

Trip Report – Jim Logan - Endless Mountains 1240 km Grand Randonnée

30 Sept – 3 Oct 2009

“Brevets are not casual affairs” ACP

Summary

I did it. My preparation and planning largely worked. The weather suited me, though it was cold for others. The first two days I rode better than I ever had in my life, then I rode two more days. I made a modest mistake on day 2 which ultimately meant I went without sleep night 3. However, it aligned me on the road with Albert Kong, and Albert was a great riding partner for me the last two nights. Day 4 was difficult as my cognitive ability slipped as sleep deprivation finally caught up with me, but I made it.

I divide the randonneuring world into tortoises and hares. Hares get to sleep. Hares get sit down meals. As a tortoise, I plan fastidiously, and generally follow the rule of “Don’t stop stupid”. It works for me, though I do envy people that get to sit down for meals and get to sleep more. However, making necessity a virtue, I’ve decided to declare myself a Prince of Tortoises. Why? Because I thought King of Tortoises was too grandiose, but I had held up the honor of Tortoises everywhere by completing the EM1240.

As usual, my trip report is really anal on equipment and preparation, since that is where the focus of my riding always is.



Thank you to George Metzler for this great annotated photo of me at Barrysville. The jersey I am wearing (“Born to Climb”) happens to be the 2009 jersey of the Western Pennsylvania Wheelmen (WPW), my home road-riding club. Now that others have sampled Pennsylvania terrain, perhaps you better understand the motto on the WPW jersey this year.

PA 1000 km History

I rode the PA 1240 km despite being the only person in the last two years to DNF the PA 1000 km (2008). However, as reported elsewhere, I made several mistakes on the PA 1000 km, learned from it, and completed the OH 1000 km three weeks later. However, I was also day 1 secret control and sleep control volunteer for the 2009 PA 1000 km, and I saw how all the riders suffered on this course. I knew I had to really train for the PA 1240 km.

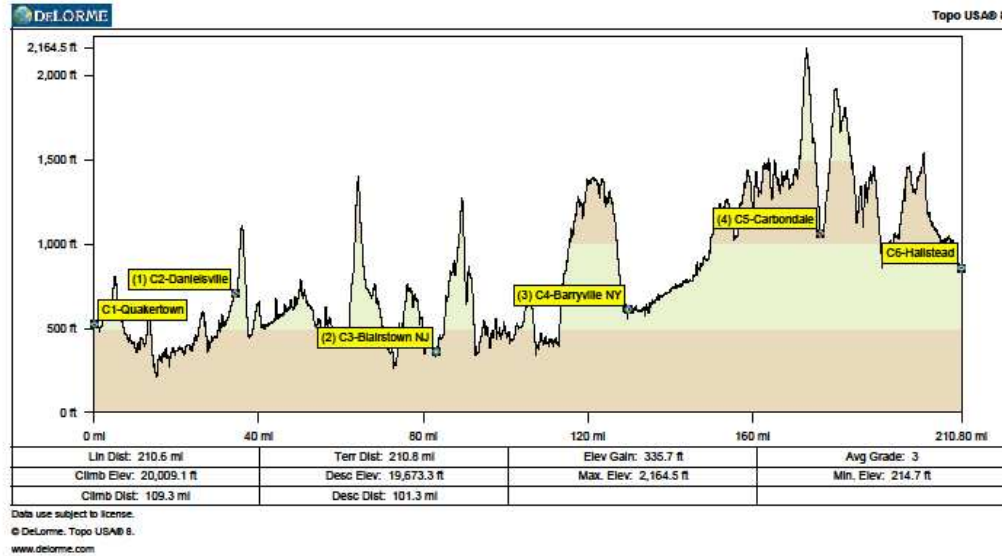
Before the 1240 km, I made the commitment to finish it. I helped cement that by email to key people in both my professional and private life that I was doing it. There could be no backing out.

Preride Planning and Equipment Selection

Preparations:

- I use Desktop Max from weather.com, and I programmed 3 of my 5 locations in same to be Quakertown, Hallstead, and Lamar. About a week before the ride, from same I started to get the real sense that 40F and rain was a real possibility. Both Bill Beck and I started posting warnings of same on Randon – hopefully someone took notice.
- For myself, I planned clothing for “40F and rainy”, and I was mostly comfortable:
 - I bought 3 pairs of 6-panel wool shorts from Kucharik (www.kucharik.com), and I can’t say enough nice things about these shorts. They were instantly comfortable, and the ideal shorts for the weather conditions we had.
 - RainLegs – I likely wouldn’t have carried mine if not prodded by Bill Beck’s Randon posting – thanks Bill. My RainLegs did indeed keep me comfortable the several times we had “40F and rain”
 - This is the first time since PBP I used my Sealskin waterproof gloves. They were a tad cold at 40F, but better than any alternatives I carried.
 - Other key elements of my kit: Fenders, shoe covers, leg warmers, arm warmers, Showerpass jacket, jersey, glove liners, and fleece gloves. I carried a fleece armless vest as well in case of extreme cold, which turned out to be a good emergency dry undershirt when all else was wet.
- Laminating – Carol bought a home laminator for me, and I laminated cue cards, my overall ride plan, and daily profiles. I was so happy I laminated.
- Route programmed into my DeLorme PN-40.
- I chose prepping for fitness rather than logging miles in preparation. I executed a CycloCore (www.cyclocore.com) in-season advanced plan over July and August. Fitness worked, and I am glad I chose a fitness plan over just logging miles. Also, I lost 10+ pounds at Jenny Craig.
- I had great sleep hygiene going to the event, and I was well-rested.
- I executed a two-week taper. At the end of the taper, I rode 3 local steepes, and pleased to see that I could climb aerobically 20% grades, something I have never been able to do before (of course, I have a 30 tooth granny, and a 34 tooth low cog in the back, but I’ve always had that)
- For each day I had two 4-hr bags of Perpetuum to make 4-hr bottles, and 6 gel flasks for the 4 days, plus two energy bars, plus 2 cookies from my local French baker for each day. I had a heavy drop bag, with all of that food.

Day 1 – Quakertown to Hallstead



Since I was on the Randon listserv harping on the weather the week before the event, I decided to start with sufficient kit to be comfortable in 40F and rain and walk-the-talk. I carried one pannier, with my cold-wet gear, but it really wasn't as heavy as it looked. I rode well all day, and was happy to see my heart rate at 150 bpm on the big climbs like Millbrook. That is 10 bpm lower than ever before on these mountains. My Cyclocore training plan worked, and I was riding pretty easily.

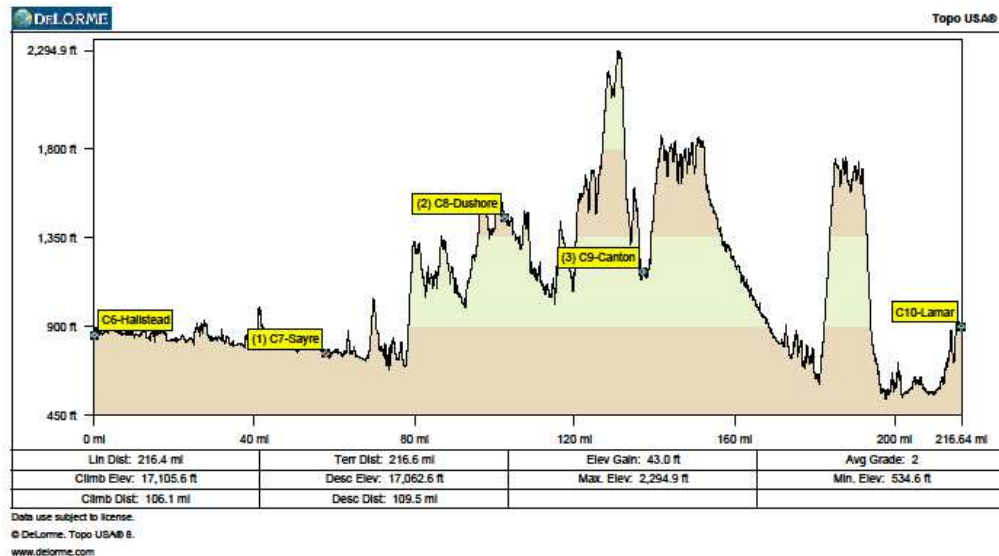
I executed my tortoise strategy of not stopping at any stop more than what was needed to process through the control, refill bottles, and buy food I could stuff in a jersey pocket, eating on my bike. I didn't settle in with any ride partners on day 1. I did mix it up with several hares I would see repeatedly. Climbing out of Carbondale in the dark was to me the most dangerous part of the ride – lots of commuters traveling on that road at high speed. I felt good all day, and required no Advil. I roomed with Albert Kong this night, and discovered not only had we both ridden PBP in 2007, but stayed at the same hotel (Holiday Inn), and hung out with the Aussies together.

Since I was eating on the bike I would take any pre-made sandwich I could get at a control rather than wait for one to be made-to-order. At the Gourmet Gallery in Blairstown, that meant I got chicken salad with grapes on stale bread – actually pretty good, better than most of the other sandwiches I could grab this day. All the chocolate chip cookies were gone, but I scored the last oatmeal-raisin cookie in the bakery case. I felt lucky. I made time on hares that were ordering made-to-order sandwiches.

80% of day 1 was familiar terrain from many prior PA events, and it was a good advantage knowing the terrain and which hills were steep and which were long. It was a big ego boost being in contact with other riders all day. The last segment riding toward the sleep control I remember riding with Nick Bull.

I arrived at the sleep control at 11:03 AM, beating my arrival time on the 2008 PA 1000 km by 2 hrs.

Day 2 –Hallstead to Lamar



I thought I had over-packed a tad on day 1, so I left my pannier behind, and my second layer of cold weather gear. I dressed too warm at first, and had to stop several times to adjust clothing after leaving the control circa 3:30 AM. Then within 20 minutes it started to rain, and I was stopping several more times to put clothing back on. This is the first time I got really good use out of my RainLegs and Sealskin gloves this trip. The one piece of clothing I missed was my shoe covers, left in my drop bag. However, I have fenders, so my feet were relatively protected.

This entire day was a day of tortoises and hares for me. Meaning I was the tortoise, and I would overtake hares at the controls, but they were all too fast for me to ride with. I didn't see anyone riding my pace or slower all day since I didn't linger at controls. Dan Blumenfeld had tire and mechanical problems early in the day, so he overtook me and we rode together for a few miles after Dushore. And I would see Guy with the Fuoco's throughout the day, and caught site of Judson's group at Dushore. Otherwise, I was on my own all day.

I misread my daily course profile, and thought the mountain before Canton was after Canton, so the sectional was more difficult from DuShore to Canton than what I thought when I left Dushore. Still it was pleasant as Pennsylvania mountains go – long but not overly steep, and beautiful country.

Since the stretch after Canton caused me horrible suffering on the PA 1000 km, I was a bit apprehensive approaching it. But I had trained well enough that I could climb 20% grades aerobically, and I climb enough steeps regularly that I know how to conserve every heartbeat climbing them and rest between them. I got through this section of nasty steep rollers feeling pretty good about myself. Why the section is hard is that the early hills lure you in to "give your all", then they keep getting steeper and longer. I avoided that siren song this year.

Then paradoxically, I tore myself up on the long downhill grades between Liberty and Waterville, on the rough roads in the state parks. Boy were those roads dark in the night. And of course, although this is a downhill section, it is "Pennsylvania downhill", meaning at time you find yourself going uphill at 8% or so. Since I couldn't see the grades clearly, I think this is when I started shifting less and having my legs make up the difference in the grades. I felt great for 390 miles with virtually no complaints, which got me past Waterville. Then on the climb up from Waterville, I had pains all over my body – I have weakness in the structure under the soles of my feet. Somehow, between Liberty and Waterville I aggravated this injury. And once the feet went, my butt went. Time for Advil. At the top of this climb there are rollers for

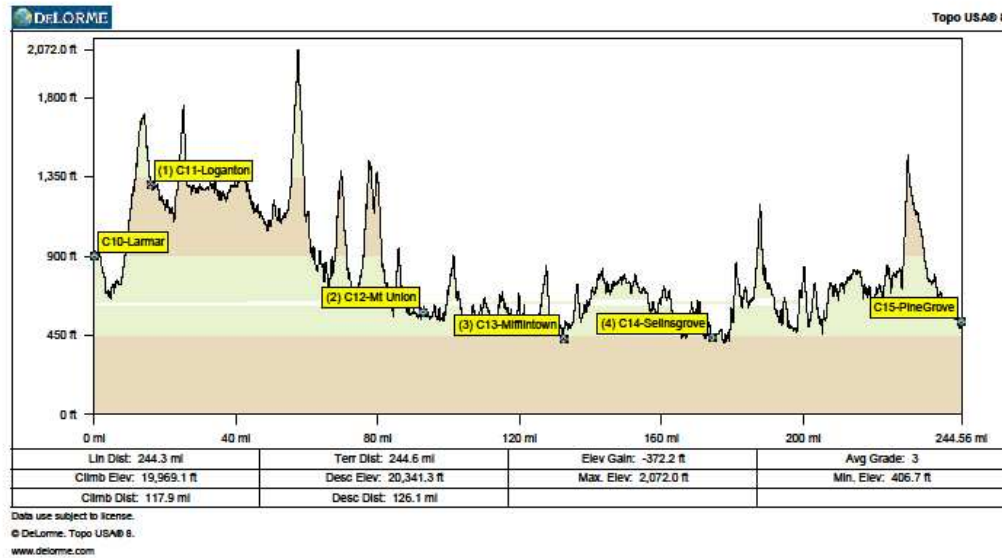
perhaps 10 miles, but the final long descent is welcome when it comes, though I always get a lot of hand pain descending while riding my brakes.

The 20 miles on top of the mountain after Waterville and before Lamar was bitterly cold in the night. I rued not having my emergency layer of a fleece top and wool tights, but I had just enough clothes I didn't suffer, but I suspect others did.

I lost a couple hours on my planned pace at the end of this day, but was pleased that I had ridden 390 miles so well and pain free. I arrived at the sleep control at mile 426 at 1:48 AM. Never had I done more than 150 miles before without Advil. My training and equipment preparation seemed to have paid off.

A highlight of this day was that in the morning, I crossed the wrong bridge across the Susquehanna, adding some bonus miles. However, I found a wonderful convenience store, stocked with low fat chocolate milk (the on course convenience stores had their low-fat chocolate milk consumed by faster randonneurs before I arrived), and a great restroom just when I really needed a crap. It is the little things that count, and that made my day.

Day 3 –Lamar to Pine Grove



I started out from Lamar at 5:15 AM, and the climb from Lamar to Loganton was 40F and rainy. Fortunately, I was back to carrying full fowl weather kit, and I was comfortable. Guy and a new riding partner he had this day started the tortoise and hare routine with me. Once on Advil, I stayed on Advil the rest of the ride. The inner structure of my feet under the balls of my feet felt squishy. I didn't like that, but there was nothing to do but take Advil and keep moving.

By day 2 I was cursing Tom a bit because all he had on days 1 and 2 was mountains and “rolling terrain” (which in Pennsylvania means up to 20%) – none of the long flat valleys Pennsylvania has. Then I discovered he was saving them for day 3 and I felt better. On same I was caught and passed by the two Vince's from the Seattle Randonneurs. When they saw I couldn't hang with them, they slowed down so I could ride with them a bit. Thank you Vince and Vince. I lost them after a bit, but we stopped at the same little diner to refuel. One of the Vince's asked me to eat with them, so this was the first time I sat down at a control to eat. I used the time honored practice of ordering what they ordered (milkshake and chicken sandwich) to make my menu selections. I love milkshakes. They are a power food. I rode out of the control before the Vince's, but they passed me on the next climb and I didn't see them again.

The highest elevation was circa mile 500 on the route. It was a ridge I had climbed before on one of Tom's brevets. It was also one of the few roads my GPS wouldn't route. At the top of the climb, I saw a rider behind me. I went a bit beyond an intersection to stop and pee, not liking the idea of being caught on a climb again (several riders had passed me on the climb). The rider didn't follow, and I went on. I rode on for some miles, recognizing the route I had ridden before. However, several miles on, I realized the cue “STEEP twisty descent ahead” wasn't working. I studied the GPS and cue sheet more closely. I was off course, half-way down the ridge. About this time, my GPS batteries were close to dead, and I replaced them. I bent one of the contacts. Now I was lost and without a GPS. I saw the GPS contact was fixable (after I said a randonneur's prayer asking God to make my GPS work again), and fixed it. I started riding back up the ridge, fortunately with a tailwind. I came to a house with a woman that I heard telling her dog to ignore me from inside my house. I had a discussion were her on my options. She though I should go off-course, down the mountain, to get to Mt Union, since otherwise I had a climb ahead. I started to do that, but that is AGAINST THE RULES, so I turned around. I was stopped to ponder and an SUV slowed, and it looked like they were checking to see if I was ok. I stuck out my thumb. They stopped, a mother and son. I explained I was in a 4 day ultra-distance bike event, I really needed to get back up the mountain to where I got off-course, and could they give me a lift? I think my wool Randonneurs USA jersey helped

with credibility. The son folds down the back seat, my bike goes in the back, and I squeeze in. They take me back to the intersection with Sugar Grove Road. I babble many thanks to these nice people.

Now I was a sorry sack before this episode, but I had a major adrenaline rush after going off-course and losing time. I hadn't been able to my heart-rate above 120 all day, but here it was hitting 120-140 bpm. I lost time on my adventure, but I made up a fraction of it over the next 10 miles. I called my wife Carol to talk to her to distract myself so I wouldn't ride too hard and burn out. When I arrived at the Mt Union control, I was glad to see other riders there. Judson Hand was just leaving, and Albert Kong and Dan Clinkenbeard were at the control, and Albert was attempting a power nap. Dan talked about the benefit of riding in the dark together (it was late afternoon), but I did my tortoise thing, and took off as soon as I was ready. [Post ride, I was browsing the PBP 2003 yearbook, and Dan's name jumped out at me. He is an ancien too.]

Down the road, Albert and Dan caught up with me. We rode as a loose group, often with one or another falling behind. It was kind of warm (high 50's), then a light rain started before sunset. Then the rain got harder. Then it got colder. I happened to be riding ahead at this point, but as we made the turn at mile 546, Dan called to me, and pulled off under an awning. He was cold and wet, and he decided he was DNFing. I wished him well, shook his hand, and rode off. We were in a town, there was a store marked 0.3 off route he could go to, and as a tortoise I couldn't afford a stop. As I left Dan, Albert pulled to talk to him. Anyhow, I was surprised several miles ahead, when they both caught me. If they had to stop somewhere, they decided it should be a control, so they rode on. We were all soaked through because of how the storm came on. It rained hard all the way to Mifflintown. Plus I lost one of my Sealskin waterproof gloves, and the experiment with my liner glove went badly. I rode ahead on some climbs, but made sure I kept visuals on our little group, since conditions were so bad. On the outskirts of Mifflintown, we were cold, miserable, and wet. Both Albert and I had GPSs, so I decided to follow mine wherever it might lead to get me to the control. Bad idea. It turns out Main St in Mifflintown has a discontinuity in it. I stopped at a store to get directions, but met up with Albert and Dan again before the control.

When we got to the Mifflintown control, the two of them went to the restaurant, but I ate from the convenience store. Dan decided to DNF, and Albert decided to go on. I rode out with Albert and Henk Bouhuyzen. Volunteers had access to a clothes drier, which was a big help. I had no really dry clothes except for a fleece full-zipper vest, so I used that as an undershirt.

Fortunately, the storm passed as we awaited our clothes from the drier. Unfortunately, it also warmed up, and I was over dressed. I lived with it.

This night, I noted somewhat academically at the time my E3 seemed to be fading away. Since I was riding in a group and we were taking it slow, it really didn't sink in that my primary light was failing.

Henk was getting quite sleepy in the wee hours of the night, and one of Albert's techniques to stay awake was to yell. For one pee stop, I pulled ahead a bit and peed. I thought I was in the middle of nowhere, but actually I was across from someone's house. And Albert and Henk were up the hill yelling at each other. A guy comes of a house, gets in his car and backs onto the road to light it up, and uses it to ask what is going on. I replay that an ultra-distance bicycling event happened to be passing by. He seemed to accept that answer, and backed his car into driveway, and went back in his house.

Riding at night after the first night is just surreal. You can't see the grade, you don't know where you are, you just ride.

A little further down the road, Albert and Henk discover a garage sale with a couple of chairs sitting out. They attempt power naps, but my headlamps starts flashing, which I had never seen before but had to believe was a "low battery" warning – pretty cool. So I changed those batteries.

Several miles before the Denny's control, we hit a 2 mile road that just had it's surface removed and was essentially gravel. My Bilenky with 700x28 tires rode relatively well, but I was glad when it was over.

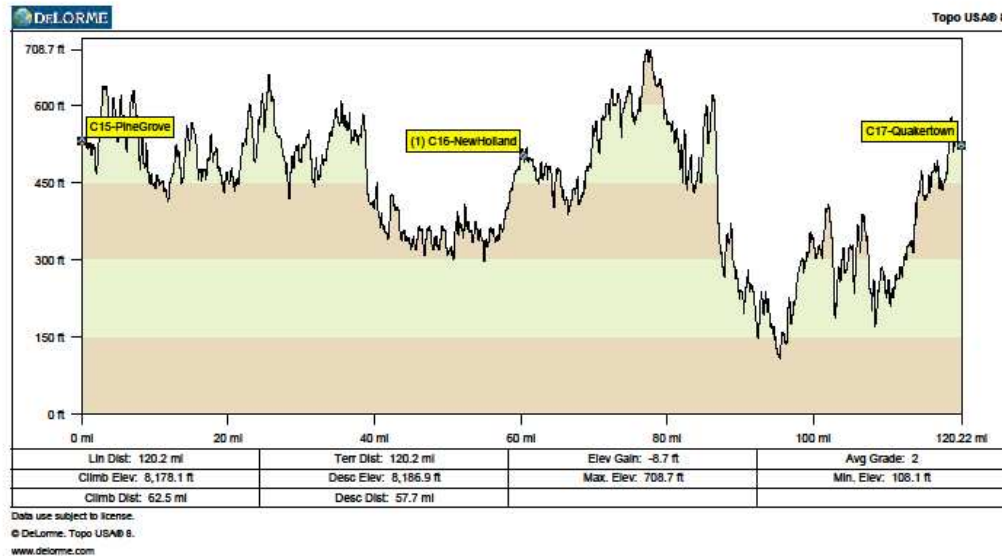
At the Denny's, Albert was doing a quick turn to get back on the road, so I did the same (but I was having difficulty keeping track of things and thus making multiple trips, which Albert noted in an engineering sort of way for future process improvement) and rode out with him. He and I rode through sunrise together, though Albert did most of the pacesetting. This last segment was only 50 miles, but seemed to go on forever. Every randonneur apparently has a "song of last" to use when trying to stay awake. Mine is "You are my Sunshine", and I work through my loved ones. Albert's is Yellow Submarine.

We had one last ridge to climb before the sleep control, and we hit sunrise right before it. It was a pretty sunrise, and did the usual sunrise thing of buoying our spirits, and the terrain was very pretty. Albert decided to ride the ridge at his own pace, so I climbed on my own well behind him. That felt ok, but soon after cresting I realized I was having a lot of trouble with basic navigating, as in remembering what the next turn was or how far it might be. Also, I recognized the early signs that I was slipping into "interpreting the world wrongly" – that is, seeing patterns in the world that really weren't there. The actual pattern I noticed was innoculus – any oddly parked car jumped out as a potential secret control or support control, but I knew the symptoms, because I once had prescription medications accidentally put me in that state for a few weeks once many years ago, and I experienced it as well on PBP under similar sleep deprivation. It is an odd and unpleasant state to realize you are interpreting reality wrongly, but just have to go with it.

I made it into the Pine Grove sleep control, but I probably startled the volunteers when I asserted something to the effect of "I am severely cognitively impaired. I don't feel I can safely operate a vehicle in this condition. Also, I recognize the early signs of psychoses, and that is a bad thing because I have important business meetings the next day (which was true), and I can't be psychotic for them. I need to lie down for 30 minutes and have this conversation again." Amazingly, the volunteers went along with me. They put me in a room. They gave me food they thought I would benefit from. When I was unable to detach my pannier because my physical acuity was impaired too, a volunteer helped me.

I went to the room, started to organize for the next day a bit by how I tossed things on the floor, and then lay down. After 30 minutes I got my wakeup call. I went out and talked to the volunteers. I told them I would try to pack to leave and see how I did, and I would report back in 30 minutes. Packing to leave seemed to go well, which indicated I could make and execute simple plans again. Also the hints of psychoses were gone after my 30 minute lay down. That comforted me. When I first arrived at the sleep control, I called my wife that I was in bad shape, and needed to DNF. She agreed. Then I called her back as part of my last conversation with the volunteers. They helped confirm I wasn't as confused as I was when I arrived. She asked why I was going on, not at all happy that I would risk even a short episode of mental instability. I said because I was their and wouldn't get the opportunity again. Also, I knew I had committed to success in both my private and professional lives, and I needed to succeed. But there was no way to communicate that over the phone. Before leaving, I confirmed that both Albert Kong and the Bill and Mark Olsen were still at the control, so I knew I had riders that would finish behind me. George Wenkert happened to be volunteering, so he checked on my 10 miles down the road to confirm that I was functioning again.. Thanks George.

Day 4 –Pine Grove to Quakertown



The first part of the day I rode slow, hoping to ridden up on by Albert or Bill. Meanwhile, in early afternoon I diagnosed strange feelings I had in my tongue the last several days as definitely being an adverse reaction to Advil – I was taking it more often than every 6 hours. Also, I got a strange lump the size of a pea on my tongue, which might have been a swollen taste bud (unless an insect when stung my tongue when I laid down on the grass – less probable), and lost my sense of taste temporarily. I knew I had taken my last Advil and needed to get the ride over.

Bill and Mark Olsen with Albert and Henk caught me on Millway Rd. My GPS went crazy on this section, and half-way up the hill, it would tell me to go back down. I was cognitively impaired again, and I rode up and down the hill several times trying to get definite reference points about the right direction to go. Two women on bikes that were walking the hill thought I was riding hill repeats to impress them. Talk about paranoid delusions. Then the group fortunately caught me and I followed them. The cue is just a couple tenths of a mile short, and the group easily found the next turn at a T.

I was in bad enough shape that I didn't ride out of the New Holland control before the other riders. I had shifted from the tortoise clan to buffalo clan, and I needed a herd to connect with. I waited for the group. Unfortunately we were all hurting, and for 10 miles we never coalesced as a group for a variety of reasons, and we did several rounds of "hurry up and wait." After 10 miles a portapotty stop relieved the conditions of several riders, the group picked up its pace. As we got closer to the end of ride I got more impaired, having some balance problems on the bike.

It was good I wasn't riding alone because my main light started to fail hard in this section. I asked to ride the wheel of others, which Mark Olsen and Henk allowed me to do on different sections. Thanks guys, that really helped me finish the ride. I did have a backup light in my pannier (it had fallen off previously), which I eventually got remounted.

About 5 miles from the finish control, the other riders smelled the barn, and I was a bit disoriented and exhausted. So I stopped, and decided to ride in on my own. Then I realized my eyes wouldn't focus together, and I couldn't see the cue sheet. I discovered if I closed one eye, cycled the screens on my GPS so it would light, I could get it to display what it thought the next road was, so I could verify turns. And after a bit of struggling, I was able to read the cue sheet well enough to see I was 5 miles out. Other than having to stop at every turn and spend a minute reading the road name from my GPS, I found riding the last 5 miles at my own pace quite pleasant, relatively speaking. Perhaps this last 5 miles, riding with a flaky

main light and unable to focus my eyes, was a fitting graduation exam as a randonneur for me. And I enjoyed it too. I was completing my first North American 1200 km.

I arrived at the final control about midnight, the last rider to clear the course within time. I socialized for 30 minutes or so, but was flying out of Philadelphia the next morning, so I slept for 4 hours, threw all my bike stuff into my car, and then went on a business trip for the week.

Comments

From a Randon posting, I learned only 5 riders from the B starting group finished within time. I checked it, and sure enough that was true. Furthermore, of the 5 riders, two were Bill and Mark Olsen, and the other two were the Vincens from the Seattle Randonneurs – all very experienced riders. The reason that I saw no other riders overtaking on day 2 was because they would all drop out eventually. Preparation, planning, and some level of determination apparently allowed me to ride at an experienced level.

Tom was mildly relieved the next morning that I had upheld the dignity and pride of Pennsylvania RBAs, by not DNFing in my own state. So was I.

Bottom line: I am pleased overall with my performance, so much so that I while on day 3 I had promised myself that my randonneuring career would be complete with both a PBP finish and the finish of tough North American 1200 km so I could retire and never attempt another 1200 km, PBP 2011 is starting to call to me. Finishing the EM1240 km gives me confidence of another PBP finish, and perhaps even enjoy parts of it.

Thank you to all the volunteers for all your support, and to Maile in particular for cheering me on along the course.

My recommendation for riders considering the Endless Mountains the next time it is offered:

- Work on fitness and/or equipment selection until you can climb a 20% grade aerobically (i.e. endlessly). Fortunately, I have multiple such grades within miles of my house, because I live in Pennsylvania, so this was an easy test for me to do in advance.
- It is hard to conceive of gears that are too low. I ride a 30 granny on the front and 34 low on the back combination. You can climb faster in a smaller gear on steeps.
- Don't skimp on clothes to deal with the weather. They are light, and always a good deal relative to the agony of not having them. After riding out on Day 2 without my shoe covers and then the cold rain starting, my shoe covers will now live forever in my Camelbak next to my reflective gear. There is no reason not to carry them.
- I was truly surprised how many people chose to start this ride without fenders when we had a forecast of cold and rain. That just puzzled me. Fenders change the ride experience so much. Of course, Vince and Vince from the Seattle Randonneurs had theirs. And they finished. That would be an interesting statistic, to see how many of the finishers had fenders.

Jim Logan
Pittsburgh
Ancien PBP '07

Jim's In-Ride Plan

The ride plan that I carried laminated on the bottom side of my map carrier I show at the bottom of the page. The left two thirds identify controls and attributes of the course – leg distances, control closing times, and intermediate stops between controls where the cues indicated resources were available and were at distances I would likely need a stop. On the right side is my plan. I use a simple planning algorithm: I allow for 6 hrs for 100 km for hilly terrain, and 7 hrs per 100 km under difficult circumstances. (I use 5 hrs per 100 km for rolling terrain, but I didn't assume any of that this event) I found this algorithm reasonably predictive. The one short-coming of my plan was that I planned to ride 3 days at my "stronger" pace, except at the end of the days. Amazingly, I did ride 2 days at that pace, and the latter two days at the slower pace

Jim Logan Pittsburgh, PA USA		COURSE		Hrs per 100 km	PLAN (Time)		
		CUM	LEG		Close	LEG	CUM
1.	Quakertown	0					4:00
2.	Blue Mtn Drive In Danielsville	34	34	6	3.2	3.2	W 7:12
3.	Gourmet Gallery Blairstown, NJ	83	49	6	4.6	7.8	W 11:46
	Layton	103					W
4.	River Market Barryville, NY	129	46	6	4.3	12.1	W 16:05
	Wallenpaupack	150					
5.	Dunkin Donuts Carbondale, PA	175	47	6	4.4	16.4	W 20:26
6.	Colonial Inn Hallstead, PA	209	34		3.7	20.2	Th 0:09
	Sleep and such				4.0	24.2	Th 4:09
7.	Post Office Sayre, PA	267	58	6	5.4	29.6	Th 9:33
	Towanda	282					
8.	Shell Dushore, PA	311	44	6	4.2	33.7	Th 13:42
9.	Acorn Market Canton, PA	346	35	6	3.2	36.9	Th 16:56
	Liberty	361					
	Waterville	387					
10.	Hampton Inn Lamar, PA	426	80	7	8.8	45.7	F 1:43
	Sleep and such				4.0	49.7	F 5:43
11.	Post Office Loganton, PA	442	16	6	1.5	51.2	F 7:13
	Pine Grove Mills	479					
12.	Sheetz Mt Union, PA	519	77	6	7.2	58.4	F 14:25
13.	Tom's Mifflintown, PA	562	43	6	4.1	62.5	F 18:28
14.	Perkins Selinsgrove, PA	603	41	6	3.9	66.3	Sa 22:20
15.	Hampton Inn Pine Grove, PA	654	51	6	4.8	71.1	Sa 3:06
	Sleep and such				6.0	77.1	Sa 9:06
	Richland	689					
16.	Sheetz New Holland, PA	711	57	7	6.2	83.3	Sa 15:20
	Morgantown	730					
	WaWa	753					
17.	Hampton Inn Quakertown, PA	771	60	7	6.5	89.9	Sa 21:51

My control times at the sleep controls as reported in the Prelim Results

Control	Arrive	Leave	Pace
Quakertown		Wed 4:15 AM	
Hallstead	Wed 11:03 PM	Thu 3:10 AM	11.1
Lamar	Fri 1:48 AM	Fri 5:15 AM	9.3
Pine Grove	Sat 9:33 AM	Sat 11:03 AM	8.5
Quakertown	Sat 11:59 PM		

Posted at <http://em1240k.blogspot.com/> by George Metzler

Tough as....

A revised simile



In our sport of Randonneuring we celebrate the official finishers of an event rather than their order of placement. To reinforce this concept, official results are published in alphabetical order only. However, after following the 2009 EM1240K we need to cast a wider net and honor all of the 48 Randonneurs that attempted this event.

Every starter on Wednesday morning knew the course profile included 60,000+ vertical feet of climbing, understood that the event took place on the wrong side of the fall equinox, and the possibility of cold weather (okay, so noble believed it would be as horrific as eventually became) but start they did. Not one starter tried this event on a whim, and while the "Official Results" will probably list 22 finishers I know 48 special people gave their best in training for and ultimately participating in the EM1240K. Truly these 48 Randonneurs are tougher than nails.

I'd like to recognize Jim Logan who simply didn't want the EM magic to end and maximized his enjoyment of this event for 91 hours and 44 minutes, just a few ticks of the clock shy of the cut-off time to be an official finisher. In August of 2008 Jim attempted the PA 1000K which shares many of the same roads of the EM1240, and in the endless mountains after Canton, PA it became clear that Jim would not make the cut-off. He didn't give up but instead rode every mile until he was officially outside of the time cut. He then caught a ride "home" to the finish and worked as a volunteer in Quakertown. When I met Jim at mile 128 on this ride I had no doubts that he would finish, he resonated the quiet confidence that every successful Randonneur possesses. Way to go Jim!

For more heroic tales of the ride please check out [Kate's blog](#).

Congratulations to everyone who **attempted** the Endless Mountains 1240k, your efforts became an inspiration to all of us who saw it in person and to those who followed from a distance.

Posted by George at [5:59 AM](#) [1 comment](#)