



Volunteer Riders Newsletter

President – Craig Teffeteller

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February 2018

Volume 24

Issue 2

News

February Meeting Report – Thursday, February 15th at the Time Warp Tea Room in the Holler.

- 46 total in attendance including four guests. Meeting began at the unusual time of 7:00 due to the auction mentioned below. The suspect list follows. If you're not on it, ask yourself why because for sure we don't know.

Aaron Cadle	Ed Clark	Mark Kotrys	Rick Terry
Alan Smeltzer	Greg Horner	Mark Patterson	Rocky Elrod
Allen Goins	James Thompson	Matthew Terry	Russ Townsend
Andy Humphress	Jason Collins	Matt Roth	Ryan Engelhardt
Blake Arnold	Jeffrey Mynatt	Michael Doyle	Scott Bowling
Bob Howard	Jimmy Eubanks	Nathan Glinski	Steve Lewis
Brad Bochenek	Joe Terry	Patrick Klepper	Steve Staab
Brian Kimmitt	Jonathan Ball	Paul Teffeteller	Tim McSwords
Cody Bock	Jonathan Flory	Preston Kear	Tristan Teffeteller
Craig Teffeteller	Katie Harris	Preston Teague	Troy Beeler
Cullen Ball	Kelley Dobbs	Richard Hutcheson	William Brawner
Curtis Eldredge	Mark Kalchthaler		

- **Yahoo Groups** – Dead, kaput, ancient history. You were warned. Now get on the forum and start gabbing your fanny off.
- **Auction Report** – We conducted our first club auction following the business meeting and it's fair to say the results were spectacular. First of all, a special thanks to Russ Townsend, aka "The Whip," for floating the idea, promoting it, and as icing on the cake, handling the auctioneering duties. It sort of looked like a dirt swap meet, but with all the items donated by members and friends for a worthy cause. There was riding gear galore, shock and fork springs, stands, protective gear, helmets new and gently used, and so much other stuff I forget. Fist fights broke out as enthusiastic bikers vied for a piece of the bounty (NOT). But, possibly the highlight was a buy-back of a used SLTTC tee shirt that the owner claimed was "well worth \$500." And the bidding had already got to \$40 for that rag before the owner lost patience!

Since this letter goes out to the general public, the amount collected won't be noted but it was "satisfactory." Find out the actual amount at the next club meeting. Again, the funds collected were passed on immediately for a cause dear to the club's heart. Thanks to all who attended and participated. You get a point for meeting attendance! *Now, that's what I'm talkin' about.*

Upcoming Events/Rides

Work Day – Saturday, March 3rd

Queue up location to be confirmed and announced via forum. Lots of downed trees and other such stuff. Bring yourself and whatever else you think we can use.

Club Meeting – Thursday, March 15th – You know exactly where (Tea Room)! Be there! 7:30 latest!

Standard note: Be advised that while the “official” meeting starts at 7:30, quite a few folks arrive an hour or more early to enjoy a little comraderie (bs) with similar nut cases and enjoy some of Dan's fine Tex-Mex-Deli cuisine. If you are a first time attendee, don't be reluctant to arrive a little early and start to get to know us. To say we're informal is a bit of an understatement. We do try to wash up a day or two before the meeting, though.

Annual Spring Ride – Saturday, March 17th

Location to be confirmed and announced, but think “fast single track” if the prez can pull a few strings. He'll let us know.

Scribe Stuff

Membership

- Closed last month (Jan.) at 79 members on the roster with 9 qualifying as new. As of this month, we're up to 84 including two renewals and 12 new members.

2018 Points Championship

- We've had five events through this month including a banquet, two meetings, a (cold-a..) ride and a workday. So, the maximum possible points is six (since a workday earns two points). Right now we've got four stalwarts with the max of six, but a whole lotta more people in striking range. Don't be discouraged if you're a bit down the list. There's plenty of events that're going to be available to play catchup and, maybe, come from behind in the technical sections to snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat.

Talkin' Dirt With Gary Pugh

A bad day fishin'

Most of you that have been around for awhile know that I am a positive person and I have always worked to help and encourage people to enjoy riding dirt bikes, even before I opened a shop. That being said, I have something on my mind, a story to tell, one that I have never told to anyone in detail, not even my wife. I have struggled a little with it, thinking maybe I should keep it to myself, but I really feel like I need to get it out, maybe for my own sake, but I think it also has life lessons.

They say a bad day fishing is better than a good day at work, and that is a philosophy that I adhere to, but....

Valentines Day when I was single always left me a little lonely and a sense of inadequacy, but once I got hooked up it was a feeling of stress, panic to make reservations at least a month in advance, buy over priced flowers, and to find a card that made my lady feel mushy. I think things have changed lately though, guys go out and buy new dirt bikes for themselves at Valentines if our shop is any indication.

It was Valentines Day 2009, and we were doing things differently, Beverly was planning a candle lit dinner at home, taking some pressure off of me for a change. But wait, it gets better, one of my riding buddies Chuck Lemaster was in town and he asked me if I wanted to go riding to help him get into shape for the upcoming GNCC opener in Florida. Some of you guys may know Chuck, he used to work for Yamaha, and he now does the Chapel service at the GNCC races. A couple more guys joined us and we met up at Browns Flats for a day of fun and training, conditions were good, temps in the mid 40's, perfect.

We did a complete lap at a pretty good pace and I for the most part followed the other guys around, they were racers after all, and I was a boat racer that was riding a dirt bike.... We came back to the truck, rested a little, snacked, hydrated, and decided to make another lap. This was a period when I had been in my prime racing power boats where I was always one of the guys to beat, and I will tell you I struggled a lot in the dirt bike world with being the slow guy, I wanted to get better and be a competitive racer with the bikes also, but it did not come natural to me, and my competitive spirit sometimes got me into trouble. I usually would get stronger the longer I would ride as I got more in tune with my bike, and I soon moved around one of the guys, and then the next one in line told me to go on around him as I was starting to carry more speed. I was feeling better on the bike, but my competitive side had me riding over my head and I was taking chances and had a few "oh crap" moments that I got away with. I knew bad things could happen, but usually just to other people.... At one point down in Tennessee Hollow, Chuck stalled in a creek crossing and I moved past him and I turned up the wick a little more. I was buying into the theory that KTM suspension worked better the faster you go... Could this be possible, could I be the first one back to the truck?

There used to be a long rough ATV type trail that took you out of TN Hollow, it was actually a fun hill climb, but it had been getting rougher and rougher. I was hard on the gas, just hanging on, one of the guys was on my tail, at one point about half way up, without warning, or at least with warning I chose to ignore, my bike shot up in the air, and veered right and went up a two foot bank and shot me way up into the air. Not sure what happened next, but I have some recollections of a big tree fast approaching, but the end result I landed on the side of a steep bank far below where I exited the trail. My bike was about 25 feet away and the engine was screaming, a result of the handle bars being broken off. The guy that was behind me later told me he had never seen anything like it, my bike and my body was spinning horizontally through the air side by side.

When I came to rest and gathered my wits, I sat up and noticed my left boot was pointing badly in the wrong direction, I pulled off my goggles and threw them down in anger and said a bad word. The other guys came scrambling down the hill and finally managed to get the bike shut off, at that rpm, kill buttons don't have a lot of influence on internal combustion. I had been hurt before at boat races, but that was a little different where you have rescue and ambulances right there to take care of things. We were deep into the woods, where do we begin? Chuck took charge and started making calls once he got to an area where he could get reception, and came back and reported that the Anderson County rescue squad was on their way, may be 30-40 minutes. I was for sure in pain, but I was more upset with what I had done to myself, and fearful of what my wife and family was going to think, my family (parents) never thought to much of dirt bikes, that is why it took me so many years to get into it.

It was starting to get dark now and the temps were dropping into the 30's, the full body sweat that came from aggressive riding was now freezing me causing me to shiver uncontrollably, adding to my pain. Mean while back home, it was dark, dinner was on the table, candles lit, and Beverly knew something was wrong...

It seemed to take forever, but a crew of 5-6 showed up with a Kawasaki mule and a stretcher, they gave me something for pain and some blankets to try and keep me warm. They took off my helmet, I was leaving it on for warmth, and a girl on the crew said, "Now I can see what he looks like" and I couldn't help but think she was disappointed, and why I would think about that at a time like that, I have no idea. The bank was too steep to carry me up, and I remembered they struggled, but they dragged and slid me on the stretcher up the hill to the SxS. They said they were calling Life Flite, and

I said, no, I will be fine with an ambulance, fearing what all of this was going to cost. They then told me I needed to be flown quickly, that I might not make it. What in the heck does that mean? At that point I decided to shut up. The plan was to transport me by SxS over to Duncans Flats where it would be easier for the helicopter to land, they said they would try and be as smooth as possible, but we still had quite a bit of trail to suffer through to get to gravel. I felt pain with every bump but the racer in me bared down and I told myself tough it out, it will all be better soon. I don't remember much about the helicopter ride to UT Hospital, but once again, I just toughed it out knowing it would all be better.

Once in a room, they put my leg in traction and it took a lot of the pain away. I remember thinking, ok, I have broken my leg, no big deal, fix it and I will be on my way. They had taken X-Rays, and the Doctor came in and said "You are really messed up" Your femur is shattered right at the hip joint, and he basically said "I don't know if I can fix it, but I am going to try" "You also have broken ribs and a punctured lung" Heck, I wasn't even feeling that. Beverly was furious at his bedside manner, and apparently she said some bad words too. I remember thinking, great, not only have I broken my leg, I have really done it. So much for fixing me up and sending me on my way. Apparently this was one of their best doctors, a few years ago they called on him to operate on a ape or gorilla from the zoo that had broken a leg, not sure what that says about me.

I was dying of thirst from riding, but they wouldn't let me drink anything because they were going to operate almost immediately. There was nothing to put a rod in so they put a plate down the side of the bone about 12" long with many long screws. One of the challenges was I had lost a lot of blood, so they kept giving me transfusions to get me back to normal which kept me in the hospital for a week. It was at this point as I was laying in the hospital that I decided I no longer wanted to race boats. I know that is a strange conclusion based on what happened, but when I was racing I was always pushing the limits and taking calculated risks to win, and I decided I no longer wanted to do that. I wasn't allowed to go home until I could traverse a set of dummy stairs, and I told the physical therapist that was impossible to do with one leg, show me how to do it. Well, she could not do it, but the racer in me wanted to go home, so I did it.

I was determined I would recover as quickly as I could, and once I could do therapy, I did it religiously. I did not mind my time down, it kind of gave me a fresh out look on life, and I was grateful for any improvements in my recovery. When I took my first steps without crutches or a cane, it was a wonderful feeling and made me so appreciative for the basic things in life we take for granted.

I needed to do a follow up visit with my regular doctor, and the nurse told me, "Oh you are going to be in trouble, Dr Wood hates motorcycles" Having suffered through a lot of prejudice against dirt bikes since the accident, I asked, "What does he like to do?" She said he likes fishing. So Dr Wood asked me what happened, and I said " I was fishing and I was reeling in a big one and I slipped and fell on the edge of the boat" His eyes got real big as I was telling the story and I couldn't keep a straight face, so I told him what happened, and he said, " Dirt bikes are ok, I don't like street bikes"

By July I was moving around pretty good, but the recovery was not complete, there were parts of the bone that were missing, and it was having trouble filling in. Then one day, something in my leg didn't feel right, and it became difficult to walk again. I went back to the doctor and he said you are right, something is wrong, you have broken your plate, but I can fix it now, you have enough bone we can put a rod in and you will be back up in a couple of days. He was about to go on vacation, so we got it done immediately, and yes, I made a quick recovery this time.

I decided I still wanted to ride dirt bikes again if I was able both physically and mentally, so I started shopping for something different to give me a fresh start and wound up with a Italian Husqvarna 125 enduro bike. I wanted to try riding even if it was only 3 mph, I needed this type of motorsport outlet. I made my return eleven months later at the Vol Rider Banquet ride, and not only did I feel like I had never been off of a bike, my leg actually felt better after I rode.

Through the years I have weighed the risk vs reward of riding dirt bikes, and I am very comfortable with what I am doing, I have learned it is important to try and stay within your skill level and not try and match someone that is faster. If someone could tell me that if I quit riding dirt bikes, that I would be guaranteed to live a healthy life to 100 years old, then maybe I would give it up. But no one can give me that, the opposite is true, just think of people around us, all kinds of accidents happen to people and they are not even doing anything fun. I also see people dying at young ages due to un foreseen health issues. I will argue that the fitness and stress relief we get from riding will actually prolong our life as opposed to the people that have resigned themselves to the couch. Riding a dirt bike is the only way you are going to get me to work out for 4-5 hours at a time, I am not one of those guys that works out for fun. Life is for living and that means doing what you enjoy, and when one nears their end days, you want to be able to look back and smile and feel like you have lived a good life, and for me that is more than just working for the sake of existing.

So hopefully I have not scared you guys and a lot of bikes won't hit Craigslist, but everyone is surely aware bad things can happen, but they also can happen whether you ride a dirt bike or not.

See you on the trails, GP

Infomercials and Factoids

Fender Decals and Hats – Currently out of stock. Boo!

Tee Shirts – Have a few mediums and XXL's left. Might just try to peddle them on the forum if I can get up the energy. Otherwise, get one at a meeting.

Permits to ride on TWRA managed land - Now known as the North Cumberland Wildlife Management Area. (WMA) (Royal Blue/Sundquist/Brimstone sections) This includes what we have known for years as simply "Royal Blue." \$61 Annual Resident OHV Permit, **OR** you can get a type 01 hunting/fishing license (\$28) **and** a \$17 Type 093 WMA small game permit (for a total of \$45). You can get it at any Walmart.

Windrock/Coal Creek watershed ride permits – Annual permits are still \$100 (including tax). The only place to get them for sure is at the following location:

Windrock General Store
912 Windrock Road,
Oliver Springs, TN 37840
(865) 435-3492
<http://www.windrockpark.com/>

(Check your permit expiration date! The permits are annual and no matter when you purchase them, you get a full year's use before they expire. Continue to enjoy 75,000 acres of the best riding area that you're going to find. Don't get embarrassed by having an expired permit on a club ride at Windrock. That would be tacky.)

Links and Other Stuff You're Sure to Need

- **Volunteer Riders:** <http://volunteerriders.com/>
- **Forum:** <http://volunteerriders.com/forum/index.php>

- **Time Warp Vintage M/C Club (and Tea Room Info):**
http://www.timewarpvmc.org/tea_room.htm
- **Windrock:** <http://www.windrockpark.com/>
- **TN Wildlife Resources Agency (TWRA) License Info:** (Note: the TWRA license informaton changes from time to time and can be a bit cryptic due to the number of licenses available. So, the following couple of links are good starting places to figure out the system, but you might have to do a bit of searching in addition. Well, it is what it is.)

<https://www.tn.gov/content/tn/twra/license-sales/hunting-licenses.html#resident>

<https://www.tn.gov/twra/license-sales/fishing-licenses.html>

And a final note: if you are of the over-64 persuasion (over the hill gang), you can get a way better deal than is indicated in the above two links.

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These are the folks who are supporting our sport and particularly our club. You get a chance, please consider giving them a little support in turn. How about a big nod to the following folks and companies. Thanks for your support guys and gals! *We Love You.*

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Beverly Pugh

David Farris – Sportcycle KTM

Curtie Eldridge – Tennessee Stone

Gary Pugh – Knox Enduro

Greg Horner – Royal Electric, Inc.

Tim Bowen – Parts Unlimited

D.J. Jordan – Western Power Sports

Cycle Gear of Knosville

Please find contact info and links for the above folks at: <http://volunteerriders.com/sponsors>

And with that, "Elvis has left the building." Until next time....