



SPRAD TRACKS

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Tracks #16 October 31st 2003

As I flipped the bike over to repair the chain I was mentally singing Happy birthday to me a little bit louder and more sarcastically. I repaired the chain after most everyone else in my class and the race had passed by me. I took off on a half-hearted attempt to make up some of the lost time. Not a lot of distance passed before the chain snapped again. This time as I dismounted, My mind got to about Happy Birthd... aw screw it! I repaired the chain and decided it was a nice day for a little pleasure ride. Sugar held it together for the last couple of miles. We actually finished ahead of a few others in my class, so I wasn't totally bummed. I also won a nice blue Salle seat in the raffle to add to the new derailleur I bought Sugar the previous day. Cameron shared my bad luck with multiple flats, but the rest of the Lower Altitude Team Racers preformed well. Bobby Smith put on a very good event. If you did not make it this year you should plan on it next September. Just bring your mosquito netting and maybe a few spare parts for me.



Tour De Lizard, photo by Donna Smith

From the e-ddress...

Here's another one from the Bike Kansas group in south central Kansas. Lonnie Cooper and Jim Burkey ventured south for a day of simple riding enjoyment. They ended up having a real life emergency adventure assisting an unknown rookie mountain biker. As I read it I thought about how I tend to ride and the fact I do it alone quite a bit. This story emphasizes the importance of letting someone know where you will be and when you should be back if taking a buddy is not an option. It also emphasizes the importance of carrying ID with you when you ride.



911 at McMurty

Saturday's trip to Lake McMurtry at Stillwater proved to be a little more exciting than planned for Jim Burkey and I. About a third of the way into the southeast trail, we came across a guy sitting cross legged in the middle of the trail. From a distance, it looked like he was doing some sort of yoga or meditation, but as we got closer we could see by the blood on his head, neck and shoulder he had wiped out and was hurt. He seemed to be in a trance or something, not responding at all verbally and only moaning every now and then. The blood was dried so I figured he had been there at least an hour. He was wearing a T shirt, gym shorts and tennis shoes and there was no bike around. Jim called 911 on his cell and stayed with the young man while I headed back to the parking lot to meet the EMS crews. After pointing out where he was on the map, it looked to be easier to access him by boat or helicopter, so they called in both. I then took an EMS crew back in on foot, me on my bicycle. I tried to cut across country as much as possible and after scouting ahead, then doubling back to get the crew eventually got them there, although it was more difficult than you might think to orient yourself on those twisty trails. The helicopter crew got there just before we did, and Jim had gone up the trail, looking for the guy's bike and maybe some ID. Although we hadn't seen his bike along the trail, we were only about 100 yards past the big drop off that leads off the trail and I thought maybe he had tried to do that and crashed. Sure enough, I found his bike and his helmet a little ways away. I thought from his dress he might not have even had one, but he did and it did its job. It was crunched up pretty good. After they took him away in the helicopter, the EMS crews all went back by boat and Jim and I continued our ride. As we were getting ready to go home later in the afternoon, the guy's dad came out to get his truck and we talked with him. He had a bad concussion, but was going to be all right. Turns out the guy was 24 and it was his first time out.

Some lessons learned: (1) Helmets save lives. Very few mtb'rs need to be reminded but those new to the sport sometimes do. Everybody on the road needs them as well. We saw a young couple on the Winfield trails this summer without helmets, so we need to continue preaching that gospel. (2) Riding alone is not a great idea. We later found out from this guy's check in time that he might have been out there a couple of hours before we found him. No one else but us was riding McMurtry that day until late afternoon...a long time to be out there in the shape he was





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in. I am sure most of us ride by ourselves more that we should, in remote areas of Colorado or even on our local trails during the week. It's easy to get a little overconfident and make this mistake. I am always a little more cautious when by myself but that may not always be enough of a precaution. (3) Our trails need to be GPS marked every 1/2 mile or so, or at least at access points. Even though I had a pretty good idea of where he was, it took a while to locate him, even with Jim there to flag the helicopter down. Planning on how to locate victims and get emergency vehicles to them could make a big difference that one time when time matters. (4) It could happen to any of us. Carry ID and emergency contact info with you. Take your cell phone, though it may not work many of the places. Carry a first aid kit at least on epic rides. Ride with your head...it's easy to get overconfident and make a mistake. The fun is in the speed and the negotiating the hazards of the trail—the closer to the edge the greater the thrill...that's why we keep doing it. But, remember these bodies break and it's better to take it a little easier and ride another day.

Take care of yourselves out there,

Lonnie Cooper



These next two items come from one of The Lower Altitude Team Racers more colorful members. Welcome to the wacky world of "Fish"

But only if you're young, dumb, and full of stupid ness *By Ryan Cole.*

My buddies from Nebraska called me up mid-week before Labor Day, and before I knew it we had a trip planned for Pike's Peak. I had a wild hair and decided to climb it on my bike. I was with three other guys who stuck to hiking. I borrowed B.O.B. (bike trailer) from Terry, loaded Bob up with gear, and set out up the mountain. We started at Crag's trailhead. We only went a couple miles in on the first day, then set up camp to create a leisurely schedule. The trailer kicked my ass the first day.... We had a sweet campsite, on the ground underneath an overhanging rock. It was clear skies when we went to bed. I slept dry all night through the rain, but was rudely awakened. My three friends were causing a disturbing ruckus, complaining about being completely soaked. I gave them a little sympathy, then went back to bed.

The next day up to the summit was an adventure, as it should be. I hid bob in the bushes, and crammed all needed gear in a fanny pack as I mounted my bike and got ready to go up the hill. Mostly riding turned into a lot of pushing and carrying my bike. The trail was very gnar-gnar. I pressed on, struggling behind my three hiking friends. I finally made it up to minimal grade (for a 14er) singletrack. Leaving my friends in the dust, I flew through the crisp air on my hardtail. I met up with the road at 13k', from that point I took to pavement to avoid carrying the bike the rest of the way. I made it to 13,500', and then the ranger kicked me off. I then had to bite the bullet, ditch my bike, and hike the rest of the way. Even though I knew what I was getting into, it still didn't sit well with me when I found fatties and "I survived the drive" bumper stickers at the summit. Even so, it was beautiful at the top, looking down on the clouds on all sides. I hiked down to the hiding place, reunited with my bike. At that time, I saw formations in the clouds. One was a sick bird, the next was hill going down. Sick bird downhill, yep, that's what it was. I only went over the handlebars 2 times on the way down, which is damn good for me on those insane technicals. We finished the trip with our traditional beers and steaks at Hop's. It was a much needed vacation to help wean me off of this summer.

Terry, thanks again for lending me bob.

I'm definitely looking forward to the Horrors this weekend, especially after this hell week I'm having in school. That's all for now, need to study. I got some cool pic's, and will upload them to the Yahoo site after this is sent if I can figure this out.

L.A.T.R.

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B.O.B Beast of Burden bike trailers
<http://www.bobgear.com/>





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For Ryan's second voyage into the unknown,
He boldly went...

"Where no Lycra-clad rider has gone before"

Work duties kept Ryan from attending the "Celebration Ride" at Doug Palen's farm so he found an alternate gathering close by. EBL "Every Brother Lives" motorcycle club a group dedicated to the tribute of Vietnam Veterans, was promoting a "Biker" get-together at Niles KS. The advertisement said "all bikers welcome". Fish decided since it was a short ride from Salina he would take them up on the gracious offer. The following was in my e-box Monday. Surprisingly it wasn't from his next of kin.

OK, I'm jealous already. Sounds like Doug's farm was a blast. I had a good time going to the biker rally. It was a 17 mile ride to Niles, but I turned it into 20 by getting just a little bit lost. It was an adventure. By the time I was lost, it was dark night. Not knowing where you are while only seeing 25 feet in front of you sure gives me a cool feeling. At every tree break I rode past I could hear animals breaking branches and moving parallel to my path. I don't know what they were. They could have been cattle, but they might have been bears, mountain lions, or jaberwalkies. Pretty intense. I made it to Niles and was drawn in by the beacon of a bonfire. Nothing is cooler than rolling through a semi-circle of leather-clad cranked up Harley dudes and chics while wearing spandex and a camelbak. Most just stared... some said I was dressed like a freak.... some said I was a real "biker." The latter was correct. After the ride, I definitely got my money's worth of food and beer. And a cool shirt. It was too cold by the time the bands wrapped up, so I wussed out and bummed a ride back to Salina. Prop's to EBL, good party, good people, good fire.

latr,

Fish

Priceless conversation:

throttle twister: "Did you ride here?"
me: "damn straight"
throttle twister: "Is that your sportster out front"
me: "no, I parked in the back"
throttle twister: "oh, what do you ride"
me: "2001 Trek 4500, hardtail"
throttle twister: no speech, (insert confused look here)

For once, I really have no comment, except maybe to say...
You da man, Fish! ~ed

The Eastern Tracks ~

LMBC members are busy doing trail work. Maintaining and improving trails, adding more miles to Perry and Clinton Lake they have been an ambitious bunch. Lyle Riedy seems to have taken on the roll of covering all of Lake Perry with singletrack and trailheads. I wish him well in this endeavor.

Besides the trail improvements, our eastern brethren have been active with group rides, cycle-cross and other sorts of two-wheel activities. Curtis Martell keeps a decent calendar of events on their website at <http://www.sunflower.com/~cmartell/lmbc/> They have a Turkey day ride if your holiday travels take you that direction.

Thanksgiving Day Ride

Date: Every Thanksgiving Day

Time: 10:00 A.M.

Location: Clinton Lake State Park, Corps of Engineers parking lot

Description: Break away from the in-laws and warm up your appetite on the singletrack at Clinton Lake. This is a 2-3 hour ride depending on the weather and conditions. Clinton is rocky and technical. Be prepared to fix a few flats. No fee, just fun mountain biking on Turkey Day!

Cycle-cross activities are well covered on the Multisport Marketing website. Home to the Bikes and Boards race team this site is looking very nice and has plenty of good information. You might even recognize a cartoon or two on it. Check out <http://multisportmarketing.tripod.com/>

