up to PBP 2019 I managed to roll the magic 10,000ks in 2018, riding the last bits well into late December. I figured I was one and done with K-Hounding, as I live on a small island off the coast of Massachusetts; there's a lot of friction getting to and from brevets.

But then I retired, allowing me to spend 5 weeks down in Florida this past winter, completing 12 100ks, three 200ks, and two 300ks, just piling up the training miles and RUSA credit. I stashed the velomobile in a storage unit right behind the hotel that Hamid Akbarian operates out of, making a return in March for the Golden Falcon 1200K easy-peasy. By the end of March I had tallied 4000ks; I knew another K-Hound was within reach. Between this, the Endless Flats 1200, the Garden State 1000, and finishing up my SR series, I got close.

Years ago I created a permanent on Cape Cod called the Woods Hole Wanderer, a 208k jaunt from Woods Hole up to North Eastham and back. I just ride across on the ferry, roll the perm, eat, then ride the ferry back. Recently automobile traffic on the Cape has gotten quite congested, leaving me feeling profoundly unsafe riding this course during the day. Three years ago I started taking the 9:30 p.m. ferry across, riding the Wanderer straight through the night, then catching the next morning's first ferry back. There is zero opportunity for resupply during the wee hours on the course, making the velomobile's ample storage room perfect for carrying all the water, food,



and clothing needed. Riding frequently through the night has yielded another benefit: I used to really fall apart riding during the wee hours, now I am supremely confident and during grand brevets, often at my very strongest at these times. I wound up riding the Wanderer 11 times over the course of the summer to cross the K-Hound line in mid-September.

Riding a velomobile in my quest for K-Hound status allows me to ride comfortably in really cold conditions as well as rain, a real boon in the North-

east with our long winters. I'm seventy years old now and my power production is declining rapidly; happily a lot of this decline is offset by the ever-increasing efficiency of my velomobiles. I am well aware that randonneuring aboard a velomobile makes me a distinct outlier and deprives me of a lot of the usual camaraderie inherent in the rando peloton. Still, in the balance, it's worth it; I garner great joy from completing the long distances and challenges we take on; this year's K-Hound was the cherry on top. 🚲

### 2025 Ultra K-Hound Award

NAME	HOMETOWN	CLUB
Akbarian, Hamid	Orange Park, FL	Northern Virginia Randonneurs
Huber, Kerin	Pasadena, CA	Pacific Coast Highway Randonneurs

# RUSA Awards

## 2025 K-Hound Awards

NAME	CLUB	DISTANCE
Hamid Akbarian [10]*	Northern Virginia Randonneurs	10454
William A Beck [11]	DC Randonneurs	12937
Kent Beernink	Chicago Randonneurs	10167
Jeff Brain	Seattle International Randonneurs	11085
Greg Cardell [5]	Pacific Coast Highway Randonneurs	12551
Alison Carey [4]	Randonneurs USA	11114
Janice Chernekoff [2]	New Jersey Randonneurs	10039
John D'Elia [4]*	Randonneurs USA	10312
Mimo DeMarco [4]	DC Randonneurs	10011
Kendall Demaree [2]	Seattle International Randonneurs	10913
Dan Driscoll [19]	Lone Star Randonneurs	15338
John Lee Ellis [14]	Rocky Mountain Cycling Club	12193
Phil Fox II [3]	Chicago Randonneurs	10744
Dragi Gasevski	Wolverine Sports Club	10716
Gary P Gottlieb [18]	Lone Star Randonneurs	10894
Dustin B Harding [2]	Rocky Mountain Cycling Club	10763
Jim Howell [4]	Rocky Mountain Cycling Club	10141
Kerin Huber [10]	Pacific Coast Highway Randonneurs	11940
Mitch Ishihara [4]	Seattle International Randonneurs	10001
Shaun Ivory [4]	Seattle International Randonneurs	19599
Ann Benoit Jurczynski [3]	New England Randonneurs	10543
John Jurczynski [3]	New England Randonneurs	22175
Joe Landry [3]	Lone Star Randonneurs	11451
Joel Lawrence [4]	Pacific Coast Highway Randonneurs	10000
Thomas Lewis [4]	Seattle International Randonneurs	17200
Christopher Maglieri [8]	Eastern Bloc Cycling Club	10682
Charlie A Martin [7]	San Francisco Randonneurs	13809
Rob May	Lone Star Randonneurs	10239
Grant McAlister [7]*	San Luis Obispo Randonneurs	10549
Brian R McGuire [2]	Bullshiffters Bicycling Club	20030
Doug McLerran [4]	Illinois Randonneurs	15072
Kerry Moody	New Jersey Randonneurs	10008

## 2025 K-Hound Awards (continued)

NAME	CLUB	DISTANCE
Robert C. Newcomer [3]*	Audax Atlanta	10002
John D Nguyen [6]	Seattle International Randonneurs	10843
Jacek Nowakowski [2]	North County Cycling Club	12099
Dana A Pacino [16]	Lone Star Randonneurs	10894
Andreas Prandelli [4]	New Jersey Randonneurs	12050
Mark Z Rada [2]	Indiana Randonneurs	14428
Joseph Ray [2]	Pennsylvania Randonneurs	11845
Amy L Russell [7]	Heart of Texas Randonneurs	10427
Bill Russell [2]	New England Randonneurs	10986
Henrik A. Schroeder [3]	South Florida Randonneurs	10074
Ian Ryan Singer [4]	South Florida Randonneurs	15676
Vernon M Smith [6]	Rocky Mountain Cycling Club	11338
Tommy S Southwood [2]	Indiana Randonneurs	11425
Michael R Sturgill [2]	Bullshiffters Bicycling Club	10718
Mark Thomas [17]*	Seattle International Randonneurs	13997
W David Thompson [12]*	Central Florida Randonneurs	11301
Kevin J Williams [4]	Gold Country Randonneurs	14000
Pamela Wright [18]	Lone Star Randonneurs	11338

## Mondial Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Robert Brudvik [2]	Edmonds, WA	12/9/25
Julien Erard	Portland, OR	12/29/25
Paul A Foley [3]	Golden, CO	11/20/25
Robert C. Newcomer [2]	Atlanta, GA	12/10/25
Chris Pratt	Beaumont, TX	12/10/25
Owen Richards	Seattle, WA	11/11/25

## P-12 Ultra Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Tibor Tamas	Fort Worth, TX	1/2/26

For a list of requirements for each award, please see the RUSA website. Click on **Members** and then **Awards** on the drop down tab, where each award and the qualifying rides for it are listed.

# RUSA Awards

## P-12 Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED	NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Charles Christopher Argo [5]	Lake View, AL	12/22/25	Donald W Martyny	Oviedo, FL	12/14/25
Tom Beck [4]	Sammamish, WA	11/10/25	Rob May	Arlington, TX	12/11/25
Scott J Brown	San Jose, CA	12/24/25	Forrest Anthony Miller [2]	Oswego, IL	11/7/25
Jeffrey S Cannon	Los Angeles, CA	1/10/26	Keith Moore [2]	Woodinville, WA	11/21/25
Oswaldo Colavin [3]	San Diego, CA	12/22/25	Fred Mulder	Seattle, WA	1/9/26
Paul A Colmenares [4]	Okeechobee, FL	1/7/26	Joseph Mulligan	San Rafael, CA	11/19/25
Joshua Crixell [13]	Temple, TX	12/14/25	Christine Newman [13]	Skillman, NJ	11/29/25
John Lee Ellis [12]	Lafayette, CO	1/9/26	J T Nghe	Los Angeles, CA	1/17/26
Ian D Flitcroft [7]	Williamson, GA	12/15/25	John D Nguyen [3]	Seattle, WA	1/14/26
Paul A Foley [7]	Golden, CO	12/27/25	Jeffrey Orlin [2]	Newton, MA	12/21/25
Robert Gomon [2]	Idleydle, MD	1/7/26	Nova Patch	Howth, IRELAND	12/29/25
Dustin B Harding [4]	Loveland, CO	12/21/25	Jason Plumb	Portland, OR	12/18/25
Calder J Hartigan	Seattle, WA	12/8/25	Peter Rajcani	Arlington, TX	12/14/25
Christopher Heg [7]	Seattle, WA	1/5/26	Jay Scott Readey [3]	Flossmoor, IL	1/10/26
Andrew M Jensen	Columbus, OH	12/23/25	Christopher C. Slocum [7]	Toms River, NJ	11/11/25
Lukas A Jeter [3]	Ocean Shores, WA	11/20/25	William H Smith [2]	Mount Airy, MD	1/10/26
Greg Jones [4]	Moorpark, CA	12/21/25	Elizabeth A Smith [6]	Redmond, WA	11/2/25
Lisa Jones [3]	Moorpark, CA	12/21/25	Mark A. Smith	Napa, CA	12/26/25
Chuck Judy	Chicago, IL	1/6/26	William H Smith [3]	Mount Airy, MD	1/10/26
Joe Landry [3]	Dallas, TX	12/8/25	Tibor Tamas [10]	Fort Worth, TX	1/2/26
Ken A Lanteigne [3]	Gresham, OR	1/10/26	Bill Threlkeld [8]	Herndon, VA	1/15/26
Ronald Long [3]	Woodinville, WA	11/5/25	David Weigel [4]	Wheat Ridge, CO	1/11/26
Jamie Marconi	Bellevue, WA	12/8/25	George Winkert [6]	Highland, MD	12/17/25
Charlie A Martin [7]	Sunnyvale, CA	1/20/26			

## R-12 Award

<b>NAME</b>	<b>CITY, STATE</b>	<b>APPROVED</b>	<b>NAME</b>	<b>CITY, STATE</b>	<b>APPROVED</b>
Robert Anderson [3]	Coto de Caza, CA	10/29/25	Donald W Martyny	Oviedo, FL	1/9/26
Alex D Ayala	Surprise, AZ	12/19/25	Rob May	Arlington, TX	12/14/25
Connor J Azzarello	Seattle, WA	12/31/25	Brian R McGuire [5]	Phoenix, AZ	12/28/25
Kent Beernink	Lakewood, IL	12/13/25	Pierre Moreels [2]	Los Gatos, CA	12/19/25
Katie Bishop	Brooklyn, NY	1/3/26	John D Nguyen [7]	Seattle, WA	1/14/26
Anne-France M Boyle	Menlo Park, CA	12/5/25	Jack Nicholson [13]	Arnold, MD	1/2/26
Paul A Cannon	Portland, OR	12/15/25	Joseph Ray [9]	Bernardsville, NJ	12/8/25
Paul A Colmenares [4]	Okeechobee, FL	1/7/26	Brandon W Rubin	Laguna Hills, CA	12/7/25
Tim Donahoe	Minneapolis, MN	12/28/25	Nancy Russell [8]	San Rafael, CA	11/16/25
John Lee Ellis [18]	Lafayette, CO	1/9/26	Ioannis Sarkas	San Carlos, CA	12/7/25
Julien Erard [5]	Portland, OR	12/29/25	Anton Shablyka	Seattle, WA	12/30/25
Paul A Foley [11]	Golden, CO	12/27/25	Christopher C. Slocum [10]	Toms River, NJ	11/14/25
Michael Fretz [4]	Berkeley, CA	11/24/25	Wei P Sun [4]	San Diego, CA	12/21/25
Andrew Gavenda [3]	Burbank, CA	12/21/25	Noah Swartz [3]	Oakland, CA	12/16/25
Christopher M Gross [4]	Washington, DC	1/3/26	Ben Swartz [3]	Washington, DC	1/11/26
Kerin Huber [14]	Pasadena, CA	12/29/25	Mac Vergara [6]	Piscataway, NJ	11/2/25
Mitch Ishihara [10]	Issaquah, WA	12/15/25	George Winkert [19]	Highland, MD	12/19/25
Sora Kim	Seattle, WA	12/31/25	Tony Wittinger [2]	Portland, OR	12/1/25
Joel Lawrence [5]	Santa Clarita, CA	11/8/25	Jasmine Wu [4]	Cupertino, CA	1/14/26
Charlie A Martin [7]	Sunnyvale, CA	12/7/25			

# RUSA Awards

## Challenge Lepertel Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	YEAR
Larsen, Eric O	Berkeley, CA	1/9/26
Cox, Gregory	Kirkland, WA	1/13/26
Schaulland, Ben	Seattle, WA	1/15/26
DeHaan, Nicolas H	Grand Rapids, MI	1/19/26
Auremma, Philip J	Newark, CA	1/21/26
Flauta, Dindo Agpalo	Sacramento, CA	1/21/26
Newcomer, Robert C.	Atlanta, GA	1/21/26
Singer, Ian Ryan	Weston, FL	1/21/26
Walker, Kirsten H	Tres Pinos, CA	1/21/26

## Ultra Randonneur Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Charlie A Martin [2]	Sunnyvale, CA	11/18/25
Pierre Moreels	Los Gatos, CA	12/1/25

## Galaxy Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Christopher Heg	Seattle, WA	12/14/25
Henrik A. Schroeder	Lighthouse Point, FL	1/7/26

## RUSA Coast-to-Coast Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Stephen W Atkins	Tempe, AZ	11/1/25
Mitch Ishihara	Issaquah, WA	11/9/25

## Rando Scout Award

NAME (25-49 unique routes)	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Dowling, Jon	Canton, MI	11/2/25
Hewitt, Peter V V	Bristol, VT	11/1/25
Kramer, Paul Samuel	Montclair, NJ	12/13/25
Smith, William H	Mount Airy, MD	12/13/25
Spatz, Harry L	Lexington, MA	11/1/25
Stroh, John	Westwood Hills, KS	11/9/25

NAME (50-74 unique routes)	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Dermody, J Thomas	Philadelphia, PA	12/13/25
Holdaway, Aaron	San Diego, CA	12/30/25
Milsom, Dave	San Diego, CA	1/13/26
Torres, Bob	Carlstadt, NJ	12/13/25
Walker, Kirsten H	Tres Pinos, CA	11/17/25

NAME (75-99 unique routes)	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Cox, Gregory	Kirkland, WA	1/7/26
Holmgren, John E	Carmel, CA	11/16/25
McAlister, Grant	Morro Bay, CA	11/17/25
Vaccaroni, Dorina Dv	San Diego, CA	12/30/25

NAME (175+ unique routes)	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Huber, Kerin	Pasadena, CA	1/13/26

## RUSA Cup Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Tracey Hinder	Brooklyn, NY	11/3/25
John D Nguyen [5]	Seattle, WA	11/19/25
Takahiro Noguchi	Berkeley, CA	12/2/25
Joseph Ray [2]	Bernardsville, NJ	11/3/25
Christopher C. Slocum [5]	Toms River, NJ	12/21/25

## RUSA American Explorer Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	TOTAL STATES	APPROVED
Anderson, Robert	Coto de Caza, CA	10	10/29/25
Beernink, Kent	Lakewood, IL	13	12/13/25
Booth, Robert J	Madison, WI	15	11/25/25
Clark, Lynn	Hudson, OH	22	11/1/25
Claussnitzer, Mario	Jackson Heights, NY	27	11/19/25
Driscoll, Dan [1]	Arlington, TX	49	1/14/26
Ellis, John Lee	Lafayette, CO	28	1/10/26
Geisert, Rodney D	Columbia, MO	44	11/10/25
Goebel, Gregory K	Cypress, CA	14	11/8/25
Haley, Joshua J	Canton, OH	12	12/1/25
Klaassen, Spencer [1]	Saint Joseph, MO	3	1/17/26
Nadovich, Chris	Easton, PA	32	11/23/25
Nichols, David Andrew	New York, NY	21	11/30/25
Nichols, Eric M	Newfields, NH	20	1/19/26
Nicholson, Jack	Arnold, MD	13	1/17/26
Peterson, Eric	Naperville, IL	31	11/10/25
Ray, Joseph	Bernardsville, NJ	42	12/4/25
Ross, Graham A	Portland, OR	10	11/22/25
Schaulland, Ben	Seattle, WA	14	1/17/26
Schurman, Regina	Lisle, IL	39	12/21/25
Slater, Bret A	Springfield, VA	26	12/29/25
Smith, Gregory H	Richland Center, WI	35	12/8/25
Stolz, Sarah	Seattle, WA	22	1/17/26
Stoychev, Georgi Emilov	Brambleton, VA	13	11/11/25
Stroh, John	Westwood Hills, KS	15	1/18/26
Stum, Richard	Mount Pleasant, UT	13	1/18/26
Swartz, Noah	Oakland, CA	11	11/24/25
Tamas, Tibor	Fort Worth, TX	50	1/18/26
Wright, Pamela [1]	Fort Worth, TX	34	1/17/26

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Update your address online at:

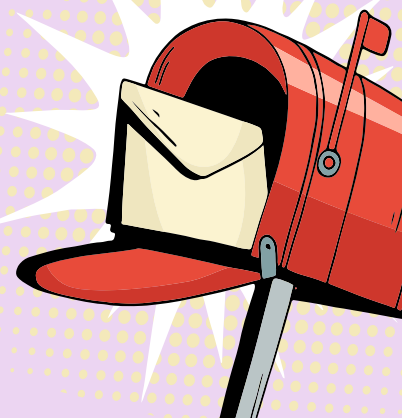
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# RUSA Awards

## RUSA Rouler Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
James Allen	San Diego, CA	12/24/25
Terri Boykins [4]	Los Angeles, CA	11/17/25
Jeffrey S Cannon [2]	Los Angeles, CA	12/14/25
Greg Cardell [4]	Valencia, CA	11/17/25
Randy Carey [4]	Shoreview, MN	11/2/25
Matthew D Close [3]	Woodinville, WA	12/8/25
Charles Cochran	Arlington, TX	12/8/25
Reuben Cozmyer	Merriam, KS	11/9/25
Trevor F. Crowell [2]	Washington, DC	10/31/25
David Danovsky	San Diego, CA	12/24/25
Mimo DeMarco	Arlington, VA	10/31/25
Gardner M Duvall [2]	Jefferson, MD	10/31/25
Andrew D Frohreich	San Diego, CA	12/2/25
Arturo Gonzalez Maldonado	San Diego, CA	12/17/25
John E Holmgren	Carmel, CA	11/17/25
David Horwitt	San Diego, CA	11/16/25
Shaun Ivory [4]	Woodinville, WA	12/8/25
Polina Poppy Krasnova	Montara, CA	11/17/25
Joe Landry [3]	Dallas, TX	12/8/25
Audunn Ludviksson [4]	Seattle, WA	12/8/25
Charlie A Martin [5]	Sunnyvale, CA	11/17/25
Tim Mason	Davis, CA	11/17/25
Grant McAlister [2]	Morro Bay, CA	11/17/25
Kyle R McKenzie	Falls Church, VA	10/31/25
Keith Moore [2]	Woodinville, WA	12/8/25
Josh Morse	Olympia, WA	12/18/25
Fred Mulder	Seattle, WA	12/8/25
John D Nguyen [2]	Seattle, WA	12/8/25
John David Page	Overland Park, KS	11/9/25
Shan Perera [3]	Seattle, WA	11/23/25
Chris Readinger	Alexandria, VA	10/31/25
Sarah Stolz [2]	Seattle, WA	11/17/25
Melissa M Walker	San Diego, CA	12/2/25

## Can-Am Challenge Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
D'Elia, John	Middletown, CT	11/3/25
DeHaan, Nicolas H	Grand Rapids, MI	11/3/25
DeMarco, Mimo	Arlington, VA	11/3/25
Hallman, Dan	Washington, DC	11/3/25
Southwood, Tommy S	Westfield, IN	11/3/25
Sturgill, Michael R	Phoenix, AZ	11/3/25
Thomas, Mark	Kirkland, WA	11/3/25
Thompson, W David	New Smyrna Beach, FL	11/3/25
Wiechers, Brenda J	LaSalle, ON	11/3/25
McGuire, Brian R	Phoenix, AZ	11/15/25

## Ultra Flèche Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Gavin Biebuyck	Mount Gretna, PA	1/17/26
Bryan K Clarkson	Martinez, CA	1/17/26
Gardner M Duvall	Jefferson, MD	1/17/26
Kitty Goursole	San Ramon, CA	1/17/26
Tom Haggerty	San Francisco, CA	12/1/25
Ian Page Hands	Bellevue, WA	1/17/26
Jack Nicholson	Arnold, MD	1/17/26
Mark Thomas [2]	Kirkland, WA	1/17/26
Michal Young	Eugene, OR	1/17/26

## R-12 Ultra Award

NAME	CITY, STATE	APPROVED
Mitch Ishihara	Issaquah, WA	12/15/25
Christopher C. Slocum	Toms River, NJ	11/14/25

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