One year on Tour of Payne, a group of about six or seven of us were riding in a single file paceline on the road coming out of Cushing to the east. A paceline is where everyone takes a turn at the front for a short time and then moves over and goes to the back of the line. It’s a way to spread out the work by drafting so that we can all ride more quickly and efficiently. We were on an uphill and a few cars were waiting behind us to crest to the hill before they passed. A man in a truck passed from 3 or 4 cars back and stuck the one rider that was immediately next to me on my left. It was up a blind hill in a no passing zone, and he didn’t see us until it was too late. He came close enough to me that I could have easily reached over and touched his truck as it hit the other rider. I will never forget the site of him accelerating past us and getting spun around like a rag doll. He ended up in the ditch and the rest of us somehow managed to avoid crashing and hitting the large metal mailbox. The rider’s face was cut badly by the rear view mirror and his pelvis was broken. I do not know the riders name, only that he was from the Oklahoma City area. Friends of mine that know him said he stopped riding after this incident.

On and near campus it is not uncommon to have the University busses crowd you on the street. More than once, I was nearly run into the curb on campus by a bus that seemed to have no interest in giving me enough space to ride safely.