

2017-06 MEMBER IN FOCUS: CHRIS COOK



He's easy to spot in a crowd. Just look for the redhead with lightning bolt leggings. "I'm sick of looking at black, black, black!" he'll say.

Chris started riding when he was 5 years old, in the 1970s, back when banana seats were the thing every kid had to have. He and his parents rode with the Outdoor Club of South Jersey until he joined the Freewheelers in the 1980s. In his A-level days, he led the legendary Son of Crosswicks rides from Bordentown. Should anyone dare suggest that so-and-so has been in the club forever, Chris will waste no time correcting the record.

Two of Chris' five bikes are for the trails. The dualie is called Tigger, and if you're lucky you'll see him catch some air. He rides in the woods during the winter, preferably when there's a good crust of snow on the ground. If you hear him shout, "Yee-HAAA!" you know he just hit something that nearly sent him sideways.

On the road, if he's in the hills, you'll see him on his carbon Giant, and he'll suggest that, for a fee, he'll carry your leftovers home in his handlebar pack. He charges per pound per mile; so far, nobody has taken him up on

his offer. On the flat roads, he'll be on his titanium Feather, and you'll be hard-pressed to keep up with him if he's had chocolate milk at the rest stop.

As a leader, Chris might not always know where he's headed, but he always knows where he is. He might not remember the name of every road he's been on, but his knowledge of local history is deep, and there will be a quiz.

These days you can find Chris leading B rides from Allentown. If you follow him, you won't soon forget it.

(written by Sue Moser and Laura Lynch from an interview with Chris Cook)