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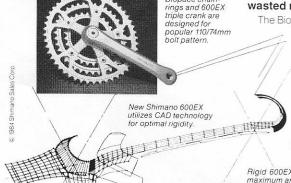
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COVER

Riders survey Colorado course before a race.

(Left to right) Jim Deaton, Gavin Chilcott, Alan Ott, Sandy Hague, Dave McLaughlin, Sandy Chapman and Steve Tilford. Photo by Charles Kelly



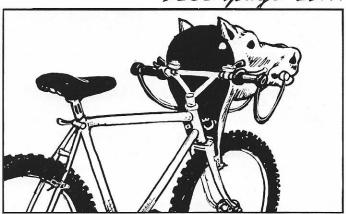
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Editorial

One of the events during Fat Tire Bike Week was a "symposium" of several governmental representatives responsible for the administration of local park and wilderness areas, as well as Glenn Odell, the secret identity of NORBA. The meeting gave proponents of cycling access to these areas a chance to confront the administrators in what was hopefully a positive atmosphere.

Some discussion was spent exploring the conflicts between the language and the interpretation of the law, specifically the question of what is meant by the term "mechanical transport," all forms of which are banished from Wilderness areas. One clarification of that issue had stated that mechanical transport was any other than muscle-powered, so canoes, bicycles, crosscountry skis, and so on should be legal.* Later rulings specifically excluded bicycles from all Wilderness areas, when the new interpretation decided that the mechanical properties of the wheel were more evil than those of the ski binding.

Park representatives were obviously unaware of the cyclist's desire to escape motor vehicles. After explaining that all the trails in his area were closed to bicycles, one of the panelists pointed out that there were over a hundred miles of dirt road open to cyclists. When asked how much of this road was closed to motor vehicles he had to admit none was. In other words, bicycles are equated with motor vehicles and required by law to share even the off-road environment with them.

Our humble contention here is that there are places where the off-road bike is not appropriate, but that if the trails are already being ridden by horses, there is no reason to keep us out of any place on strictly environmental grounds. In some places roadcuts still exist that are used as trails and which would support the use of bicycles, but which for murky reasons are declared off-limits to bicycles.

Therefore, the exception taken to bicycles must be either on grounds of safety or of aesthetic considerations related to other users' means of enjoying the same areas. In plain English, and to quote Steve Cook loosely, "When a hiker is out in the wilderness and he sees a bike rider, it bums his stone." Put another way, it interrupts the contemplative, meditative experience.

Well, obviously we can't go around scaring hikers and senators, not to mention little old ladies, and expect much sympathy from them. Most people who have ridden off-road bikes for more than ten minutes have figured this out, which may come as news to most authorities. Many, if not most, riders

*See page 17 for another view of this problem.



Charles Kelly

Continued page 7

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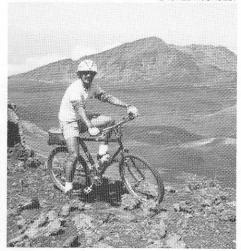
Tat Teedback

DEAR SEEKAY:

I thought I'd send these photos in response to your notice on page six of the latest FTF.

Haleakala is 10,000' high and has the longest continuous downhill road in the world, 38 miles down to sea level. The ride takes about 11/2 hours non-stop. I heard that the ride up takes 8 hours, but we didn't try that. At the top, even during the day, it's about 40° (F), and as you coast down it warms up to about 90° at sea level. Up on top the view is amazing. You can see a layer of clouds thousands of feet below you that hover midway up the slopes of Haleakala. With the sun above you can be standing on earth and cast your shadow on cloud.

LAUREL McCAULEY



Dante Roman on rim of Haleakala Crater, Maui.

The first trip to Maui we rented 45lb. brand-new Schwinn one-speed cruisers with foot brakes, complete with bells and baskets, from an outfit in Lahaina that had just opened for business a week earlier, Pacific Island Cruiser, Ltd. We didn't tell the guy where we were going riding. I imagined we'd really be giving those foot brakes and our braking muscles a workout but the slopes were so windy and the tires so fat that we didn't use the brakes at all. Well, just a little on the hairpin turns.

On the next trip we decided to pack up our mountain bikes and fly them over with us. (The airlines charge \$10-20 for each leg of the flight.) We went down a

DANTE ROMAN

Laurel McCauley in the Crater.

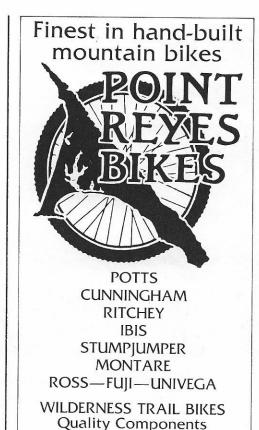
lot faster on our mountain bikes. I hear from friends who live in Maui that recently an entrepreneur has set up a business right at the bottom of the mountain renting cruisers and leading organized rides down Haleakala. And charging \$80.

We also took our bikes on the Hana Road which winds and bumps for 50 miles on a narrow strip of 300 turns with jungle, streams, and waterfalls on one side of the road and the ocean beneath cliffs on the other. The surface of this road is pocked with pot-hole repairs and is in places slippery with fermenting mangoes fallen from overhanging trees. There were a few locally run refreshment stands featuring mangoes, papayas, pineapple juice, and the largest avocados I've ever seen. A kid at one of these stops asked persuasively for one of our mountain bikes to be left with him. The bikes were perfect for Hawaiian roads. We saw conventional 10-speeds and felt glad that we were fat-tired. The Hana Road's texture is so rough that the rent-acars on Maui have pulverized shock absorbers from carrying tourists on this stretch into paradise.

Thanks for the fun and information in each issue of FTF. I get happy when I see it in my mailbox.

> Laurel McCauley, San Francisco, CA

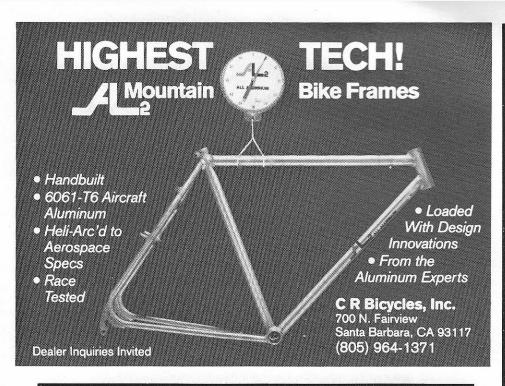
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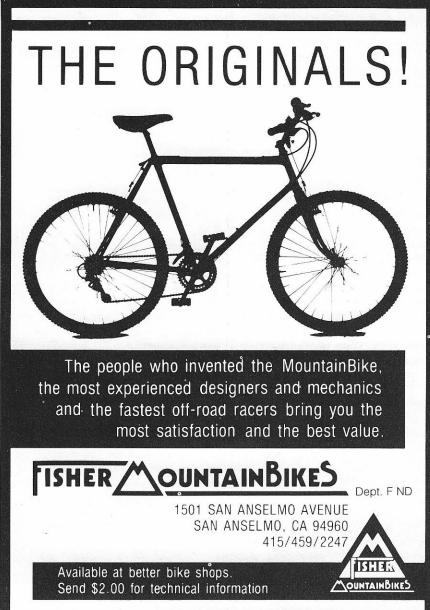


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EDITORIAL Continued from page 4

and excessively polite when they encounter other members of what Glenn Odell calls the "trail family." Dismounting, they pass with a disarming remark such as, "That's a nice horse ... Does he bite or kick...oops, he stepped on my foot...my fault entirely, for being here...it's all right, I'm not walking."

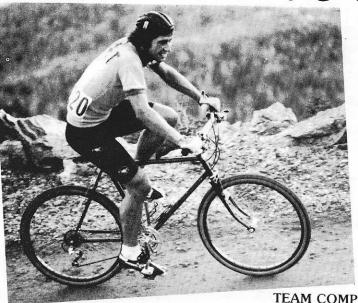
Well, maybe that's an extreme example, but it irks most of us somewhat that our relatively inexpensive, simple, and low-impact form of transportation is legislated out of areas where horse traffic has destroyed the trail system to an extent impossible to achieve by the use of bicycles. In such an area before bicycles were legislated out, I met another "user" of the trail, a single rider with half a dozen pack horses. Yet this use is still permitted while bikes are not.

Meanwhile back at the symposium, a consensus had been reached. No, a bargain had been struck. Well, maybe not that good. The word on the part of the government people, who were all very polite and well prepared, was that they had orders that bikes weren't permitted in these certain areas and that there was no review process. Regarding the obviously ambiguous statements in the interpretation of the wording of the act, they said in effect, "Take that to court, we don't need to hear it." Regarding the fact that horse traffic was permitted in areas where bikes might be less harmful they said in effect, "We're aware of the damage they do, but horses are a tradition in the west, and we'd never be able to get them out of there."

That takes care of "I know what it says, but what does it mean." You can't ride anywhere in an area designated Wilderness and you're busted if you do. Other park systems, and there are all levels of them, have different rules. The implications are staggering. I can see in the future a handy reference guide book for cyclists, indicating where they may or may not ride. Coming soon, a list of areas and rules. Whew!



FAT GUANGE



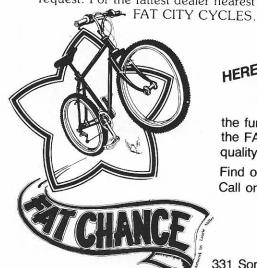
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An FIFTH of the Off-Road Tribe

Kip Phillips' brother Arnold finally took Kip's favorite mount away from him in 1980 and hid it in the attic of his barn. The log truck drivers had been complaining that Kip was senile and a hazard to the motoring public in the Shasta County back country. It seems that as Kip grew older, he became less willing to yield the right-of-way to the belching log trucks that seasonally slice their ways through the heavily forested slopes of the southern Cascade Range.

KIP PHILLIPS FIRST CAUGHT my attention in 1978 as I was leading a group of student bicycle tourists through the foothills east of Redding, California. We were working our way up one of the many serious climbs on Buzzard's Roost Road just south of Round Mountain, when we found this hunch-backed man sitting at the top of the hill on a sturdy paperboytype bicycle holding a 16 oz. soft drink bottle full of water. His front basket was stocked with a loaf of bread, a jar of mustard, a few pieces of cedar, and a small axe.

I swung over to his side of the road and gave a big howdy. He said nothing, nodded once, then pursed his lips as he watched our string of brightly dressed, expedition-equipped college students climb the last hundred yards of the monster hill that had begun down at Little Cow Creek. The students filed past on their 10, 12 and 15-speed skinny-tire bicycles and continued on toward the village of Round Mountain. Kip, dressed in bib overalls, a SF baseball cap and heavy boots, watched the parade with a skeptical look and commented only on how tired everyone looked. I glanced toward the disappearing procession of polyester kids and hoped they'd have enought juice left in 'em to make it over Hatchet Summit and down to Burney Falls, some 35 miles ahead.

AS I TURNED BACK toward Kip he had begun his descent and was expertly feathering his coaster brake while leaning back every few seconds, emptying the contents of the bottle onto the rear hub.

We lunched at the Round Mountain General Store on Highway 299. I was buzzing with curiosity...who was that old-timer? I didn't have the ambition to go chase him down for an interview and it didn't seem as though he'd been anxious to give me one, but I had to know. There was a middle aged fella who was relaxing on the store's spacious porch while keeping one eye on our crew and the other on his old dog, so I asked him if he knew anything about an old man in bib overalls who rode a balloon-tire bike in the hilly country to the south.

"You mean old Kip?" he thundered.

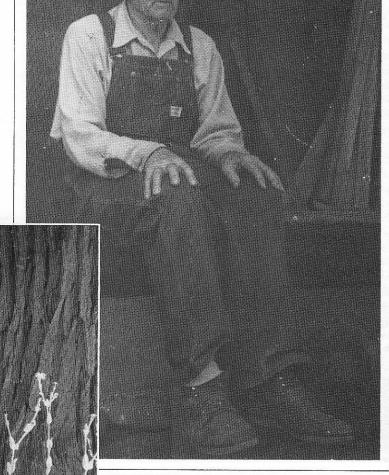
by Bodfish

"Guess I do."

"He don't only ride in the hills south of here! He's ridden every road in these parts, from Palo Cedro to Hat Creek. He used to wander all the way up the the Thousand Lakes Wilderness area and return a week or so later with a burlap bag full of smoked fish."

At this point I released a gallon of air through my clenched but smiling teeth.

"Don't believe me, eh? Well, you oughta go talk to Kip. He lives in a little cabin up on Ponderosa Way. He'll tell you all about cycling the deer trails--all the way up to Burney Peak. They say he used to work in a bicycle factory back east before the war. That old two-speed kickback he rides is all I've ever seen him on. He's been riding in this area for well over forty years. Old Kip never had a car, poor bastard."



I followed my class up over Hatchet Summit. I wasn't thinking about the climb, instead ideas were billowing like thunderclouds over a big lake in my head. The "mountain bike" phenomenon was just beginning to take hold. The so-called "pioneers" of off-road bicycling were scrambling to organize the details on how they and a few friends had modified their balloon-tire one-speeds to handle the steep dirt road descents near their suburban neighborhoods and therefore spawned the Age of Mountain Bicycling, while Kip Phillips and doubtless many others were winding up off-road cycling careers that covered several decades of sweat and backcountry exploration.

ON ARRIVING AT BURNEY FALLS I snapped out of the trance, a dream state that had me exploring a dozen different off-shoots of this main highway through northeastern California...roads that led to the tops of Clover, Burney and Bluegrass Mountains, and into the incredible Pit River Gorge. Kip Phillips had seen it all and here I was, the guy who wrote a book on bicycling in Superior California, but barely a kindergartner in this manzanita-league school of backcountry bicycling.

Five years passed before I returned to talk to Kip. I found his brother Arnold first. It was Arnold who told me that Kip had become a nuisance on the roadway and it was he who had impounded Kip's bicycle a few years earlier and hid it in the attic of the barn.

"Yeah, I'm sure he'll appreciate the visit. He lives in a little old cabin down the road here. He don't have a phone, or electricity for that matter. When Kip starts talking history he gets his time periods a little mixed up, but he can certainly tell you about his bicycling.

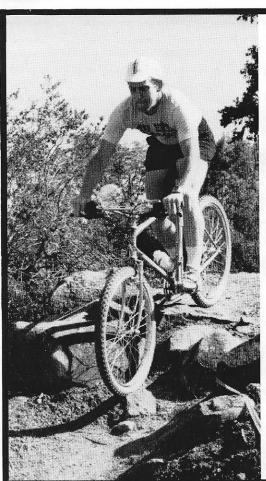
I found Kip about an hour and three creek drainage/roller-coaster hills later. He was splitting cedar for kindling in front of his weathered cabin. I asked if we could talk for a while about his bicycling days. He dropped his axe and motioned for me to follow him up the narrow trail to the rear of his house. We sat on a couple of old stumps. I first asked Kip if there was

any truth to the story about his biking up to the Thousand Lakes and returning with

a bag full of smoked fish.

"YOU A GAME WARDEN?" Kip cocked his head and squinted. I laughed, but after a moment I could see Kip was serious. This wasn't good, and I considered excusing myself at that point and waiting a few more years to complete the interview. Instead, I attempted to explain the surge of interest in mountain biking amongst the flatlanders and city kids to the south and revealed that I wanted to travel the same backroads in the Lassen and Shasta National Forests that he had scouted decades earlier.

Continued next page



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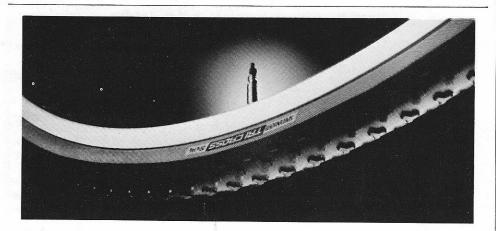
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Kip Phillips Continued

"They've got good paved roads now! Use those," he shouted.

Kip had nothing to say for what seemed like a full minute and then he broke into a story about President Mc-Kinley and his bodyguard that included no commas, periods or capital letters. He continued for at least five minutes, then just as I let out a long sigh, he stopped. As near as I could tell he was smack in the middle of the story when he just clammed up and started swinging his feet from side to side while sitting on this big ole ponderosa stump. The interview was not going well, but I shifted down and tried again.

"DID YOU EVER HAVE any mechanical breakdowns while cycling in the hills here?" I said this while pretending that the discourse on President McKinley had never taken place.

'Crank hangers," he fired back. "Broke a few crank hangers, and a seat once. Made one out of wood to get home with . . .not too bad. Dropped a few pedals too; always this leg," slapping his left thigh. Now we were rolling.

'Did you carry tools?'

"Always carry an axe," Kip instructed, "And a wheel-kit. In your wheel-kit you wanna carry a pump and a bottle or can, so you can carry water for keeping your rear hub cool on the downhills." I'd seen him perform this operation a few years earlier.

I asked him about the roads that lead up toward Hat Mountain and the Thousand Lakes, like Tamarack Road and One Road or Clover Mountain Road. Kip started swinging his feet from side to side and looked back down the trail we'd climbed to his cabin. Just when I began to revise my question ("Be more specific," I could hear my old journalism teacher at Kalamazoo Valley College saying), Kip dove into another monologue on President McKinley's black bodyguard who was ambushed while walking through a passenger train in Massachusetts. He went on for several minutes and I tried to follow the events he spoke of in hopes that they would eventually lead to bicycling in Northeastern California. After several minutes we were still on the East Coast and in the 19th Century, so I stood up and thanked Kip for his time. He smiled for the first time and thanked me for my time, then his chin dropped to his chest and in a low monotone, almost a moan, he said, "It was Peter who rode up and caught those fish. Peter always rode to the high lakes. He showed me how to find Hat Creek.'

I fumbled around with my little tape recorder, trying to snap it back on, then blurted, "You and Peter rode your bicycles to Hat Creek?"

"More than once," he continued. "Peter had the fever for gold . . . carried shovel, pan and fishing pole everywhere, knew the best spots."

"Did he strike it rich?" I probed.



"He was an old man...went down below the Sacramento Valley 'bout the time Kennedy was shot."

I quickly asked, "Have you been back to the high lakes without Peter?"

Kip continued to stare down into the pockets of his overalls as he mumbled, 'Can't find em . . .they changed the roads ...too many roads now ... Arnold took my bicycle . . .can't go nowhere." Kip pouted in silence for a few moments. I felt very uncomfortable. I wanted to hug the old guy. I put my hand on Kip's shoulder and thanked him one more time. He startled me by looking up as he said, smiling, "Any time, young man, any time!"

I've asked a few more old-timers in the Sacramento Valley if they had heard of Peter, the bicycling gold minor. Only J.V. Pullins, the bicycle shop proprietor in Chico since 1918, had any recollection which may confirm the existence of Kip's

adventure buddy Peter . . .

"Had a fella come through here in '28 ...name might have been Peter, can't recall exactly. He was a miner, had a pick, shovel and pan strapped on this old bike along with his bedroll. Was the darndest thing ... he'd laced a Model A 30"x3" wheel, with one of them deep-ribbed Firestone tires, onto a New Departure hub and set it into a home-made angle iron rear triangle. Quite a rig. Said he was looking for gold in the hills to the north."



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Pace Reports

Chequamegon 40

LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN CY-CLIST Mark Frise set a new course record on Saturday, September 15, winning the second annual Chequamegon 40 off-road bicycle race between Hayward and The Lakewoods resort near Cable. Frise, a member of the U.S. Cycling team who narrowly missed a berth on the Olympic squad, knocked 19 minutes off the 1983 mark with his time of 2:35:04.

It was Frise's race from start to finish. The newcomer to off-road cycling jumped to a quick lead and had things well in control by the time the riders hit the wide open Birkenbeiner Ski Trail north of Hayward. Chris Melgaard of Marquette, Michigan, was second in 2:53:55, and Mark Stuttgen of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, was third 90 seconds later. Cindy Smith of Normal, Illinois, set a new women's course record, winning in 3:54:11.

A TOTAL OF 88 RIDERS started the event, with all but one finishing at The Lakewoods. The lone non-finisher was forced out at the midway point with a chest injury suffered in an earlier crash.

The Chequamegon 40 was just one of three events in the Chequamegon Fat Tire Festival weekend at The Lakewoods. In Sunday's Rough Stuff Rendezvous, an offroad bicycle orienteering event, John Swanson of Minneapolis covered the seven checkpoint course on the Rock Lake Ski Trails in 1:37:22, winning by eight minutes over Mike Gerke of DuPere, Wisconsin.

Saturday's finale was a grueling criterium on a special eighth-mile course. Greg Barkley of the Kenwood-Bianchi team in Minneapolis, won the 160 lap finals in 12:17, 18 seconds ahead of Gerke.

THE EVENT WAS CO-SPON-SORED by the Chequama Mamas Bicycle Club and The Lakewoods resort. Event officials were extremely pleased with the turnout and are setting the stage for an even bigger event next year.

"The trail is absolutely perfect for this type of off-road bicycling," said event director Gary Crandall. "We more than doubled this year and I think that we will see an even bigger increase in bicyclists next year."



Betsy Weigle, Women's 1st winner, Tour de Bluff.



Left to right Tour de Bluff winners: Greg Padley (Novice, 1st), Pat Morrissey (Expert 1st), Betsy Weigle (Women's 1st).

2nd Annual "TOUR DE BLUFF" Great Success!!

by Bob Harrington

On October 9, 1984, New England's original mountain bike rally, the "Tour de Bluff' was held at Bluff Point State Park at Groton, Connecticut. The event was promoted by the Department of Environmental Protection and Bob Harrington of the Wayfarer Bike and Hike in New London. A \$1,000 prize list was sponsored by Western States Imports, distributors of Diamond Back bicycles, along with Trek and Cannondale Corp. A \$500 Diamond Back Mean Streak was awarded as one of the prizes.

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-ONE RIDERS completed the 8 mile tour and 60 competed in the 5 mile NORBA sanctioned time trial. Pat Morrisey of Wellingford, Connecticut became the first rider to break 20 minutes, defending his first place title from 1983. Ron Andrews of Massachusetts, winner of the recent Sandhopper race on Cape Cod, was second, also breaking 20 minutes.

THE COURSE CONSISTED of steep carries, boulders, grass roads, one mile of sand along the Atlantic Ocean and on a steep hill one fallen tree that was hard to see over, never mind ride over.

After the Tour and race about 100 spectators joined the riders for the picnic and awards ceremony highlighted by imported ale for all.



Bob Vonasek, 3rd Expert Winner, Tour de Bluff.

Mountain Bike Racing in the Beehive

by Clyde Grover

FAT TIRE RACING dawned belatedly over Utah in 1984, shining on the golden splendor that is autumn in the Wasatch Mountains.

The event was the first annual Corner Canyon Clunker Classic, held this October-near Draper, Utah. Though only 13 miles long, the course offers almost every terrain and incline a mountain biker could wish for. Think of it: sand, gravel, mud, rocks, logs, acorns, maple leaves, horse manure, wind and water.

Forty foolhardy souls began the 5 mile uphill into the notorious Corner Canyon wind, gradually grinding out 1800 feet of elevation gain, climaxing with a welcoming turnaround about one mile below the Lone Peak Wilderness boundary. Here some riders took time to smell the wild roses and admire the scenery. One youngster went so far as to crawl under a tree and grab a brief siesta before challenging the downhill.

THE FUN BEGINS with a sudden descent of narrow Rocky Ridge, joining the bottom of the infamous, rutted, gutted and gorged-out Devils' Brigade road where many a mishap occured. The trail down the ridge was soon seen to contain assorted water bottles, frame pumps, items of clothing, bicycle components and several inches of epidermis.

Crossing quickly over the Draper-Alpine road, the second fun mile follows a narrow horse trail through tight turns in the trees, streams and a bottomless, front wheel-eating mudhole. Spectators spontaneously left their horses and motorcycles to laugh and point at unsuspecting mountain bikers who obligingly performed end-overs into the waiting pit.

A few more streams to cross and a fast return along the Deer Creek pipeline road rewards the rider who can resist the urge to use brakes on the downhills. A roundabout return to Draper Park for the finish line, drinks, bananas, laughter, story swapping and first aid on bikes and bodies.

EARLY IN THE RACE a mixed up race marshall sent the leaders on a long, wrong route. Struggling up the exhausting backward trail they joined the main body to find themselves starting the last series of uphills in 23rd place. Undaunted, they proceeded to reel in riders and move up. One of the Unfortunate Four, 42-year-old John Hamilton actually topped the mountain in third place. First man to the top, Chris Koldewyn, zigged when he should

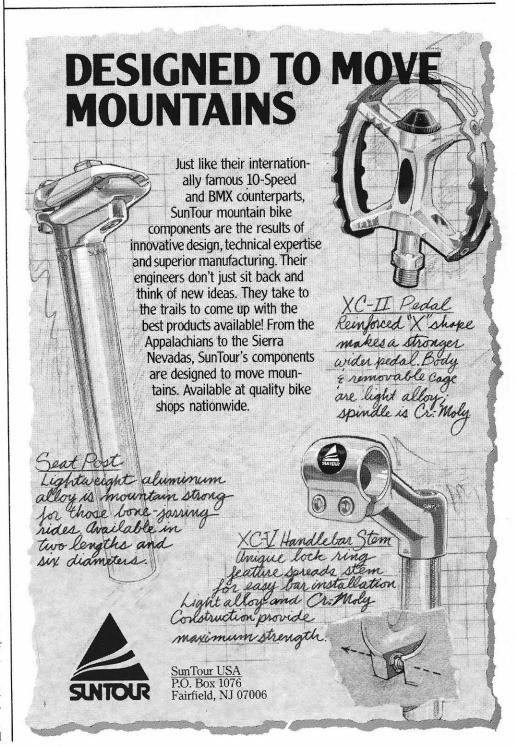
have zagged, and went straight over the side of a ridge and limped in with a bent up rear wheel in tenth place. Curt Anderson of the Salt Lake Connection worked his way up after the marshall's snafu and pushed his fat tire Trek ahead to claim first prize overall. The wily veteran Hamilton finished with an oh-so-impressive second overall and first vet. Glen Adams, Dave

Dayton and Glen Kellam rounded out the top five. Richard Lee, riding a solid, steady race was top Junior, while First Woman was Jeanna Wogan. Race organizer Clyde Grover wheezed in at the twelfth position to capture the F.T.O.M. prize*.

MOST COMMOLY HEARD remark as the riders headed for home was the familiar refrain of the Masochistic Mountain Biker, "When can we do this again?"

*Fat Tired Old Man

Continued next page



NORBA Nationals

JOE MURRAY, JACQUIE PHE-LAN AND CHARLIE CUNNINGHAM all have two things in common. First, they are all residents of Marin County, California. Second, they are all NORBA national champions, Murray in Pro, Phelan in Women's, and Cunningham in Veterans. Other winners at the race were Jeff Norman of Durango, Colorado in the Expert class, and Greg Dres of Los Angeles in the Iron Person (one-speed) category.

This year's nationals at Lake Eldora ski area near Boulder, Colorado, looked as though they might go the route of last year's and succumb to a weather assault, as snow fell heavily on the day before the qualifying race. Fortunately for Glenn Odell's blood pressure, the storm let up Friday night, and Saturday dawned with clear skies.

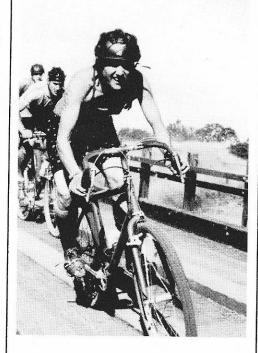
THE FIRST DAY of the two day race schedule was for three-lap qualifying heats to reduce the field to the 100 top riders in the country. This proved to be unnecessary, since only 60 or so of the top riders showed up, but it was run anyway. What the heck, we're all here, let's race. With nothing at stake except starting position (we all know how important that is), riders could actually enjoy the race, getting lost, hitting obstacles covered with snow, crashing, getting muddy. You know, fun. A couple of riders took ten after two laps and sat around with their feet up before getting back on their bikes for the last lap.

The course was one of the better courses used for any off-road race, a 4.5 mile circuit with 480 feet of climbing per lap. Except for a flat stretch across the parking lot, every part was challenging and there was no place where a rider might coast and regroup; even the downhills were tough.

On Sunday the weather had warmed up to perfect, and most of the snow on the course was melted off from the previous day's racing. After a one-lap citizen's race, a 10k running race, and a trials exhibition, the national championship race was ready to start, just after noon.

THE MOB OF RACERS surged across the parking lot and onto the narrow trail, and the horde of spectators surged in the other direction in order to follow the race from the back stretch.

Andy Hampsten obviously wanted the lead, and Murray politely allowed him to have it. Joe's strategy that won him 15 races before the Nationals has been to size up the opposition from behind them, and go when the moment seems right. In this case, although Hampsten's lead went up to two minutes the time was right on the third lap and Joe took the lead. From that



point the only question was whether Joe's bike would make the distance, because if it did, he was unbeatable. Murray had no problems and glided home three minutes ahead of Ned Overend, but Dale Stetina had a pair of flats that dropped him out of second place on the last lap. Third went to Murray's Fisher teammate John Loomis, who finished third last year also.

Jacquie Phelan was expected to take the four-lap women's race easily and she did, but she got off course on her third lap and lost almost her entire lead. Carmen Carrouche closed to within 30 seconds, but when Phelan saw her she dropped the hammer and opened it back up to four minutes by the finish. Charlie Cunningham won the Veteran's category with a strong

10th overall, followed by expert winner Jeff Norman in 11th and Iron Man Greg Dres in 12th.

THE FINISH MIGHT have been closer, but a majority of the field was removed from the race by some form of bike damage, and this included some potential challengers such as Roger Marquis and Gavin Chilcott; Dale Stetina lost at least seven places to tire problems. What this illustrates is the fact that the bike must finish in order for the rider to, and time spent shaving ounces might later be spent again patching tires. Certainly one of the keys to Joe Murray's continued success is the fact that his bike usually works, although that might be as much a function of riding style as it is preparation. In all, 22 of the 60 starters finished.

Results, NORBA National Championship Race Lake Eldora, Colorado

MEN'S RACE, 28 MILES

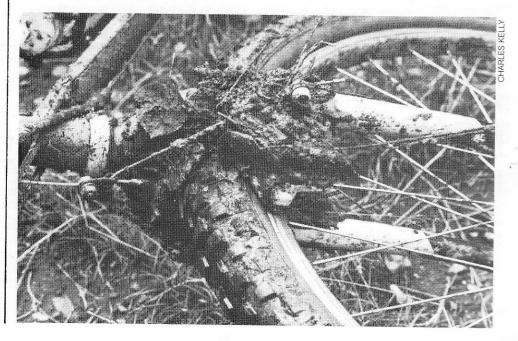
1. Joe Murray	(Fisher)	2:43:56 1st Pro
2. Ned Overend	(Schwinn)	2:47:32 2nd Pro
3. John Loomis	(Fisher)	2:49:24 3rd Pro
4. Kent Eriksen	(Moots)	2:15:10 4th Pro
5. Don Cook	(Ross)	2:57:02 5th Pro
6. Aaron Cox	(Ross)	2:58:07 6th Pro
7. Andy Hampsten	(Levis/	2:58:08 7th Pro
	Raleigh)	
8. Dale Stetina	(Ritchey)	3:01:30 8th Pro
9. Ky Sharp	(Mantis)	3:04:33 9th Pro
10. Charlie	(Suntour/	3:04:50 1st Vet
Cunningham	WTB)	
Jeff Norman		3:06:35 1st Exp
12. Greg Dres (Moto	-Cruiser)	3:06:53 Ist 1-S.
13. Don Davis	(Ross)	3:07:46 10th Pro
14. John Durst	(Mantis)	3:09:02 11th Pro

(Mantis) 3:11:23 12th Pro

WOMEN'S RACE, 18 MILES

15. Joe Sloup

1. Jacquie Phelan	(Suntour/	2:25:1
	WTB)	
2. Carmen Carrouche	(Ross)	2:29:0
3. Carol Bauer	(Paradise)	2.45.0



Results, Chequamegon 40

ricounts, oriequan	egon 7 0	
1. Mark Frise	2:35:04	M 18-29
LaCrosse, WI		
2. Chris Melgaard	2:53:55	M 18-29
Marquette, MI		
3. Mark Stuttgen	2:55:27	M 30-39
Chippewa Falls, WI		
William Kraemer	3:02:07	M 18-29
Minneapolis, MN		
5. Bill Sommers	3:04:30	M 30-39
Appleton, WI		
6. Dennis Kruse	3:06:34	M 30-39
Cable, WI		
7. Don Edberg	3:08:38	M 30-39
Stevens Point, WI		
8. Greg Barkley	3:09:32	M 18-29
Minneapolis, MN		
Kensyl Reading	3:10:11	M 30-39
Davenport, IA		
10. Dave Herbert	3:12:37	M 18-29
Minneapolis, MN		
14. Patrick Lanin	3:16:56	M over 40
Hopkins, MN		
39. Cindy Smith	3:54:11	F 18-29
Cable, WI		
56. Mike Zielke	4:21:30	M over 40
Phillips, WI		
61. Martha Kennedy	4:25:41	F 18-29
St. Paul, MN		
83. Cheryl Grossman	5:36:30	F over 40
Mahtomedi, MN		



Results. Corner Canyon Clunker Classic

- 1. Curt Anderson
- 2. John Hamilton (Ist Vet)
- 3. Glen Adams
- 4. Dave Dayton
- 5. Glen Kellam
- 7. Richard Lee (1st Junior)
- 12. Clyde Grover (2nd Vet)
- 16. Bill Miller (3rd Vet)
- 18. Jay Smith (2nd Junior)
- 27. Jeanna Wogan (1st Woman)
- 30. Pearl Lopez (2nd Woman)

Results, Tour de Bluff

EXPERT	
1. Pat Morrisey	19:34
2. Ron Andrews	19:51
3. Bob Vonasek	21:56
NOVICE	
1. Greg Padly	21:41
2. Dave Cope	21:57
3. Dave Williams	23:10
WOMEN	
1. Betsy Weigle	23:46
2. Elin Larsen	24:04

FAT FEEDBACK Continued from page 5

DEAR FTF;

This letter is written to inform all FTF readers about the nearly unlimited off-road terrain found in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Up here in the north, we have no conflict with either horses or hikers. There is so much wilderness that we can ride all day without even seeing another outdoor sportsperson. Unlike the ever-popular state of California (a place we all love to ride), in the U.P. there are no restricted or regulated areas. Other than a few No Trespassing sections, we are free to cruise as we choose.

With the severe winters we have up here the riding season is short, but the conditions make it sweet. Winter also takes its toll on paved roads, making balloon tires most practical.

As a common sense safety tip I add this: before charging down an unfamiliar road or trail, travel the route at an easy pace while looking for hazards such as fallen tress, boulders, or a gate or fence. Also honor No Tresspassing signs.

Serious cyclists, please remember that people of all abilities share the trail with us. Don't insult or discourage another of lesser skills. Encourage practice and offer assistance.

> Have fun and "crank it up." Bart Lahtinen, Marquette, MI

DEAR FAT TIRE FLYER---

From the unheard from Southeast--WE LOVE MTN. BIKES! Watch for more from us in the near future.

> Mtn. Bike Step-Child, Mike Tidd The Bike Shop, Columbus, GA!

Ed: Okay, we're watching.





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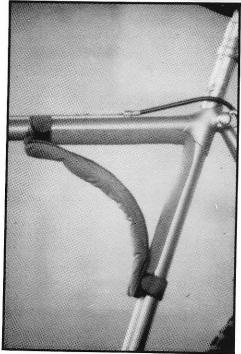
San Fernando, California 91340 (818) 361-3002

PRODUCT REVIEW

Carrying Strap

Although the big factories have taken over most of the manufacturing processes in Fat Tire bikes, backyard and garage inventors and tinkerers keep coming up with new ideas that the computer folks have missed. The lastest example is a new carrying strap devised by Jon Poschman of San Francisco, who calls his one-man company Jungle Bike designs.

To date there have been two types of carrying straps used, the kind meant to be used with brazed-on fittings, and several designs that attached with velcro fasteners. Although the brazed-on type is secure and stays put, it requires that the fittings be put on the bike, which is a hassle and means repainting the frame. Also, the screws that hold the strap on can dig into the carrying shoulder, negating the purpose of the strap. Until now the velcro variety has been even worse. Of the designs we have seen, most are not securely attached to the tubes of the frame, and the result is that they will twist out of the way or bunch up, once again negating their purpose.

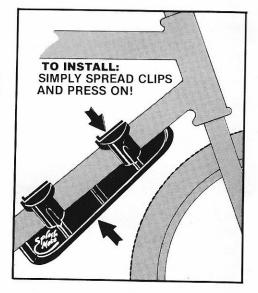


Jon's (patented) design is a velcro attachment, but the key element is a stiffener of bent PVC pipe section that sits in the angle where the seat tube and top tube join. The stiffener keeps the strap from bunching up or riding around the tubing, and the velcro attaches the strap in seconds. This is by far the best carrying strap design we have seen yet, and the rest is up to you, Jon. Jungle Bike Designs, San Francisco, CA.

Splashmate

Here's an informal product review culled from a letter from Bodfish, who recently spent 70 days on the bike touring to Colorado from Northern California.

"We had one of those Splashmate fenders with us, the trapezoidal clip-on for your down tube and I'd give this product the thumbs up in your product review section. It keeps the mud, slush and water off your frontside as good as any fender and it doesn't rattle or clog up with mud, leaves and small sticks, and amazingly, it only weighs ounces. Ole Mort has a great little invention here."





Point Reyes Update

Dear Fat Tire Friends,

In early September, Point Reyes National Seashore announced that all trails within the designated wilderness area would be closed to bicycles. The orders came from the National Park Services in Washington, DC. It is their interpretation of a clause in the Wilderness Act prohibiting any "form of mechanical transportation."

The reaction of local trail riders was immediate. By September 29, the date of the next National Seashore Citizens Advisory Committee meeting, we had petitions with over 1200 signatures demanding public hearings. The meeting was attended by over fifty fat tire friends. Many chose to speak to the commissioners on subjects such as the historic use of bicycles in the park (and in the same area before there was a park), environmental impact, user compatability and the trail system so ideally suited to bicycles. We interpret 'mechanical transport' as mechanically powered and not human powered, otherwise it should include skis, rafts, canoes, kayaks, wheelchairs and other forms of human powered mechanical transportation. A clear case of discrimination.

The Advisory Commission reacted favorably and decided unanimously to draft a letter to the director of the National Park Service urging him to seek a formal opinion form the Solicitor's Office of the Department of the Interior on bicycles within the wilderness area and also to consider the historic use of bicycles within the wilderness, other forms of 'mechanical transport' already allowed and the fact that many exceptions to the Wilderness Act were made just to establish a wilderness area on previously developed land so close to a large urban population.

At this point, no signs prohibiting bikes have been posted and rangers are not enforcing the new ruling. As we await an answer from the Solicitor General, we are riding on all trails, as we have for many years and appreciating it more than ever.

I would like to encourage anyone interested in updates on this situation or with information on similar problems in other areas to write to the address below.

Happy Trails, Marshall Livingston Point Reyes Bikes P.O. Box 362 Point Reyes, CA 94956





United States Department of the Interior

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE GOLDEN GATE NATIONAL RECREATION AREA FORT MASON, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94123

GOLDEN GATE NATIONAL RECREATION AREA ADVISORY COMMISSION

A18 (WR-GOGA)

October 16, 1984

Russell E. Dickenson Director Narional Park Service U. S. Department of the Interior Washington, DC 20240

Bear Mr. Dickenson:

On September 29, 1984, the Golden Gate National Recreation Area Advisory Commission, which also serves Point Reyes National Seashore, met at Point Reyes Station, the community adjacent to that park. A major agenda item was the recent prohibition of bicycles on the trails within the wilderness area of the Seashore. The purpose of this letter is to seek the parameters of flexibility within which the Advisory Commission may structure its recommendation on this issue to the National Park Service.

As you know, 24,200 of Point Reyes' 71,000 acres were designated wilderness in 1976 by Public Law 94-544. After receiving clarification of the Wilderness Act as it partains to that wilderness area, the Seashore transgement announced in early September the closure to bicycles of approximately sixty percent of the present Seashore trails, those within the wilderness area. That announcement generated considerable interest in the surrounding communities and throughout the San Francisco Bay Area. There was both support of the restriction and conversely support of the Seashore allowing bleycles on some of the trails in the wilderness. Limited use of those trails would allow bicycle access to some of the popular "backcountry" areas and provide for trail linkage and loops, while leaving the majority of the wilderness free of bicycles.

After reviewing the Seashore's legislative history, and the history of bicycle use on Seashore trails, and after listening to the many public comments at the September 29 meeting, we of the Advisory Commission feel that the following questions and suggestions should be considered by the National Park Service in a review of this issue as it relates to Point Reyes National Seashore.

 We recommend that the National Park Service seek a formal opinion from the Solicitor's Office of the Department of the Interior as to whether a "mechanical form of transport" as defined in the Wilderness Act (16 U.S.C. 113 (c)) includes bicycles.

- If the Solicitor determines that bicycles are covered by that definition, a review should be made of the legislative history of the Wilderness Act to ascertain if the original intention was to exclude living-powered sources of transport, which would include bicycles, wheelchairs, skis and others, from wilderness areas.
- 3. Could the Special Provision clause of the Wilderness Act, which allows some historical uses involving mechanical transport to continue, be applied to the situation at Point Reyes National Seashore? Prior to the designation of the Point Reyes wilderness, there was a history of bicycle use within the Seashore; could that history qualify continuing bicycle use within the Seashore's wilderness, as provided by that Special Provision clause?
- 4. If the legislative history of the 1964 Wilderness Act indicates an intent to ban bicycles and no exemption is possible under the Special Provision clause, the Solicitor should review the history and intent of the Point Reyes National Seashore wilderness legislation. That legislation included the designation of several vehicle corridors that traversed the wilderness area to provide service to the Seashore's hike-in campgrounds. Because those corridors are not part of the actual wilderness area, they are available for bicycle use. We would appreciate an opinion from the Solicitor as to whether it would be possible to create additional such corridors through the wilderness as provided for in Section 3 (e) in the Wilderness Act.

Because the question of bicycle use within the Point Reyes wilderness has been put before us, we of the Advisory Commission feel that further study of the application of the 1964 Wilderness Act as it applies to Point Reyes National Seashore is a reasonable request. We would very much appreciate a timely response on this issue which we anticipate will surface in our public meeting scheduled for early January. We look forward to your opinion on this source of public concern.

Sincerely,

Frank C. Bodger

GGNRA and Point Reyes National Seashore Advisory Commission

cc: G. Ray Arnett, Assistant Secretary for Fish and Wildlife and Parks

OUNTAIN BIKES IN OUNTAIN STATE



Left to right in the foreground: Robin Howard, Dave Gorin, and Dan Capshaw await their turns in the trials event.

by Tim Jackson

The rolling, rocky foothills of the Blueridge Mountains near Buckhannon, West Virginia were the site of the Third Annual "Mountain Bikes in Mountain State" festival. Three events, a thirteen mile off-road race, a seven section observed trials and a one-mile downhill determined individual winners and the overall champion. The field of 23 men and one woman consisted entirely of NORBA classified novices.

Don Capshaw won Saturday morning's rain dampened 13-mile race, pumping hard past local hotshoe Dave Gorin on the inside line of a steep, uphill, offcamber left-hander with about five miles to go. From that point on it was Capshaw's race. Capshaw, who rode 280 miles in three days over the Appalachians earlier in the week to get to the race said, "My mileage on the trip here definitely paid off. When I passed Dave up that hill I knew I had a good kick left and I figured he was done.

Mistakes and accidents hindered several riders negotiating the slick and muddy, boulder-strewn mountain course. The only women in the race, Robin Howard, rode several miles out of her way after a wrong turn early in the race. Her mistake cost her over an hour. Alan Finlay took a wrong turn while in third place on the first lap and estimated he lost about ten minutes barreling up the wrong logging trail.

A collision with a large dog about three miles into the race sent Mike Louder sailing over the handlebars. Louder, who was running fifth at the time, recovered to finish eighth. The dog survived to chase rabbits.

The legendary one-mile downhill--a washed-out logging trail consisting of bike-eating ruts and rim-bending rocks dropping 600 feet into a river valley--had to be traveled on each of the two laps. It claimed its share of racers. I was riding behind Mark Barnes on the first lap when I witnessed him lose traction on slippery clay, slide twenty feet or so with the bike, then arc over the handlebars and execute three or four nice, desperate summersaults on the jagged stones before ending in a heap. The crash put nasty abrasions in his hand, forearm and knee. Still, Barnes was able to jump back on his machine and finish fifth.

The same downhill that caused many riders problems in the wet on Saturday worked in overall winner John O'Toole's favor on Sunday as he streaked to victory in the timed downhill event. O'Toole granted me the frustrating honor of having to admire his graceful, low, loose and floating form on the downhill during Saturday's 13 miler as he smoked past me into third place without warning--O'Toole was pedaling strong while I had both brakes on!

Frank White treated spectators to a show of smooth concentration as he captured the trials event. White rode two of the seven sections clean (without putting his foot down).

Because of the soggy conditions the trials course contained several "squid" sections which no one could successfully negotiate without walking their bikes. Some of the high placing trial riders, including second place Bill Scarr and third place Laird

Knight, adopted a "Banzai!" attitude toward some of the muddiest sections. If awards were given for fastest trials riders, Knight's attack-with-gusto strategy would have earned him the prize.

In addition to the competition, the festival featured guided tours on winding trails through miles of scenic West Virginia countryside with breathtaking vistas. natural bridges over bubbling streams, lush forest, clean air and friendly mountain folks.

Results

13 Mile (All No	ovice)	
1. Dan Capshaw	Baldwin, MD	56:20
2. Dave Gorin	Buckhannon, WV	57:35
John O'Toole	Homestead, PA	59:10
4. Tim Jackson	Bloomington, IN	59:35
5. Mark Barnes	Wheeling, WV	1:00:11
14. Robin Howard	Warren, OH	2:30:43
(1st Woman)		

ORCEDVED TRIALS

ODSERVED IT	UALS
1. Frank White	Warren, OH
2. Bill Scarr	Verona, PA
3. Laird Knight	Davis, WV
4. Steve Anderson	Buckhannon, WV
John Rosso	Frederick, MD

ONE MILE DOWNHILL

ONE MILE DO	WNHILL	
1. John O'Toole	Homestead, PA	
2. Barry Jefferson	Verona, PA	
3. Dave Gorin	Buckhannon, WV	
4. Bill Scarr	Verona, PA	
5. Frank Santucci	Verona, PA	
OVERALL RES	SULTS	

3:36

3:42

3:56 4:14

OVERALL RESULTS	
 John O'Toole 	Homestead, PA
2. Bill Scarr	Verona, PA
3. Dave Gorin	Buckhannon, WV
4. Steve Anderson	Buckhannon, WV
Mike Louder	Pittsburg, PA
6. Doug Cairns	Washington, DC
7. Alan Finlay	Ontario, Canada
8. Ed Hunter	Dunlo, PA

Best Bike?

Everyone wants us to tell them what the "best bike" is, but this is a can of worms as far as we are concerned, because the "best" will be different depending on the rider's applications, body size, strength, and most important, income. With so many mountain bikes that look similar, it is difficult for the novice rider to know what to look for. So . . . we'll tell you.

The main element of any bicycle is the frame, and this should get the closest inspection by potential purchasers. We will assume that frame strength is the most important feature of an off-road bike, although we might be wrong--some people might argue that color is most important. On the basis of our assumption, here are a few things to look for.

Seat stays (the two tubes that go from the rear axle to the seat cluster): these should be much more strongly attached on mountain bikes than on road bikes, because mountain bikers have a tendency to drop their rear wheels a foot or more, sending a tremendous jolt through the seatstays. The most common way for seatstays to be attached to the seat cluster is tacked onto the sides, a typical road bike treatment, but not the optimum for off-roaders. The strongest method of attachment is the "fast-back," in which the stays are butted against the back of the seat tube. This arrangement prevents any shearing forces from disattaching the stays. The reasons manufacturers tack the stays on the sides are (1) because that's the way road bikes are built, (2) because it's cheaper than cutting the stays to the exact right length and mitering them to fit perfectly against the seat tube, and (3) because a less experienced welder can attach them that way.

Like the seatstays, the chainstays take quite a beating on off-road bikes. It is axiomatic that a straight piece of tubing is stronger than the same diameter tube with sharp bends in it, yet many frame manufacturers put a sharp double bend in their chainstays. One reason for this is that if the stay is attached at right angles to the bottom bracket, a double bend is the only way to get clearance around the fat tire (once again, attaching the stay at anything but a right angle involves more expensive procedures). When the bends are put into the stays, the steel is "work hardened" slightly, i.e., it is fatigued where it is bent, and since the strength of the stay is the strength at the weakest point, this reduces the overall margin. At the same time, when the tube is placed under stress, the stresses concentrate at the bends, just where it is most likely to be weakened. No chainstay on an off-roader is perfectly straight, because that would require a bottom bracket shell considerably wider than the standard, but the fewer the bends, the better. Tubing with sharp bends in it is less likely to be chrome-moly, which doesn't take this treatment well.

Tubing should be chrome-moly throughout (unless the frame is aluminum of course) for maximum strength; manganese-moly is comparable. Cheaper steel is labeled all kinds of things other than "cheaper steel," including 'high-carbon' or 'high-tension' steel. Some frames will have chrome-moly in the main tubes only, with rear triangle or forks of cheaper steel. This is an area where you might have to take someone's word on the material, because labels are sometimes vague and deliberately so. Salespersons often don't know what the bike is made of, but they know that they want to sell it and what you want to hear. There is no easy test of frame material, but now that butted tubing is available for mountain bikes, look for that as a sign of quality chrome-moly tubing.

If you're looking to nitpick, loosen the seatpost quick-release and slide the saddle up and down. When frames are made, the heat deforms the tubing slightly, and framebuilders usually ream out the seat tube for a good fit on the seatpost. On cheap frames they just use smaller seatposts, which may only contact the tubing walls in a couple of places. If the seatpost doesn't move easily in the shop, it certainly won't on the trail.

Regardless of what it is made of, if the frame doesn't fit, it is useless, so let's talk fit. Depending on who you listen to, your frame should be from one to six inches smaller than your road frame. Glad we narrowed that down. One thing is for sure though, and that is that your offroad frame will be smaller than your road frame; how much is up to you.

More important than numbers is comfort, and what kind of riding you'll be doing. And a related problem is: what about the handlebars? Most handlebars come stock from the shop about three feet too wide. The theory is that you can easily make them shorter, but it's hard to make them longer. Nearly every stock set of handlebars needs to be cut down, but are they? No... And the wider apart the grips are, the farther over the rider needs to lean, effectively lengthening the bike.

So don't measure bikes, that won't tell you anything. Step over the thing. That's right, don't be afraid. Can you stand over it? Now get on the saddle. Are the bars too low? I thought so. Remember to put your hands where your grips will be. For some reason most of the triangulated one-piece bars are made on a low pattern. My custom set has a higher rise than most mass-produced bars, and it's just right. Or you can try drop handlebars (see pg 20). The smaller the frame, the lower the handlebars will be in relation to the saddle, so keep that in mind when choosing a size.

Racers might want a smaller frame size than tourists, because they can get a lower position for reasons other than comfort. In general, racers want a shorter wheelbase, but touring riders will want 42-44" WB. Continued next page



That ought to give you enough to think about. If you already own a bike, now you'll have the ammo you need to convince yourself that it's time to really get that custom bike.

Drop Handlebars

Although most off-road bicycles come with flat handlebars, there is a faction that prefers drop handlebars. Adherents include Charlie Cunningham and Jacquie Phelan, both winners at the NORBA nationals, Laurence Malone and Gavin Chilcott of the Specialized team, Ross riders Don Cook and Aaron Cox, and nearly all of the hard-core riders in Crested Butte.

The reasons these people prefer drops are explained this way: the most time in a race is gained on the climbs, so most attention should be paid to the uphill. By putting the body weight a little farther forward, the rider keeps more weight over the cranks and the front wheel and theoretically is more effective. Although there are good downhill riders who use drops, most will concede that flat bars are better for pure downhill. They contend that drops are more comfortable on long rides because they offer several positions for the hands.

In Crested Butte drop bars are given a special treatment, getting re-bent so the lower "hooks" are spread a little wider than the factory bend. Brake levers are standard road-type, and shifters are bar-ends.

In order to use drops some special attention must be given to placement of the bars, because off-road frame geometry is different from road frame geometry and because the rider's objectives are different. The typical off-road bike is designed for upright bars, so the top tube length is slightly longer than that of a road bike. Because the rider usually uses a little more seatpost extension, the saddle is farther away from the top of the headset on the off-roader. If the rider uses the same size stem he uses on his road bike, the reach will be too long and his weight will be too far forward for downhill control on steep surfaces. The stem must hold the bars higher than most road stems are designed

There are several ways of dealing with the stem problem. Some inexpensive stems come with long extensions, up to six inches longer than the standard type. At least one company, Suntour, has brought out a stem for mountain bikes that holds the bars higher, and most custom builders have some kind of adaptor they can use if need be. (If a custom stem is necessary for drops, try Wilderness Trail Bikes or Ibis Cycles.)

Reader Input

DEAN ENDO ROTONDO GONZOS,

I've got a few questions and comments I'd like to throw your way, and they all revolve around one area: suspension.

Let me first digress--I live in Iowa, and I take it for granted that I am a long ways away from where mountain bikes are "happening." I've never even seen a Ritchey or Fisher or other fine custom ATB in the flesh. I'm definitely not up on all the state of the art tricks involved in piloting these machines and I possess the scars to prove it.

I had to make that disclaimer, in case what I'm asking is really stupid. But I'd like to know what you forsee as coming developments in the area of a genuine sprung suspension system for ATB's. Are any of the people who design mountain bikes working on a frame/fork setup with shock absorbing capabilities? If so, what types of things are they coming up with? If not, why not?

A lot of experimentation is going on with different frame materials, tubing diameters, and frame and steering geometry, but all the ATB's on the market still amount to about the same thing—a street bike for smooth roads with a basic frame design that is, what, fifty years old? Something the chopper crowd would refer to as a "hard tail."

I do a lot of riding on horse trails in some hills near where I live. Uphill trails pose no problems. I'm in the granny gears and huffing and only going 3 mph. But the downhills, oh the downhills. If I get up any rate of speed that is at all thrilling, my bike is bashed about so horribly that I'm in fear of bending the forks or the chain or seat stays, not to mention the bashing around I get, and not to mention the danger of total loss of control while all this is going on.

Now, if I were on a dirt motorcycle, I'd be floating down these hills having a good time, and not picking up my teeth after having them chattered out from the damned stiff-framed bicycle.

Rumor seems to have it that a suspension system would soak up too much power to be practical on a person-powered vehicle. Is this really the case and has it been documented? The weight of a suspension system is a problem, and it would have to be as light as possible, but aren't a few pounds of sprung weight worthwhile for the vast majority of recreational riders who are just out there for the exercise and enjoyment of it? The professional racers need lightness, but most of them have the technique to fly over those jackhammer moguls on a stiff frame, while we mere mortals watch, slackjawed.

How large a part does tradition play in off-road bicycle design? That is to say, in a certain sense I feel justifiably superior as a bicyclist powering my own vehicle to those who let a motor speed them over terrain. Not to get into all that, but are ATB designers sticking with the rigid diamond frame because something with shocks fore and aft might look more like--horrors--a motorcycle than a bicycle? And might this not offend consumers? *and* manufacturers of bicycles who tend to be very ethical people concerned with ecological impact and the image they put forward regarding these issues.

Sorry for the rambling on. I enjoyed your story on the Chequomegon Festival in Wisconsin in the last issue. Close to home and all that. Also your prose and poetry on page 18 of that issue were just super. Hope "Bicycle Jones" and the exhumers of Banjo Patterson become regular contributors.

Jim Platte Cedar Falls, IA

SEEKAY REPLIES: Sorry, would you restate that question? Ah yes, suspension. You are actually not the first to bring it up, but suspension systems that have worked on bicycles are rather rare. One manufacturer, Brian Skinner of Canoga Park, California, has a mountain bike equipped with a monoshock suspension system, which he calls the "Descender." By the time you see this in print you should have literature from Skinner, who has been informed about your problem. Don't mention it.

Maintenance Tip

One bit of maintenance peculiar to mountain bikes is the periodic inspection and possible replacement of the inner gear on the triple front chainrings. Because this gear has fewer teeth, each tooth sees the chain more often than the teeth on the larger gears, and we tend to use this gear when conditions are the worst, i.e. muddy or sandy; the result is that the inner ring wears out faster than the outer rings. And what happens when it wears out? The teeth become slightly hooked on the leading edge, and under a severe load the teeth won't release the chain. In practical terms this means that you will be struggling up a steep hill when the chain catches and rides around on the small gear, jamming in the derailleur and possible breaking it, while sending you on a closer inspection of the road surface, especially if you are wearing toe clips. And even when this has happened a few times, riders still swear that something is wrong with the chain or the derailleur, or anything except the real problem. 📆🗫



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Correction Please

In the July/August issue we ran a picture of Steve Boemke and Ky Sharp on a sidehack racing at Repack. The photo was incorrectly credited to Tim Thulin, but it was actually taken by Gordon Bainbridge. Okay Gordon, let go of my arm.

One-Man Team

Just to show how important it is to have depth on the team, Schwinn has signed up one rider to wear their colors in the mud. He's a good one though, Ned Overend of Durango, Colorado, winner of the Suntour Pacific States Series and the Crested Butte Stage Race.

But it says here that Schwinn is looking to expand to three or possibly four riders, and those of you who are interested should send your resumes to:

> Schwinn Bicycle Company Attention: Fred Teeman 1856 North Kostner Chicago, Il 60639

The line forms to the left of the door and turns right at the corner.

The Team Picture

Speaking of teams (were we?), it should be noted that the team picture is a little unsettled in 1985. Like plenty unsettled. Some riders with factory custom rides are going to lose them, and the future of some teams might even be in doubt. One thing's for sure, a lot of riders are going to change teams; if, that is, they can keep money-ized rides going at all.

In spite of spending oodles of money this year, the Ross Indians had a disappointing season with no major wins, and the team is going be shaken up for sure. The best finishes at the Nationals for the Ross Indians came from the two newest riders, Don Cook and Aaron Cox. The way it looks is that the team isn't big enough for all those riders, and that maybe a few more hot riders might be signed. It will be interesting to see whether the team budget goes up or down next year.

On a similar budget as Ross', the Specialized team had better success, most of it coming from Laurence Malone and Gavin Chilcott. With the company picking up the travel bills these guys racked up the points in the Gant Challenge, something impossible for unsupported riders. Look for a few changes in the team of 1985 though.

Because we have a picture of it and because it is definitely one of a kind, here is Ned's Schwinn Paramount Custom off-roader, shown here with the legs that make it go.



For sheer stardom Ritchey U.S.A. can't be beat. Eric Heiden rides for the team now and then, as do Dale Stetina and Ritchey himself; the "team" isn't very cohesive though, and there has been quite a bit of turnover during the year. Although Stetina has been close-but-no-cigar in several races, Roger Marquis has been the star for Ritchey U.S.A., and Heiden didn't qualify for the Nationals because he hadn't raced the few prerequisite races.

The Fisher team, on a much smaller budget than either Ross or Specialized, got more miles per dollar than anyone, with a National Champ in Joe Murray along with more than a dozen other wins, as well as a third in the Nats for John Loomis. The secret, if anyone cares to know, is that these guys are all from where the sport has gone on for the longest, and they are as good as you can get at this.

Then there are the nebulous teams, exemplified by the Suntour/Wilderness Trail Bikes/Cunningham squad. These unconventional and indifferently financed folks took two of the national titles, another case of you don't need money to be good, but it sure helps if someone gets you to the race. This team didn't ask the company for the bikes; Charlie Cunningham

and Jacquie P. (and that rhymes with Alice B. and that stands for Toeclips...) wouldn't ride anything but Charlie's bikes. Who's on this team anyway? Ned Overend wore the Suntour Jersey during the Pacific States Series, but now he's a Schwinn rider. So many people have worn Suntour jerseys in 1984 that you would think they were on sale.

How about the fun teams, such as Mantis. These guys are a little bit crazy, but seem to get tougher with the race. Rather than a team, with van and credit cards, they're like a bunch of people who happen to all be vacationing in the same place and find one morning that they've all put on the same jersey.

But we digress.

Speak Softly and Join a Big Club

Arizona riders in the Phoenix area are being summoned to form a club. Interested parties and those interested in parties should call Dan Basinski at (602) 992-3356. Proposed name is the Phoenix Flatlanders Mountain Bike Club, but friends can call it PhoFlaMBiC for short.

uncommon

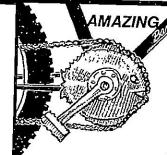


The following list of options is being provided as a public service to FTF readers, just to point out that not quite every possible option has hit the market. By the time manufacturers come out with all these, we'll have a few more ideas.



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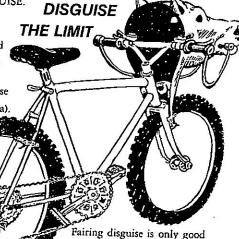
Are round chainrings really the most efficient, or is there a better design? Sometimes it turns out that Mother Nature can still teach us a thing or two! We have studied sprocket design and found that the FISH-SHAPED SPROCKET provides the most efficient power conversion anywhere. The mysteries of the Fish-Shaped Sprocket were derived from markings found in the pyramids and handed down through generations of Cub Scours.

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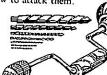
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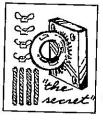
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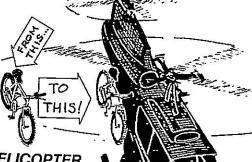
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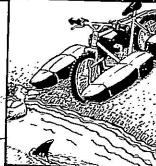




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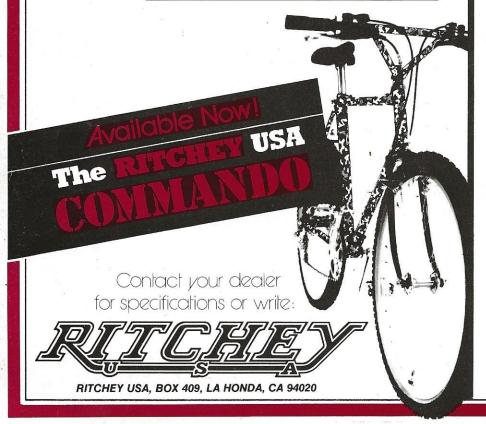
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