

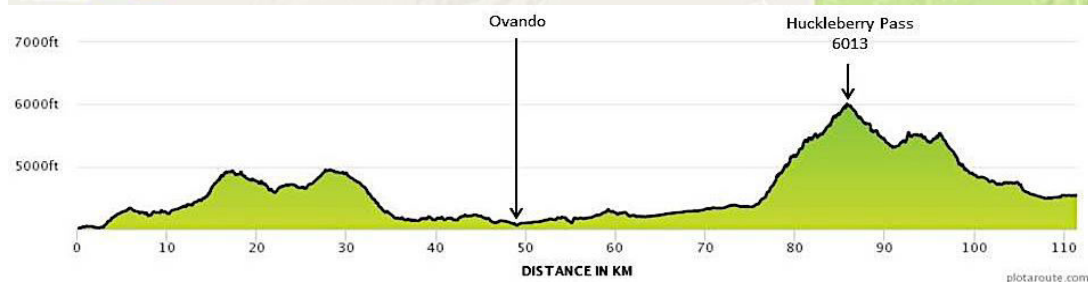
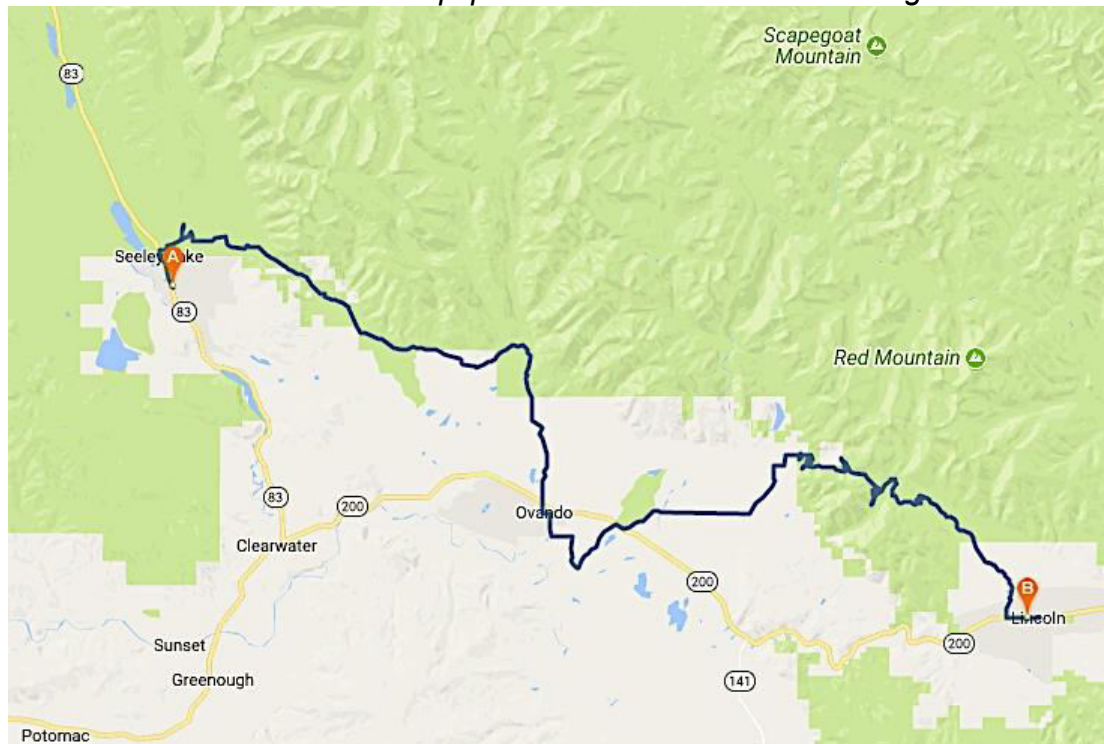
Day 7 15th June 2017
Seeley Lake to Lincoln

111.5k / 69.3miles

1913m / 6276ft (1746m / 5728ft descent)

44.7%↑ 41.9%↓ 13.3%→ 24.4% max

*A good rider can overcome marginal equipment.
However even the best equipment cannot overcome a marginal rider*



Today marked the beginning of the 2nd side of the 2nd map .There are 7 maps in total (1 Canada, 6 USA) so I had transversed roughly 1/4 of route.

It was a chore getting up this morning, and I found the passes en route to Ovando hard, harder than implied on the map. I passed some cyclists, not in the TD race, one was a Professor of Accountancy (3 Professors in 2 days!).

I was feeling rough when I got into Ovando, not helped by the wind. We were getting into wide open Montana – big sky country. Alice, had instructed me to get my photo taken here as ‘Angler’, from the Blackfoot Angler, stalks the TD racers on Trackleaders and posts their photos on both Bikepackers.net and Facebook.

She welcomed me like along lost friend when I went into her store!!



My the next priority was to pop next door to the Stray Bullet for food, charge my electronics and establish comms.

(Photo from Mr T Tower's Crazyguyonabike journal as mine did not come out)



The Iconic Ovando Town sign

There were 2 other TD riders in the Stray Bullet; one rider, Marty I would come to know later.

For food I elected for a Vaquero; basically because it sounded filling. This is what came.

My substantial Vaquero



Needless to say I very quickly polished it off in its entirety; it was hot, filling and tasty.

The family wanted to know what it was so I took this photo from the menu:



As I was about to leave Ovando 'Angler' duly took some photos for publication.

Obviously being the internet trendsetting blogging phenomenon that I am my 'people' had taken the opportunity to scan my multiple publicity contracts to avoid any infringement of my image rights. I was reliably advised there were none so I can show them here now:



About to leave Ovando, with a very full stomach

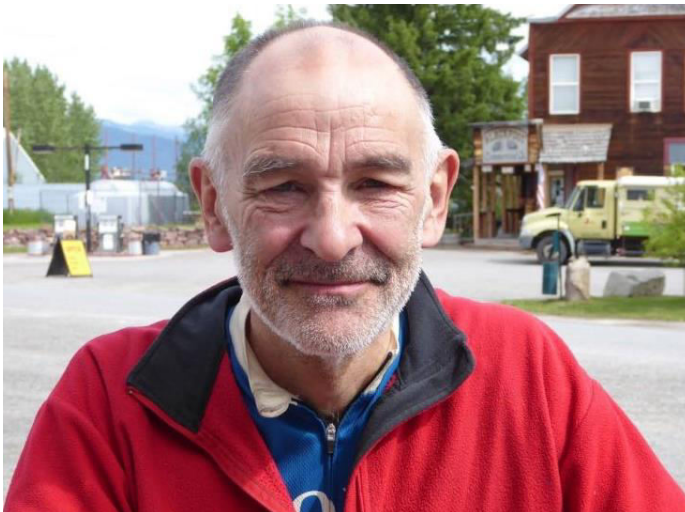
My publicity chappies had also 'blue skyed' the idea of initiating a 'pay-per-view' scheme for the ride, but I am mindful of the fact that I have to remain true to my fan base so I naturally vetoed this idea straight away.

Close examination of this photo shows my backpack to be partially open. This is because the double ended zip had died and unfortunately The Blackfoot Angler did not stock a replacement.



Back in the saddle

I find it particularly annoying when zips give up the ghost and come apart mid zip rendering them useless. This rucksack patently was not up to the job. A suitable review is on the web!!!!



Successfully hiding my zip failure frustration for the camera

The route to Lincoln went over the 6,013' Huckleberry Pass.

Long and slow if I remember correctly.

Another photo from t'web as my camera was playing up here for some reason





*Long flat straight road,
before the climb up to Huckleberry Pass*

In Lincoln I stayed in the Leeper Motel, very friendly and cheap at \$55.

I mentioned my rucksack problems and asked whether there was anywhere I could purchase a new one in town. The receptionist said he would see if he could root out one for me and presented me with a new one.



It was a totally over engineered National Guard backpack cum rucksack with pockets on pockets, room for maps, antitank weapons, spare ammo and magazines.....the lot.

In reality it was too big and heavy but beggars cannot be choosers – it was very kind of him so I accepted.

As it is - this 'Afghanistan proof'. piece of kit was starting to show signs of wear when I finished this trip.

I noted that there was a microwave in the room I so went out and bought a couple of microwave meals, together with supplies to get me through to Helena.

While I was doing this I met up with Glen again. He was contemplating his lot, having developed infected saddle sores – sounded painful!

He had seen the local Doc - been given antibiotics and the standard advice to avoid trauma to the area and to give it plenty of air – like that's going to happen if he continues on the TD wearing lycra cycling shorts!!

Long hot shower, and even longer cleaning bath of all the associated grime, dirt and dust, sorted out bike and kit, slept well.