

Notes on Spokes

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Terry Brumley races up
a creek at MHSC race
at Marshfield

TID BITS

I had to get a new scanner. Last month's issue, unfortunately, had scratches in several of the pictures. Particularly the cover shot. So we'll see how well this one holds up. I don't think I'll be able to move the old one, though; the cat likes to use it as a perch.

I had never seen REV magazine before. But when I heard that Chadwick made the top 25 Best Places to ride, I had to pick one up. It turns out Chadwick was listed sixth by this magazine and Draper Lake, Oklahoma City, OK, came in 3rd. Then the August issue of Dirt Rider arrived at my house. And there is an article about riding in Arkansas. It seems the national magazines are finding out what we've known all along. There is some wonderful riding in the Ozarks.

If you aren't getting your free copy of Offroad Zone, shame on you. Go to www.offroadzonemag.com to subscribe. I got my first issue a couple of weeks ago. It covers the Missouri State Motocross Series, the Black Jack Enduro Series, the Missouri Hare Scramble Championship series and the Arkansas Hare

Scramble Championship series. Brian Jahelka, BJEC Webmaster, is doing a column. And the first issue had a nice article about Steve Leivan.

BJEC

There have been a couple of Black Jack Enduros that I got to ride in June. First, June 8th was the Train Robbers Enduro at Bismark, AR. How to say this? Well, things didn't go as planned. Having put on several enduros, I know how one little thing can mess up a whole enduro. The Arkansas Dirt Riders

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laid out three loops. The extra short course rode one. Short course riders rode two and Long course rode all three. That's how it was supposed to go. All three loops started at the same place and after a few miles down the course, they were supposed to take different trails. That's where the problem was; due to an injured rider, the arrows didn't get changed until about 12 rows had gone through. So now, the first twelve rows are re-riding the extra short course. The next 20 or so rows are riding the course. They stopped riders from going out after that. They also thought about having the long course riders go out and do the third loop after an hour delay. But that was voted down by the riders. The course was opened up for riding and it was an excellent course. Many folks went out for a trail ride and had a great time.

Several folks were pretty vocal saying negative things about club management. I know these folks and they are all outstanding individuals. And to the folks saying the negative things, if you are so smart, put on your own enduro.

I've got to tell you the story of Lucky Lowe. Lucky goes out and has a good ride on the extra short course and then, he has a major brain fart and shows up about ten minutes late for the second loop. Then his bike has a major electrical problem and stops running. Well, since only the extra short course counted, he ended up taking first BJEC in the B-Senior Class. Greg, you lucky dog.

The next stop on the BJEC tour was the Golden Eagle Enduro, Stillwater, OK. The Stillwater Trail Riders had a qualifier style event on a twenty-mile loop. The thing that made this event so much fun to ride had nothing to do with the promoters, sorry guys. They had just the perfect amount of rain on Saturday morning. The promoters did route around the few mud holes. They also laid out an excellent course making full

(Continued on page 10)

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WORCS

By Karl Harris

Moose Run! Wow, this is a tough one. Well, yeah, of course the race was tough, but I mean it's tough to get started writing about it. Not because of any lack of topics, it's really just one of those experiences that involves so many little book length stories that it's hard to find the end of one and unravel it onto the paper. I had intentions of writing just such a story about the first WORCS race I attended this spring in Gilmore, Texas; unfortunately I wound up throwing the yarn ball onto the floor and let the cat have at it! For those of you that haven't been fortunate enough to hear me spew forth unsolicited WORCS propaganda, I'll give a little unofficial background.

I am not real hip to the specifics, but here is what I know: 3 or 4 years ago a fellow by the name of Davey Coombs (seems like I have heard that name before) started up a new improved off-road race series that had intentions of including the whole of the off road community in one series. Seems he had the wild idea that there was more to the off road than just eastern tights and desert wides. He saw off-road guys as the type who could become versatile enough to race in the desert, trees, and not turn into whining little babies if they had to shoot off a double

and jump every now and then. Maybe he was inspired by those crazy Europeans that take so much joy in whipping our butts every year. I don't know, it's not for me to speculate, but what he came up with is a pretty simple formula for a good time on a dirt bike.

He started on the West coast and within the first few years he managed to solicit major factory involvement. The series has been building steam for the last few years and this year it has branched out into the no-mans land known as the Midwest to form a WORCS east division. Actually, Illinois is as far east as we'll go this year, but next year will likely see them head further into the heavily fortified eastern United States, an area long held in an off-road racing monopoly by another unnamed organization (still seems like I have seen that Coombs name somewhere).

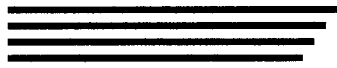
A fellow by the name of Bill Gusse heads up the eastern army of the WORCS. Bill, well let' just say the guy's not lacking in character or promotional wisdom. If you have ever held an off-road magazine subscription for longer than a year, you have no doubt seen his name associated with the Moose Run, an annual event held in Morrison, Illinois, that prides itself in being the "Tuffest race in America." Bill has somehow managed to make a few very important friends over the years. I don't know how he does it, but somehow he convinces a bunch of big name pros that coming to his race and torturing themselves for 3 hours in a log-infested mud pit only to have Chuck Woodford kick their butts, is FUN! Man, this guy is a salesman. Well, I get past all that and get on with my weekend.

The WORCS format is not yet completely set in stone. The West coast rounds are held similar to a western GP with the top A's from Saturday races qualified to race against the Big dogs in the Pro-class come Sunday. Saturday races have been approximately 3 quarters the distance of the Sunday race, I think. Well, actually I have no real proof of this. It doesn't really matter cuz I race the East coast and they have been set up just like 2 separate events for Saturday and Sunday. Saturday is the day for the little people, quads and the big bike age classes along with a class labeled "unclassified" which stands for pro-practice (there is no free practice.) The Saturday races may or may not be held on the Sunday course. In the case of the Moose Run they were not even held at the same location. You know, it may seem silly but I have no idea how long the race lasted on Saturday. I would assume they were about 1 hour and 45 minutes from the amount of fuel that I used, but that is not very exact. It's academic anyway. Cuz Saturday is more about the kids and C class than any serious A or Pro racing. Now like I said a paragraph ago, let's talk about the weekend

Things weren't starting out too well. All my buds that I hoped would go with me were either heading to Arkansas for the 17 mile enduro or had, um, let's just say I was about the only one

(Continued on page 4)

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(Continued from page 3)

of my buds that had a good week. (Mine was not all that great because my son Kale had his tonsils and adenoids removed on Tuesday.) So throwing caution, good judgment, and a fiscal responsibility to the wind, I corralled Bessie into the trailer, loaded up my 27-foot gas disposal unit and headed off by myself on a 500 mile journey to the land of mud. The drive was not too awful bad. I saw a lot of pretty country from the large bay style windshield of the "Arvey" (Kale's name for the afore mentioned gas disposal unit). I have been up 61 highway towards Kahoka before but somehow it seemed prettier this time. Well, the miles rolled by and twilight found me crossing the Mississippi River from Iowa straight into the thickest Illinois fog bank I've ever had the pleasure of driving through. About 2 hours later the fog lifted just in time to see the exit sign for Morrison Illinois. Just 2 to 3 miles later I was set up in a real nice RV parking area at the Saturday race site. The Wisenfel family pulled in about 10 minutes after me and I spent the rest of the evening trying to make myself sleep. (You know, you would think sleeping would be easier at this point)

I did manage to sleep a little but somehow managed to wake up before my alarm sounded. This is the part of the day that makes up for Arvey's gluttony. Ah, wake up, walk around in the undies with the heater on, microwave some breakfast, watch the local news for the weather report, take a hot shower, and lay on the couch for a while. Fuel bill, what fuel bill? Funny, I just cannot remember any of that fuel stuff now. Mr. Bill came by to collect some gate money and it is a good thing cuz I almost forgot I was at a race. I finally peeled my butt off the couch and headed outside to check things out. Wow, this weather is awesome and what a pretty place. It is typical Illinois flat with a park-like pit area bordered on the west by a row of snow-blocking pines, corn fields to the north, a MX track to the east and a beautiful farm house and barns at the southern entry point. I strolled up to the farm and stumbled into the "Bike Barn" and Roberta and her crew walked me through signup. The bike barn is by far the coolest signup tent I've ever seen. I'll leave it a mystery that you'll have to come up and see it for yourselves. It wasn't too long after sign up that Bill and his crew had the place hopping and they started off flagging 50's bright and early. The real little kids just had a little grass track and the MX track to ride. They appeared to be having almost as good time as Bill's cattle dogs that were taking great joy in herding the little tikes into the woods on the grass track. I chuckled for a while and decided to

head back to "Arvey" for a nap and a pre-race lunch break. Around 12:30 or so the big bikes headed off the starting line at the mud-drag strip. Yep, a real drag strip with lights and everything. They darted about 100 yards down the strip and railed a hard left onto a narrow bridge over the drainage ditch/mud pit lining the sides of the strip. A hard right and another 100 yards placed them onto the next ditch crossing this one was about 20' wide and six foot deep. Luckily they didn't have to ride through it. They had the pleasure of riding over it on one of five or six 10" wide I beams! Yep, I beams, you think dirt ruts stink, try a steel one that is bouncing like a trampoline under you! Once across the ditch they skirted a corn field and blasted away looking an awful lot like jet skis throwing huge streams of dirt roost for about a mile before disappearing into the distance timber. 15 or 20 minutes later they made their way back across the fields towards the MX track I watched them long enough to calculate the mud accumulation on the machines and the horror in their eyes. I calculated them to be about 50% on both counts and headed toward the starting line to have my own fun.

I entered the unclassified race this Saturday to see how fast the pros really are. I was lined up right next to a trick looking YZ-250 with the #2 on the plate and Zip Ty racing on everything else! I didn't know it at the time but it wasn't actually Ty but a buddy of his on his bike, but it was a cool feeling at the time. We got to start on the front row and once the flag dropped I found myself towards the back of the pack. Josh shot up front and a couple of blue bikes were following him along with a CRF. I decided I may as well try to chase them and Ol' Bessie actually reeled them in and passed the red one on the big front straight. I held onto the position for a while and actually was pounding their back tires once we were in the timber for a while. Then we came to the wild peat bog sections. This was a steep learning curve! Skirting the edges between the timber and the fields were these fields of waist-high weeds with a narrow trail cut through them, the surface of the ground resembled sandy whoops but it was some kind of black dirt. I mean black like the eight-ball shifter knob in your uncle's 57 Chevy! The trail twisted around like some kind of demented grass track. I managed to pitch it away about every third corner trying to find a fast way through the bogs (so called for their ability to suck the life out of any engine). After two laps of torturing myself I discovered the secret. Actually I discovered it while dicing with the king, Dick Burleson. Dick was riding a 125 through this stuff!

(Continued on page 5)

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(Continued from page 4)

Might I also add, faster than I. I watched him for a while and learned his secret. About the time I had it dialed, my previous crashing sessions caught up with me and my clutch perch started wobbling causing the lever to lock on the bark buster. I couldn't use it much. If I had to I would grab the perch, jerk it to the right as hard as possible which would give me a squeeze or two before locking up again. Lucky for me I own a KTM with a slick 6-speed tranny. I began rowing the box and forgetting about the clutch. This was working great for about a half of a lap. Until like an idiot I began slamming down through the gears every corner. Shift levers are relatively fragile pieces. They will only take so much! There I was stuck in fourth gear with no clutch lever! WOW! I'm going places now. I dug down deep and found a way to go on. I got a lot of corner speed practice on that lap, let me tell you! I finally made it back to the truck and rapidly repaired my mistakes and rolled out of the pits at full speed in pursuit of salvation. My last lap was a scorcher as my previous pit falls had left me with a very good knowledge of the course. Somewhere I caught and passed Burly who it turns out had shifter problems of his own on his 125; somehow I think the 520 was a little more forgiving. I salvaged a good ride after all and ended up somewhere in the top 10, a position in front of one of my idols. After the race I wandered around the pits star struck with a perma-grin and stopped by to visit with Mr. Burleson and apologize if I was getting in his way. He was a very nice guy and although I really didn't know what to say to a fellow of his caliber, he chatted for a while. An interesting side note here, I mentioned that I knew Rusty Reynaud, and just as Rusty predicted, the first words, after a chuckle, to leave his mouth described a certain shower scene in France. Rusty's international claim to fame! Way to go, Rusty. You gotta love those instant water heaters.

After dinner I meandered across the pits to introduce myself to the Wiesenfel family. I had met them briefly in Texas but hadn't had a good opportunity to talk with them. If you don't race in Arkansas, Texas, or read the race results in Cycle News you may not have heard of Josh Wesenfel yet. I believe that is going to change in the near future as this young man is very fast, races ProClass, for KTM and has a very supportive and just downright friendly mother and father backing him. They have been hitting a large percentage of the national off-road races and Josh has been proving himself in unfamiliar conditions. He won Saturday's race by a large margin and finished 8th in the Sunday race, having never ridden here before! Anyway, Josh let me tag along

to the Sunday race site and walk part of the course with him. Now mind you, Bill had told us that the course was about 10 miles in length and split into 2 loops. We figured we would be safe walking half of it before dark. Of course we figured wrong! This course was unbelievable; if we walked a yard we walked 8 miles. This wasn't even hand cut, this was arrows in the woods. In many places it looked as if the arrows were put up by some fellow dangling from a helicopter, without a foot print to be seen. Logs littered the ground everywhere. Little or no care was taken to make the trail passable. In fact many areas were deliberately made more difficult. For a while Josh and I amused ourselves discussing movies such as the Blair witch, but as the sun went down and the coyotes started howling we moved on to lighter topics. It was very refreshing to finally hear voices and laughter from the pit area. About the time we made it to the truck we heard a bike, I joked to Josh that it was his parents coming to save us. Unfortunately I was right! They had ridden his 200 about 6 miles down the highway in the dark to retrieve him. Dad did not seem to find as much humor in the situation as Josh and I, lucky for both of us his folks are pretty darn cool headed.

The next morning things were looking pretty good, the night before the forecast called for rain through the evening and clearing off in the morning. It didn't rain through the night and it looked as if the weatherman was right for once. I got "Arvey" moved over to the race site, scoped out the start area, and tried to take a nap before the race. I bet you have no idea what started happening about the time of the riders meeting; yep, it started raining! It didn't rain too hard or very long but this terrain would absorb no more and things started getting nasty. Bill put on a little show at the riders meeting and had all the pros sign a pair of girly panties to send Fred Andrews who was not present! (I'll bet he loved that!) Bill explained at this point that the guys in the B and C classes were not expected to finish the race and he would feel like a failure if many did!

We made it to the start line and for some strange reason there were not near as many racers as there were spectators. (a sign of things to come?) It was cool looking out from the third row and reading the names on the backs of the jerseys in front of me. It read like a who's who of American off-road, Fredette, Summers, Woodford, Garrahan, Burleson, Tabor, Wiesenfel, Jarret, Stavish, and Calkins. What, NO Leivan? Four strokes were few and far between; it seems like these guys knew what was about to happen and didn't want to spend the day carrying a thumper! I got a good start in second following another Missouri boy, Josh Murray. We did not go 100 yards when things started piling up. We were catching the A 2-stroke classes within 200 yards and the carnage looked something like a jungle fire fight from southeast Asia. The first 4 miles or so were just short hops from one pileup to another. I was not following the proper trail etiquette and muscled my way to the front of every line I saw. I figured I might as well be the one holding everyone up as watching them hold me up. The strategy worked pretty well and somehow I managed to put Bessie in front of an obviously faster 2-stroke that was trying valiantly to get by. I held the fellow up for quite a while before finally letting him have an opening. Once he

(Continued on page 6)

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passed I tucked in behind and read the back of his green jersey, let's see F,R,E,D,E,T.... Oh crap, I've been holding up Jeff Frette. I get to follow him about 100 yards before we dropped into a creek that had its muddy off camber exit blocked by a fellow who was doing his best to carry his machine up the bank. Jeff and I backed up for a run, Jeff took a shot at it and guess what? Carrying the bike was the hot line! That was the first of many back-breaking Bessie lifting sessions for me. The rest of the first lap went by like one big drawn out crash, stand up, pick up bike, throw it over, lift it up again, start it and ride another 50 yards. The spectators weren't helping at the big logs (2 that were at least 3 foot high) But I somehow managed to get over. The second lap things started speeding up, the trail was broken in and the dirt was starting to tack up. The spectators started to assist us in getting over the big logs. Everything was starting to look up. Then the third lap happened, it started to rain hard and my legs started to cramp. Some of the spectators started to block the good lines with logs. I ended up stuck solid in one of these traps, they had blocked all the passable lines and left only one impassable rut. Oh yeah, they just laughed as I pulled Bessie free. My leg cramps got so bad at one point that I stopped and laid on the ground looking for some relief. No, it did not work and I decided to just go on and ride in excruciating pain, it may have hurt but at least I was getting closer to the truck. If I crashed once in this condition I crashed twenty times. The rain made some of the grass track areas almost impassable, if you had a rut to grab you were in luck. No rut meant that sooner or later you were hitting the ground. I never did figure out how to ride in the stuff. Just before the end of the lap the sun came out and the ground began to dry rapidly. Fog actually formed in the shady ar-

eas of the fields. It was pretty wild looking! Now this was the point where things started getting blurred. I honestly don't remember how many laps I had endured or how many hours I had been on the bike; all I knew was arrows pointed towards hot shower and pain medicine. I halfway came to back in the pits with a stranger in my face asking if I needed anything. I tried to explain that I was done. I kept hearing him say I would win if I went back out. Win what? Unless they're gonna greet me at the finish line with Vicoden I want no part of it! About then the pros flew by. I cannot tell you how low I felt when I realized I was being lapped. I have been working my butt off the last couple of years to avoid this circumstance and when they went by it sunk in that I had given up on all my goals and was basically being a whiney punk! So I shed my long since empty camel back, put the helmet back on and went back out to keep from killing myself later. If I was gonna hurt myself, by God it would be on the bike! It wasn't an easy lap; I had to stop at one point due to more leg cramps. I stopped in an off camber area on a hillside that had just enough room for two bikes. That is two bikes ridden by people with some energy left. Just about the time I started second guessing my parking area a fellow on a Gas-Gas came along and proved that I had picked a really bad place to stop! I ended up at the bottom of the hill feet up, pinned under Bessie with unbelievable set of charlie horses galloping through my thighs. Unfortunately I knocked the other guy over also. He offered to help me but I thought I had it under control and I already felt bad for taking him down with me. So there I sat for about 15 minutes trying to lift Bessie up the hill and through the trees without using my legs. Not exactly easy but possible. The remainder of the lap was similar, with one bad decision after another. On the very last downhill of the race I blew a little jog in the trail and absolutely nailed a very large tree head first! Ouch that hurt almost as much as having to lift my bike once more within 20 feet of the finish line! Once up, I hurried to the finish and nearly ran over the scoring officials who were very sick of standing in the rain. I remember apologizing over and over probably to the point that I was getting very annoying. My newfound friends in the pits greeted me at my gas can with a cold beer and talked me back to coherency. As it turns out they were right even through all of my bad luck and poor decisions I had managed to win the A-four stroke class. It made the drive home much more pleasant!

A note from Karl's wife Julie: He is not lying when he said that he was tired and sore. I had to hear it for days or should I say I got lucky that he passed out the first whole day so I did not have to hear much, but let me tell you all night he whined (like I did not have my hands full with one whiny baby, Kale who got his tonsils out, but now a grown man). I am very proud of him, though, and even though he owes me big for all that he puts me through, me and Kale are still proud of him. From: Jewles (Julie)



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Spudtastic



John Roth, early leader, eventually finished fourth.

recent rains made the course dust free.

After a short grass track at the start, riders were sent into some tight and slick single track. It ran along a creek bottom for a while with a couple of creek crossings and a few ruts. Then there was this snotty rocky off-camber with a few up and downs to boot. There were also a few logs. In fact, while pre-riding, Chili tried to triple three logs and nearly looped it out. I had a front row seat. It was great.

Then came a bog area. Luckily the bottom never went away. Next came a brand new trail. I know because I cut it with Spud. It got very slick toward the end of the race. It merged with an existing single track trail leading to the grass track. This may have been the first "rest" the riders got. The grass track didn't give the riders much rest. A nice mud bog formed at a creek crossing. I had to push the bike out riding sweep. Then, the trail tucked back into the woods on existing single track. Well, for a

By Bob Fuerst

Marshfield
MHSC, June 8,
2003

Spectators were treated to quite a race between the top four riders Doug Stone, Steve Leivan, Chris Nesbitt and John Roth. They finished in that order. Promoter Jon "Spud" Simons laid out a tight and technical 10.6 mile course. The weather proved about perfect with the highs in the 70s and

little bit, before Spud cut to the left on some new trail. I got to follow Spud's ribbons cutting branches making the trail. It took a half hour to go 15 feet. It was tight. Come-to-a-stop tight in some places. It also had this rock pile in this section, with a downed log right in front of it. More than one person fell here. More off-camber, creeks, rocks and logs followed before the woods opened up. At this point the riders were one third of the way around the course and back at the gate where they entered the place.



Doug Stone rails a berm on his way to winning the overall.

The next three miles used existing single track and ATV trails. It got pretty tight in a couple of places, but compared to the first three miles, they were cruising.




Steve Leivan, second overall, blasts the mud bog about a mile into the course.

Then there was the field blast, into the woods and across the creek. Actually, on the first lap it went into the creek and stopped there. Chili was helping bikes across the creek. At one point, he was up to his waist in water with a mini bike in each hand and was yelling at Dale to re-route the course. If you managed to get across the creek, you had this slick ATV trail. It split off from the ATV

(Continued on page 8)


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Chris Nesbitt, third overall, must be wondering if this mud bog has a bottom.

went up this hill and two riders had stopped at the top, probably from exhaustion. The leaders thought they saw a line to the right. It wasn't a line. They got tangled bad. Chili said that Chris Nesbitt's rear tire was turning 108 mph. Of course his front tire wasn't turning at all.

Then things opened up for a while until "The Creek". The course didn't cross the creek, it went up it. It was slick. It had

(Continued from page 7)

trail and led to this hill climb. Justin Smith was working this section. I think "work" is the correct word. Chili helped here after re-routing the creek crossing. Justin and Chili were telling me about the time the leaders

rock ledges. It had rocks, big and little.

The course finished up with a combination of existing single track and ATV trails.



Tom Huber



Aaron Shaw, fifth overall, led Chris Thiele, sixth overall, during the first lap.

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OMTRA Stuff

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OMTRA held the annual elections on July 5th. I didn't get to the meeting. But Karl (KTMKarl) Harris was elected Chairman with Brian Sharp elected Vice-Chairman. Jackie Johnson is the new Treasurer. Judy Willis will repeat as Secretary after a few year break. Shawn Hall is Social Chairman. *Of course Shawn was on vacation and didn't know about his new position at the time.* I'm the communication person.

Dale Willis will be doing the paperwork for this year's Chadwick enduro. Stewart Hall and I are Trail Masters. In fact, we have a pretty good layout of the enduro already completed. It looks like the extra short course is going to be 16 miles. Short course should be about 50 miles and Long course runs 70 miles.

We all need to thank Kevin Henslee for his past two years as president. Kevin did a great job and put forth a lot of effort. I also want to thank Kreg Simons and wife Cindi for 5 years of handling the Treasurer's chores.

From what I understand, the meeting, bar-b-que, camping took place on Saturday evening and a club race was Sunday morning.

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Mark Your Calendar

The OMTRA meeting should be July 17th. Check out www.hillbillygp.com for details

2003 Missouri Hare Scrambles Championship

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www.mhscracing.com

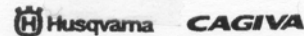
- 7/27/03 – Florence
- 8/10/03 – Polo
- 8/24/03 – Sedalia
- 9/7/03 – Smithville
- 9/21/03 – Eugene
- 10/5/03 – Blackwell
- 10/19/03 – Park Hills

Arkansas Hare Scramble Series

www.arkansasharescramble.com

- 9/20-21/03* – Wildcat Grand Prix, Decatur, AR
- 10/4-5/03* – Hwy 89 Hare scramble, Mayflower, AR
- 10/18-19/03* – Possum Trot, Harrison, AR
- 11/2/03 – Cedar Creek GP, Goshen, AR
- 11/29-30/03* – RiverFront Grand Prix, Ft. Smith, AR

* - ATVs run on Saturday



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2003 BJEC Schedule

www.BlackJackEnduro.com

- 9/14/03 – Gruber, OK
- 10/12/03 – Oklahoma City, OK
- 10/26/03 – Chadwick, MO
- 11/9/03 – Red River, TX
- 11/23/03 – Scipio, OK

(Continued from page 2)

use of the limited amount of land. I think Chuck Cooper, Guy Cooper's brother, did most of the layout. One of the Stillwater Trail riders told me a story about telling a kid that Chuck was Guy Cooper's brother. The kid didn't know who Guy Cooper was. Then they told the kid, he's Kenny Bartram's uncle. Doesn't that make you feel old.

With the traction being about perfect, you couldn't help but have a good time.

Overall winner was Carsten Cagle. Who? Well it turns out, he's a AA SERA rider and he was in Stillwater working. He's staying 5 minutes from the location of the enduro and he doesn't have a bike. He told the folks putting on the event that he'll help work it. Even that's better than sitting around a motel all day. Anyhow, John Wade manages to get Carsten's bike to the race. Of course the rock-free conditions suited his style.

John Wade was on his way out west to go riding and the last I heard, they hadn't figured out how to get Carsten's bike back home!

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