Me, Bob Fuerst, on Hancock Pass, Colorado

TID BITS

Injury Report:

Unfortunately, several folks have gotten hurt lately. Shawn Hall was seriously hurt and he has written up an article going into detail. On the same weekend, Bart Hobbs managed to break several ribs at a race in Arkansas and Kevin Henslee's son Kole broke his arm.

Also injured - Fred Haynes, Allen and Casey's dad. Fred was not hurt on a bike. He was gored by a bull! He ended up 4 rooms down from Shawn at the hospital. In fact, at 2 a.m. one morning, Shawn hears Allen tell Casey, "Don't wake him up." Casey says, "No, I'm just going to see if he's awake." After all that, Shawn was awake and they ended up talking for an hour and a half!

Chadwick Enduro:

Things are coming along well in preparation for next month's enduro. We have the loops laid out and we are working on all the details like where to put the speed changes, resets and checks. We are looking for folks to help out with checks and to help put up and take down arrows. We are going to have a work meeting on Tuesday, October 15th at Shawn Hall's house.



Aaron Roberts and Keri Curl got engaged while in Colorado.



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COLORADO

By Bob Fuerst

A bunch of Ozark Mountain Trail Riders members headed to Colorado. It was more of a family type of trip than a hard core dirt biking trip. My wife, Linda, and I, Aaron "Chili" Roberts, and his fiancée, Keri, Dale and Judy Willis and Mick Spickard met up in Pitkin, Colorado on August 10th.

Our first day of riding was August 11th. Joining us were Keri's brother Kris and his girlfriend who drove up from Denver for the day. It was a group of 4 bikes and 3 ATVs riding



L to R, Mick Spickard, Bob Fuerst, Aaron Roberts, Jon Simons, Dale Willis, Michael Hall and Shawn Hall

up to Fairview mine. Fairview mine is a few miles above Pitkin. I thought this would make a nice first trip. Once we got to the mine, the bikes could head down a single track and the

ATVs would turn around and head back to Pitkin. Chili turned this simple idea into something more complex. As soon as Chili got to the mine, he saw this hole dug in the ground and thought he would jump it. He quickly found out that the YZ426 he was riding wasn't quite jetted properly. He looked like a lawn dart as he went head first into the hole. He tried to pull the bike out of the hole and found out he also wasn't jetted properly for 12,000 feet above sea level. As luck would have it, one of the

ATVs had a winch. So, with a little help, we got the bike out of the hole.

The ATVs had an uneventful trip back to Pitkin for lunch, while the bikes headed down Fairview trail to Gold Creek Trail to Fossil Ridge trail. We took the side trip to Boulder Lake, which is in this beautiful setting at tree line. Mick was ready to move there as soon as he saw it.

We got to the intersection of Fossil Ridge Trail and Willow Creek Trail sooner than I expected. Instead of heading down Willow Creek, I thought we could ride back to Gold Creek Campground to get some more trail time. That's when bad things started to happen. First, I lost my rear brakes. Then Chile's bike started making this bad noise. It only made the bad noise when the engine was running with the clutch pulled in, but Chili still thought this was a problem. Luckily, my brakes came back, so I knew all I had to do was bleed my rear brakes that evening. Evidently Chili had hit something with the clutch cover and when he pulled in the clutch, the clutch push plate would hit the side cover. That night, Chili was able to fix his problem with a big hammer.

One of the downers about the trip was the drought. There

(Continued on page 6)

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(Continued from page 5)

would be NO CAMPFIRES. Bummer.

The next day, the ATVs made a trek to the Alpine Tunnel. This is a very neat thing to see. The ride up to the Alpine Tunnel is an old railroad bed that is literally cut into the side of a cliff. Their trip was not uneventful. They get to the museum and this person jumps out and says boo. It was Mel Gere. He and his grandson were also visiting the museum at the same time. Mel, his son Doug and grandson were also in Pitkin. Larry Scharnhorst had also planned a trip out on the same week!

Anyhow, the bike trip was a little more eventful. We were headed to Granite Mountain for a "short" day. Our day started out by getting a little lost. I got us on a trail that I had never been on but wanted to try for some time. We ended up coming into the bowl at the top of Granite Mountain from the backside on South Quartz Creek trail. My original plan was to start our little adventure on Hicks Gulch trail and take Canyon Creek Trail up and over Granite Mountain. Since we were now at the top of Granite Mountain, we had to change our plans. We would go down Canyon Creek trail and up Horseshoe Creek trail. We were part way down Canyon Creek Trail when Mick noticed an oil leak on Dale's bike. We made repairs, but we wanted to put some more oil in the bike. So we headed to Doty's at Sargents, CO, for lunch, fuel and oil.

After lunch, we headed back to the Snowblind campground to pick up the trail. We had to backtrack about 3 miles of Canyon Creek Trail to Horseshoe Creek Trail. Horseshoe Creek Trail is one tough trail. It took us two hours to ride seven miles! I might

add that since it was dry, this was the easiest that I've ever seen this trail. We only rode 53 miles on Monday, but it was plenty.

When we got back to camp, the rest of the party had arrived. Shawn Hall, his son Michael and Jon "Spud" Simons had raced a MHSC race at Polo, MO, then headed to Colorado.

Tuesday was going to be a big day. Not only did we have the seven bikes and riders from our group, but four guys joined us from Larry Scharnhorst's group, one of which was Dale Rector. Now we had two AA riders, Dale and Spud. I hate AA riders, they never get tired. I had a 100+ mile day planned. It was going to be fun.

We started out by going over Napoleon Pass into Tincup, this is a nice trail to start on. It's ATV wide and nothing too tough. Except maybe the beaver pond. Just ask Shawn, who took the wrong line and ended up riding with wet boots all day. After Tincup, we went up Willow Creek Road to Timberline Trail, good single track. This end of Timberline is much easier the other end. We took Timberline to Cottonwood Pass Road, then cruised down to Taylor Park Trading Post for gas and lunch. While we were feeding our faces, the girls showed up. They had ridden the ATVs from Pitkin to Tincup to Taylor Park by way of dirt roads. When they saw our bikes parked there, newly engaged Keri asked if that was the boys. Judy and Linda, both of whom have been married approximately 20 years, said, "No, don't think so;" what they really meant to say was "who cares." After our visit, the bikes were off to Spur Trail, which we would pick up at Dinner Station campground. This is a neat section of mostly single track trail that takes you through Doctors Park and down Trail Gulch to Taylor River Road. If you are familiar with

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this section of trail, they've sanitized it. You can actually ride your bike around the switchbacks, instead of dragging it around. They re-routed the trail around the section that I once crashed on, destroying the odometer on the KLX I had at the time.

Once we were down to Taylor River Road, we crossed it and picked up One Mile Cattle Trail. This is a nice dirt road with about a million water bars. I think someone that knew how to jump would have a lot of fun. There was one interesting moment on the trail. I got to an intersection and stopped to make sure the group made the turn, but no one was behind me. It's real spooky to shut your motor off and find no one behind you. And I was the only one that had a clue where we were. Come to find out that one of the group got a flat tire and they had stopped to fix it. Once underway, we continued on One Mile Road to the end of Fossil Ridge. This is a tough trail to end the day on. Lots of boulders followed by a long rocky uphill. I let the AA riders take off in front of me. They ate it up. We took this to Willow Creek Trail and rode that out to the highway and took the highway from Ohio City to Pitkin. What a day. Several of us hit reserve on the highway. We got our money's worth.

The next day, we split into two groups. Dale, Chili and Mick headed out a little early, since they were going to leave for home early that afternoon. The down side of their loop was they got lost; the upside was – they met Scott Summers!

I took off with Shawn, Michael and Spud. We went up to Fairview mine to Fairview Trail, then up Gold Creek Trail.

This is when we met Scott Summers. Scott's gonna think all these folks from Missouri are stalking him! Anyhow, we went down Cameron Mountain Trail to Union Park, then to Taylor Park It was lunch time again. We take that food thing serious. After lunch, we rode up Cottonwood Pass to Timberline Trail and took that to Willow Creek Road.

That's when we decided to change our route. We went over Tincup Pass to St. Elmo then over Hancock Pass back to Pitkin. All and all a pretty nice day.

Spud kept hearing about our trail ride on Monday, when we took 2 hours to ride 7 miles. I didn't want to ride that loop again, so I found Spud a playmate, Dale Rector. When I asked Spud how he liked the ride, he said, "Coolant was spewing, the clutch was smelling and I was about to barf. I loved it!"

It's not all hard core trail riding. On the last day, Linda on her ATV and me on my bike took off on a jeep trail tour to Tomichi Pass and Hancock Pass. We took our lunch with us and ate it at an old mine. *There's that food thing again*.

All good things must come to an end. The wind blowing while crossing Kansas made it even worse.

ccident

By Shawn Hall

would type up the details so that all can see what could happen if Murphy's Law catches up to you.

I first want to start by saying that I have been riding and racing dirt bikes for about 25 years. This level of activity has increased dramatically in the last 10 years to the point that I ride or race a motorcycle almost every week. This is the first serious accident that I have had. So I guess I was due...

Sunday. August 25, 2002, started like many other Sundays. I woke up in my trailer at a race site. This day I was at one of my favorites, David Van Holton's farm, which is about 12 miles east of Sedalia, Missouri. The site had been blessed with some rain during the previous week, so the already great woods trails were absent of dust. I was really looking forward to the event because every place that we have ridden for the last month was very dusty. The day started with the ATV race, which my son Scott rode. He had a great start and was running third at one point, but ended up with a mid pack finish in the 4 stroke C class, due to a mechanical oversight on his part.

Next up was the practice lap. The trail was very good, as I had anticipated. Other than a little tangle with a branch that had been dislodged by the ATVs, I had an uneventful ride.

EXC was making and all in all just enjoying the day.

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The Race – I went to the starting line and noticed that we had a fairly I have been asked many times about my accident, so I thought that I normal size class of about 15 bikes. When the card dropped, my bike did not start immediately. This hesitation caused me to be almost last into turn one. I knew that I had to get aggressive to make it up to my usual mid pack finishing position. I passed a few bikes and then ran into a moving roadblock: a slower rider that would not let me by. I finally muscled my way by and then promptly fell down and was behind him again. About this point in the race things start to get fuzzy. I do not remember a good friend of mine, Elston Moore, passing me (which he told me he did). I may have tried to speed up to stay with him, but I have no memory of what happened next. I have been told that there was a witness to the accident; he said that I clipped a tree and went head first into the next one. That seems to be consistent with the physical damage to my bike and my body.

Gaining consciousness - The first thing I can remember after the crash was laying on my left side and my obviously broken arm was right in my face. I knew I didn't want to move it, but I also knew that my leg hurt real badly just above my knee. I wear EVS RS6 knee braces on both knees. At that point, I remember people asking me where it hurt and I said broken right arm and broken left femur. After what seemed like a short time, the ambulance crew showed up. They stabilized my leg and arm and put me on a wooden backboard that I would stay on until the operating room at St. Johns in Spring-I was enjoying the awesome power that my 3-week-old KTM 450 field about 8 hours later. I was then carried out to the road, over a fence (that was scary) to the waiting ambulance.

> I want to stop here and thank all of the guys, including Marshall Sprague, who stopped and helped carry me out. I know that was a lot of work. Also thanks to David Van Holton, he was prepared for this and reacted quickly and correctly. THANKS GUYS, I owe you one.

> After a slightly bumpy ride to the Sedalia Hospital, a very friendly and helpful staff greeted me. They took off my knee braces and we all got to see my femur sticking out of the top of my thigh. I asked the doc if that was my bone and he said yes and told me not to look.

> > (Continued on page 9)



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(Continued from page 8)

The nurses got my wife on the cell phone and told her to meet me at St. Johns in Springfield. After a 30-minute wait, my helicopter was ready to take me south. The first helicopter ride of my life! The bad part was I was lying on the stretcher and I could not see a thing. I don't remember much about the trip, I guess I was sedated.

When I got to St. Johns I felt real important, it was something like in ER. There were about 10 people asking questions and going about their business, it was kind of cool.

They X-rayed me and CAT scanned me and then took me to surgery at around 7:40 p.m. They told me before they put me out that they were not sure how much they could fix. I was in surgery for about 5 hours.

When I came around they told me all went well except they had a hard time getting a breathing tube down my throat. They told me that I had another surgery in 2 days and they were going to leave this tube down my throat. I was bummed, real bummed.

The extent of the damage was as follows: Broken right Radius – Installed external fixation device. If you have not seen one of these things, they are wild looking.

Broken left femur just above the knee into four good-size pieces, some smaller pieces now missing – Installed titanium rod from the knee to about ¾ up the thigh. About 8 screws in the knee joint. You should see the X-ray; it looks like a 4th grade shop project. Broken also at the ball joint – Plate device installed from thigh to hip.

I stayed in ICU for 3 days with that tube in my throat. I have to say that was the worst 3 days of my life. They opened things back up again just to check their work, do a little tweaking, and look for infection. All looked good. The next thing was to take the tube out. When that thing came out I was the happiest guy around. I could talk again! I was off to the orthopedic ward for 8 more days of hospital food and the best care a guy could ask for. Most of the nurses are simply the most amazing people I have ever met.

I have had one setback; remember the external fixation I have on my arm? Well, it fell off the third day I was home. I had to go in and have it re-attached. The bad news is that the bones slipped and I had to go back in for a third surgery to have the arm reset. Some extra pain, but all is good to go now.

Prognosis – Arm should heal and I will have 100% use. The leg is a whole different story. I can't put weight on that leg for 3-4 months. Then the rehab starts. All I can do now is range of motion exercises. The doc was telling me like 40% use of the left knee is possible. I plan to do much better than that.

Motorcycles – I do not plan to sell the 450. I will keep it around for motivation. I do have a couple of 300 EXC's for sale, if anyone is interested. Will I ride again? – Hell yes! Riding is what I love to do. I will heal completely and then take it very slow and see how it goes. Racing? 03 is out, but maybe by 04.



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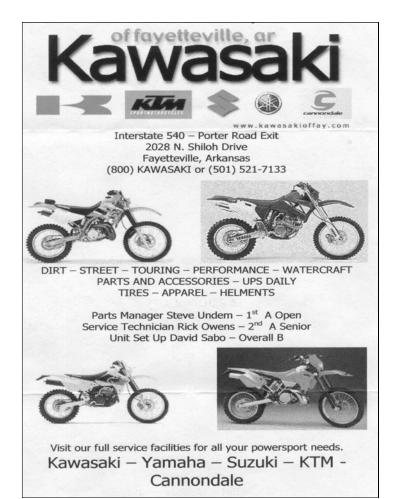
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