

"You're coming to Puerto Rico," Robert Leith, the race organizer announced rather than asking every time we spoke either on the phone or at several bicycle shows. The last time he told me was shortly before the race was scheduled to take place.

"No way, man. Can not do. Too far, can't spare the time, the sun gets in my eyes, I got a lunch date, blah, blah blah."

A week later, I was getting off the plane in San Juan, and Robert was waiting near the baggage claim area. "I told you that you were coming to Puerto Rico," he beamed. Also getting off the plane was Kimberly Caledonia, winner of the 1986 Chequamegon classic, with her brand new American Breezer.

As usual, my luggage had not arrived with me, the third time in my last five flights that has happened. We piled into Robert's van and took off through San Juan, stopping by Por Fuera, Robert's bike shop, and also stopping to pick up a couple of his friends and a large dog named Jonas before heading across the island for Humacao, where the race would be held. Robert mentioned that some of the top pros from the states were already here, including the Marin Bike team of Joe Murray, George Theobald and Gary Summers, plus Max Jones (Ritchey U.S.A.) and Ron Andrews (Fat Chance). Trials Champ Kevin Norton and otherwise observed ace Dave Arbogast completed the gringo invasion, with an assist from the Specialized race support "team" consisting of Tom Hillard, a few bikes, many huge Specialized banners, and a stopwatch.

Robert drove so casually through the red lights that we concluded that the color either meant something different here, or that they were only for tourists. Pulling up to the automatic toll-taker on

the turnpike, he announced to the machine, "Three Puerto Ricans, two gringos, and a dog," before tossing his 35 cents into the hopper.

After about an hour of driving, we arrived in Humacao at the Palmas hotel, one of the most plush resorts in Puerto Rico. Somewhat in contrast to the poorer sections of the island, the Palmas features a perfect tropical climate, deeply blue water and beautiful sweeping beaches. The resort was one of the sponsors of the race, and the staging area was on the vast grounds near the sailing and wind-surfing center.

Jet-lagged out, I got up late the next morning, and started looking around for the time trial that was scheduled. I couldn't find anyone, because as it turned out they were already out there racing. Finally, I saw Gary Summers of the Marin team riding through the parking lot and he directed me to the start-finish area, where I arrived just in time to see the last rider cross the line.

The Observed Trials were scheduled to take place that afternoon near the stables about two miles from the staging area. I borrowed a far-too-small Rockhopper from Tom Hillard, and headed out there. On the way I spotted a local citizen riding along, and I asked him where the stables were. His eyes widened. "You're going to ride all the way out there?" In spite of the vast distances involved, I was, and in ten minutes I was there.

Kevin Norton and Dave Arbogast didn't compete in the trials, because the course was set up for the local riders who had no experience in trials and these two could have cleaned it easily, but they couldn't resist putting on a show. (In the pro ranks riding in the trials for stage race purposes, Max Jones, Joe Murray and Ron Andrews finished in a three-way tie with one point apiece.) After the crowd was warmed up by watching all their friends attempt the sections, Kevin and Dave

Pro racers Max Jones and Ron Andrews never complain about their rigorous travel schedule. Now you know why.

Ultimate bummer. It turned out that Kimberly Caledonia in her enthusiasm had crashed her new bike badly, and by the time I got out of bed she was already in the hospital with a broken wrist, a concussion and facial injuries. Later I was shown the ditch where she crashed, and I can only note that it was indeed treacherous, although no more hazardous than obstacles commonly found in other races. The object lesson here is that it is unwise to go all-out on unfamiliar courses until all hazards are identified.

rode the course backwards, on one wheel, blindfolded, and with both hands tied behind their backs. In spite of this exaggeration, they still made it look easy.

After the trials most riders and spectators retired back to the staging area, where local freestyle riders tortured a few bikes for everyone's amusement, accompanied by the consumption of vast quantities of beer on the part of the spectators.

Day two featured the distance race

starting at two in the afternoon. It was originally scheduled for three laps of the thirteen mile circuit, but at the last merciful minute it was shortened to two at the request of the pro element. The afternoon start gave the crowd plenty of time to set up the biggest tailgate party ever seen at a bike race. By racetime the number of spectators was in the thousands, anywhere from 2000 to 4000 depending on whose estimate is accurate. One measure of the crowd is the fact that the local Budweiser distributor was one of the sponsors, and still the beer booth ran dry. One spectator asked me whether this was like a race in the states.

"Not really. Usually we have the race first, then the party."

By race time everyone was plenty ready. Joe Murray and Max Jones warmed up by taking a wind-surfing lesson within sight of the starting line. Dave Arbogast did the obligatory automotive assault, riding over a beached GM whale, pausing to do a little two wheel slam dancing on the top. The crowd went wild. Next he pounded a picnic table into submission. Then he had to stop and sign autographs, either on baseball hats, tee-shirts, or the small Specialized flags stuck in the ground to delineate the starting zone, which were all immediately torn out of the ground and presented for a signature.

Just before the race started I got on

the too-small and completely hammered Rockhopper and headed out to take pix. The nature of the course allowed me to intersect the riders at several points on each lap by cutting across, so I caught the action in a couple of locations near the start, then headed out for the more remote trails that wound through the densely overgrown hills above a beautiful cove.

The Rockhopper was becoming a liability, since the headset was completely shot, the 17-inch frame was six inches smaller than my bike, and the bottom bracket creaked like a haunted house. Finally, I abandoned it, stashing it in the bushes and hoofing it up the road a few hundred yards. While I did this, I remembered that I had been warned repeatedly by the locals not to leave anything around that I wanted to keep, but the only people in this remote area were those in the bike race, right? I took the chance. Because the course markings were designed to be read by riders going the other direction, I wandered off course for a few minutes, an error that turned out to be significant.

So now you are thinking, "I'll bet I know what comes next." Wrong.

The pro race leaders came by on their second lap, led by George Theobald with Joe Murray in second place about a minute back. I took my

Continued on page 30



Charles Kelly

Continued from page 29

photos, and headed back to the bike. To my relief I saw it where I had left it in the bushes. I waved to the sweep vehicle which passed me as I approached it. Then I saw to my horror that the front tire was off the rim! The tube was wrapped around the handlebars! Sabotage! I whistled and screamed at the sweep vehicle rolling down the road, but the occupants had the windows up and the air conditioning on, and the CB was crackling. They disappeared around the corner.

I surveyed the situation. No pump. The tire wasn't even a Ground Control any more. It looked as though someone had switched wheels on me. I took a deep breath. The situation wasn't really life-threatening, unless I found the guy who did it. No need to panic.

There was a need for considerable profanity, however. I accompanied this with a few well directed kicks to the machinery.

Limited options. I decided to ride the bare rim until the bike stopped, then I would kick it the rest of the way. I pulled the tire the rest of the way off the rim and wrapped it in a figure-eight around my shoulders.

If the bike was uncomfortable before, with the too-small frame and the hammered headset, riding with the bare rim just about squared my displeasure. This might not really have been a problem, but I was also toting a few hundred pounds of cameras, which is all it takes to get one good shot.

My slow pace on the alternately rough and sandy surface gave me plenty of time to ponder the situation and plan my revenge when I found the thief. Suddenly, the sound of an engine, and the sweep vehicle reappeared coming back up the road! Saved!

The driver told me that the rider who had taken my bicycle had sent them back for me. I corrected him as we loaded the bike in the back. "He just took the wheel."

"No, he took the bike. Look again."

I looked, and on closer inspection it was true, it was another Rockhopper, same size and color and also with a hammered headset, but it was not the same bike.

As I pieced the amazing story together later, a rider in the race who was mounted on another of Tom Hillard's Specialized loaners had been trudging through the heat for half an hour with a flat tire, when to his utter and complete amazement, he came across an identical bicycle in working condition and no one around. (The only reason he had not seen me was that I had missed the trail marker and for a few minutes had gone up a side road.)

Being a religious sort, the man could conclude only one thing; his prayers had been miraculously answered.



Charles Kelly

Follow-Up

Dear SeeKay,

...I hope my second real bailout doesn't negate or diminish the first. I'd have written something on that one if I could have remembered anything. The fact that I was out cold was a major blessing. I'm sure glad that Joe has such a gruesome tale to tell. Poor guy!

I'm doing much better. They've been taking great care of me here at the OTC. My stitches are out and

no, I don't look like the Bride of Frankenstein as I'm sure many people imagine. They did a good sewing job down there in P.R.

I'll be in a cast for quite a while but hopefully when it's cut below the elbow I can ride. I'll be on the road until my broken vertebra has healed itself. Then it's back to the trails. I have not been deterred!

Kimberlee Caledonia
Olympic Training Center

Without questioning the source, whose ways after all are too mysterious for mere mortals, he humbly accepted the heavenly gift, and continued on his way. Of course he realized that the bike had not exactly dropped from heaven, because God would have at least tightened the headset, so he informed the sweep driver as soon as he made contact.

When I arrived at the start-finish, the news of the escapade had already gone out over the CB network. At this point, I still didn't have all the details though. I unloaded the bike, and when I saw Tom Hillard on the other side of the parking lot, I threw it as far as I could in his direction. He and Kevin Norton sat and smirked as it bounced past them.

They filled me in, and a little later the actual rider came and offered apologies so abject that I had to tell him to stop. For most of the participants, this was the best story to come out of the race.

Meanwhile, back at the race, George Theobald had won handily, followed in order by Murray, Summers, Andrews

and Jones. The first of the local riders was not far behind. Wico Colom works for sponsor Por Fuera, and had practiced on the course for four months hoping to give the pros a surprise, but even out of their element, they were too tough—this time. Wico put in a strong ride, and he was encouraged enough by his performance to announce that he was going to follow these guys back to the states and challenge them at a few races on their own turf.

Although the terrain was reasonably challenging, the heat was a major factor in the race, even among the locals who were used to it. The temperature was particularly hard on riders like Max Jones, who had come directly from the Sierra Nevada, where he runs a cross-country ski area. Riders who didn't tote enough water found themselves severely dehydrated and were for the most part reduced to trudging up the last few hills, slopes that they could have ridden easily had they been more refreshed.

MORE DIRTY DOGGEREL

The official Sanctified racing organizations have had a field day ripping "Outlaw" mountain bike events. Such events, they say, do serious harm to the sport and our image, as well as presenting opportunities for uninsured personal damage. Liability runs rampant. From the standpoint of the mainstream of cycling, this is the absolute truth.

Of course, had there never been unsafe, unsanctioned, uninsured, uninhibited and underground outlaw events, the sanitized version of mountain bike racing would never have been possible. And in spite of the sanctification and sanitization of the sport, outlaw events still exist, people who participate in them get hurt, there isn't any redress for such injuries, and the promoter might even be a scam artist.

While we sympathize with anyone who gets hurt by participating or otherwise running afoul of such events, which of course aren't held to any set of standards, they are an important part of the mountain bike subculture, and the list of people who have raced in them (and still do) includes most of the top names in Sanitized racing. While NORBA staggered around with insurance problems in the early part of 1986, many of the riders who made a major impact on the season tuned up at outlaw events, which were the only game in town. As the NORBA bureaucracy becomes more entrenched, small-time promoters and club leaders will be more inclined to stage low-key and unSanitized races rather than put up with the hassle and expense of Sanctifying them.

All the foregoing is meant to serve as an introduction to the following free verse, part 17 of Victor Vincente of America's ongoing epic poem (he has been adding to it since 1982) entitled:

"A Dirt Road Rider's Trek Epic"

(Part 17)

Show up at this event in November,
Something promoted by Mr. Outlaw.
Outlaw races are a thing of the past? Not so.
Not even in 1991.

No insurance, no helmets required for a
downhill race?

No land use permission?

Everything seems suspect.

Sign-in sheet states: "I accept responsibility
for my safety upon entering today's event."

Here's hoping no one sustains a serious
injury.

Must be over a hundred riders out here
today;

Every hotshot from three counties plus some
from out of state.

86th off the line, but don't even have a
number.

Sure hoping to not crash.

Road looked rather rocky on the way up.

Loose sand at the start, and rocks in the first
curve.

Now, rocks, sand, and ruts in the steep part.

Here's a smooth, fast section, but off-camber.

This downhill racing is no easy stuff!

Dangerous!

Now a raven flies alongside, overhead,
curious.

Now let the spirit fly, be free, to be one with
the Raven,

To see through Raven eyes, as Raven sees
through these,

And pilots this machine through this curve.

Here comes a real speed run, the one with
the killer whoop-te-do.

Some crowd down there waiting to witness
any crashes...

Apply a little brake so as to not get out of
control—too much air time...

Hey, a bike in the road and some poor dude
wiped out,

Lying in the road, with people checking out
his head.

Hey, he looks like that infiltrator,

That spy traitor from DIRTSCAM!

Looks like he needs medical attention!

Catastrophic!

Ah, only another half mile to go. Oh,

An ambulance on its way up, okay.

Hoping for a fast time, so put out, all out, to
the finish line.

Shout out name to the guy with the
clipboard?

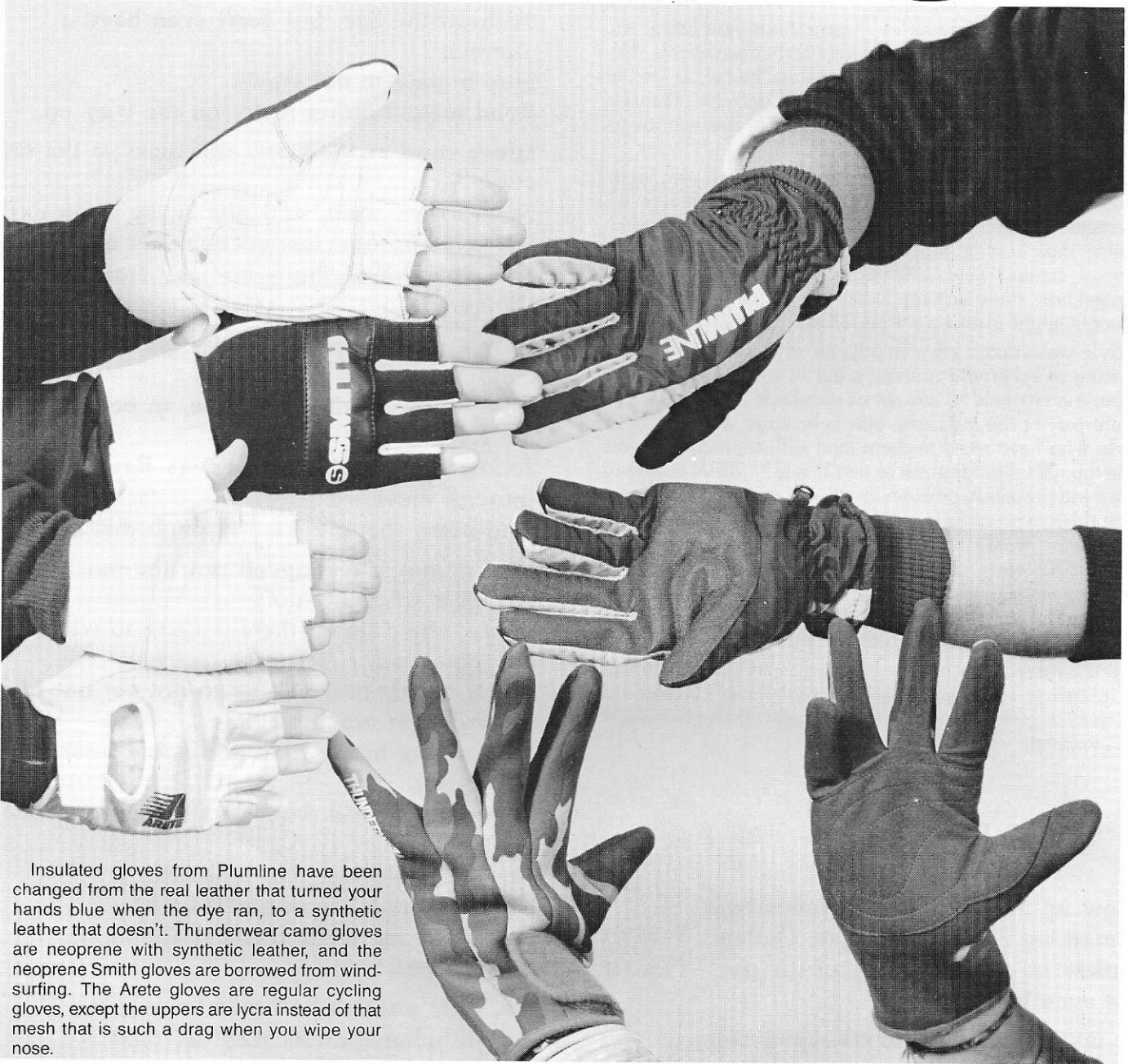
What? No one at the line?

No finishing time?

Wonder what happened to Mr. Outlaw and
his henchmen.

Reckon he fled the scene; took the booty,
skipped across the border.

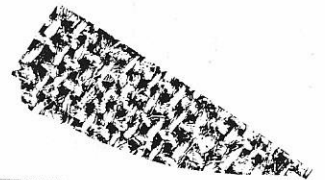
NEW PRODUCTS

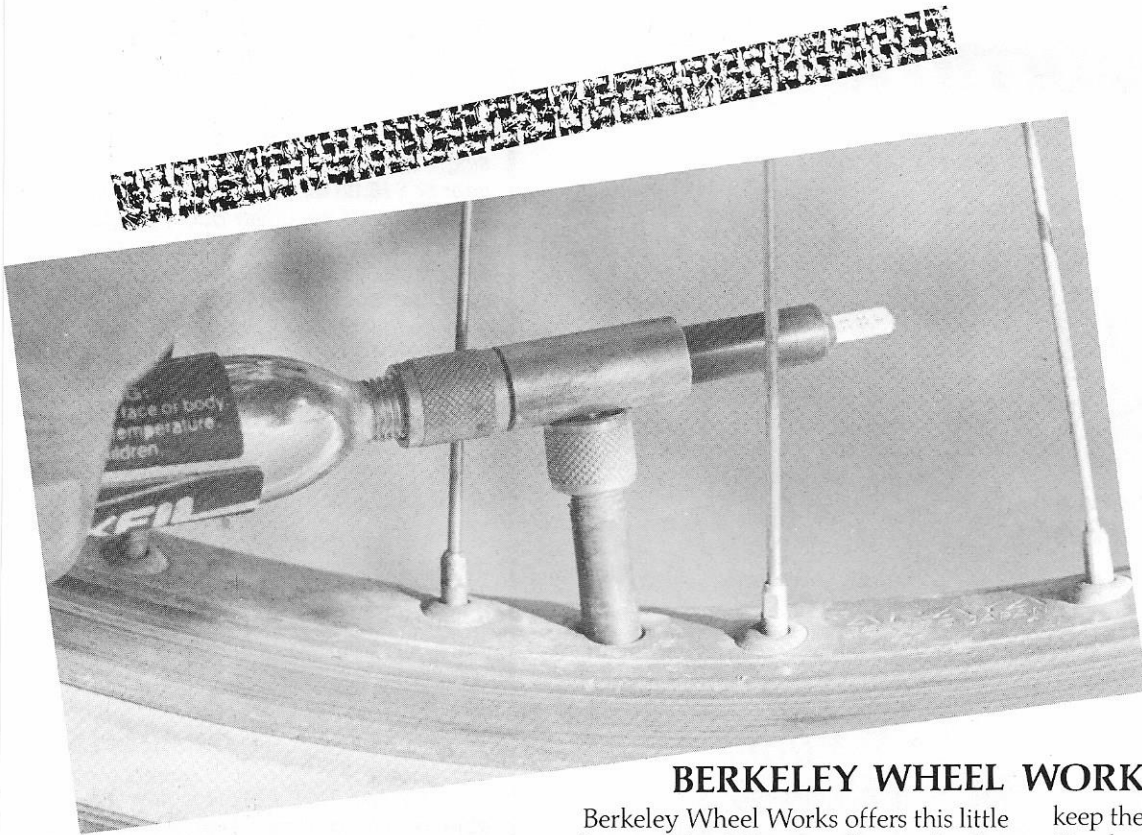


Insulated gloves from Plumline have been changed from the real leather that turned your hands blue when the dye ran, to a synthetic leather that doesn't. Thunderwear camo gloves are neoprene with synthetic leather, and the neoprene Smith gloves are borrowed from windsurfing. The Arete gloves are regular cycling gloves, except the uppers are lycra instead of that mesh that is such a drag when you wipe your nose.

Ambrosio's Aero rim is sleek and strong and comes in anodized colors. This is beefy, not a superlight profile. Ikes and ten speed drive sources.
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or
10 Speed Drive





BERKELEY WHEEL WORKS INFLATOR

Berkeley Wheel Works offers this little refinement for CO₂ tire inflation. It takes about one and one half of the usual cartridges to fill a balloon tube. The usual procedure is to modulate pressure by quickly unscrewing a semi-cryogenic cylinder just as the tube reaches the allowable limit. This combination valve and pressure gauge allows the rider to control the pressure more exactly and

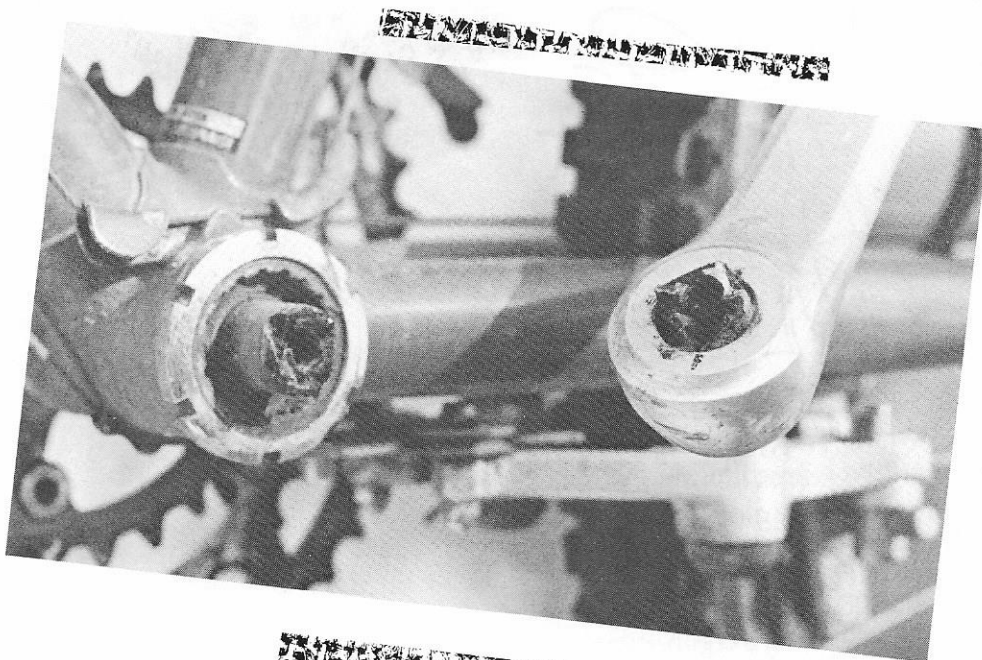
keep the leftover gas for the next incident. Simple screw-on relief valves are available from other sources to control over pressurization but they just vent off the excess, wasting about a half cylinder for every inflation.

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NEW PHIL SPINDLE

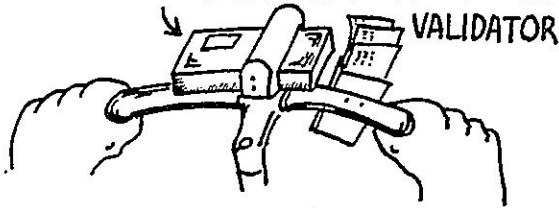
Phil Wood replaces broken parts. He then inspects the tragic wreckage, and keeps count to see whether it is a random peak of abuse or a continuing pattern. In the case of the spindle of his popular sealed bottom bracket, strong, or heavy, or strong and heavy mountain bikers were breaking enough of them to require a closer look. An initial evaluation didn't point to any specific problem with the design, technique or the 4130 steel material. The choice was then to exhaustively study the grain structures, material quality, and procedures to positively identify the nature of the failure or simply to upgrade to a more shock-resistant precipitation hardened stainless steel. The Phil spindles are now stainless. If you are tough enough to break one of these he will replace it, and we want to hear about how you managed to do it.

Phil Wood
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San Jose, CA 95110
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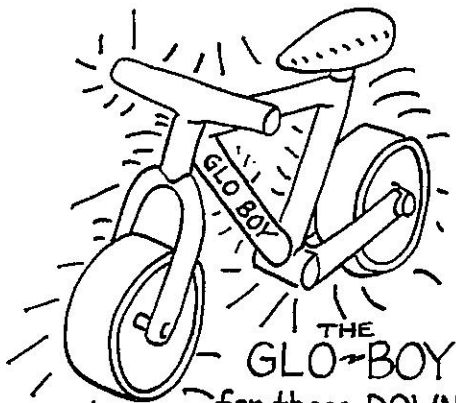
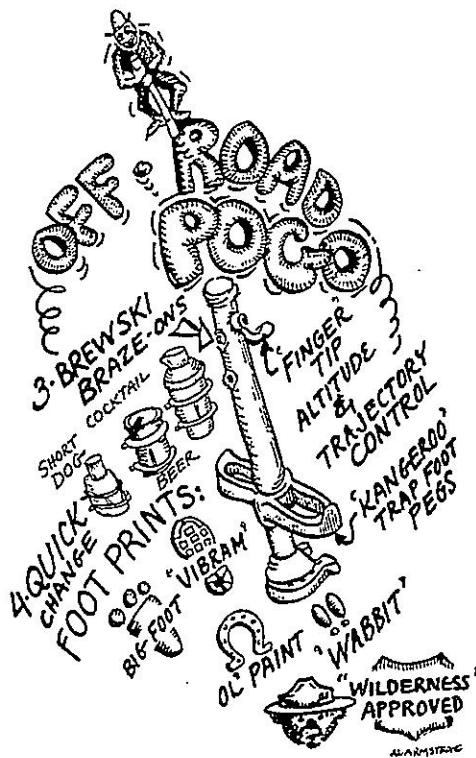


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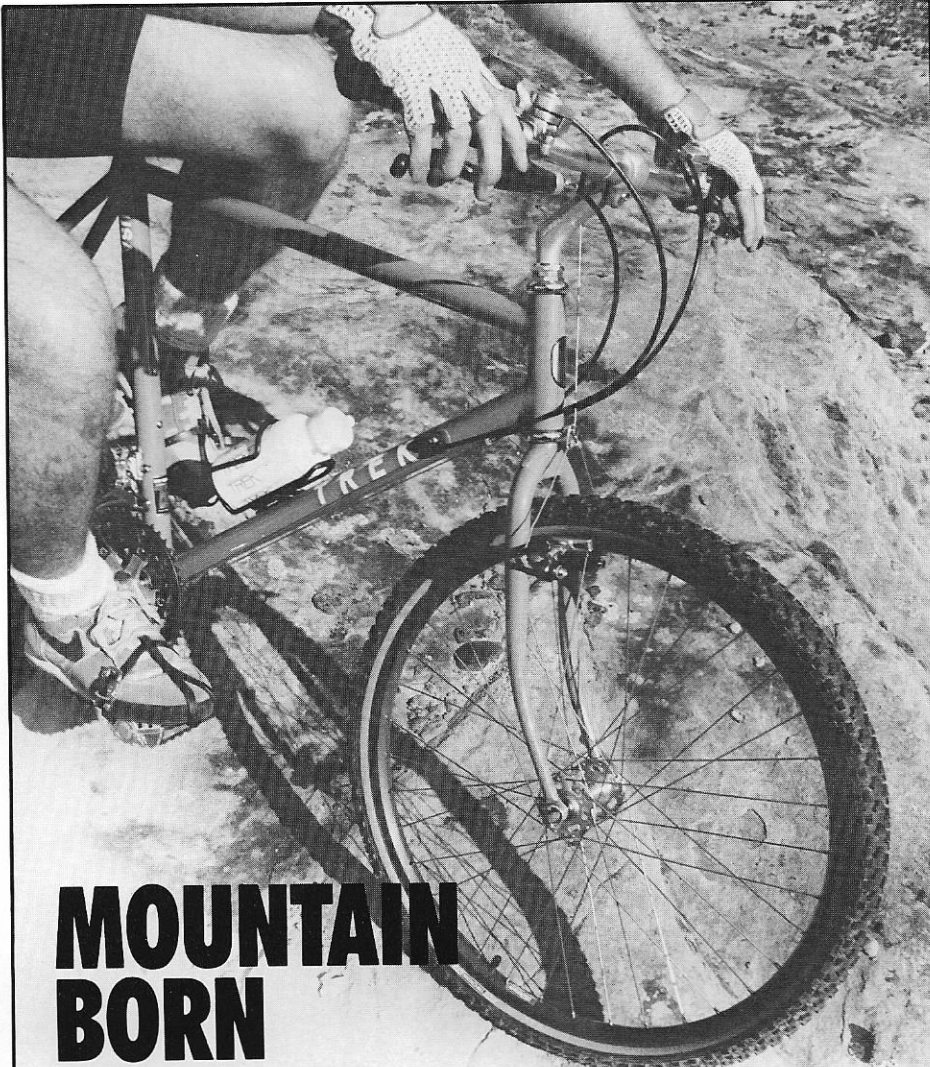
CUSTOM CUSSINESS

We just got off the phone after talking to one of the most frustrated mountain bikers in the country. This poor guy wants a custom frame made of something other than steel, like aluminum or titanium. (Don't ask us why. We don't make this stuff up.) What he wound up with was unobtanium. He spoke to two custom off-road frame builders who have gone to some lengths to advertise that they do this kind of exotic bike work (for a price) and made his decision, and having plunked down a deposit, he waited, and waited, and... The first guy he ordered from finally returned his deposit, which may be honest, but it doesn't get this guy riding.

So he called the other guy up. Sure, no problem. What color do you want? And then he waited a few more months, and he's still waiting.

Perhaps the most frustrating part of this rider's experience is the runaround he has been getting over the phone. "The bike's at the painter's. We'll ship next week." Next week: "The dumb turkey painted the bike the wrong color, so we sent it back. We'll ship next week." Next week: "We were just about to ship it, and we found a flaw in the welding, so we're preparing another frame. We'll ship next week." And so on, ad infinitum, one excuse after another, each one adding a week or two to the delivery schedule until the riding season is suddenly over. We might point out that the people he has dealt with have reputations for fine workmanship, but unfortunately they also have reputations for delivering a year later than initially projected, and then occasionally delivering the wrong bike.

If this were an isolated incident it wouldn't deserve ink, but it is not. One of the builders in question has lost tens of thousands of dollars worth of sales (along with his biggest and formerly most enthusiastic dealer) because of his sloppy delivery practices. We can't offer a remedy for the situation, but we certainly sympathize. We suggest you check into average delivery times before ordering from a custom builder. Before sending your deposit, see if the builder can give you the name of a previous customer you can check with.



MOUNTAIN BORN

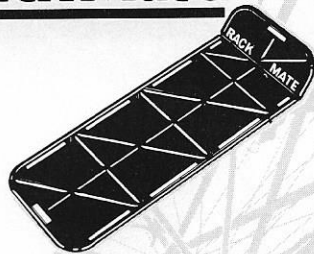
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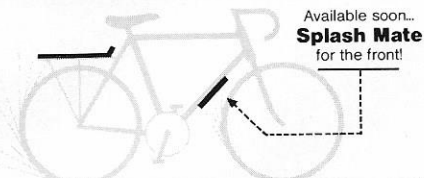
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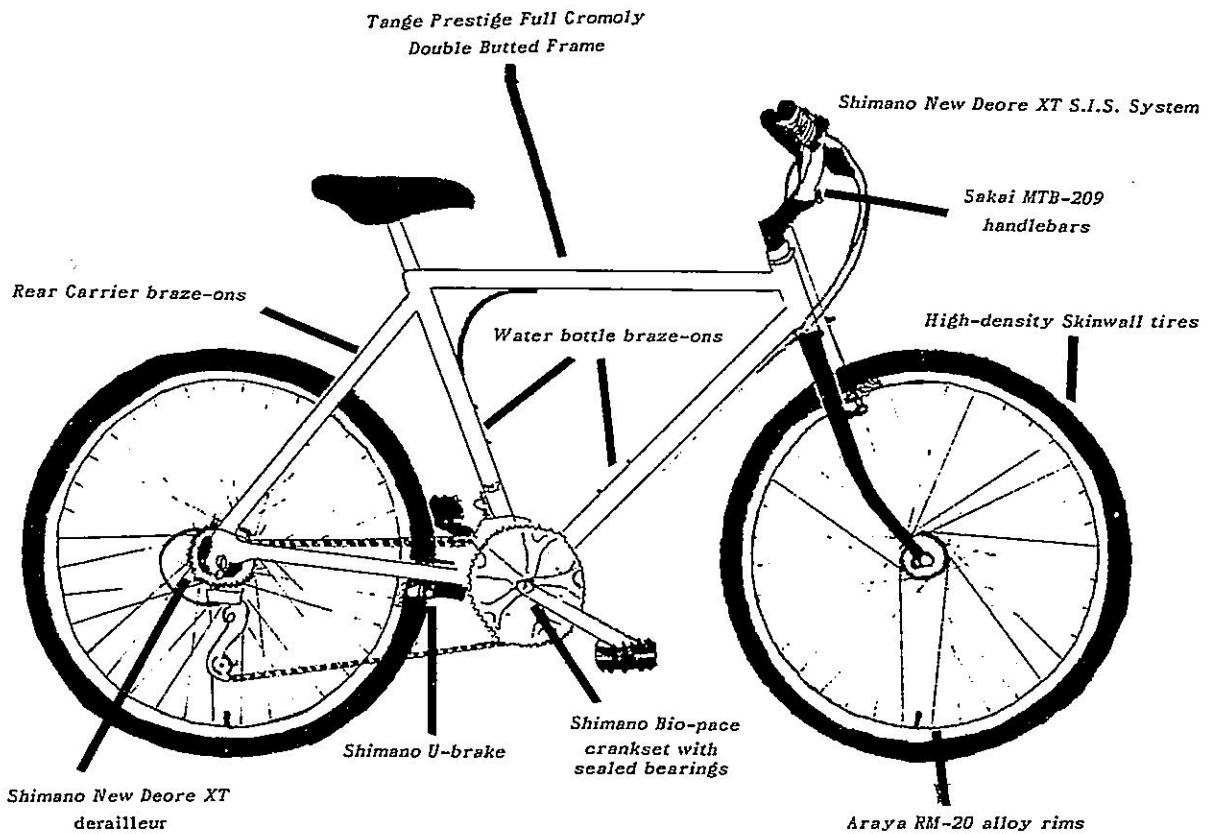
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Tomac Look Alike Contest

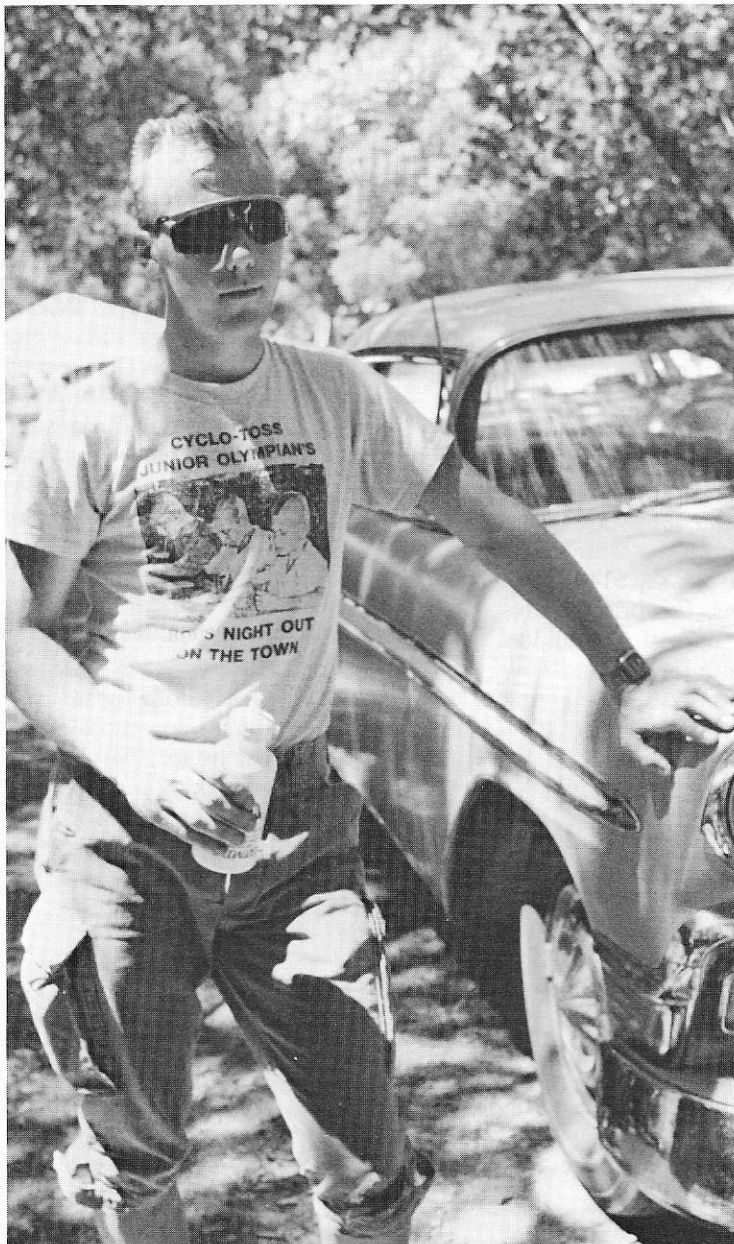
We're wasting otherwise good ink and paper here to announce our "John Tomac Look-Alike Contest." Now, we realize that the bulk of our readers have never met or seen John Tomac, don't care a hoot about mountain bike racing, and are now saying, "So what? I don't even know what he looks like and I don't care a hoot about mountain bike racing. Besides, what's the first prize?"

Those are excellent questions, and we have no intention of answering them, now or ever. But we'll give you a hint as to what he looks like. Boot camp with Oakley shades. Survivor of a scalping. (Check out our photo, or every page of every issue of *Mountain Bike Hysteria*.) Just so it's on the record, John is a great guy and a credit to his race, and we wish his sponsor would purchase this space in the future.

Send your photos, drawings or descriptions to us, and we'll make some sort of arbitrary decision which will be as final as it is unfair. You can enter as many times as you like, as long as you remember that it doesn't cut any ice with us if you do.



Woodward John



Don Merte

Tomac look-alike contest rules:

All photos will become exclusive property of the *Fat Tire Flyer* and may appear there or elsewhere in print.

Anyone can enter, any of our advertisers or their agents are also welcome to shave their heads for the world to see.

The prizes are several, tangible and material but unspecified.

Notoriety is guaranteed.

Entries will be judged on all pertinent features, hair length and contour, youthful confidence and appropriate sunglasses.

A '46-'56 Chevy backdrop isn't mandatory, but it wouldn't hurt either.

The deadline for entries is August 31, 1987. Winners will be notified by mail by September 30, and will appear in the following issue of the *Flyer*. Our decisions will be final.

If you can't ride like him, maybe you can look like him.

Send the photo of your likeliest likeness with name and address to:

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Fat Tire

All the news that's Fat to print

UNUSED SCRIPTS

It seems a shame sometimes that we can't publish all the stuff that passes across our desk and piles up in the corners. Good stuff, great stories, photos, and so on, but for some reason they just don't quite get into Fat print. Perhaps we already had another piece on the same subject, or perhaps we just screwed up and ignored pearls of literature.

We don't throw it away though. It goes into our massive bank of file cabinets, the definitive library on the fat-tire subject which also includes everything else on the subject that made it into print. And when we get tired of reading our own stuff, we browse through the files of rejected manuscripts for little gems of interesting reading. These unpublished accounts are the real heart of the mountain bike experience, most being very personal stories that remind us of our own fat tire initiations.

It seems a shame that we are the only people who get to mine this treasure trove of cultural information; the sheer bulk of paper often intimidates visitors to our HQ to the point where they don't look at any of it, they just compliment us on the size of the pile. It's a lot like having the world's biggest ball of string. So, here's the offer, grad students. If you really need a look at these files, just ask. But remember, you must be present to win, since we're not going to bring them to you! (Rival publications need not apply.)

We encourage subscribers who run across local news accounts or stories on mountain bikes to clip them and send them to us. If you're the first to submit something we didn't already have, we'll tack a couple more issues onto your subscription.

BOLD NEW HANDLEBAR

While drop handlebars aren't that common on mountain bikes, they have been to date unheard-of on imported production bikes. Most mountain bikes with drop bars are either custom bikes or the bars have been added by the rider after the purchase. That's why Bridgestone's new competition model with drops is such a departure, and even an indication that these guys are not clones of everything they see.

Of course, the hype in the brochure is a little extreme. "...nothing beats a good pair of heat-treated drop bars, and a tall stem with a short extension." Nothing, except last year's national champions.

And speaking of innovative mass-manufacturers, *Specialized* is now bringing out a custom, hand-made competition mountain bike with a frame by *Dave Tesch*. The cost is about the same as for any other hand-made job, say \$1400-plus, depending on options. This brings things full circle; a bunch of custom builders have started importing frames, and now the original mass-producer is building custom frames. Weird.

MADE-UP FACTS

We can't help getting steamed now and then when we read purported historical references to mountain bikes or their riders that are complete fiction. By putting these "facts" in print, irresponsible publications give them the ring of authenticity, which makes our job of telling our version of the truth even harder.

The latest offense comes from a mainstream cycling publication that is one of the three or four biggest in the U.S. As background material for a piece on mass-produced mountain bikes, the writer

refers to Marin County, California as a place where in the early days "...folks like Joe Breeze, Scott Nichol (sic), and Charlie Cunningham found great fun riding Schwinn cruisers..." Now, aside from spelling (speling?) both of Scot Nicol's names wrong, two thirds of that statement is pure fiction. Neither Scot nor Charlie Cunningham participated in the activities ascribed to them, since Scot didn't live in Marin, and since Charlie would be the first to admit that he never rode an old cruiser. So where do they get these "facts?" Not from us, and since they are not in fact facts, someone is making this stuff up. But we'll bet they turn up later with the cited reference in someone else's article.

THINK SNOW

As the snow melts and turns the ground to a sea of mud, we'll flog winter for one last reflection. It will be back. Winter mountain bike racing, that is, such as the Iditabike race reported in this issue as well as several other snow races around the frost belt. Before mountain bikes came along, many rabid bikies had to put their skinny-tired road bikes in the closet for several months each year. It just isn't possible to ride a skinny tire effectively in the snow. Can you imagine riding narrow HP tires on ice? No way, Guiseppe. But you can do it on studded fat tires.

Now of course, everyone who deserves the name "cyclist" has both a road bike that never gets ridden any more and a mountain bike that he (or she) rides all winter instead of breaking out the skinny skis as in years past.



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BUSTED, BY GAR

A couple of issues back we used a pair of drawings to illustrate how the high flange on the right side of a Wilderness Trail rear hub helps keep the dish to a minimum. The trouble is, as astute reader **Bob Freeman** of Elliott Bay Bicycles (free plug for finding mistakes) so acidly pointed out, it only works that way when the wheel has a radial spoking, and as we all know, there are no rear wheels with a radial spoking on the right side. Thus, what passed for wisdom was in fact partly crap. We hope this misinformation didn't cost too many lives.

DEAD/FAT-HEADS

Our deep-cover mole in the Cannondale factory sent a carrier pigeon with the following coded message: "Grateful Dead ordered ten mountain bikes. Eat this note." We didn't eat the note because it came strapped under a pigeon, but we checked with our mole in the Grateful Dead.

It turns out that they did in fact order ten bikes. Most of them will go to members of the sound company, **Ultra-sound**, an avid bunch of off-riders who will be blown away to see the name of their company here; four bikes will travel with the band as spares for use as transportation around some of the larger stadiums on the schedule. The sound crew and guitarist **Bob Weir** all own Fisher bikes, but since their "good" bikes take a beating traveling in the truck, they decided that they wanted a few lower priced models to take on the road.

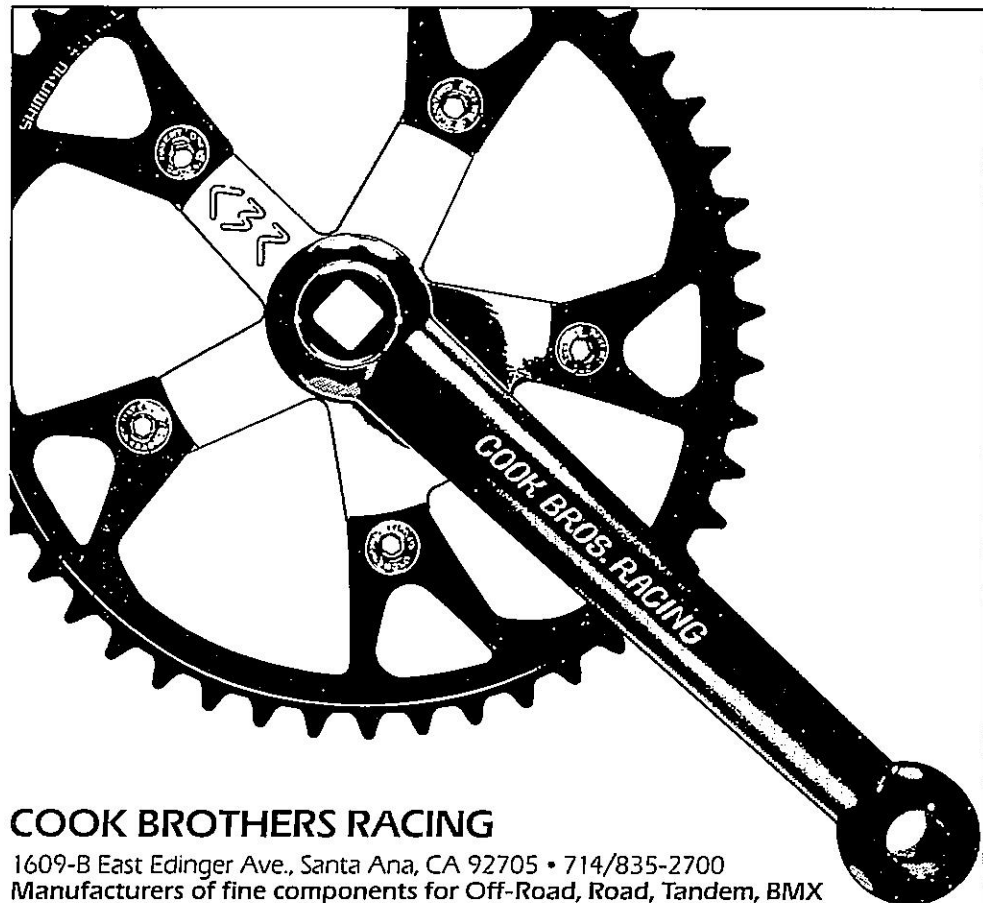
COPYRIGHT POLICE

The advertising artist putting together copy for the obscure publication probably thought we would never see a copy of "(we don't give free plugs) *Magazine*," which is distributed only to left-handed Lithuanians with red hair. But we see everything, and smack in the middle we found a drawing that we had contracted an artist for. The clever plagiarist had cut off the copyright mark, but we know our stuff wherever we see it, and the unfortunate artist is now serving 99 years and he's lucky he didn't get life. So, watch out for the FTF copyright police, because we know where your mother lives.

ENVIRONMENTAL AWARENESS

In response to a recent backlash of access denial to mountain bikers in such great areas for riding as Boulder, Colorado and even our own Marin County, California, the National Off-Road Bicycle Association implores industry members to include the "NORBA Code" in all printed matter accompanying sales of mountain bikes or related products. The only kicker is that you're supposed to get written permission (for copyright purposes), available for just a phone call to their HQ, before committing it to print. Of course, this would mean that the NORBA name or logo would also appear on all these packages as free advertising. Wonder if they thought of that...

The Code is merely a written statement of all the ways mountain bikers should be responsible while riding away from paved roads. You know the rules: don't go too fast for conditions, don't offend people (or their livestock), and don't burn the place down or throw garbage around. If you can't go along with advertising for NORBA, you can use our version as stated in this paragraph without bothering us for permission or using our logo.



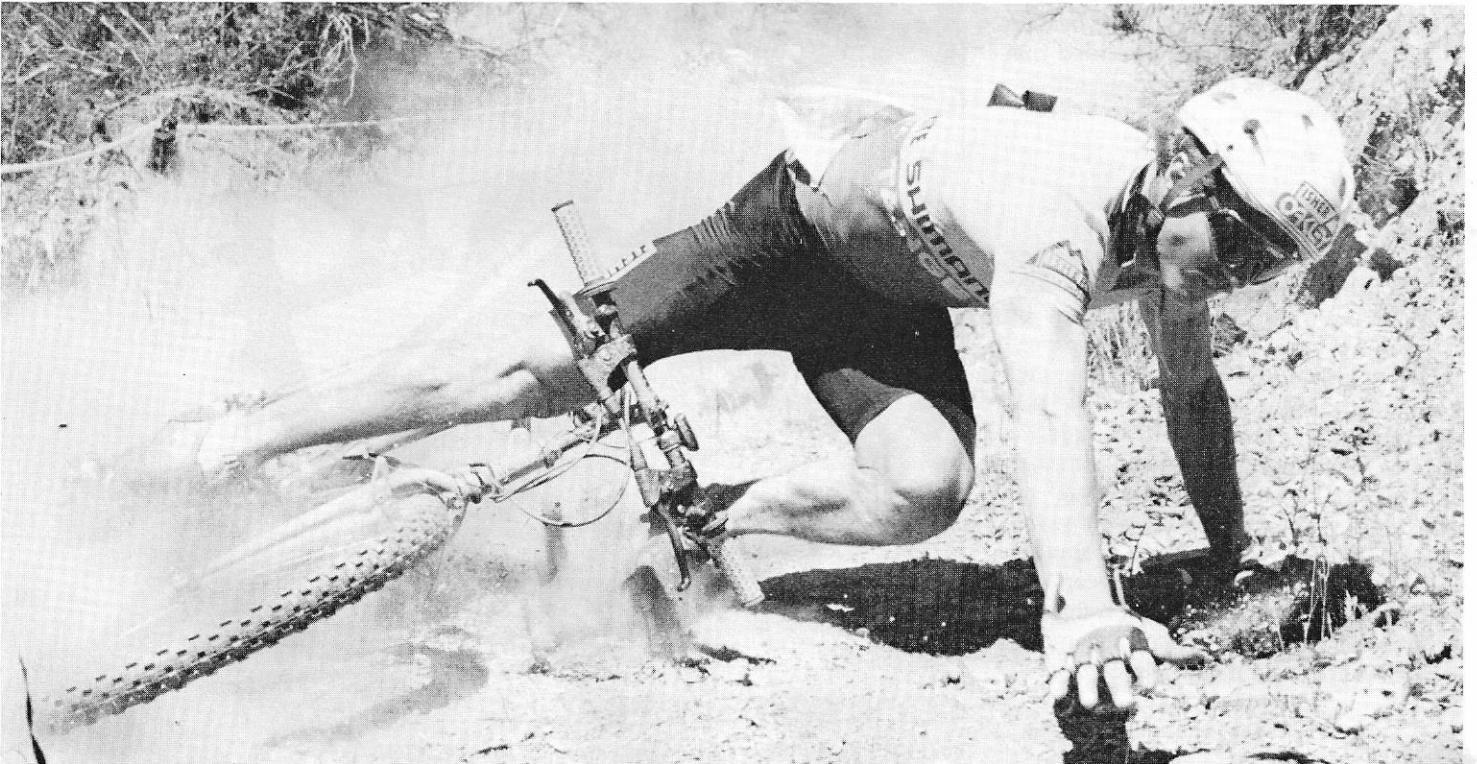
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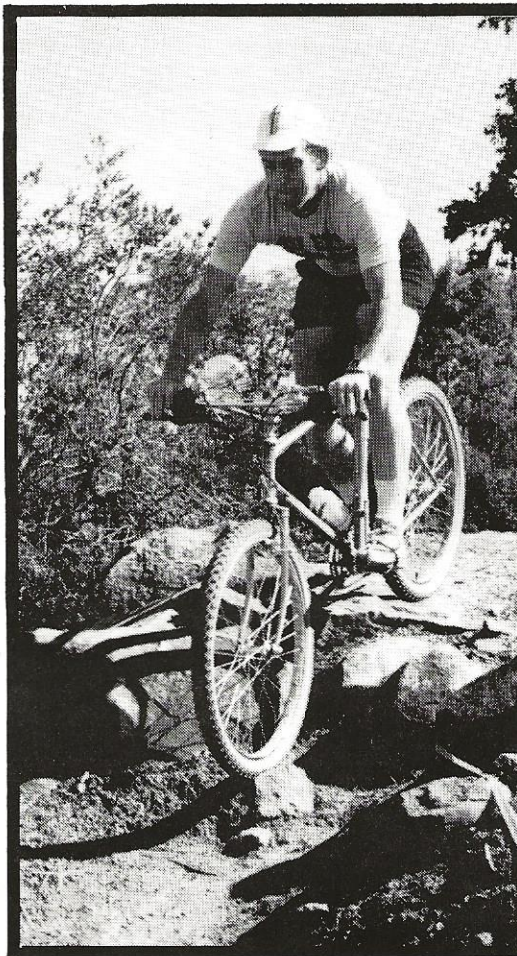
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Mike Kloser grabs some air just before grabbing a handful of dirt.



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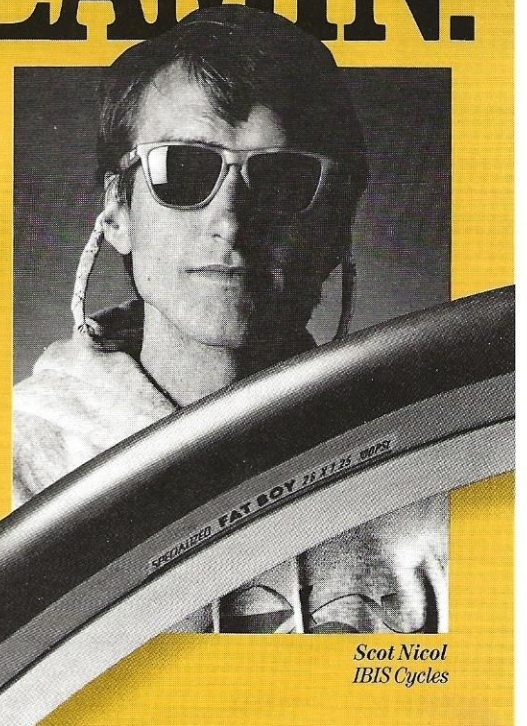
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BACK ISSUES

We couldn't possibly take the time to answer everyone individually who has asked about back issues, so we'll do it here. Some issues are out of print and out of stock, never to be seen again except by the fortunate few who subscribed early. We do have available copies of some of our back issues. You will be relieved to know that the price indicated includes postage, which costs us more than the bulk rate we use for your subscription copy. Price is **\$2.50** per copy. Outside the U.S., add **\$1.50** (U.S.) for each copy.

Since we know you would never cut your **FAT TIRE FLYER**, especially if this ad interests you, duplicate this page to order the back numbers.



March-April 1982
(Cyclo-Cross, Ricky Cha, Mud-Pup)

May-June 1982

(Resenda-to-the-Sea, Coyote Derby, San Anselmo Race, Ricky Cha, MudPup)



July-August 1982
(Race Reports, Carmel Valley Clunker Tour, Here Come the Kids, Ricky Cha MudPup)

January-February 1983
(The Wheel Thing, Crested Butte Tour, Las Vegas Show, Tech Tips, Fat Tires Explode in America)



March-April 1983
(Gearing, NORBA, Glossary, Balmly the Frog, TechTips, Products)

July-August 1983

(Of Bikes and Men...and One Crazy Lady, Brake Review, TechTips, Frames...Why Custom?, MudPup, Shimano Grand Prix, Poetry Corner)



January-February 1984
(Crested Butte, Race Results, NORBA vs. USCF, Wreck Tips, TechTips, Race Reports, Trail Etiquette, MudPup)

July-August 1984

(Joe Murray Interview, Mudpup, TechTips, Wreck Trips, Whiskeytown Downhill, Tecate to Ensenda, Book Review)



September-October 1984
(Flyer Jets to Japan, Mulga Bill's Bicycle, Chequamegon Fat Tire Festival, Get Thee Behind Me, Mudpup, TechTips, To The Top Down Under)



February-March 1985
(Call to Perspective, Poetry Corner, Race Reports, Tecktips, Uncommon Options, FatNotes)

April-May 1985

(Fat Tire Touring, Al Farrell, Guest Opinions, Products, Uncommon Options, Punk Bike Enduro, FatNotes)



June-July 1985
(Biking in Brooklyn, Mountain Bike Anecdote, Fatnotes, Fat Fotos, Tech Tips, Products, Minority Opinion)

November-December 1985
(Kamikaze, Flume Trail, Bodfish, Moab Slickrock, Teck Tips, Wreck Tips, Sport Racin', USCFINORBA, Race Warp)



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(Trials Issue: Nicol, Norton, Earley, Teck Tips, Out to Launch, Ice and Snow, Wreck Tips; Bodfish, Mudpup, Mountains in MO, Fastest Chances, Ratios)



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To any and all Fat-Tired, creative persons! In order to provide a complete, well-rounded and objective publication, we need your help. Photographers, writers or just plain readers/riders, send us your stuff! Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs are always welcome as are letters or comments. Photographs should be in black and white.

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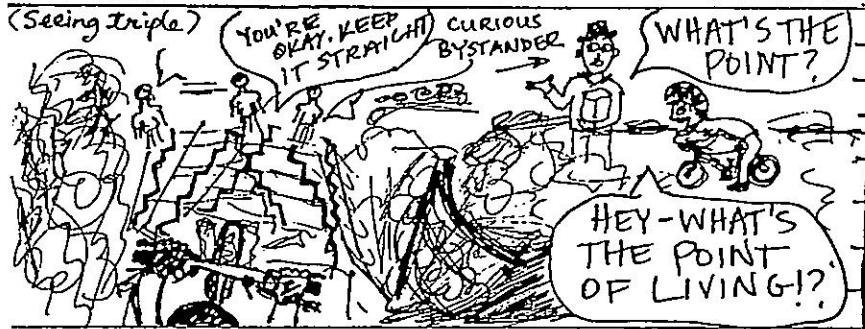
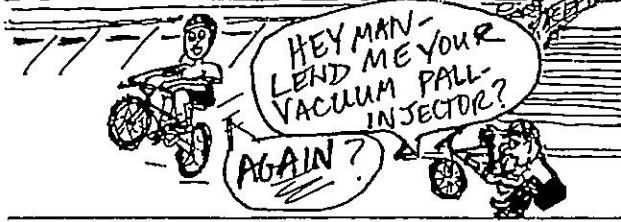
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*** (WHY ARE THE DERANGED CYCLISTS DERANGED?) (BMX PRO) ***

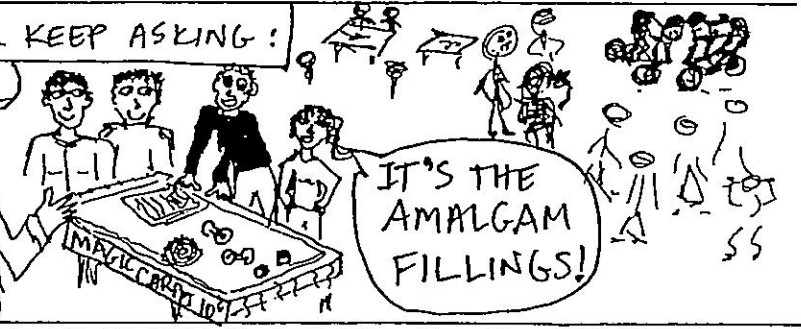
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Trials difficulties escalates. Now it takes three riders on a car to get attention. Promoters are also setting tougher problems for the pros.

Continued from page 23

close buddies as they had endured hardship together, and in some respects were not really racing against each other, since when one stopped to adjust clothing or even to admire the scenery, the other waited. But someone had to win this thing, and both felt that an agreed tie wouldn't be appropriate. They decided to sprint the last hundred yards or so across Knik Lake to the finish.

By the time they reached the finish they were ahead of even the more optimistic estimates of their arrival, and it was almost a surprise for those waiting when the two appeared on the far side of the lake in the long northern twilight. Both came out of the saddle to the sound of excited cheering from a dozen people at the finish line, and as they crossed, Zink was the winner by about two bike lengths.

Relaxing afterward over beers and mooseburgers in the Knik bar both riders allowed that for most of the distance it had been a team effort more than a competition between them, and although Zink was willing to call it a draw, Kloser wouldn't let him. "No way. You won it."

The next rider, Carl Tobin, finished nearly three hours later, having moved up a couple of places when Matz and Corson, who were ahead of him, went off the trail by mistakenly following the tracks of some of the riders who had quit the race. First woman Martha Kennedy, like Zink a resident of St. Paul, Minnesota (the two had trained together for the race) took an astonishing sixth place overall, arriving at 4:30 a.m. having once again pushed through the night alone.

Nels Johnson was the only real casualty. Although he is an experienced cold-weather rider, Nels checked the condition of his feet only because the checkpoint official suggested it, and he was shocked to find one of them blackened and frostbitten, the result of wearing too many pairs of socks which cut off the circulation. Nels was flown to an Anchorage hospital for treatment, where prompt attention saved his toes; Nels says he will be back next year.

In all, thirteen riders finished, the last taking over two days to cover the distance. Using the lessons learned, the Mountain Bikers of Alaska plan to make next year's race even better, and actually started the planning as soon as the last rider (organizer Dan Bull) finished.

There is no doubt in my mind that after an inaugural event that had a few rough edges, the Iditabike will in future years become a classic event of the sort that defines the human and mechanical possibilities of mountain biking far better than any number of lap races around parking lots for points. It may not be the national championship, but winning the Iditabike takes more strength, heart and soul on the part of the rider than any other fat tire event. And aside from winning, just finishing is a victory.

Iditabike Finishers

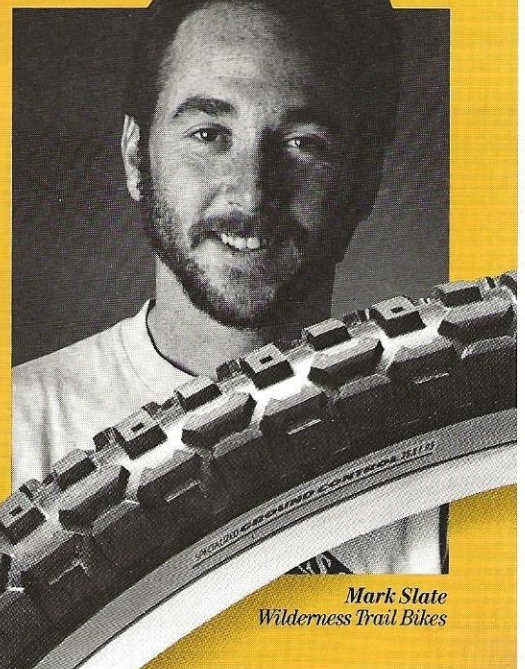
(Time includes six-hour mandatory rest)

1. Dave Zink (St. Paul, MN)	33:50
2. Mike Kloser (Vail, CO)	33:50
3. Carl Tobin (Fairbanks, AK)	36:43
4. Les Matz (Anchorage, AK)	37:11
4. (Tie) Mark Corson (Anchorage, AK)	37:11
6. Martha Kennedy (St. Paul, MN)	42:59
7. Mark Frise (LaCrosse, WI)	49:26
8. Phil Vigil (Fairbanks, AK)	50:47
9. Howard Drew , (Los Angeles, CA)	53:15
10. Wayne Lynch (Anchorage, AK)	53:46
11. Diane Munson (Fairbanks, AK)	55:57
12. Janet Niichel (Los Angeles, CA)	61:44
12. (Tie) Dan Bull (Anchorage, AK)	61:4 K

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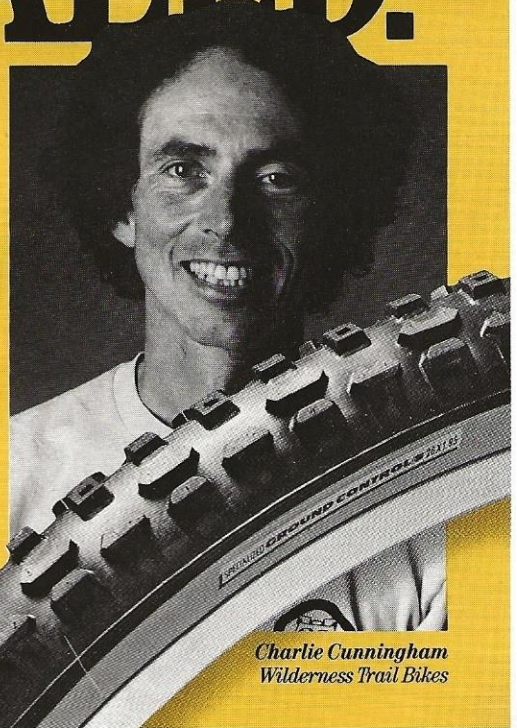
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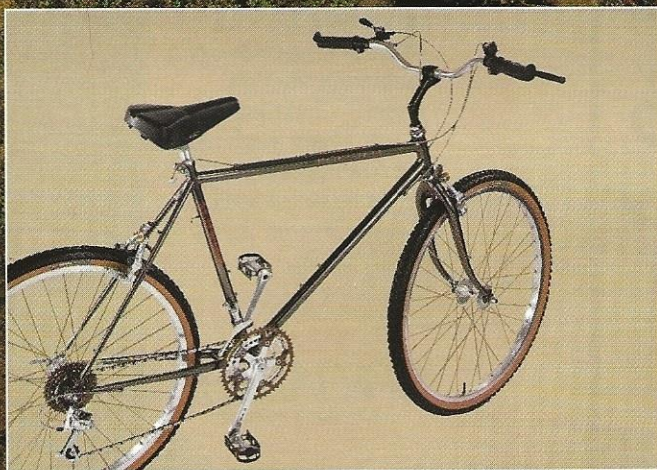
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