



SPRAD TRACKS

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Tracks #16 October 31st 2003

Sweet Sixteen ~ 7SLegends

Tracks #16 is here. It comes at one of my favorite times of the year. The season of wandering souls, tricks or treats, ghosts goblins, and scary stories. All set in the fiery colors of fall as Mother Nature prepares for harsher weather to come. Tracks #16 shares many of these things as well. Wandering bike souls departed their normal boundaries for the incredible treats offered by the Ouachita Mountains of Arkansas in "The Great Leaving". "Happy Birthday to Me" is definitely a story of tricks as Sugar threw a temper tantrum during a pre-ride, but also a few treats as several of Team LATR riders came away with top honors in the *Tour de Lizard* coverage. Ghosts, Goblins, and forest demons are almost apparent in the telling of Sugar's last ride, and Lonnie Cooper's scary tale of "911 at McMurty".

The coverage of Cameron Chambers's great success at the 24-Hours of Moab marks the end of the racing year for most of Team LATR. Roman Nose 24-Hour coverage, the Chamber of Horrors, Ryan Cole's adventures pulling B.O.B. up Pikes Peak and a visit to a Harley party, Technical advice for your single-speed, 10 good reasons for missing a ride, and an inspirational message from Lance Armstrong all add their own little Carmel Apple size treats to the Track's bag of goodies. *Sweet Sixteen* is here. Read it slowly as it will most likely be the last offering for 2003. Contributing editors have until December 15th to submit their next stack of tall stories and legends for #17. As the race season grows to an end, we need to stay active with group rides, planning for next year, and support groups to keep each other off the cookies and milk diet during the winter season.

Unlike that bag full of goodies your kids will be dragging home tonight, *SpradTracks* is entirely non-fattening. For the most part anyway, depends on what you eat while you read it. So throw another log on the fire, swipe the bag of candy from your offspring and settle down with the latest offering from Tracks, *Sweet Sixteen* has arrived!

Read when you can, write if you want, and ride for forever. Enjoy the Tracks, and as always...

See you on the trails! 7~



Tinker Juarez, Cameron Chambers, Nat Ross at 24-Hours of Moab

Chambers Scores Big for Team Fisher ~

By 7SLegends

October 18th and 19th Moab Utah saw a new face riding for Team Fisher. After winning his class in the 24-Hour of Adrenalin Championships and some incredible wins in Oklahoma and Nebraska endurance events, Cameron Chambers donned the pearl blue and yellow of Team Subaru-Fisher for the 9th Annual Honda 24-Hours of Moab. Joining accomplished Fisher endurance racer Nat Ross for the desert classic, Chambers showed up for his 3rd 24-Hour event debuting his new 29 inch Fisher Supercaliber and flashy team gear. Promoted by Granny Gear Productions, 24-Hours of Moab is arguably the premier event of endurance racing. New additions to the course and a strong field of entrants in both team and solo categories promised the 9th running would live up to the event's reputation.

At high noon the land of slickrock saw 445 entrants, (42 solo male, 8 solo female), kick up the dust as they charged off for their waiting bikes. Benjamin Duke turned the fastest first lap time for the solo riders completing the 14.9-mile course in 1 hour 6 minutes and 54 seconds. Ross completed his first lap in 1:07:49 with David Tinker Juarez sharing the same time. Chambers returned to the start/finish line at 1:14:36 placing him 6th at the end of one lap. He continued riding consistent 1:15s for the next several laps as the front-runners paced slowed with each lap. Training on Great Bend's sandy Arkansas River trails proved valuable to the CKMBC rider as he passed Juarez, Ross, and several other riders through Moab's sandier sections. Fisher's 29s skimmed across the loose pack, while Cam's skill and training powered him quickly from sixth to first place. (Continued on following page)



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Chambers Scores Big... (cont. from page 1)

A few laps later the Cannondale mounted Juarez overtook Chambers moving him back into second place. Ross was running third after having missed a fuel re-supply around lap three. His lap times slowed from his earlier pace for a time, but the Fisher big wheels and Nat's tenacity prevailed keeping Team Fisher riders in two of the top three slots. Chambers continued chasing Juarez through the evening and on into the desert night. Completing lap 9 shortly before 1AM, Juarez had a 12-minute advantage on the Kansas newcomer. The newest Fisher rider would not let the lead go unchallenged. Consistently running lap times only slightly longer than those of his daylight loops, Cameron kept the heat on the veteran racer from California. By daybreak, the two front-runners had close to an hour lead on the rest of the field.

Juarez's experience and endurance kept him safely in first place after passing Chambers in the early stages of the challenge. Cameron rode a very tough race for his third 24-Hour event completing his 16th lap in second place behind one of mountain biking and endurance racing's legendary figures. This finish shows the young newcomer has what it takes to compete on the professional level with positive results. Cameron set a personal best completing 238 miles in just over 25 hours. He will make a strong addition to the Fisher team. Ross finished in third place putting Fisher team colors on two of the top three podium spots for the 9th running of the Moab 24. If you are interested in purchasing a Fisher 29, you should order it now before these two competitors convince everybody they should have one.

Congrats to Central Kansas Mountain Bike Club's top rider and newest Team Fisher pilot on a job well done! For additional information or complete solo and team results visit Granny Gear Productions online at <http://www.grannygear.com/>. For a Fisher 29 contact Golden Belt Bicycles or your local Fisher Dealer.



Wet B.O.B. Square Can at Roman Nose

Mindless Ponderings from Jess Wundren

Jess rides, and while he rides, he thinks. These are just a few of the things he thinks.

...And you thought that tune playing repeatedly in your head while you rode was annoying.

- How many batches of Lottery tickets can a person buy and scratch, before their turn at the cashier is over?
- Why does your left thumb shifter makes your bike harder to pedal, while your right thumb shifter makes it easier. (Disregard if you ride Sram or rapid riser shifters)
- Why, when you are late for a bike ride the person in front of you at the checkout counter waits until all their items are rung up before they decide they need to write a check to pay for the \$189 worth of stuff they just bought?
- Why does this same person fill out the check register before they write the check?
- If your shoe clips into your pedal, why is it called clipless?
- Why bra is singular while panties are plural?
- If 29-inch wheels are faster, how big do my wheels need to be to keep up with Cameron?
- Why do trash bags have to be so fancy when the whole purpose is to throw them away?
- Why, isn't it a ride until somebody bleeds?

Jess Wundren~



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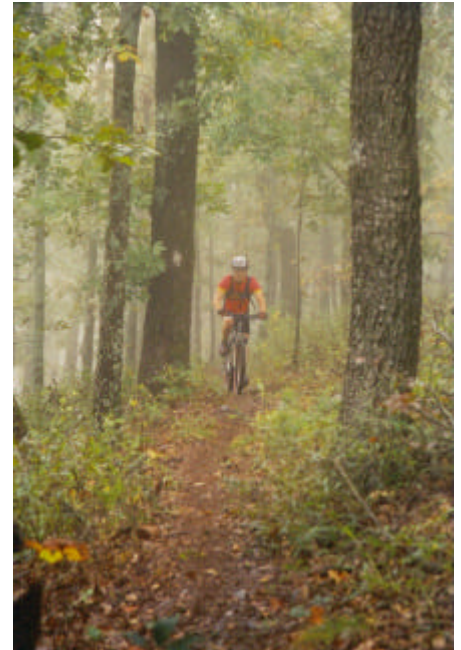
The Great Leaving~ *TSLegends*

October 10th several fat tire fanatics from South Central Kansas, one displaced Okie, and a Texan converged on the trails of Arkansas's Ouachita National Forest. The Ouachita Forest is home to numerous loop trails and a couple of sweet point-to-points. The nearly 40-mile long Womble trail, and the over 200-mile Ouachita trail give hikers and bikers abundant opportunities to enjoy the wilderness. After about 7 hours on the road and a quick stop in Tulsa to pick up Charles Martin, our little band of nomadic bikers pulled into the trailhead of the Big Brushy complex near Oden Arkansas. Shortly after, Bobby Smith pulled in with his group, which had been playing catch up since Kansas.

Big Brushy is one of the many trail complexes in the Ouachita National Forest. Brushy has multiple loops varying in length from 3 to 12 miles, passing through serene woodlands, and trickling streams. We planned for a loop of approximately 7.5 miles. I changed early and tried to get a picture of the group preparing, but with ten guys all changing into riding gear at once, there was always somebody's big ole white butt showing. While we geared up to ride, another rider of some notoriety pulled into the parking lot. Gary Sprung, from Denver Colorado is the Senior National Policy Advisor for IMBA, co-founder of the Crested Butted Mountain Bike Association, and is pictured in this month's Mountain Bike Magazine in association with the opening of the mountain bike hall of fame. Gary was passing through on his way east to spend time with his honey in Alabama or Tennessee. He was a welcome addition to the ride.

The group started out together but soon broke into fragments, each going their own way and smiling while doing it. Jim Burkey hooked up with Gary and me. While others wandered around the woods, thanks to my trusty \$9 compass and a good map, we managed to find our way around the planned loop. Burkey is just shy of 62 years old with less than 3 years experience on fat tires. He piloted his bike like a pro through the half-buried marblehead rocks on the trail's last lower section. He even pulled Sugar off me once when I brazenly tried a creek crossing way above my biking abilities. Gary was a bit under the weather and opted for the smother road section for the last mile or so. All too soon, the group found itself back at the trailhead with the sun sneaking behind the tree and mountaintops. We invited our new IMBA friend to share a pot of beans and discuss the Kansas trail situation a bit as evening turned to night.

In the bunkhouse, extreme videos played on the TV. Free riders were dropping off rock ledges the size of small buildings, or jumping their full suspension rides over buses with the help of a motorcycle tow-in. Wild-eyed young guys with names like Juan *one-nut* something or other, *No thumbs* Mike, or Larry *loose screws*...



Lonnie Cooper, like ghosts through the trees

We decided that was the problem with mountain biking, no cool nicknames! Randy pulled off his sock to show the shotgun injury that left him only able to count to 9 using his toes, and the nicknames started flowing. The beans from supper had a few tuning up for a night of the butt symphony, while others stuck with the more nasal night tunes once the lights went out. After getting up at 5AM, 8 hours in the truck and 8 miles on the trail, even the bunkmate arguing in his sleep about which trail to take did not keep me awake long.

Saturday morning broke cool and damp. A light fog lingered in the tree line, the rocks glistened slightly with dew, the sky was an opaque gray and white. The bunkhouse sprang to life as riders cooked breakfast, took showers and prepared for the Womble! I planned to head back to Kansas after the ride to attend Lindsborg's Falun Classic on Sunday, so I reloaded the truck and gave Sugar a quick check. The Womble trailhead was a 10 to 15 minute ride from the Riverview Cabins. I decided to drive the Dodge over to the trailhead, reasoning that somebody would end up needing transportation back to camp after 40 miles. Gary Sprung was still under the weather and decided continuing on his trip for a little TLC and soup was better than slugging through the wet woods. I proceeded to the trailhead to prepare for the 8-ish start time. (Continued on following page) ➡