

No Country for Old Men

October 11, 2025

For the Love of the Game



Anton Chigurh 383 Mile

Welcome to the 4th annual No Country for Old Men ultra bicycle race.

This is truly a race of endurance as well as physical and mental challenge. NCOM is born from RAAM experience. You will discover parts of the route that are reminiscent of the Moonscape terrain of Tuba City and Kayenta, climbs similar to the Yarnell Grade and the wide open vastness of the Colorado plains. Enjoy the ugly beauty, appreciate the desolation and respect the ruggedness of this immense land.



“Life is not a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside, thoroughly used up, totally worn out and loudly proclaiming: WOW.....WHAT A RIDE!!”



NCOM Outlaws 2025

208 Solo Male	Home Town	Age	Number
Branyon, Thomas	San Antonio, TX	33	240
Garcia, Albert	Del Rio, TX	60	203
Gross, Gregory (R)	Ft. Worth	60	241
Spaeth, William (R)	Eureka, CA	65	242
Kiser, David	Bastrop, TX	66	250
208 Solo Female			
Zimmer, Brandy	Spring, TX	44	243
208 2 Person			
Team Grammy-T/Larry Long/	Houston, TX		T-200
Team Lozano- Adolfo/	Alice, TX		T-201
383 Solo Male			
Stauffer, Jeff	Monroe, WI	59	348
Williamson, Ryan	Spring, TX	34	349
Crawford, John	New River, AZ	60	350
383 Solo Female			
McKnight, Vanessa	Quitman, TX	38	347
Maas, Sylvia	San Diego, CA	62	330

This year's NCOM is dedicated to celebrating the life of Thomas 'Wheels' Busch.

He was diagnosed with Glioblastoma Multiform (GBM), a Stage IV primary brain cancer, in November of 2020. He was 57.

Wheels knew it was a fatal diagnosis.

He went through two craniotomies. His days consisted of chemotherapy, chemotherapy pills combined with an experimental electromagnetic field treatment (called TTF) worn 18-hours per day.

But Thomas kept going. He completed the following while going through all this:

- RAAM Official in 2021, 2022 and 2023.
- Hoo Doo 300
- Climbed Mt. Evans and Pikes Peak
- Hoo Doo 500
- World Time Trials 24 Hour
- Texas Hell Week
- Texas Longhorn 200
- Natchez Trace 444

Tom lived with the disease on his own terms, and he did what he loved.

Wheels Busch.
Recipient of the
2015 Murder Maverick Steer Award



Time Station Procedures

Text or call War Room immediately upon Time Station arrival.

509-750-3792. Secondary number 830-313-6453

Teams should:

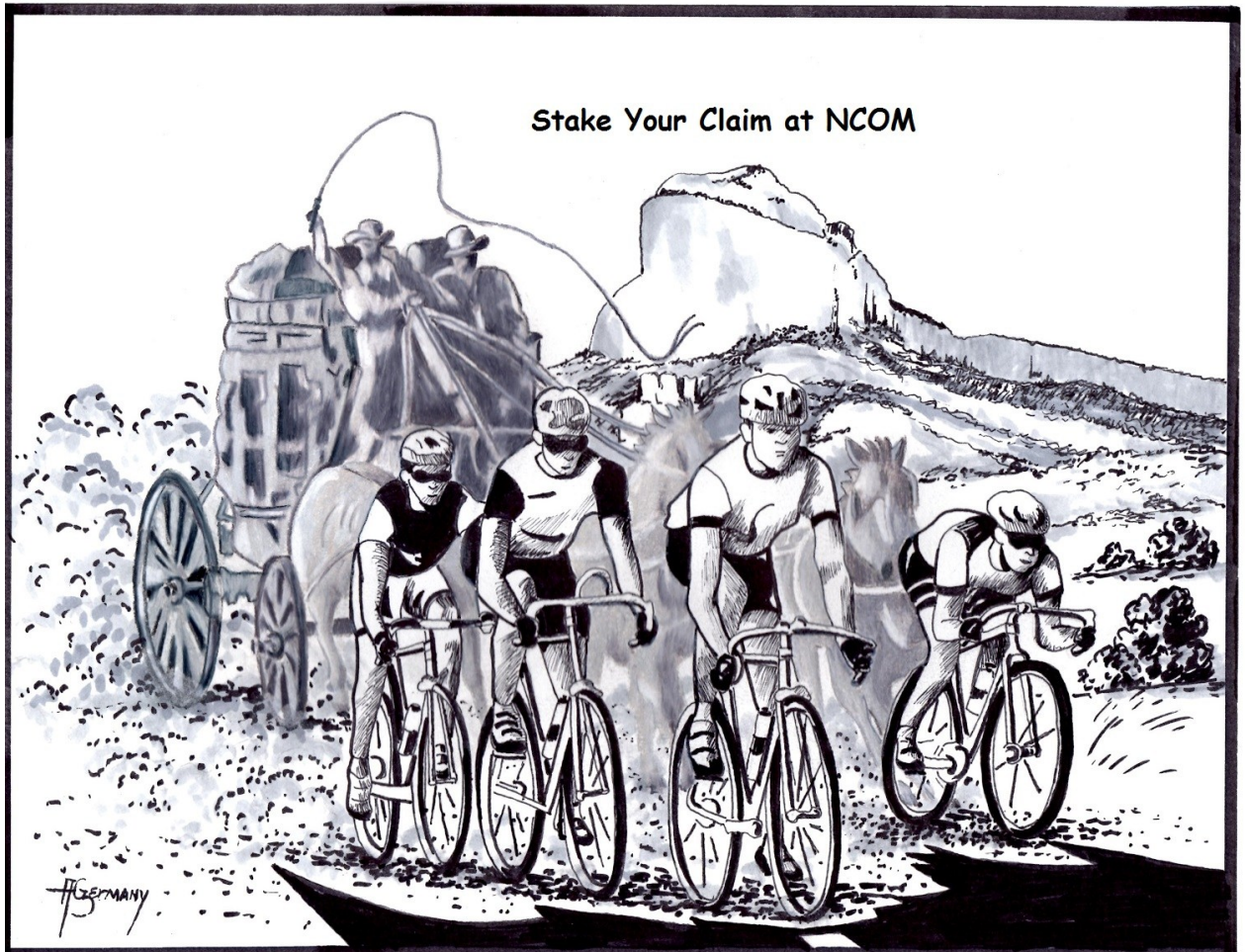
- Identify themselves
- Provide racer's name
- Provide racer's number
- State TS number and location
- State the racer's arrival time

Example: This is John Crew calling in for Joe Racer #1111. He has arrives TS 1, Study Butte at 15:25.

War Room will provide confirmation. It may not be immediate. Keep in mind that cell service might be very limited and the window of opportunity to call in TS arrival could be very short. If text or call does not go through, keep trying. Document your arrival time in your route book.

Discover Your Magic

Stake Your Claim at NCOM



Anton Chigurh 383 Mile 17,775 vertical feet

Start: Kokernot Park

TS1: Study Butte 79.3

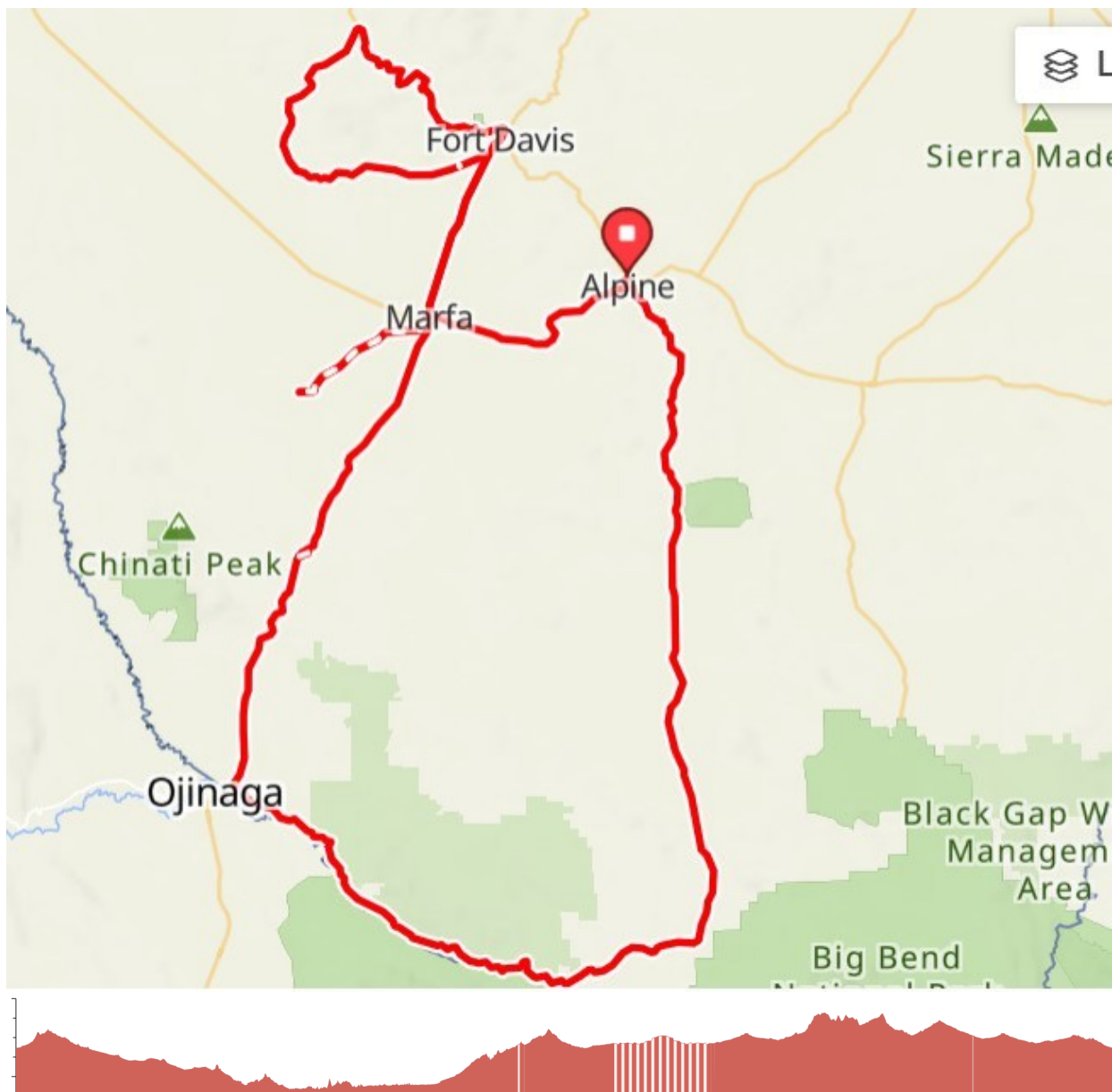
TS2: Presidio: 146.8

TS3: Marfa: 206.7

TS4: Ft. Davis: 268.9

TS5: Ft. Davis: 358.7

Finish Kokernot: 386.0



Fact, folklore and fiction about the No Country for Old Men region.

Of course the race name comes from the book, No Country for Old Men, by Cormac McCarthy. It is a story set in the 1980's about the ensuing results of an illicit drug deal gone wrong in a remote desert location. Several settings in the book are in the No Country for Old Men region.

"To ride or not to ride?What a stupid question!"

Safety should always be of the utmost concern for both Racer and Crew.

- Be prepared at all times to shift up to your big chain ring in order to sprint away from chasing Panthers.
- Please do not feed the Bears
- Never, ever hit a Javelina broadside. It is like riding into a brick wall.
- Always be aware of falling cacti as you climb through the rock cuts.
- It is against the law to adopt Coyotes as rescue pets.
- Those are NOT speed bumps you see in the roadway. Those are Western Diamond Back Rattlesnakes. Please slow down when crossing.

"Sometimes you are sad
....and no one sees your tears,
....sometimes you are happy
....and no one sees your smile.
....but the times that you fart
....trust me....people smell that **shit**."

Kokernot Field Start/Finish

The starting line of NCOM is in the shadow of Kokernot Field, a baseball stadium built in 1947 by Big Bend rancher, Herbert Lee Kokernot Jr for his semi-professional baseball team. Red clay for the infield was hauled in by boxcar from Georgia. Native stone quarried from the Kokernot Ranch was used to construct the outfield wall and grandstand. The Kokernot Ranch "06" brand was incorporated into numerous decorations throughout the stadium along with intricate ironwork of baseballs complete with painted threads.

The field has been called "the Yankee Stadium of Texas" by *Texas Monthly* magazine. An estimated 6,000 attended a 1951 exhibition featuring Satchel Paige's St. Louis Browns versus the Chicago White Sox. Future Major Leaguers Norm Cash and Gaylord Perry also played on

"If the bone ain't showin', keep on goin'

Start to TS 1; Kokernot Park to Study Butte. 79.4 miles

Accumulated miles	Time station miles	Action	Control	Comments
0	0.0			Start line/Kokernot Park'
0.2	0.2	Left	Stop sign	Stop sign; Hendryx St.
0.3	0.3	Left	Stop sign	Hwy 118
1.4	1.4	Left turn	Flashing red light	Hwy 90 E./Holland Ave
1.8	1.8	Right turn	Flashing red light	Cockrell St./118 S.
1.9	1.9			Railroad tracks
2	2.0	Bear left		Stay on 118 S.
15.8	15.8			Border Patrol Checkpoint
19	19.0			Picnic area on left
27.6	27.6			Picnic area on left
68.7	68.7			Begin steep climb
79.4	79.4			Time Station #1. Study Butte. Big Bend Motel on left. Text or call War Room. Reset trip meter.



Lajitas and the Beer Drinking Goat and Mayor of Lajitas!

Clay Henry III was not only a beer drinking goat, but he was also the Mayor of Lajitas. Clay Henry III took office in 2000 and took on a greater role than his predecessors. Not only did he drink beer, he began acting as a marketing tool as well. Smith's restaurant serves "Clay Henry Queso." His bar is called "The Thirsty Goat" and it features the "Clay Henry Margarita." People come from all over to stand outside Clay Henry's pen and feed him beers all day long. There is no other good reason to be in Lajitas.

Then Clay Henry III, beer drinking goat and mayor of the west Texas border town of Lajitas, was attacked by local Jim Bob Hargrove and castrated. Hargrove committed the heinous deed after seeing the goat drinking beer on a Sunday, when the area's blue laws prevent the sale of alcohol to humans. Tourists had apparently been feeding Clay Henry his usual staple of Lone Star longnecks RIP Clay Henry!

"The ultimate thrill was peeing on the bike, snot coming out of my nose, chewing on my Power Gel and farting at the same time!"

Be Cautious. Wild burros on highway!

Alpine Avalanche
April, 1903

There's been something in jackasses out in Presidio County. The Terlingua correspondent of the Alpine Times says: "United States River Inspector Oliver confiscated seven Mexico burros at Marfa last week and landed their owners in jail. The burros were sold at the custom house at Lajitas last Saturday and brought \$3 a head.



TS1 to TS2; Study Butte to Presidio 67.5 miles

Accumulated miles	Time station miles	Action	Control	Comments
79.4	0.0			Bear right on FM 170
84.2	4.6	Cont. Straight		Terlingua Ghost Town on Right
84.4	4.8	Cont. Straight		Passing Wind on right
95.0	15.6	Cont. Straight		Big Bend Ranch State Park on left
96.1	16.7	Cont. Straight		Lajitas on left
97.0	17.6	Cont. Straight		Presidio County Line Expect 15% grades
Plases note: Be extremely cautious. Steep grades up to 15%. Follow Vehicles stay in direct follow mode.				
108.4	29.0	Cont. Straight		Tee Pee Roadside Park on left
110.0	30.6	Cont. Straight		Rio Grande and Mexico on left
110.3	30.9	Cont. Straight		La Questa River Access on left
114.5	35.1	Cont. Straight		East Rancherias Trailhead
115.9	36.5	Cont. Straight		Closed Canyon Trailhead
117.3	37.9	Cont. Straight		West Rancherias Trailhead

"I continued up the trail passing rocks and trees like they were standing still."

From the Alpine Avalanche
4-26-12

W. J. Yates

Troopes from Marathon or Presidio will immediately be sent to Terlingua. Have seen U. S. Marshall Nolte about troops for Alpine and he recommends 100 troops be sent to Alpine at once.

Jackson and Higgins

"You can't know till you go."

**When You Gotta Go, Go!
But please don't do it in the middle of the road!**



"Some are weak and limited and ride with their legs.....others are strong and enduring and ride with their hearts!"

TS1 to TS2; Study Butte to Presidio 67.5 miles (continued from page 13)

Accumulated miles	Time station miles	Action	Control	Comments
117.7	38.3	Cont. Straight		Colorado Canyon on left
119.4	40.0	Cont. Straight		Arenosa Camping Area on left
120.3	40.9	Cont. Straight		Hoo Doos on left
129.4	50.0	Cont. Straight		Starbucks on left
		Cont. Straight		Got cha
129.7	50.3	Cont. Straight		Entering Redford, Texas
138.1	59.1	Cont. Straight		Big Bend State Park on right
142.6	63.8	Cont. Straight		Entering Presidio
143.9	65.1	Left turn		Left on East Millington Ave
144.9	65.6	Cont. Straight		R/R tracks
145.4	66.0	Bear left		Bear left on to East O'Reilly
146.2	66.8	Bear right		N. Erma Street
146.8	67.4	Bear left		Hyw 67 toward Marfa
146.9	67.5			TS2 Presidio. Lowes Super Market on left Text War Room. Reset trip meter



The Murder Maverick Steer

The legend has been told many a times around a campfire. Supposedly the Murder Maverick is an omen of death. It is a big steer, sometimes red, sometimes black, sometimes another color. It is branded on one side with the word MURDER 'in letters a foot high.' If a man or woman gets close enough to read the brand, either that person or someone close to him or her will soon be murdered. According to the legend, two ranchers, at a roundup, disputed the ownership of the steer. The dispute became a difficulty and one of the men was shot and killed. The other escaped. Cowboys who worked for the dead man roped and tied down the steer, then branded it with the word MURDER. According to the teller of the tale, the brand didn't truly scar the hide, but killed the color-producing cells in the hair follicles, so that when the hair grew back it grew in white. The Murder Maverick then began following the murderer everywhere he went, until he had to leave the country entirely. It then went off into the mountains in the trans-Pecos area. It only appeared occasionally, but when it did and the brand was read, someone would be murdered shortly afterward. As you race through the hills of NCOM, be on the lookout for the Murder Maverick Steer. Don't get close!

"In the days before volcanoes were invented lava had to be carried down the mountain by hand and poured on the sleeping villagers."



"There is a crowd at the fountain of youth.....and I'm getting dehydrated!"

TS2 to TS3. Presidio to Marfa 59.2 miles 4,012 vertical feet

Accumulated miles	Time station miles	Action	Control	Comments
146.9	0.0	Cont straight		Continue on N. Erma Street. Lowes's Super Marketon left
147.0	0.1	Bear left		U. S. 67 Business
147.2	0.3	Bear right		U. S. 67 North
				Remain on Hwy 67 North for the next 59 miles
201.6	54.7	Cont straight		Border Patrol Checkpoint NO WISE CRACKS!!!
206.1	59.2			TS3. Marfa, Texas. Intersection Hwy 67N and Hwy 90. Text or call War Room. Reset trip meter.



"NCOM is 50% physical and 90% mental".

Blood Sucking Chupacabras, Mutants, and Mangy Coyotes-

The word chupacabra literally means goat sucker. The creature so often spotted in Castalone and Lajitas is credited with sucking the blood of livestock, especially goats. The Chupacabra has been roaming the abandoned silver mines of Terlingua for decades. Some say the hideous vampire beast is nothing more than a mangy coyote. Others think the beast is a mutant result from alien spacecraft crash that slung debris all across the region over 50 years ago.

Mexican folklore has passed down the legend of the Chupacabra in several forms. Most popular are the lizard-like being description and the hairless dog description which is commonly reported in Big Bend as well. In Mexican culture the lizard-like Chupacabra is said to have leathery or scaly, greenish-gray skin and sharp spines running down its back. The creature is said to be approximately three to four feet tall and hops like a kangaroo. This Mexican monster has been described as having a panther or dog-like face with large teeth, and a long, forked tongue. The beast is said to hiss and screech when angry or alarmed. Beware the Chupacabra. Call in to the War Room immediately if you witness one on No Country for Old Men. Do not approach and definitely do not attempt to apprehend without professional assistance.

"If I live long enough, ultra racing will make me immortal"

Fort Davis and Indian Emily

In the late 1860s, an Apache female fell wounded in a skirmish between cavalry troops stationed at Ft. Davis and her band. The soldiers took her back to the fort, where a Mrs. Eason nursed her back to health and named her Emily. The Indian girl grew up on the post and eventually fell in love with Mrs. Eason's son, Lt. Tom Eason. But the soldier married a girl of his own culture and the broken-hearted Emily returned to her people. Some time later, so the story goes, the Apaches planned a major assault on the fort. Emily, in an act of selfless love, slipped away from her village in the middle of the night to warn the young officer. As she approached the fort a jittery sentry shot her. She died in Mrs. Eason's arms after telling her of her everlasting love for Lt. Eason and of the impending attack on Fort Davis.

Can you name this movie?

"Who are those guys? (pause) I couldn't do that! Could you do that? How in the hell can they do that? Who ARE those guys?"

Lajitas and the Beer Drinking Goat and Mayor of Lajitas!

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"Far more bodies rust away than wear away!"

TS3 to TS4. Marfa to Intersection HWY 17S and State St. in Ft. Davis 58.9 miles

Accu- mulate d miles	Time sta- tion miles	Action	Control	Comments
206.1	0.0	Imm Left		West San Antonio St./Hwy 90 West
206.7	.6	Left turn		South Hoover St./Hwy 2810
206.9	.8	Bear right		Stay on Hwy 2810
225.0	18.9			Turnaround (Near 50 mph curve sign)
243.2	37.1	Right turn		West San Antonio St/Hwy 90 East
244.0	37.9	Left turn		Hwy 17 N toward Ft. Davis
265.0	58.9	Bear left		Hwy 17 N turns into State street TS4. Text or call War Room. Reset trip meter



Glowing Jackrabbits

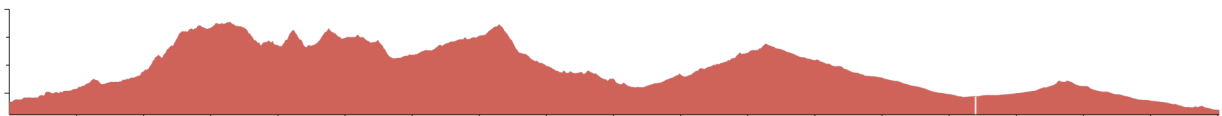
There's even the glowing jackrabbit explanation. Under that theory, the jackrabbits race across the desert with a coating of phosphorescent dust or glow worms clinging to their hides. In the absence of a more definitive explanation, legend and folklore have been known to sprout like tumbleweeds. Fortunately, several of these theories can be discounted because they don't apply to the West Texas region. For instance, while jackrabbits are abundant, phosphorous is not, and volcanic activity in the area ceased about 30 million years ago. Also, although jackrabbits are known for their speed, they are not known to fly or outrun cars, and both pilots and motorists have reported being chased by the lights.



Be cautious. You are in the Cartel Capitol of Texas!

TS4 to TS5. State Hwy 17S and State Street to Marfa. 91.4 miles. 4,637 vertical feet.

Accumulated miles	Time station miles	Action	Control	Comments
266.4	1.4	Bear left		Stay on State Hwy 118 Toward Davis Mountain State Park. Do not go toward Balmorhea
270.6	4.2	Straight		Davis Mountain State Park on left
281.7	15.3	Straight		MCDonal Observatory on right. DO NOT TURN
281.9	15.5	Bear left		Stay on Hwy 118N
296.1	29.7	Bear left		Hwy 166 toward Valentine. Caution!! There are several cattle guards on this section
339.1	72.7	Bear right	Yield sign	Hwy 17S
357.5	91.1	Right		Lincoln St.
357.6	91.2	Left		Highland St.
357.7	91.3	Straight		R/R tracks
357.8	91.4	Left	Flashing light	TS5. Marfa, Texas. Hwy 67 East Text or call War Room. Reset trip meter.



"It never always gets worse."

Exercise physiologists and athletes have long debated the science vs. myth of the 'runner's high'. Some scientists stand behind the 'endorphin rush' while some athletes contend they have been running decades without ever achieving the runner's high. So I decided to lend my two cents worth. This is an article published in *Runner Triathlete News* in November, 1994.

Jonathan Livingston Buzzard

By Dex Tooke

I awoke at 1:00 p.m. Not much rest considering I had gotten to bed at 8:00 that morning. My thoughts quickly reminded me of the day of the week and that I wouldn't have to return to work that night. At least that was good.

I stumbled into the kitchen. Set the microwave on two minutes and started that most important first cup of coffee. Grabbed the half and half out of the refrigerator and went ahead and covered the bottom of my cup with the cream so not only would I be prepared the instant the two minutes had expired but I wouldn't even have to waste the energy stirring.

I peered out the kitchen window to check the limbs on my favorite tree to see how bad the wind was blowing. Bent nearly double. Coming from the southeast again. Must be at least 20 m.p.h. and gusty. Doesn't the wind ever stop blowing in Del Rio? The countryside was parched brown in color and the temperature was already over 100 degrees. Another beautiful day in the neighborhood. The coffee was ready.

105 p.s.i. in my 23c tires. Water bottles filled. I put on my faded shorts and grabbed my unwashed, salt-caked, body-odored jersey. "Ah, smell that! Isn't cycling a glamorous sport?" Shoes, helmet, sunglasses, chaps tick. I'm out of here.

The first few miles went slow as I gradually worked the cobwebs out of this ill-treated 44-year-old body. Living in the "land of manana" for seventeen years on the Texas/Mexico border had taught me it didn't pay to rush into anything. Easy spinning. 15-17 m.p.h. The wind hot and gusty. The desert hot and dry. The bunch grass brown and thirsty. A lone jack rabbit competing for a small area of shade beneath a mesquite tree.

That first bead of sweat began forming on my temporal region and slowly trickling down the side of my face. The heat rising off the pebbled asphalt as the tar began to melt. Pushing a little. Heart rate near the 150 range.



Then after about 30 minutes a strange transformation started to occur. The wind went dead calm. The temperature dropped. I was headed south toward Tlaloc the Mexican rain god and as I topped the railroad bridge near the International Boundary and Water Commission I could see a solid blanket of purple covering the countryside. A sea of purple waves. The Ceniza was in full bloom. And shooting out of the purple sage was the long slender arms of the brilliant red Ocotillo. The large yellow flowers of the prickly pear sprinkled the desert floor. The thick single shaft of a germinating Agave rose 18 feet into the blue sky. And the air was so clear I could see some of the white rock facing on the cliffs of the Sleeping Lady over 70 miles in the distance. The Chihuahuan Desert was at her best.

As I approached the riff-raff of the dam I noticed a small buzzard sitting atop the guardrail. Expecting him to fly off as I got close, he surprised me with his boldness and remained on the guardrail even as I passed. Then I saw several more buzzards ahead. Now believe me, seeing buzzards on Amistad Dam is not unusual, but I had never noticed this many. They were everywhere. And all seemed bold. They all stood their ground. I couldn't tell if it was in defiance or fear.

As I passed through American Customs and crossed the dam I observed something different about these buzzards. They were all small. No. young. Some of their feathers appeared immature. Baby feathers. As if they were molting. The pigment of their ugly faces was more pink than the dull red of an adult buzzard. These were fledglings.

It didn't take long to figure out the occasion. These young Jonathan Livingston Buzzards were perched atop this 200 foot dam looking down into the canyons and water of the Rio Grande trying to work up enough gumption to take their maiden plunge into the flight of life. They were there to learn for the first time about wind, lift, velocity, and atmospheric navigation.

It was neat. They were there to discover the essence of their existence, and I was there, too. It was as though I was a part of their world. A world that I had never been curious about or even thought about was suddenly unfolding before me.

I rode atop the dam. A mysterious metamorphosis transpired. My red taped aero bars seemed to grow a projection similar to that of a large ugly beak. My STI shifts expanded horizontally to form a wingspan and my helmet became a cocks comb. The dynamics of my cycling position molded into the image of my feathered friends. I was bonding with the buzzards.

And then suddenly, No friction! The silence. No longer the sound of chain and freewheel. No click of index shifting. I looked beside me. They were there. Soaring side by side. The wind beneath our wings. I was pack riding with buzzards. The flight. Dipping our wings first one way then the other. Learning navigational tricks. Confidence building. Tucking in close behind one of my compadres and utilizing his draft to gain velocity. As our skills improved we began to dive down faster and faster, daringly close to the rock cliffs, then banking at the last second to glide back over open airspace. Then, pushing the envelope, we dangerously lowered our latitude and flew wing to wing inches above the cold water of the Rio Grande at speeds that kept the adrenaline flowing. I felt true freedom. I felt the rejuvenation of enthusiasm and passion long lost to the hectic life-style of mere man. I was a buzzard.

As I journeyed home and got within a couple of miles of my house I again felt the hot, gusty, 20 m.p.h. wind blistering my face. I gazed and saw the familiar brown of the thirst ridden desert. No brilliant colors. No cacti in bloom. Not even a jackrabbit stirred. Another dreary summer day.

I opened the refrigerator door, pulled out a 32 ounce grape Gatorade, grabbed two oranges, a banana, some chocolate chip cookies and an Eskimo Pie. The bennies of being a calorie burning tri-geek. I relaxed under the cool, refrigerated air. I picked up the latest edition of RTN and began reading an article entitled 'The Myths of Endorphins and the Runner's High.' An eerie presence swept over me. I glanced out the window. A young buzzard was perched on the fence post.

TS5 to Finish at Kokernot Park. 27.3 miles 791 vertical feet

Accumulated miles	Time station miles	Action	Control	Comments
357.8	0.0	Left turn		Immediate left on Hwy 67 East
366.6	8.8	Cont straight		Marfa Viewing Lights on Right
378.1	20.3	Cont straight		Roadside park on left
382.6	24.8	Cont straight		Entering Alpine Hwy 90 East becomes Holland Ave
384.0	26.2	Left	Flashing red light 3 way stop	North 5th St./Hwy 118
384.8	27.0	Right		East Marfa Ave
385.0	27.2	Left		Fight Buck Ave
385.1	27.3			Finish Line. Congratulations You Are Rugged



." I wish I were different like everyone else"



NCOM Course Records

208 Mile Ed Tom Bell Male Solo

2014. Andrew Willis.
21.44 mph. 193 miles 9 hrs. 0 min.

208 Mile Ed Tom Bell Female Solo

2018. Ariana Khu
206.6 miles. 18.28 mph. 11 hours 22 minutes

208 Mile Ed Tom Bell Male Solo Recumbent

2015. Jim Reeves.
13.63 mph. 193 miles 14 hr. 14 min.

208 Mile Ed Tom Bell 2 person team

2015. Cycling Center Dallas. Max Sawyer and Richard Wharton.
20.53 mph. 193 miles.
9 hr 23 min.

208 Mile Ed Tom Bell 4 person team

2016. Crotch Sprockets. Deanna Brown, Ismael Vargas, Patrick Zimmerman, Nathan Cochran.
208 miles 15.25 mph 13 hours 36 minutes

."I swear, I will never do this again"

Get Your Mojo!



383 Mile Anton Chigurh Male Solo

2013. Scott Luikart.

18.26 mph. 385 miles 21 hr. 04 min.

383 Mile Anton Chigurh Female Solo

2016. Sarah Cooper.

17.48 mph. 383 miles 21 hr. 54 min.

383 Mile Anton Chigurh Tandem

2014. Pat and Charley Jenkins.

12.92 mph. 384 miles 29 hr. 42 min.

383 Mile Anton Chigurh 2 Person Team

2016. Desperados. Joe Sitterly, Doug Randel

383 miles 16.72 mph. 22 hrs. 52 minutes

383 Mile Anton Chigurh 3 Person Team

2018. Kicking Asphalt. Antony Croston. Tomas Canny. John Sandness.

386.3 miles 13.84 mph. 27 hours 57 minutes

383 Mile Anton Chigurh 4 Person Team

2016 VIM Racing. Oscar Salazar, Alex Gibson, Von Doria, Russell Potter.

383 miles 19.29 mph. 19 hrs. 51 mins.

"Sometimes you are sad
....and no one sees your tears,
....sometimes you are happy
....and no one sees your smile.
....but the times that you fart
....trust me....people smell that shit."



“Growing old isn’t the problem. It is ugly you have to watch out for!”

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss Male Solo

2014. Chris Hopkinson.
13.89 mph. 1000 miles. 71 hr. 58 min.

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss Female Solo

2019. Dorina Vaccaroni
11.77 mph. 1000 miles. 84 hr. 55 min.

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss Female Solo Recumbent

2019. Sandy Earl
10.54 mph. 94 hrs. 50 min.

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss 2 Person Team

2015. Amy Russell, Tom Lavallee.
14.13 mph. 1000 miles 70 hr. 45 min.

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss 2 Person Recumbent Team

2018. Red Pearl Racing. Sandy Earl. Bill Spaeth.
999.7 miles 13.36 avg. mph. 74 hours 49 minutes

1000 Mile Llewelyn Moss 4 Person Team

2017. RRT4G. Dan Rocco, Dave Rocco, Tim Piechel, Tim Barrow.
1000 miles. 17.88 mph. 55 hours 55 minutes.

Murder Maverick Steer Recipients

2014: Dustin Dinh
2015: Wheels Busch
2016: Perry Braniff Sr.
2017: Roger Foote
2018: Albert Garcia
2019: Chris Cooper

Don't Stare'em in the Eye



Yesterday's Wind

NCOM Officials

Dex Tooke **830-313-6453**
Race Director

Scott Anderson 432-208-5685
Assistant Director

Lisa Anderson **432-208-8330**
Marshal

David Michael **210-954-5987**
Marshal

Mark Biggs **830-734-1919**
Marshal

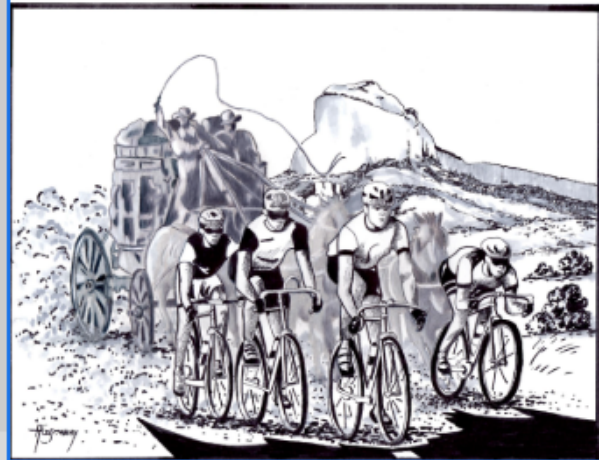
Shawn Urban **509-750-3792**
War Room

**"Of course it's hard!
It's supposed to be hard!
It's the hard that makes it
great!"**

NCOM Hours Passed

1	Sat. Oct. 11			Sun. Oct 12			Sun. Oct 12			Mon Oct 13		
2	8:00:00	1		0:00:00	17		16:00:00	33		8:00:00	48	
3	9:00:00	2		1:00:00	18		17:00:00	34		9:00:00	49	
4	10:00:00	3		2:00:00	19		18:00:00	35		10:00:00	50	
5	11:00:00	4		3:00:00	20		19:00:00	36		11:00:00	51	
6	12:00:00	5		4:00:00	21		20:00:00	37		12:00:00	52	
7	13:00:00	6		5:00:00	22		21:00:00	38		13:00:00	53	
8	14:00:00	7		6:00:00	23		22:00:00	39		14:00:00	54	
9	15:00:00	8		7:00:00	24		23:00:00	40		15:00:00	55	
10	16:00:00	9		8:00:00	25		Mon Oct 13			16:00:00	56	
11	17:00:00	10		9:00:00	26		0:00:00	41		17:00:00	57	
12	18:00:00	11		10:00:00	27		1:00:00	42		18:00:00	58	
13	19:00:00	12		11:00:00	28		3:00:00	43		19:00:00	59	
14	20:00:00	13		12:00:00	29		4:00:00	44		20:00:00	60	
15	21:00:00	14		13:00:00	30		5:00:00	45		21:00:00	61	
16	22:00:00	15		14:00:00	31		6:00:00	46		22:00:00	62	
17	23:00:00	16		15:00:00	32		7:00:00	47		23:00:00	63	
18												

18												
19	Tues Oct 14			Tues Oct 14								
20	0:00:00	64		16:00:00	80							
21	1:00:00	65		17:00:00	81							
22	2:00:00	66		18:00:00	82							
23	3:00:00	67		19:00:00	83							
24	4:00:00	68		20:00:00	84							
25	5:00:00	69		21:00:00	85							
26	6:00:00	70		22:00:00	86							
27	7:00:00	71		23:00:00	87							
28	8:00:00	72		0:00:00	88							
29	9:00:00	73		1:00:00	89							
30	10:00:00	74		2:00:00	90							
31	11:00:00	75		3:00:00	91							
32	12:00:00	76		4:00:00	92							
33	13:00:00	77		5:00:00	93							
34	14:00:00	78		6:00:00	94							
35	15:00:00	79		7:00:00	95							
36												



Notes

Learn hurt, trust pain and embrace struggle.

Notes

Learn hurt, trust pain and embrace struggle.

**See you next year at
N C O M!**

