

Biography: Bob Doll

The Unbroken Rhythm of Trail and Heart

Beneath the vast North Dakota sky, where the Maah Daah Hey Trail carves through ancient badlands, Bob Doll's story unfolds—a testament to resilience, compassion, and the unyielding pull of the earth beneath two wheels. Known as “Sprocket Rocket” after a crash landed him in the ER with a nickname as enduring as his spirit, Bob's life has been a marathon of endurance, both on the trail and off.

Born and raised in North Dakota, Bob's roots run as deep as the trails he's spent a lifetime traversing. A high school track and cross-country star, he chased horizons through local 5Ks, 10Ks, and a marathon in Madison, Wisconsin, before trading sneakers for handlebars. Mountain biking became his adrenaline anthem—until a crash at 35 forced a six-year hiatus. Yet, like the rugged trails he loves, Bob returned fiercer, conquering 50- and 100-mile races on the Maah Daah Hey and Mikkelson trails, and road-riding the peaks of Montana and Colorado.

But Bob's true strength emerged in life's steepest climbs. For a decade, he was a steadfast caregiver to his wife during her battle with a terminal illness and the grueling aftermath of a double lung transplant. Amid hospitals and heartache, camping trips became their refuge—particularly in Medora, where the Maah Daah Hey's raw beauty became Bob's sanctuary. “The trail let me breathe when the world felt heavy,” he says.

A natural nurturer, Bob's compassion extends far beyond his family. He mentored a neighbor with physical and mental challenges, transforming afternoons of foul language and frustration into purposeful projects—and a shared cold Gatorade ritual. When his nephew faced legal turmoil, Bob opened his home, bridging fractured bonds with supervised visits between father and children. “Everyone deserves a chance to find their better self,” he insists.

In 2023, the trail tested Bob anew. A sudden crash on a familiar stretch of the Maah Daah Hey revealed a heart rate perilously low, demanding a pacemaker. Grounded from biking and driving for three months, he ached for the saddle more than the steering wheel. “Biking isn't just a hobby,” he reflects. “It's how I remember who I am.”

Today, Bob pedals forward—volunteering on trail crews, savoring sunrises on singletrack, and proving that a pacemaker can't slow a rhythm forged by dirt, devotion, and an unbreakable heart. His story isn't about avoiding falls, but rising after them, tire tracks etching a map of grit and grace across the land he calls home.

“The trail doesn't care if you're broken,” Bob says. “It just asks you to keep moving.”

