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Tracks #14 July 4th 2003

Tracks #14

Closing Doors, New Beginnings, & a little Back Tracking~ *TS Legends*

The doors have been closed on Tracks #13. It now resides on the Past Tracks pages for some nostalgia buff or new reader to peruse its pages, or to perhaps settle some argument over 12 Mile placings or alternative bicycle options. With every door that closes another one opens up, (unless you're doing 5-10 someplace, then it might be awhile). **Tracks #14** is dedicated to closing doors, new beginnings, and a little backtracking. The backtracking refers to some reprints in the Newsletter that have been on the website previously. I have found a few readers that don't have ready access to the internet, and for them I am putting in some of the "Chambers of Horrors" stories that have been on the home page, besides I really like the phoenix one!

May is kind of the month for closing doors. With high school and college graduations, many students, parents, and friends feel the sadness of a closing door as the school year comes to an end and the currents of life's stream once again move our friends along in their life. These closing doors brought my friend Annie back to Lindsborg for her final trip in a cap and gown. Annie actually entered the "real world" some months earlier doing grad work at McPherson Schools and working with a large church choir in Oklahoma among many other things. Without the formal Graduation ceremony though Annie still always seemed like a neighbor that was just away for a while. That was coming to an end as Bethany's students started filtering back to the school for that one final procession.

I met Annie two years earlier on Memorial Day at Kanopolis Lake. We had a nice visit and a nice ride, but we never quite made it to all the back trails I told her about, and told her about, and told her about. Sorry you know how I can get. Annie, as my faithful readers know was kind of the muse, if you will, for the beginning of Team LATR, SpradTracks and now Tracks Online.



Downtime at "the hill" Terry, Lee, & Mark

All from Miss Hutson saying "I think it would be fun to get on a team and go race", or something like that. Funny thing was though she got so busy with life she only attended a few of the first races. The team has carried on uniting other west/central Kansas riders into a sort of mountain bikers' coalition known as Central Kansas Mountain Bike Club. At 30 members strong and growing, CKMBC is making large strides in promoting Mountain Bike awareness west I-135. Early in May, Annie e-mailed me to let me know she was coming back from Tulsa for graduation; plans were made to finish the ride we had started on our first meeting.

Memorial Day morning I picked Annie up, and we made the drive around to the hunters' gate and the better part of K-Lake's trails. On the drive out Annie talked a little about the sadness she felt over the closing doors with sorority sisters, instructors, and other friends that would eventually drift away on their own current in life. I listened and shared some of her sadness figuring this would be one of the last times her and I would ever head out for a ride together. The drive seemed longer than normal and the sight of the trails didn't excite me quite like they normally do. We unloaded and went about the business of preparing for the ride. The trails were in bad need of a mowing, but with the limited access bikers are given to this part of the trails during the summer they can get pretty unruly.





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We splashed through the water and broken bricks of the first water crossing and started into the woodland single track and technicals. Between gasps for air, we continued to talk about closing doors and new beginnings. Annie recently got her first real job in her field, instructing band and music at a school in Tulsa. She was stoked and a little nervous over the coming year. As we put the closing doors behind us and moved on to the new beginnings, we encountered one of nature's reminders of new beginnings, new hope, new life. With its head hidden in the grass, and its butt sticking out onto the trail a small fawn lay motionless, hiding from the two unknown intruders coming through the brush. Annie and I pulled up and after checking around for a larger angrier version of this cute little thing, I walked over to assess its condition. The fawn didn't move a lick as Annie and I walked right up to it. As we checked over its extremities to find no visible damage, Bambi stood up on his shaky fours and bounded a few wobbly steps away to settle in another hiding place to wait for momma. I decided we probably shouldn't wait for momma and we mounted up and rolled on. I told Annie it was almost a sign, (ya I'm weird like that) of new beginnings and optimism for things to come. Course Bambi might have ended up coyote bait 12 hours later, you never know.

Annie and I fought the weeds, sometimes following only faint parts in the grass to indicate where the trail is supposed to be. I've done in excess of 1500 miles on those trails so I really don't need much of a clue anymore, (ya, I know you've heard that about me). Because of the tall grass we bypassed the inspirational rock towers of table rock. Instead we stuck to the service road which is always a fast fun double track, all the way into the bustling lakeside community of Prairie Dog town, (this was before that monkey pox thing). The ambitious residents of this community keep the prairie grass short and almost groomed, we parked on the manicured grass to refuel the carbs and enjoy the view of K-Lake with our less than serene hosts chattering complaints of our presence back and forth between their tunnel openings.

We remounted the bikes and dove back into tall grass trails with occasional openings where recent rains had pooled and caused large mud sections. The cattle hooves had churned these mud sections into slippery mud flinging controlled slides. Eventually we came out of the Daniel Boone section to climb the brick laden scarred face of Chimney Rock climb (my name, won't find it on any maps). With our legs and lungs bursting from the long slow ascent of picking our way over scattered piles of brick remnants we rejoined the double track service road that signaled we were starting to retrace our earlier tracks, backtracking. The end of our two-year-old ride was 40 fast minutes from being over. I put on a little power heading into the first fast descent and rode most of the trip back to the truck a few yards ahead of Annie. We splashed through the first water crossing we forded what seemed like a long time before.

Back at the truck as we loaded up I talked to Annie about the next race event Team LATR was attending, Drywood Creek's race near Farlington. Annie told me she would be in Chanute that weekend on a family function and thought she might be able to break away at least for a pre-ride Saturday. We also talked about the Ouachita Mountain trails in Arkansas and found out that there was a chance we would be able to hook up in August for a few days of climbing through the trees. New beginnings! Sometime the currents that nudge us down the stream of life float us to new and interesting places, and honestly doesn't that beat being one of those twigs that just rotates slowly in that stagnant looking pool of moss in one of life's many backwater lagoons.

(cont. on page 3)



Central Kansas Mountain Bike Club



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(Closing Doors cont...)

Since I started this article, other doors have closed in my life, some leading to unfounded rumors of my demise. Never fear faithful readers, friends and club members, I am still here. Trying to steer this 30+-seated multiple-passenger bicycle called CKMBC through the technicals and uphill climbs of being a fledgling club. LMBC, namely Gerard Arantowicz has provided a large amount of support, cheerleading, and funding for Team LATR and CKMBC's inaugural event Coronado's *Downhill Challenge*, July 12 and 13th in Lindsborg KS. We thank him and them for helping us kick off our first formal gathering. Show your support by attending. For more information on the *Challenge* go to the Tracks Online site at <http://spradtracks.tripod.com>.

So in conclusion, I am here, the club is here and growing, (pay your dues), and as evidenced by this pile of paper, (or bytes if you are online), the Tracks are here! Welcome to Tracks #14, with new beginnings from guest writers, and a new column, I hope everyone finds something entertaining, or informative in the Tracks. Or I hope it at least makes good paper airplanes to annoy your friends with. Hey, circulation is circulation! Go ride... T~

And out of the flames and ashes a Phoenix arose... 5/28 *TSLegends*

A magnificent creature with powerful limbs, a determined nature, and a beautiful plumage of blue denim overalls. This must have been the thoughts running through the heads of the solo competitors at a recent 12 hour event in Nebraska as Cameron Chambers circled the 5 mile course 4 more times than his nearest competitor and only two laps less than the winning 4 person team in the event.

No surprise to any of the CKMBC members that have had the opportunity to ride with or observe Cameron slicing through the single track on his Vicious Cycles rigid single speed. This blonde version of Carrot Top seems tireless as he glides through the trails clearing obstacles like a graveyard specter floating over gravestones.

To avoid a New York Times incident I want to make it perfectly clear that I did not attend this event. The facts I am quoting below were taken from another source. I wouldn't want to jeopardize this lucrative position I have with Tracks Online.

One sponsored rider from Colorado experienced the Chambers of Horrors as Cameron lapped him 4 times. In case your math isn't so good, like my English 4 laps, 5 mile lap = 20 miles, over the Colorado rider. (Too much oxygen at lower levels?) Twenty miles that is a long trail ride for me, and that was just his winning margin. On the fourth pass the Colorado rider muttered something about his brakes dragging. Something was dragging alright but I don't think it was the brakes. Starting at 6PM and circling single track until 6AM the following morning, Cameron completed 23 laps, uh 23 laps, 5 miles per lap that is uh, a whole bunch of miles, (115). The winning team rode 25 laps between the four of them for 125 miles.

Once again I am in awe over Golden Belt's prodigal son's performance. Oh, his brakes weren't dragging but Cam did suffer a broken chain that caused him to back track about 1 1/2 miles to repair it. Congratulations on a job very well done Cameron.

A bird was born, his flight was like the flashing of light, and his plumage was denim!

taken loosely from Aesop's Fables
T~



Cameron escorting the Jr racers at Wilson



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Continuing news of the Chamber of Horrors

6/16/03 TS Legends

The long and ugly appears to be Cameron's niche. June 14th Cameron traveled south to Norman Oklahoma with CKMBC members Brad Cole and Sara Kay Carrell for another 12 hour solo run.

Once again Cameron showed the long distance folks what Kansas riders are capable of as he claimed first in the solo bracket. Somewhere through the night Cameron climbed off his trusty single speed *Vicious Cycle*, to spin a few laps on his dad's 18-speed *Surley* giving both bike manufacturers a chance to display their products leading a tough event. The 29ers suit Cameron well. A little before 6AM, he switched off the lights and rolled down the last few hills to victory as the rising sun signaled the start of a new day, and the end of a long night!

Brad Cole showed his strength and competitiveness at his inaugural 12-hour challenge. Riding in third, Brad attempted to claim second as he overtook the rider in front of him at one of the rest stops. When support people informed him the second place rider was there now, he grabbed a hand full of energy packets and charged back onto the trail. The valiant effort went unrewarded this time as the other rider eventually reclaimed his position leaving Brad to finish third in his first long and ugly.

Sara Kay, a woman with a bike growing out of her bum. Sara owns two trucks that appear to be a waste of time since she seems to always be on a bike. Sara is moving from Hays to Marion KS, she once asked me if I would like to ride out to Hays with her to bring one of her vehicles back. She mentioned that

we could overnight in Ellsworth if we had to. I was sitting there trying to decide if I could take Friday off so I had three days to do the 155 mile ride. Sara showed the Okies Kansas men are not the only ones that can pedal a bike for hours as she finished the 12-hour trial as the second female finisher.

All three CKMBC riders qualified for the Solo nationals to be held in Whistler B.C. this August. I know Cameron will be attending the event. God help the competition, (but not much)! Congratulations to CKMBC's toughest riders, you make me all teary with pride. See you on the trails, just not as long as you are used to being out there.

Accident Reports by TS Legend

Here's a couple more of those oops that ain't how I planned it stories!

At one of the recent Lawrence rides my friend and fellow Sugar rider, JL Cleland tried plowing terra firma with his helmet visor. Flying over some little whoop-de-do JL's Sugar bucked up her hind end as those spirited rides tend to do, and vaulted JL over the bars. Directly over the bars, kind of like those cliff divers in the South Seas but minus the water and the 200 feet or so to get turned around right. With no time to react, (funny how those crashes seem to take forever but stuff still happens real fast), Cleland catapulted ahead of the bike digging into the ground like a dull shovel and grinding to a halt in the crevice his head just made. His Oakleys and helmet visor cut up JL's face a bit, he heard the chiming of the pretty bells that signal your rides over, and put the hurt on a few ribs. That ground's pretty hard isn't it? You know JL, that is where the firma part of terra firma comes from. Glad to hear you are okay and riding again. You're right definitely a good testament for wearing a helmet.



A street racer also found the value of a good helmet this weekend at the Baldwin City event. Event organizer, Gerard Arantowicz didn't give me all the details, but said they had a rider go down during their event. When questioned where he was, he kept insisting he was in Ft. Smith Arkansas. He was only



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off a few hundred miles, maybe that was just a bad sense of direction as opposed to a head injury. G~ also told me about a rider that went down in a street race while we were all gallivanting around Farlington's trails. He suffered multiple head injuries and had a strap almost remove his ear. This rider did end up suffering some very serious injuries and last I knew was still in touchy shape. Keep him in your thoughts.

Helmets probably saved these two-wheelers from more serious head injuries and longer recuperating periods or worse. Safety equipment is one place where you should not skimp on your bike budget. A valuable piece of safety equipment many of us don't think about is ID. No I don't mean hillbilly slang as in I got no ID what you are talkin' about, I mean as in identification.

The above riders were all lucky in that they crashed during events and rides with friends around; someone was there to speak for them when they couldn't, (and provide them with a map). I ride alone quit a bit, (still can't get the smell out of my socks I guess). I used to wonder how they would know what to do with the remains if I bit it hard. Now I have my faithful "Road ID" metal tag attached to my bike shoe. It offers valuable information about who I am, where I am from, my doc's name and number, and my cute little saying "it's not a ride til somebody bleeds". I figured if that catastrophic crash ever happens when they find my shoe, somebody there is bound to read the tag and say "well I guess that's a ride". Always try to leave 'em laughing.

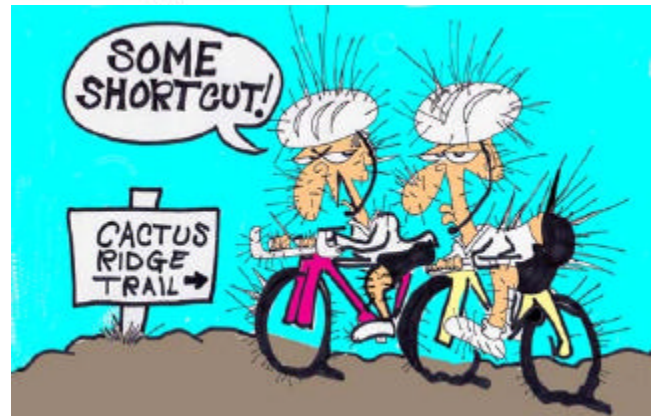
I got this sexy little addition to my riding gear from "Road ID", the sponsor logo you see attached above. Check out their website for the other styles of ID tags they offer for the athletic adventurer. Come to Coronado's Challenge July 12th and 13th and I should have some discount certificates for them.



Now go ride but be safe, be careful, and consider some ID, (of what the heck I am talking about)! Special thanks and congratulations to Greg Schroeder, and

the other first responders at JL's plowing for the cool heads and fast action in dealing with the crash aftermath.

Ride safe, see you on the trails! T~



The "MacGyver" Report by T Spradley

I'm not sure if this actually qualifies as a MacGyverism since I didn't actually come up with the fix for a few days after the actual breakdown. The day of the breakdown, I pinch flatted, told some rookie riders new to the trails to head on and I would catch up. I found out later the tube was un-patchable, (even if I would have had some patches), and my trusty spare had a worse hole from rubbing against some tool in my seat bag over the past few months. What to do, what to do? I tried some of the things I had read to get it going, but none worked well enough to get some decent pressure on my light ply tires. I ended up doing about a 5 miles trail jog. Since I haven't ran much further than the bathroom since 1982, my calf muscles were pissed the next day.

A couple of days later while I sat at the bottom of Coronado's hill waiting for Cameron to bring me a new tube, the wheels started turning a bit, and I ended up test riding the following MacGyverism.

(cont. on page 5)



(MacGyver cont.)

The offending cut was just a bit too long for the one patch I did manage to dig out of the recesses of my seat pack Wednesday



night, so I decided the best fix was to eliminate that part of the tube. Tying it in a knot was an option but it made kind of a weird bulge.

I ended up finding a short piece of stick, and hanging the tube, hole up, over the stick. Grab the tube in one hand and twist the stick a few times to cut off the air path. After a few good twists insert the whole mess into the tire as shown below. Since you have now turned a 26" tube into about a 23" it will take a little stretching to get it around the rim. I recommend putting the stick part in first and stretch around from there.



After I got the bead back on, which went surprisingly well, I pumped the tire up to 40 PSI to see what happened. It appeared to be holding so I put the tire back on the bike, added another 5 PSI or so and started spinning around the parking lot. Cameron showed up a few minutes later with a new tube, but I decided in the interest of science I would leave the MacGyver fix in and see how well it worked.

Cameron and I ended up riding 3 or 4 runs on the downhill courses, and then went out for 12 miles on the wailing wall of hills road. The tire held up fine. While riding I didn't even notice any bump to indicate where the stick was in the tire. After the ride, I decided to just wait for the thing to deflate before I took it apart to install the new tube. It was 8 days, several trips down the hill, and about 24 more miles before I finally noticed the tire had deflated overnight and was ready for the new tube.

I would say this test had acceptable results, so if you get a pinch flat in the woods with no patches, and no spare tube, find a stick! Instead of the stick, those flat black tire levers would work equally well, as long as you have another one to finish installing the tire. Good Luck, good riding, and if you end up using the noggin' instead of the correct replacement on a ride sometime drop me a line for "The MacGyver Report".



LATR's Trail Manager's Report~

Mark Flynn pulls the duties of tracking trail work hours, progress, what needs fixed, and coming up with more sick additions to our local trails, mostly our beloved little heights. For 2003, team LATR and other volunteers have put in 49 ½ hours of trail maintenance, improvements, and trash pick-up.

We have managed to do quite a bit in our 49 hours, and there are always plans for more. While there is a considerable amount of sweat and occasionally blood involved, one fast run down the hill makes it all worthwhile. Call Mark at Royal Flush if you are interested in adding your labor to the force.

Cale Holdsworth also led a scout merit badge work detail that put in new trails at K-Lake, providing more riding before the sand. I believe Cale's project called for 100 hours of combined time.

Team Earthsurfer has done several hours worth of trail building and improving on two different sites in Great Bend. The Arkansas River Trails now run over 10 miles in each direction. There are one or two short sections of sand to traverse, but after chasing Cameron through the trees for 5 miles it is a welcome rest.



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Earthsurfer has also done a nice job with a fast short loop at Barton County Lake. I think some one said it was 2 or 3 miles? The course is a fast loop similar to the Lawrence River Trails, with technical off shoots occasionally to test your skills. Barton County Lake, as near as I could tell is a lake of nothing but grass, don't pack your bathing cap! The bonus though is the dilapidated old concrete dam. Several trees and bushes have pushed their way through the cracks in the concrete. The surfer crew has used these plants like cones for a sadistic little game of climb, descend and repeat across the face of the dam. Clawing your way up the dam's embankment and then trying to brake on the silt-covered surface to negotiate a tight switchback was a thigh and lung burner. A fast direct line back into the single track with some nice momentum rewards the torturous section.

Besides the local trails Earthsurfer is also busy maintaining Wilson's Rollercoaster trails. If you would like to be able to say you were one of the pioneering few that blazed some fun single track contact Doug or Cameron at Golden Belt.

Solomon Valley Crankers are also in the process of working on some single track in their area. I will get more info on that when I get a chance to go out and ride with them after the *Challenge*.

CKMBC Treasurer's Report – Erik L Peterson

As your trusted official Treasurer, I am filing the first quarterly statement of financial affairs for the CKMBC. As of June 27th the club account has \$215 in it tucked safely away at a local banking institution. One person has pre-registered for Coronado's Challenge at a cost of \$10. The chapter break down of the funds follows \$30 from the Earthsurfer's, \$35 from the Crankers and the remainder from the LATRs.

Respectfully Submitted,

Erik Peterson

Prez note... Since the time that Erik respectfully submitted this report, I turned in another membership fee, I have another \$15 he doesn't know about yet, and we are holding IOU's in the amount of \$15. (I still haven't paid 5 for my daughter.)



Nothing but Air! Drywood Creek '03

Farlington Report

Return to Drywood Creek~ T Spradley

Sunday June 1st Drywood Creek north of Farlington KS played host to the Midwest Fat Tire Series race #6. Consisting of mostly short climbs, fast winding single track, and enough knarley downhills to keep riders smiling Drywood has been a must attend race for several of my friends and readers. Team LATR made the trip with 6 team racers and a few past members that showed up for Saturday's pre-ride. Team inspiration Annie Hutson, and the team's ex-air cover coordinator, Air Force pilot Tom Ames made the trip Saturday for a couple of pre-ride laps with team racers. Both unfortunately had other engagements that kept them from joining the team for Sunday's event. Central Kansas Mountain Bike Club supplemented the flatland crowd with two racers from Team Earthsurfer of Great Bend joining in for Sunday's competition.

Drywood ran a technical point-to-point race for the kids equaling 2 miles. The beginner riders would circle the course once for slightly more than 7 miles, with Sport racers going around twice for just over 15, and Expert racers going around three times. Erik L Peterson represented the Lindsborg group in the one lap affair along with Blue Springs MO member Henry Bullock.



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Mark Flynn decided to move up and give the Sport class a try figuring the 4 hour drive rated more than one 7 mile lap. Brian Holdsworth and I joined Pittsburg team member Don Sotta and Great Bend member Doug Chambers in the 40-45 Sport class. Peterson and Bullock started the day off at 11:00AM. Erik L may have been still feeling the affects of two spills on Saturday's practice runs. Going into the trees in good shape riding 4th out of the 10 man field around mile two he started slipping back in the field. At one point Peterson slid as far back as 10th place, but eventually worked his way back up 4 places finishing 6th at 49 min and 54 seconds. Bullock suffered a similar backwards slide and ended up being the last man across in the beginner 40-45 bracket.

Sport class racers staged on the start line at 12:30 along with the day's Expert class. CKMBC (Team LATR's parent club) was represented in the expert class by one lone rider. Cameron Chambers from Great Bend was the club's solo Expert competitor but as he has shown in past races, the 21 year old single speed rider is all the representation most clubs need. Cameron represents the club at events in numerous states and has an impressive string of victories. Including a victory in a 12 hour race in Nebraska riding a total of 115 miles in a 12 hour period second only to a 4-man team that completed 125 miles in the same allotted time. Drywood Creek was no exception as the simplistic rider handily won the Expert male class on a single speed rigid (no suspension) bike while the followers gave chase on more conventional rides with the advantage of 27 gears and a little flex. Cameron finished three laps for slightly over 22 miles in 1 hour 48 minutes. This area rider will be a formidable foe for the Expert 35 and under class for some time to come.

While Cameron was springing from rock to root, the slightly older and more mortal members of the team were banging it out 9 man field of 40-45 Sport bracket. Doug Chambers and Don Sotta sliced into the single track in the lead group of 4 or 5 while I went in warily following the tail end of their pack. Holdsworth entered the trees with Flynn and other riders in the chase pack. Rookies to the Sport class

Brian, Mark and I laid back a bit while we adjusted to the faster pace of the stronger riders. Unfortunately laying back can leave you falling behind if riders miscue (read wreck) between you and the class leaders.

Early into the first lap a few slips and slides had opened a fair gap between the leaders and my group as the chase pack started closing up the distance behind us. I decided to relax and let the trails do some of my work. It wasn't long before it did, Doug Chambers was experiencing drive train problems forcing him to make several stops and eventually disabling his bike to the point of taking him out of the race entirely. One less for me to pass. I followed another team member, Don Sotta through most of the first lap before an opportunity to pass presented itself as Sotta and I worked our way through traffic from earlier classes on a technical section. The pass involved a little rubbing and in a Soccer match I might have been called for illegal use of hands, but this is mountain bike racing and even between teammates there's occasionally a little rubbin'. After the pass Sotta and I developed a gap and rode most of the remaining 8 miles passing stragglers from the younger brackets.

Brian Holdsworth was riding his wounded Trek, which had developed a drive chain problem during Saturday's pre-ride. The skip could be minimized by running the bike in higher gear combinations. On Drywood's short steep technical climbs or tight turns through the trees the higher gear combination can make riders skip a bit though. Usually a few heart beats or the desire to eat before a race. Holdsworth proved up to the challenge though and rode a very respectable race on the disabled bike finishing 6th with a two lap time of 1 hr 29 minutes. Mark Flynn did what he came for and had two tough challenging, but fun laps on Drywood's trails. Flynn finished his inaugural Sport class race only 10 minutes back at 1:39.

Shortly before the end of our two laps Sotta closed up the gap between us and we picked up the pace in a last ditch effort to overtake the lead group that had disappeared from our sites some 13 miles earlier.



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Our valiant effort gained us a few positions in the overall standings but I only got a glimpse of second place as he crossed the finish line 9 seconds ahead of me. I crossed with wheels and hands in the air at 1 hour 22 minutes and 10 seconds. Sotta crossed 30 seconds later giving Team LATR 3rd and 4th, and my first Series podium finish in the Sport Class. The fastest time in our bracket crossed the line at 1 hr 20 even.

Riders from CKMBC's sponsoring club Lawrence's LMBC turned some fast laps. In the 30-39 Sport class Gerard Arantowicz ran a quick two lap time of 1:20:32, good enough for second place in the quick bracket. John Oberrieder pulled in 8 minutes later for 5th with Brian Bass a minute and four seconds later. Lyle Riedy and Doug Long came in fast and hard, so close together they about looked like they were on a tandem. Unfortunately I didn't record their times or places that day, and for some reason I still can't seem to access them on the Midwest Fat Tire site.

Team LATR didn't bring a lot of winning hardware home from Farlington KS, but all had a great time, and stories to tell after. Doug Chambers suffered the curse of the trailside demons and DNF'ed the event, but son Cameron's performance in the Expert class quickly overshadowed the disappointment for Golden Belt Bicycles' father/son team. The young Chambers extraordinary performance in his customary cut-off blue denim overalls left the crowd buzzing, and once again placed the Lindsborg born Central Kansas Mountain Bike Club on the map.

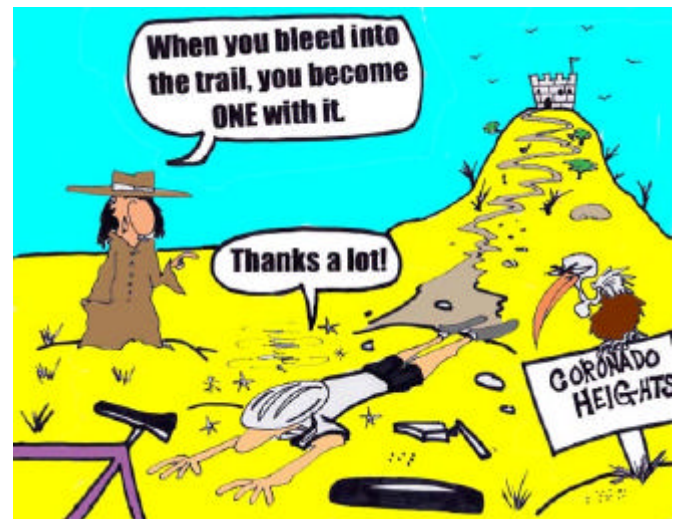
For more of Team LATR, CKMBC or the amazing Chambers exploits go to Tracks Online at <http://spradtracks.tripod.com>. For a first hand view of Midwestern mountain bike racing check out local area riders at Coronado Heights for Coronado's (Downhill) Challenge July 12th and 13th. Please be aware of an increased number of bike riders at Coronado during these dates. Drive carefully bring your lawn chair and enjoy the racing.



Coronado Downhill Challenge Sponsor

LMBC

Lawrence Mountain Bike Club, Lawrence KS



"GRAVITY LOVES A FOOL!"

Reader's Write~

This issues guest submission comes from one of CKMBC's newer young riders. 14 year old Anna Krich, lives in Hillsboro KS, cross trains as a dancer, and has some un-explainable dislike for socks. Here are her impressions of her first trip around Coronado Heights. T~

I Will Survive by Anna Krich

At first I was afraid. I was petrified. Ok well probably not so extreme as to have to quote Gloria Gaynor but when I went on my first bike ride in, like, four years I was pretty terrified. When the only exercise you've gotten all year is doing an Irish jig across the stage of your high school auditorium and slacking off during freshman Phys. Ed, you're bound to make a fool of yourself.



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Of course, embarrassing myself in front the cutie (guy) that started my little biking fetish wasn't my only fear. I think the catch phrase, "It's not a ride until someone bleeds," instilled more terror in me than the thought of my true idiocy showing through. As I said, it was my first bike ride in an extended period of time but I wasn't completely biking illiterate. I knew exactly what would happen. The exact same thing that happen at Clinton Lake four years earlier; I'd hug a tree and might even get hurt really bad and (horror of all horrors) break a nail. *GASP!* Yes, I know, that's a fate worse than death.

Once my dad and I finally arrived at Coronado for the ride, I watched in horror as a blur that I thought to be a human on a bicycle (which later turned out to be Brian Holdsworth) came flying speedy-quick down the hill. I mounted my instrument of torture with fear in my heart and praying to God that I wouldn't have to do the treacherous climb that everyone else seemed to be beginning or the suicidal descent that I had just witnessed Brian conquer with definite speed. To my dismay, the ride did entail making that demonic climb up to the castle. I finally reached the top of the wretched road and I wanted to chuck a water bottle or helmet or some object that would inflict pain at my father. Yet at the same time, I was on cloud nine (note to self: this is a story not a poem!). I had done it! I could tell that the most pointless article of clothing that I own (and that exists for that matter), my socks, were soaked with sweat. Strangely enough, the guys kept riding. "Ummm HELLO? I thought we were done???" Guys? Guys where are you going?" I kept on following them, curious as to what on earth they were doing.

Eventually I realized I hadn't even started. That climb was just to get to the beginning of the trail. I heeded the directions given to me by Terry: follow Brian. Right. I'll follow Brian. To my bloody death! Of course, there was no other choice but to do as he said. So along I pedaled, bouncing over rocks, slipping through mud, and struggling up short steep hills. I finally got adjusted to the rough riding and, thanks to the chaps riding along with me, I always knew what to expect. Well for the most part. I kept on riding and pushing once in a while...

(okay that's a major understatement but this is *my* story and four out of five voices in my head are telling me to leave the 'once in a while') Anyways where was I? O yeah, so I just listened to their words of encouragement and guidance. Soon enough my dad and Terry had me convinced that suicide was not part of the inventory for this ride.

After a while I came to the conclusion that the ride would soon be over and I was a bit depressed by the thought. It was also about that time the guys started talking about the 'Kamikaze'. "Uhh Kamikaze? Doesn't that have something to do with suicide?? Yeah we learned about kamikaze pilots in World History. Pretty sure Kamikaze pilots were suicide pilots. Great, just great, I'm riding around with a bunch of crazed lunatics! Yeah, Terry???" I thought you said this didn't involve suicide? Well I guess it's too late now. My life is over. I guess it was good while it lasted. Hey, if any of you survive, tell my mom I love her."

I kept following the guy that had been helping me out since I passed the bathrooms. We stopped at the top of a giant hill that only an insane person would be willing to ride. I don't remember all that the guy said to me, I was too busy trying to stifle some tears, but I do remember him saying to just watch him and then try it. Now don't get me wrong, his intentions were nothing but the best but I'm not the kind of twisted sicko that likes to watch people die. I mean, yeah, I've told plenty of people to take a flying leap into the great abyss but I never actually thought the great abyss was an actual place and even if I had thought that it was, I never expected someone to literally take a flying leap into it.

Anywho back to my story. I watched through squinted eyes as the guy took off but steered my gaze away when he became airborne and began saying my second prayer of the day, "Now I lay me down to sleep ETERNALLY and pray the Lord my soul to keep...blah blah what's the rest?"





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Tracks #14 July 4th 2003

Since I couldn't remember the rest of that prayer, I said a quick, "Forgive me Lord for I have sinned," and jumped back on my aluminum steed. "Goodbye cruel world," I murmured. I tried to remember all that my dad had said to me about down hilling. Keep one finger on the brakes, don't panic. Right, don't panic. How about you tell me not to breathe while you're at it. I closed my eyes and took one last final breath of polluted oxygen and pushed off. "I hope this goes quickly. Seriously, if I can't die by choking on my own saliva then I want to die as fast as possible."

When I saw the road "I will survive," flashed in my head and I figured out that I was on that 'suicidal descent' that I had seen Brian live through. I hit the road with elation. "When I get home I'm giving my mom a hug and I'm disowning my father!" Finally, I saw the rest of the guys there waiting for me. I came to a halt in front of them and gasped, "YEEHAW LET'S DO IT AGAIN!"

Upcoming Events~

Like going downhill?... fast? Come to Lindsborg KS

July 12th and 13th and battle

"The Hill" in

Coronado's Challenge!

Two Downhill Routes

Hillclimb race

& Short Track XC

featuring an off bike stair climb

that will have your thighs screaming!

Practice runs and Kids races on Saturday

The big kids battle it out on Sunday!

Don't miss Central Kansas' first ever Downhill Challenge!

JULY 20: #9 SHOW ME STATE GAMES

Columbia, MO

Information: Dan Clinkinbeard at

573-442-8932

July 26th Heartland Race

07.26 william landahl park reserve
MASS START FRENZY
a benefit for the jackson county parks
RACE IS ON SATURDAY

Sunflower State Games 2003

Sunday July 27th

MacLennan Park 6th & Fairlawn

Registration 9AM first Race 10AM.

In Closing~

The currents of life that carry us on downstream are ever changing. I've seen a lot of that lately with myself and friends around me. I keep reminding myself that change is a good thing and I should embrace it with the enthusiasm of a downhill challenge. I hope you all will too. Mountain biking in Central Kansas is changing and it appears to be changing for the better. New events cropping up, more miles of trails being blazed and ridden, more people to share the biking experience with. These are all good changes, and I hope they will continue to happen. I will try to keep Tracks Online, uh online and CKMBC growing and improving.

I hope to visit several reader/member locations later this summer and fall to ride your local trails, meet more of your rider friends, and post it all in the Tracks to promote the Fat Tire experience through the Midwest states.

Closing doors, mean new beginnings and that should be a good thing. The only time I can really remember a closing door having no up side, I was about 13 years old. I was in the learning stages of unicycle riding. One afternoon I was sitting on it (in the house), at the top of the steep enclosed wooden stairs leading down from my brother and mine's bedrooms. I was holding onto the banister one side and wall on the other rocking back and forth. My 4 year old brother was watching from the bottom of the stairs. Somewhere in midst rock I rolled to far forward and over the lip of the top step. I did okay for the first step or two, but after that things got blurry in a hurry. As my brother watched from below, the only quick course of action his young brain could come up with was to close the door at the bottom of the stairs. I'm still looking for the upside to that one! T~

To receive regular copies of Tracks publications log on at <http://spradtracks.tripod.com>, e-mail tslegend@mpks.net or go postal at 131 Hummingbird dr, McPherson KS 67460