



# SPRAD TRACKS

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Tracks #15 September 7th 2003

## Number 15

Fifteen, not a particularly special number as numbers go. As an age it's pretty bland, unlike 16 you still can't drive wherever you want, being a "teen" is getting to be old hat, too old for kids, but adults are still gross. Fifteen, it's the middle of the month, tax deadline day, and three too many items for most express checkout lines. Halfway to 30, 5 over 10, 5 shy of 20, 3 times 5 will all get you, 15. Crossing the state lines with someone under 15 can also get you 15, fifteen to 20 with good behavior that is, but I digress. So, while the number 15 is nothing special, it does have some significance. Unlike the number 15, **Tracks #15**, IS particularly special, although possibly lacking any real significance. With news of our recently crowned World Champion, a short piece about "Disappointment in Durango", another column from guest ed Anna "Sox" Krich, and the long winded telling of 3 days of camping and racing in "2 out of 3 ain't bad" the latest publication from the Tracks Home offices is here. Welcome to Tracks #15, it should hold you over... at least until number 16!

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

See you on the trails! ~

## Cameron Chambers wins 24-hour World Solo Title

Cameron Chambers' 24-Hour race debut ends in accolades for the Kansas racer. August 30<sup>th</sup> Chambers joined nearly 200 world-class endurance athletes in Whistler British Columbia for the 5<sup>th</sup> World Solo 24-Hours of Adrenalin Championships. Competing in his first 24-Hour event Chambers shared the stage with top athletes from Austria, Norway, New Zealand, Switzerland, France, Canada and, the USA. The 14km (8.5 miles) course was dry, dusty, and very fast. Rocky technicals and nerve-racking downhills kept riders on their toes. Tough climbs and twisty tree-lined singletrack tested riders in the wee hours of the morning.

Twelve Noon Saturday, the 24-hour event started with a mass lemans style start, where riders run a short distance to their waiting bikes. Chambers left the bike staging area 19<sup>th</sup> overall. With mountain bike, legend Tinker Juarez close on his heels Cameron started into the first of many laps to come. Completing his first lap in 1 hour even, the Central Kansas Mountain Bike team racer laid claim to the lead in the male/under 25 class early on.

Florida's Ralph Wetherald was 2<sup>nd</sup> 8 minutes behind at 1:08. While Wetherald's second lap time improved by 3 minutes it was not enough to overcome the fast moving Chambers. Finishing laps 2 and 3 at 55 minutes each Chambers remained uncontested in his class.

Throughout the afternoon and into the night Golden Belt's speedster continued setting lap times only slightly over one hour. Vancouver's serious lack of rain had left the course dry and dusty. The repeated pounding of knobby tires ground the dust into a fine powder settling on the faces of the determined gladiators. As evening turned to the darkness of woodland nights, headlights illuminated the twisty singletrack. Riders whipped through shadows of trees and dropped into the black abyss of rocky downhills. At a 3AM pit stop, Chambers cracked a dusty grin, and exclaimed, "This is fun!" Leading his class by more than two laps, chasing the legends of our sport in the Pro/Elites kept CKMBC's top racer turning quick times throughout the morning and on into daybreak. Doug Chambers, father and pit staff member said, "He kind of lost his sense of humor a little around 8 or so", but still turned fast lap times.

In 24-Hour racing, riders are allowed to stop at the completion of any lap after 23 hours. The winners are the riders with the most laps in the shortest amount of time. At 11:PM Sunday 23 hours after starting Cameron Chambers finished his eighteenth lap for over 150 miles of rugged North shore singletrack. Wetherald remained second finishing 14 laps about 2 minutes later. Chambers claimed the World Solo Under/25 Championship title, and ranked 11<sup>th</sup> overall among the Pro/Elite male riders for 2003. An incredible performance for this Low Altitude Team Racer from Great Bend Kansas.

Cameron joins other Team LATR members for Camp Horizon's Tour De Lizard near Arkansas City. September 20<sup>th</sup> the Rapture in Misery 6/12-Hour event test riders resolve in Blue Springs MO.





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## Two Out of Three Ain't Bad, by 7S Legend

July 24<sup>th</sup> through 27<sup>th</sup> the Tracks Offices were shutdown. Tools, spare parts, and camping gear was packed in preparation for 3 days and nights of camping, riding, and racing. Thursday night I met CKMBC's new off-road enthusiasts Erin and her son Nick Renard at Clinton Lake for the start of the 3-day adventure. After a short night ride on Lawrence's bike paths, Erin and I sat and chewed the fat for a bit. We fed marshmallows to a curious raccoon that kept returning to the edge of our campfire, with that "might I have another" expression.

Friday morning we broke camp and made our way down to the well groom River trails. Nick decided to give my daughter's Hoo Koo e Koo some trail work. He swapped over his clipless pedals and we were off for a lap on the fast trails winding along the banks of the muddy river. This was Nick and Erin's first time on the river trails or any trails so well groomed and ridden. The dry weather had loosened up some sandy areas, but nothing compared to what we get into back home. The large log obstacle gave the Renards cause to pause. Erin rode it, but Nick decided it could wait for another time. Looking out for Antoinette's Hoo Koo E Koo, I suppose. We got lost once; I know, I know, how you get lost on the river trails. Keep going straight at the end that's how. Nine, (and ½) miles or so later, we returned to the now hot and sizzling parking lot. All with big ole smiles on our faces, and contemplating another lap. Unfortunately, we decided there wasn't enough time to go around again and still have time or strength for Clinton in the afternoon.

We had a few snacks, and visited a few bike shops before we were on the way to Clinton's rockier, more technical paths through the woods. Erin and 11 year old Nick did an admirable job of negotiating Clinton's pointy rocks and attempting some of it's tougher technical sections. Riding lead, by the end of the ride, I looked like Spiderman with two back firing web slingers, from breaking all the webs crossing the trails. I don't mind the webs, it's just those ones where you see the big spot in the middle of it right before you go through. The spot disappears for a few seconds only to re-appear crawling across your glasses and heading

for your hair. Funny how fast you can stop, dismount and remove a full coverage helmet with the right motivation!

All too soon, the hour got late and we abandoned the trail for the paved road back to the truck, and some very welcome showers. Erin had a horse show the following day. I had two days of riding yet to come. The first being Heartland's Mountain Bike Madness in Blue Spring MO's Landahl Park, home of the Full Face Incident. This would be my first time back since I "became one" with this trail last August. Yes, I thought about it as my truck turned east.

I made a short stop to visit with KC member Hank Bullock and pick up some brake pads at Heather Jordan's bike shop before rolling into Landahl's parking lot. Shortly after pulling in, I spotted Cathy Riedy and visited with her until Lyle finished his practice lap on the 11-mile race route. I found a nice spot for my tent, kind of quiet and away from the crowd. I set up camp, got everything all homey, then wandered over to share some conversation and a brew or two with Lyle before calling it a night. Back at my tent, I enjoyed a cigarette in the glow of my torch lamp and listened to the crickets and other creatures of the night provide the background music. Day one was a day full of good riding and good friends.

(cont. on page 5)

Dirt Bag  by grant aasotwice





## Disappointment in Durango by 7 Spradley

The Colorado trip was not as fruitful as CKMBC members had hoped. Cameron Chambers competed in the first annual Durango 100. Early morning rains, lower than normal temperatures, and a poorly marked course all contributed to a dismal day in Durango. The Durango 100 amounted to 3 vaguely different loops intertwining amongst themselves and the mountain tops for a 101 mile race.

CKMBC member Brad Cole, FT Hays biker and Cross-country phenom, joined us for the trip west. Cole, a strong newcomer in endurance racing was side-lined recovering from a broken collarbone he received from a training accident, but was still able to ride the trails. I had plans on riding the beginner class of the NORBA Nationals race, but found out it was to start only minutes after Chambers' hundred-mile event. I decided I would do better providing support than paying the \$55 to compete in the event. The 1300-foot climb at the start of the race had nothing to do with my decision, at least that's my story and I'm sticking to it.

Saturday morning, rains falling throughout the night left things wet and foggy, temperatures in the higher altitudes were down right cold for the middle of August. Chambers started the 100-mile event riding well, dogging Team Fisher's National endurance Champion Nat Ross on the climbs and descents. Chambers and Ross had opened up a nice lead over the rest of the field before bad racing luck reared it's head. Not far before the final turn back to checkpoint one Chambers crashed, nothing disastrous just enough to give the Pro Fisher rider a chance to get out of sight. A short distance later, some unclear signage sent Cameron off towards checkpoint 2 instead of checkpoint 1. Several other top racers ended up suffering a similar fate. After pedaling several miles in the wrong direction Cameron turned back to retrace his steps. Another top Pro/Elite rider Ariel Lindsley met Cameron on his return trip and convinced him had been going the right way. The pair turned back around. By the time Chambers and Lindsley arrived at checkpoint 1, they were almost two hours behind the leaders. At what should have been 33 miles into the 100-mile race these two top athletes had already logged over 60 miles.

After much discussion with race officials and the other team members Cameron decided, and I concurred, that sometimes a DNF is the wiser decision. It was a tough pill for the 21-year-old competitor to swallow.



12,000 feet and climbing

Moving from a \$2000 to \$500 payday to a DNF is never easy medicine to take. As we were packing up the soggy gear to head back down the hill Fisher's Team rider came in from lap 2 with some mechanical problems. He stopped by the Team LATR truck and Cameron lent assistance as allowed by the rules, to the National champ's efforts. It would not be enough, as Ross would eventually have to return to the Fisher support area for a replacement bike. Ross ended up the day in second place with a finishing time of 9 hours 34 minutes. Bart Bowen won the event at 9:11.37. Fifteen of the 69 entrants finished the race. The first female finisher, Pro/Elite Katherine Zambrana crossed the line at 11:57.04

Team LATR retired to visiting manufacturers support tents, and displays. We climbed the 1500-foot ascent to watch Expert down hillers crash their way to the bottom. I decided to become a Colorado down hill racer I needed more suspension, better brakes and a significant amount of body armor.



Brad Cole smilin' on the way down



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We also took in some of the trials competition. This event focuses on slow motion bike skills as riders balance their bikes on picnic table size boulders before launching across 3 and 4 foot gaps or wheel dropping 5 or 6 feet to other ledges and boulders. Riders get points deducted for every time their foot touches the ground or a maximum of 5 points for falling off a rock, (crashing). Trials are the thinking man's bike competition, strong muscles and good balance are key to this event.

Sunday we packed up camp and headed north leaving the competitive racing behind us, heading for higher elevations and sweet singletrack. Near Salida, we rode the Monarch Crest route that starts at about 11,000 feet before climbing to 12,200 feet. Pedaling the bikes above the tree line along narrow paths and skirting steep slopes of 500 to 800 feet was as thrilling as any competitive event. After a short break at the trail's high point, we rode the crest for a bit before descending on an 18+-mile descent from 12,000 to just above 8,000 feet. Sloping trails twisted through trees, and to the very edge of the mountain slopes. Rain moved in as we negotiated a fast moving creek bed for several hundred feet of the trail and picked our way through a rock garden with vehicle size boulders precariously perched along the path. The final few miles back to town was a fast descent down a mountain highway. The three of us snaked around the twisty turns at speeds of 47 to 50 miles an hour on our knobby dirt tires as vehicles rounded the corners with us running only a few miles an hour faster. The reported 4-5 hour trail took us 3 hours to complete, even with a 43-year-old smoker riding sweep.

Mountain riders tend to underestimate our flatland crowd, hopefully this weekend at World Solo competition CKMBC member Cameron Chambers will force them to rethink Lower Altitude Team Racers. The Colorado trip was a disappointment in many ways, Cameron's

disappointment in the 100-miler, Cole lost a contact lens on the first day there and somewhere near Ouray somebody stole my camera bag with 4 rolls of exposed film from Nationals in it. Trail riding in the mountains still made up for all this.

CKMBC members return to the mountains September 13<sup>th</sup> and 14<sup>th</sup> for Salida's Banana Belt Competition. August 30<sup>th</sup> and 31<sup>st</sup> Cameron Chambers competes in Whistler B.C. against 200 of the World's top Solo riders. For real time updates on World competition or more information on mountain bike racing and riding check *Tracks Online* at <http://spradtracks.tripod.com>. Next Kansas event for Team LATR is the Tour De Lizard near Arkansas City September 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup>.



Dirt Bag  by grant austowicz



Toto, we are definitely NOT in Kansas anymore



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...**Two Out of Three Ain't Bad** (cont. from page 1)

**Day Two**, about 6:30 AM the quiet little spot I picked out the night before was now buzzing with BikeSource folks, Jackson County Parks staff, race sponsors, volunteers and numerous others setting up for Mountain Bike Madness 2. Sponsor canopies were filling up with colorful banners, & signs. Price Chopper was unloading stacks of refreshments, and the big Red Bull was inflating over the start/finish line as I tore down my campsite. It wasn't long before the camp stuff was packed away and like the canopies, I had changed into my colorful festive race attire.

I saw several familiar faces as I rolled around the parking lots and warmed up a bit. I rolled through the vender tent area looking over some nice swag items, free gel packets and cycling goodies. The heat was already nearing triple digits. Highs near 105 were in the forecast, so headed back to the truck to load up on water and prepare for the event. Lyle and Cathy were getting their game faces on, checking tire pressures, spinning pedals, all that technical looking stuff you see the fast riders doing pre-race. Me, I just kind of roll around in circles a little bit and then go charge down the first part of the trail for a few hundred yards. If I don't crash and nothing falls off, I figure everything's cool and head back to the truck for a smoke.

Honestly, I took it a little more seriously than that. Last time I was here this trail didn't beat me, but it put up one heck of a fight! I "became one with this trail" while leading a beginner class race on a rainy day last August. One slick-ass rock laid claim to a couple of my teeth and a fair amount of blood. I took about 15 stitches before it was all over. I said it did not beat me because after the crash I remounted and proceeded to win the class by about 2 minutes. Hey, I really needed a cigarette...

Heartland Race Series does some unique things at the events. First, they run all classes at the same time through different routes for varying distances. It is kind of cool, gets everything done quicker. I would have thought it would be a scoring nightmare, but they always seem to do a competent job with it. I have done three of their races and thought all of them were well ran, affordable events with nice swag and prizes. Other things they like to do to spice things up a bit is 6/12 Races, and Mass Start Frenzies. Today's spice was a pinch of the mass start frenzy!

I went to check out the first mile or so. It started out similar to the last race I did here. An open area bordered on one side by the woods, short grass and a few different tracks beat into it, some worn in better than others. It passed though a little gauntlet of trees and took a fast right turn. It was fairly fast and fairly tight, should be fun in a crowd. After a big swoop through the grassy field, kind of a parade lap if you will, we would pass under the big inflated Red Bull arch and take another very sharp right still in the grass field, eventually building speed down a long gradual slope into the woods and rocks. The trail becomes a fast double track for a while, continuing downhill before it abruptly turns right into some rockier, rougher sections. This should be real interesting in a pack as well. Another 50 to 100 yards and it goes into some newly carved single track. Nice bench cut sections, water crossings and switchbacks will all make for some fun at race time. [Fun, from Webster's Dictionary, **fun**; violent or excited activity or argument <let a snake loose in the classroom; then the *fun* began>], Yah, something like that!



The "Big Red Bull"



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Soon enough race time was at hand and riders staged up for Heartland Race Series #6, the final race of their summer series. We all lined up at our respective class markers, as the officials start doing a final roll call. The mass start kind of resembled a two-wheeled version of the wave, or a slinky, as the front lines sped off with the brackets behind lagging a bit, before getting up to pace. The first tight corner had the slinky bunching back up with riders braking hard for the right-hander, then stretching out again as they accelerate away. It was pretty intense as young guns and other speedsters rip by trying to win it all in the first ½ mile. Sometimes it works, but more often than not, I end up seeing them again, bonked bloodied or broken. The large number of wheels had a nice cloud of dust obscuring your view. As the double track got faster and rougher the crowd thinned out a bit and the dusk cleared just in time to see the “Caution” sign signaling the more treacherous section leading into the singletrack.

I picked up a few places as we sped through the bumpy stuff. Sugar’s suspension makes speeding through those sections a confident rush. As long as I keep the front wheel pointed in the right direction it is a gas. At the beginning of the single track I fell in behind another rider, I recognized his voice as LMBC VP Brian Bass. We exchanged hurried greetings as we splashed through a water crossing, and continued chasing the speeding wheels winding through the trees in front of us. I am getting smarter and I’ve learned to be patient through these early single track sections. Many of those folks that passed me at the start will fold in the tight trails, climbs and switchbacks. I stay on Brian’s wheel; he stays on the one in front of his. Periodically riders in front of us miscue and we advance in the pack.

After several more turns and climbs, one of the riders in front of us misses a climb out of one of the shallow gullies, and takes Bass out as they try to stumble up the bank. Friend or not, I of course take this opportunity to put them both in my rearview, (if mountain bikes actually had rearview mirrors). As I move through the trees and singletrack, the crowd around me slowly starts to thin out and I am left riding more or less by myself.

The mass start has left me with pretty much, no idea of where I am in my class standing. I know from the class of riders I have been rubbing elbows with that I am riding respectably. Nothing left to do now but concentrate on staying upright and blood free, let some one else “make it a ride” this time!. I roll up to a nasty rock section, and as I approach it I recognize it as the tooth busting ledge that made me one with the trail last year. I didn’t stop to reminisce.

The rest of the 11 miles goes by fast and relatively un-eventfully. One hour and twenty-one minutes after the Mass start frenzy, I rolled under the Red Bull banner. I finished 4<sup>th</sup> in a field of 13 competitors at 1:21, one spot out of podium position, but a lot less bloody than my last spin on this trail. Bass finished about 3 minutes later at 1:24.31. Cathy Riedy won her class finishing at 1:25.51, while Lyle motored through the course at 1:04.14 claiming first in the Semi Pro/Expert class.



“Big air”!



"Bigger Air" by Jesse McCollum

I talked with Rick Farrant, one of my old race buddies from the '02 MWFT series, before the race. He told me he had been off the bike, and on the greens a lot lately. Rick and another familiar name from '02, Greg Yakshaw, opted for the Clydesdale class finishing their 11-miles in 1:35.17, and 1:36.55 respectively.

Another race friend, Doug Long did not compete in the Heartland Series finale. Seems while Doug and Lyle were down in Eureka Arkansas competing in another fat tire event, Doug picked up one of those little blood sucking hitchhikers we have to contend with in our sport. This one was the bad kind, and had left Doug battling the symptoms of Lyme disease for the past week. Doug still had enough points to finish the Heartland series in second place in the 40+ male Semi-Pro/Expert division. Andy Lucas claimed first in the overall with speedy Riedy taking

3<sup>rd</sup> overall. Hillsboro's Dan Perry missed the top three finishing the series in fourth place.

The day's competitors and supporters all gathered for musical entertainment, awards presentations, and the customary after race refreshments. A conglomeration of wood planks, cable spools, balance beams, and one bitchin' launch ramp provided challenges and thrills for the younger and/or braver two-wheelers at the festival. Several challenged the lower balance beam with a short drop at the end, a few moved on to the higher spookier balance beam, and a couple demonstrated advanced bike handling skills hopping on and off the cable spools. One rider, Jesse McCollum was the only rider I saw take on the wood launch ramps. The first I saw of young McCollum he was bouncing through the background of another shot I was taking as he overshot the landing ramp on his first attempt. That would have been enough to make it my last attempt, but this 17-year-old straightened the seat on his flying Specialized P3, moved the landing ramp a little further away and proceeding landing jump after jump with the greatest of ease. This junior rider might have the guts and bike skills of true downhill racer.

The awards presentations finished, the brutal heat refused to let up, and still the band played on. Kind of like the sinking of the titanic only without the water, the cold, and the really big boat. I started loading up my gear in preparation for Topeka and Day 3.



The boards



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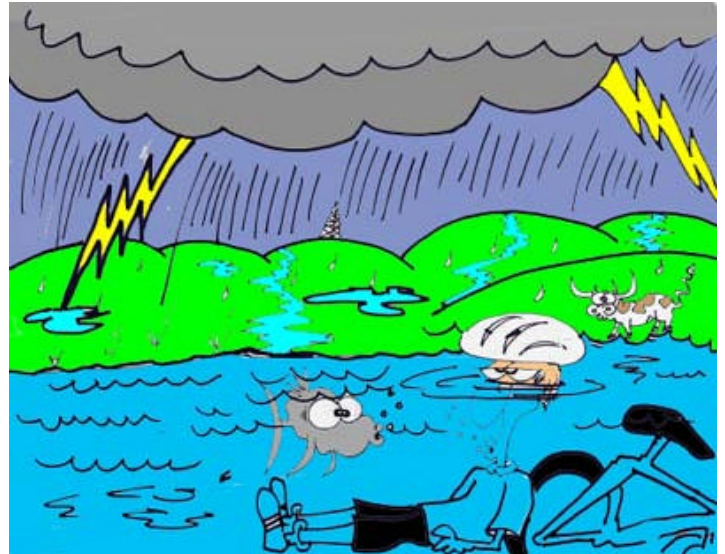
As I drove off to Lake Perry for my final night of camping, Day 2 seemed to be coming to a pretty good ending. A few hours later, that started to change. On my way to Topeka, I listened to some advice that would have been better ignored. To make a long story somewhat shorter, I ended up wasting a lot of time looking for a campsite I could not find. It was supposed to be closer to the start of Sunday's race. I ended up backtracking several miles to my original destination of Lake Perry. I was late setting up camp and getting a shower in, but shortly before midnight, I was ready to call it a night. Earlier I had hung the Sugar from a makeshift rope work stand for some tuning. As I walked by on my way to the tent, I spun the front wheel; it went around about a 1/4 to a 1/2 revolution then stopped. #@\*^! Brakes, I had better fix that before I go to bed. A quick inspection reveals the brakes are not the problem; instead, a dry hub is to blame. 30 minutes later I have ball bearings, a worn cone, and no lube spread out in the dark on my truck's tailgate. Since it was past midnight day 3 was not starting out real well. I finally decided I could race on the front wheel of my daughter's Hoo Koo e Koo, which was still in the truck from Friday's ride. I threw the Bontrager hub back together and took my tired, dirty again, butt to bed for a few hours.

**Day 3** The heat never really went away throughout the night, it just got darker. After 3 nights of too much heat and too little sleep, Sunday morning came a little too early. By the time I had the campsite torn down and repacked in the truck for the final time, I was covered in sweat, feeling funky again, and it was only 6:30. Breakfast consisted of chocolate milk and a bagel. The milk ended up being a few days beyond its expiration date. A couple swallows was all it took for that to be very self-evident. I made my way over to the Governor's mansion and prepared for the games. To make a long story come in under 3,000 words lets just say day three pretty much sucked. It started ok, but the bad milk, dehydration, and a little case of heat frustration rather sizzled the day into a brunt piece of bacon. I sizzled, bonked, and finished in a daze.

Several Team LATR members rode the games as well. Some faired better than I did, others about the same. For more coverage of the Sunflower State

Games see TSLegends' coverage from the *Lindsborg News Record* reprinted else where in #15.

## Death Swim 2003



Glad I remembered to use my chain lube...

## From the E-ddress~

### The Madison Report

The 2003 Flint Hills Death Ride was held under challenging conditions this weekend, after 8 inches of rain was dumped on the region in 4 days. Thunderstorms and torrential rain were the order of the day in Madison, Kansas, as 80 brave souls set out on the epic journey on Sunday morning. Numerous floods called for numerous reroutes throughout the course. Riders had to wade through 3 foot crossings with strong currents. It was epic. 31 participants completed the entire 80 mile route.







And even more on the Death Swim 2003...

From Ken Foiles McConnell's Team A.R.W.,

...Well, if you didn't notice it rained for a couple days. That didn't stop "Team A.R.W." from tearing up the Flint Hills "Death ride". The long course ended up being 80 miles of mud, rain, mist and plenty of long steep climbs. The short course was around half the length of the long course. Here's how we finished: TSgt Ken Foiles finished the long course in 12th, 1Lt Kim Hubbard also finished the long course in 1st, (T)Sgt Phil Lipke finished strongly in the short course and Sra John Heath found the course quite challenging but managed to complete several miles. Hope to see you at our next adventure, Ken

Sounds like quite the adventure, did they give extra points for lightning strikes? Ed~

## Socks: The Most Pointless Article of Clothing

*By Anna Krach*

I think that socks could possibly be the most pointless article of clothing ever. Now don't get me wrong, I love socks. Especially right after they come out of the dryer and your feet are really cold and then you put the socks on and everything is all warm and toasty. It feels like when you come inside and drink hot chocolate after playing in the snow for three hours while building a family of snowmen. It's hard to decide which feeling is better. Well, not really. If the hot chocolate has marshmallows in it, then it's better. Besides, having hot chocolate without marshmallows totally defeats the purpose of hot chocolate in the first place. But if the hot chocolate has no marshmallows, then the toasty sock scenario definitely wins.

Anyway, back to the socks. The only real purpose of socks is to keep your feet warm. But if nobody ever wore socks, body temperatures would adjust and feet would never need to know the luxury. If anything, socks should only be for rich people who tend to buy all that unnecessary apparel.

Who exactly decided that it was necessary for the world to clothe their feet? And while I'll never have the experience, I've heard that socks are pretty hard to knit—how did that first person figure it out? And which genius decided that it socially unacceptable to not wear socks? Even the word socks makes no sense.

At least spell it with an "x" at the end instead of the "ck". "X" is a much more interesting letter and could really spice up life for such a pointless item.

In addition to being pointless, socks have got to be the most bothersome article of clothing. First of all, you have to have a whole separate drawer for them because, for some reason, people need so many pairs. That's what really gets me. Why not just have one pair for each day of the week if you are really going to insist on wearing socks? Being so pointless, I don't think they deserve a whole entire drawer. The human race could use that entire drawer for something much more productive. Who knows how far along the world would be today if all that space wasn't taken up by socks! Perhaps we could be time traveling by now.

Then, you have to find two socks that match. And everyone knows how hard, not to mention frustrating, it can be to complete this tiresome task early in the morning. Especially if you are one of those people whose socks all look almost the same, but are not quite identical. But of course, you will not go out in public if your socks don't match in the slightest bit. After all, you have to be presentable!

Getting a hole in your sock, well now that just ruins the whole day. You are walking along with you pointless socks on, and then you feel like something isn't exactly right inside your shoe. So you take it off, expecting a tiny pebble to be the culprit of your discomfort, when—horror of all horrors!—you find a hole in your sock. Who can possibly have a good day knowing a hole has been created in one seemingly essential half of your feet coverings? And don't you always feel really bad when you realize that hole has been there since you put that sock on? You just can't imagine how in the world you missed seeing that hole when you put your socks on in the morning, and how you failed to notice the hole until this point in the day. This fact will irk you the rest of the day and you will accomplish nothing.

More bothersome is walking around your house with just socks on and stepping on one of those mysterious wet spots that appear every so often. You feel the need to change your socks because it's the right thing to do.



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But then you remember how far away the sock drawer is and making that long trek just doesn't seem worth the effort. If you weren't wearing socks in the first place, all you would have needed to do was wipe your feet. But because of the clothing of burden, you must change your socks.

But the worst, most aggravating thing about socks ever is the fact that a whole pair of socks can be ruined if just one is lost in the laundry! That lone sock will circulate in your laundry basket for years. You will never put in it your ever-so-useful sock drawer because you might accidentally mismatch it with another sock, causing many traumas. But then you never quite have the heart to throw it out, holding out a faint glimmer of hope that its other half will one day be found.

It's time we rid the world of these unnecessary appendages. The downside is slim. Sure you might get a foot fungus once in a while if you don't wear socks. But if we all didn't wear socks and walked around with some sort of disease on our feet, it wouldn't be that disgusting. If everyone's doing it, eventually its bound to become trendy.

*But Anna, where would we get sock puppets from? Ed~*



## Golden Belt Bicycle & CKMBC

*Presents the next test of your resolve  
With the 62-mile Endurance challenge,*

### "THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS!"

**October 4th Great Bend KS**

**Training grounds of  
24-Hour Solo World Champion  
Cameron Chambers**

**Singletrack, dirt roads, and more singletrack,  
Put on your dancin' shoes for this one Lucy,  
Its gonna' be a real ball!**

**Watch "Tracks Online" for more details, clear your calendar  
Because if you miss this one I really will laugh at you!**

**\*Don't let the name scare you, riders of all skill levels should  
be able to complete the ride. Join in on the fun!**

### Trail Review~

#### **Barton County Lake, aka Lake Barton trail**

*TS Legends*

Barton County Lake is located approx. 4 miles north of Golden Belt's Shop on Hwy 281. It appears to me that it has been awhile since Lake Barton was actually a lake. I think one of the locals said there was water there but I ain't seen it. Chambers and company have developed a sweet little 2-mile loop that will give you a nice workout, and entertain you as it does. The basic loop circles the lake, and does some interesting thigh burning stuff as you cross the damn dam. Off shoot trails curve off the beaten path to more technical sections, or up a short, surprisingly steep, surprisingly sudden, 3 or 4-foot dirt wall embankment, only to return you to the beaten path on an equally steep, usually exhilarating drop.





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The loop is basically flat but does have several of these short, steep power climbs. The real thigh burner comes when you get to the damn dam. Years of non-daming have reduced the concrete barrier to a cracked, but formidable terrain feature. Numerous small trees and bushes have taken hold in the cracked slab and given the whole thing sort of a slick rock, Moab on a slant look. For the full effect watch the painted lines on the ground or follow a local rider. The first time I came out of the trees to face this white on ramp to the dike, (dyke?), I went straight up the face to the top. Tough climb, on the way I noticed some markings on the thing but didn't give them much thought. Next lap around I'm riding with one of the builders (Herb Phillips), when we hit this thing again. As I prepare myself for the grind to the top, I look ahead and about 3/4ths of the way up Herb hooks around this bush and starts angling down the opposite way. About the time I get to the spot where he turned, I see the paint marks pointing down. As I make the same turn, Herb is just reaching the bottom, scouching around another little shrub and heading back up. This goes on across the rough concrete with some loose sketchy surfaces for several more repetitions before finally letting you relax on the top of the dike for a few short seconds. Only a few yards later it plunges back down into the trees at break neck speeds, and you're flyin' again. This little section feels like it adds a mile to the length of the trail. Especially, after you just banged the crap out of your knee on that last technical. If you're not into that level of torment, you can climb it straight to the top like I did on my first lap. That ain't no waltzin' Matilda either, but you only do it once.

The trail loops through woods for almost the entire route, passing some old time abandon playground equipment it gives the place kind of a John Boy Walton feel. The "Crater of the Moons" which is immediately after "the blindest of the turns!", and a few log obstacles will keep you on your toes for the entire trip. Sound like fun? I certainly thought so! The loop can be ridden either direction, and has equally challenging, and fun surprises going either way. Do 'em both twice so you don't miss anything.

**Skill Level Rating: 5/7** (1-10 scale) a "5" because anybody off trailing wheels can about ride the basic loop. 7 because the damn dam climb is tough, and some of the offshoots will test the skill, conditioning, and luck of most riders. Also 7 because as you get better, you go faster. As you go faster, things start coming at you a whole lot quicker, thus increasing your chances for counter-productive incidents,

like crashes. In other the words, the better you are, the quicker you go, the tougher it gets! I rode three laps today behind Doug, my knee is swollen, I got blood on my leg, a blister on my thumb, and every time I get up... I make that old person sound, 7!



Lake Barton trails, recommended by 16 out of 17 riders, ...You've always gotta have that 1



**Kansas newest Fisher Bike dealer**

## 2003 State Games by 75Legends

Sunday July 27<sup>th</sup> heat and high humidity added an extra degree of difficulty in Topeka's running of the Sunflower State Games Mountain Bike competition. For the second year in a row, Lyle Gooden provided competitors a challenging multi-lap circuit at near Cedar Crest. The 3-mile circuit started with an easy loop along MacLennan Park's walking trails giving spectators a good view of each class's start. Following the pathways racers sped around a tricky off-camber corner and into the woods for about 2 miles of climbing and descending in the sweltering stillness of the woods.



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Female Team LATR racer 14 year-old Anna Krich was the first to battle Cedar Crest's 3-mile circuit. The 14-17 class went into the woods twice for a total of 6 miles. Just as Krich was exiting the woods on her first lap, she snapped the bike's drive chain climbing a short steep ascent. Teammates Brian Holdsworth, Mark Flynn, and Terry Spradley were on hand to assist the junior racer. The chain repair was going to take more than the typical few minutes so Spradley sent Krich out to finish her first lap riding his slightly too large Gary Fisher Sugar 2. While the rules on swapping bikes mid-race vary from event to event, the fact that Krich was unopposed in the female bracket made the point null. Kind of following the, it's legal as long as you don't get caught, or nobody complains, philosophy. The chain repair took much longer than expected so Krich ended up riding the ill fit bike through the first sections of the woodlands before Spradley met up with her at the base of the "Hill of Life" climb midway through her final lap. Krich ended up finishing the 6-mile course at 50:34 approximately 8 minutes behind her male counterpart, claiming a gold medal in the female teen bracket.

Mark Flynn and teammate Erik L. Peterson were next to perspire away a few pounds in the beginners' 40-49 male bracket. Racers in this class were going around a surprising 4 laps for 12 miles of competitive action. Coming around the high-speed off camber corner into the woods, Peterson and Flynn were running side-by-side like synchronized swimmers until Peterson took the lead going into the single-track. When the two emerged from the woods several minutes later Peterson was still holding his own near the front of the pack. The heavy heated air was starting to take its toll on Flynn. Gradually sliding backwards in the rankings he was slowly succumbing to the

temperatures. Peterson held on to win second place in bracket with a time of 1hr 9 minutes, 29seconds, four minutes behind the winning time in the class. Flynn would finish the day out of the standings but finished nonetheless.

Little LATR's were next up to compete on the 12 and unders' abbreviated course. Emma Flynn piloted her shiny new race bike around the course in 9:54 only 10 seconds behind the bracket winner for second place in the girls 10 and under. Elias Peterson also represented Lindsborg's team LATR claiming a decisive first place finish in the boys 10 and Under. The junior racer completed the course in 7 minutes and 38 seconds almost 3 minutes ahead of his nearest competitor.

By 1:30PM with only the advance racers left to go, the heat and humidity had turned the open field MacLennan Park into a sizzling outdoor griddle. Waves of heat shimmered in the distance and the air was so thick it almost made you feel claustrophobic from the closeness. Team LATR's last two racers for the day Holdsworth and Spradley prepared for their 5 lap, 15 miles of suffrage. Before the race even started, Spradley was complaining of stomach pains and showing signs of heat frustration. Holdsworth and Spradley started strong with Spradley going into the trees in third place and Holdsworth not far behind. Through the wooded climbs and descents of the single-track both riders rode fairly well maintaining their positions and pace adequately through lap one of five.

By lap two the story was changing rapidly, Spradley's paced dropped dramatically falling behind Holdsworth and most of the rest in their bracket. At the completion of lap two Spradley stopped for water and stumbled to the ground as dehydration started to take hold. Holdsworth also started to show signs of dehydration in the sweltering afternoon sun and dropped his pace as well. Going into lap four he had suffered enough and the demons of heat exhaustion convinced Bri to accept his first DNF, (did not finish). Much to the chagrin of some Team LATR members and a few medical personnel Spradley continued. The breeze from the fast downhill occasionally offered some relief for the heat exhaustion, but most of the time he continued on head down eyes glazed focused only on completing the final lap. Sometime after most others had finished, but not all, Spradley completed the final lap, protecting his highly cherished "no DNF's"

While Team LATR's advanced riders faired poorly at the 2003 Kansas State Games, Team LATR's beginners, juniors, and Little LATR's brought home 2 second place silver medals, and two gold for top honors.



Central Kansas Mountain Bike Club



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## Side Tracks~

### *Fly like an Eagle*

Long time readers of the Tracks may notice, as I do, when certain names disappear from race results and group rides. When this happens, we wonder what has become of our pedaling friend. One name that has been missing from the rolls is that of Cale Holdsworth. Cale made one race early this spring and then little was heard from him for some time. While he has not been whipping through the trees in pursuit of medals and plaques, he has been whipping through the trails with trimmers. Fast approaching his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday Cale has been busy completing the requirements needed to qualify for Eagle Scout with Lindsborg's Troop 120.

For his Eagle Service Project, Holdsworth picked the planning and development of additional mountain bike trails in Kanopolis Lake State Park. With the assistance of Troop 120 scouts, Cale planned, developed and cleared approximately one-mile of bike specific trails in the park area. This trail will be included with the official state park trails, for the use of mountain bikers and trail hikers.

Cale graduated from Smokey Valley High School in May of 2003, earning highest honors with a cumulative GPA of 4.0. Along with being inducted into the National Honor Society in 2001, he was awarded the title of Swimmer of the Year for 2000, 2001, & 2003. In July of 2000 he participated in Troop 120's attempt to scale Long's Peak, the highest in the Rocky Mountains National Park. Threatening weather forced the Troop to turn back after reaching an altitude of approximately 13,000 feet.

Cale will be attending Kansas State University in the Fall of 2003, majoring in Mechanical Engineering. Congrats on the achievement to one of Team LATR's founding members. I noticed one thing while at Cale's Eagle Presentation. What's the old saying about hard to soar like an Eagle, when surrounded by Turkeys, or something like that. While several of our members may bike like Turkeys, they do seem to clean up pretty nice. Five of the six Eagle Scouts in attendance were Team LATR members, and founders of CKMBC. Cale joins, Mark Flynn, Erik Peterson, Dan Brunsell, and Tom Ames in the rank of Eagle Scout.

Cale's younger brother, Keir took his first steps toward the lofty goal by joining Troop 120 at the August 4<sup>th</sup> Presentation.



## *LATR~*

"What does LATR stand for?" I get asked that more and more from new club members, new prospects, old members with Alzheimer's, even one pretty young thing at the NORBA Nationals in Durango. I usually answer with "As long as you finish, it can mean whatever you want it to." LATR, came to be a few years ago with a group of somewhat lackadaisical riders, that had but one goal in that first race. Everybody finishes sooner or Later. With riders from Lindsborg's business community, college, and surrounding area, Lindsborg Area Team Racers/LATR evolved from that first race "battle cry". The team motto "It's not a ride 'til somebody bleeds", was a part of the group from its inception.

As time passed, LATR begat CKMBC, CKMBC begat Team Earthsurfer, and the Solomon Valley Crankers. Once all the begetting was done Lindsborg's little group had joined forces with several other groups and individuals, numbering over 30 and covering lands as far as the eye could see, (actually quite a bit further). Team LATR boasted the lion's share of members and racers while Team Earthsurfer followers were the strongest. Josh's No Name Crankers, worked for the groups future survival recruiting Youngblood riders of Osborne Co.

As I stood and observed all that the begetting had begot, several things came to mind, (believe me several things). One thing I mulled over was our race team representation. As all of you are children of Team LATR, I consider us as one and always do the write-ups and coverage that way as best I can. I know Hank, I've been remiss in my far eastern coverage. I'll try to work on that. While I consider us all one, I felt sadden knowing the acronym of Lindsborg Area Team Racers did not accurately represent our followers, and dues payers.

I decided a change was in order. Many revolutions of the cranks, many rocks and sodden paths crossed under my wheels as I contemplated this change of order. The letters of LATR had to remain, but they needed to reflect the needs, the desires, the location of all who assembled to race under the LATR banner. Days turned into weeks, weeks into a month and still this burden made my heart heavy with despair. In an attempt to clear my head, I went on a sabbatical to the "Gathering of NORBA" with representatives of two of CKMBC's outer regions, Cameron Chambers and Hays rider Brad Cole.

My traveling companions had made this journey before. I, although wise in my years, and traveled throughout many regions, had only heard stories of this mystical land. Land of endless trails, slivers of dirt



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singletrack climbing skyward to lofty clouded peaks, home of gods and legends in my beloved sport of Fat Tire riding, yes readers, I had not yet been to these mystical lands called, Colorado.

Like any true sabbatical, this one was fraught with trials tribulations, and enlightenment. It was also fraught with trails that almost caused defibrillations. I awed at the power and finesse of the mountain folk in their bike rituals. The trials rider's oneness with his bike and surroundings perched sometimes motionless on a boulder or outcropping. The power of the down hillers as they thundered by bashing their way down vertical drops, chop riddled slopes, through trees padded with wrestling mats. Still, as we watched the competitions my heart was heavy. After leaving "the gathering of NORBA" my companions and I wandered over many miles of trails. On our final day, we prepared ourselves for the bus ride to Monarch Pass where we would begin a ride of cleansing proportions descending and climbing for many hours.

Before our trip to the trailhead, our driver gave us instructions with the aid of maps and pictures. When estimating times between various locations, he never really said it, but you could feel him up the times as he looked at the "Kansas" residence on the form. Sort of like the race promoter that told Cameron, he "hoped he hadn't been doing all his training in Kansas. An unsaid "you lower altitude riders, will need about three hours to get to this point here". I thought, wow 3 hours to that point, about 1/2 way through the ride, this will be a long trip before we are back on this guy's doorstep. We loaded the last of our gear and proceeded to the trailhead.

Cameron and Brad rode well; I huffed & puffed up the climbs, but flew through the descents. We swooshed through the tree trails like alpine skiers on a slalom course and rattled over the boulder fields. The climbs were tough, but the downhill were almost Zen like. We hit, "This point here", in little more than an hour. Lower altitude riders my... "Lower Altitude Team Racers", I exclaim, and suddenly the weight was lifted. All of my fellow CKMBC members share one thing, whether it be the Crankers of Osborne Co, the wetland surfers of Team Earthsurfer, or the individual members along our borders. All of us were definitely lower altitude racers, and that is good! Our trails are less ridden so they are bumpier. We do not have many inclines, so the ones we do have, we make tougher. We all endure and train on less than perfect trails. I think that makes us stronger, more versatile riders and that is good.

We left the crest of our ride and descended the mountain. My heart was no longer heavy.

The mystical lands of the biking Gods had given me the answer I had been seeking. After fast, almost un-ending downhill, and near 50 miles an hour speeds on the last paved section, we rolled, into the bike shop 3 hours after we left by van. The shop owner looked up and remarked, "that was pretty fast"! We smiled at our flatland skills, but knew our mountain sabbatical had come to an end. We loaded the bikes and prepared to return to our respective regions.

All was well, LATR has evolved again, Lindsborg Area Team Racers is now "Lower Altitude Team Racers". That should cover just about everybody from 9,000 feet on down. It takes 10,000 to become an official mountain, right. Special individual teams are always welcome, interclub rivalries are a necessity, difference is the lifeblood of the organization, but all CKMBC racers are welcome and encouraged to use the Team LATR moniker when registering at events or bragging about team accolades. Report your results as you can, and I will add them to the team tote board. If I have not said it before, Welcome to Team LATR! You don't have to be a gung-ho pro racer or in the prime of your life to play with us, (course it doesn't hurt). Just respect the challenge, joy, and thrill of mountain biking. I am even backing off on that "no DNF" thing a bit. Give it your best and that is about all you can ask. Even though we don't always the motto "it's not a ride 'til somebody bleeds" will stay with the team. We keep getting new riders, or a particular gutsy female rider that tends to keep the tradition going. Although with all the press coverage "Flyin' Flynn" has got lately, maybe we should change it to "Go slow and wear a flashy Jersey!"

There will be benefits to being part of team LATR. LATR does have some recognition in the local bike community, and will only get more so as our numbers and accomplishments increase. Promotional items are in the works. CKMBC items as well as Team LATR stuff. Bumper stickers, shirts, tote bags, messenger bags, mugs, Team Jersey's are even on a back burner somewhere. Several of these items should be available for your Christmas shopping list. So join CKMBC and become a member of *Team LATR*.

It is also really cool to say over your shoulder as you pass the other person.

LATR~

TEAM  
LATR



It's Not A Ride 'Til Somebody Bleeds!



You know I had to do this just so this edition would end on page, fifteen!



**Watch for September 7<sup>th</sup> Tour De Lizard race results  
in a special edition of Tracks coming soon!**

**Great course, great event and thanks to the mosquitoes...**

**... Everybody bled just a little bit!**

A couple more photos from World's



19 hours and still smilin'



Finishing a lap