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NEW YAMAHA's



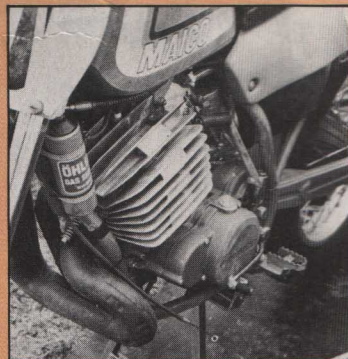
MAD MAGOO



DANNY LaPORTE



NEW HONDA's



NEW MAICO's



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ON THE COVER: Mister Magoo, caught in the act of a four-moto sweep at the Motocross and Trophee des Nations; and a quick look at the new, radical XRs from Honda. Photos by Rick Sieman. Color separation by Valley Film.

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THE INCREDIBLE MR.

Trophee & MX des Nations



U.S.A. WHIPS THE WORLD—AGAIN

There was this tricky little downhill, see. Maybe 40 feet long, with an off-camber turn at the bottom. Everyone was having trouble with it in practice. Everyone but Danny Chandler, David Bailey, Johnny O'Mara and Jim Gibson. They scooted through the turn like crazed water bugs and knifed up the next hill with enough speed to get them airborne.

No one else at the track was getting air in this particular section.

Not the Belgians. Or the English. Or the Germans.

So they gathered at the top of this particularly nasty section and studied the Americans. Andre Vromans, number two in the world, 500cc class, Georges Jobe, number two in the world, 250cc class, and others. They talked quietly among themselves and made mental notes on what to do. And what not to do.

They stared with rapt attention as Chandler bolted off the top of the hill,

thudded into the ground, and muscled his bright works Honda through the devious turn at the bottom. Their eyes followed him as he rocketed up the slope and blue sky appeared between his wheels and the ground.

They intently studied David Bailey, as the Son of the Professor finessed through the same corner with a style and grace that showed an almost masterful disdain for the section. Bailey, too, got a fistful of air, his blood-red Honda spitting chunks of earth back down into the off-camber pit that was giving the best riders in the world a clear-cut case of the terminal fits.

Gaildorf, West Germany. September 4 and 5, 1982. A beautiful small town in the middle of the country, scene of the Trophee des Nations. The Trophee is a 250cc race, with a 500 class race, billed the Motocross des Nations, following one week later.

Both races come at the end of the regular GP season and are intended for *countries* to compete in, rather than factories. It's supposed to be the closest thing to the Olympics of Motocross. All of the active nations send their best and strongest teams, picking from the most talented 125, 250, and 500 class riders in the world.

For years, these two events have literally been owned by the fierce Belgians. They won it regularly, hands down, without any serious challenge—until last year.

That was the year the Americans came over and blew the Belgians' collective socks off. An inexperienced team that wasn't even considered good enough to ride the B Division . . . and they had the nerve to win. More than a few called it luck. A fluke. A shot in the dark. Quirk of fate.

Make no doubt about it, the powers of European motocross were smarting from that defeat in 1981, accidental or not.

MAGOO!



By Rick Sieman

Nineteen eighty-two was most certainly not to be a repeat of the previous effort, many experts felt.

A few days before the event, something happened that made the odds of a repeat win seem slimmer. Our star rider, the leader of the American team, Donnie Hansen, had a horrible crash and was in the hospital . . . in a coma.

Hansen had been out to Rolf Dieffenbach's practice track with a few other riders, just practicing and dialing in the bike. There was a serious triple jump, with the center jump being the highest of the three. Donnie hesitated momentarily, not sure whether to go for two or three, then gassed it a micro-second too late. His Honda hit the lip of the center jump and catapulted him through the air. He hit on his tail bone, then his back and head.

It was astounding that nothing broke from the horrifying impact. He was taken

to a hospital where he lapsed into a coma. He was stable, but not in good condition.

Racing was out of the question.

A quick phone call was placed to Lake Sugar Tree, Virginia, home of the Professor of Motocross, Gary Bailey. It's also the home of David Bailey, a fresh member of Team Honda who was just starting to come into the limelight.

David's passport had been ready for some time, just in case. He was an alternate, for an alternate, for an alternate . . . not likely to go to Europe. However, Dangerous Darrell Shultz had lived up to his reputation once more, tweaking himself out during a photo session, and was unfit to ride.

That moved Jim Gibson up a slot. Hansen's crash opened up another slot and the Little Professor was hustled to the airport and caught the very last seat on a plane heading for Germany.

So, instead of having a team consisting

of, all proven champions, Team Honda had Johnny O'Mara, a 125 rider, Danny Chandler, the surprise winner of the USGP (another accident, said some), Jim Gibson, the perennial runner-up to just about everyone, and David Who? Heads were shaking; the Belgians relaxed a trifle. Journalists and observers awaited the first rounds of practice and the inevitable sorting-out process.

TEAM SCORING: HOW IT'S DONE

Unlike a normal motocross, the Trophée and Motocross des Nations are scored on a team basis. Each country has four riders representing it and two motos are ridden in each event. This makes a total of eight rides for the day from each country.

However, only the best six rides of the day count, with scoring done on the Olympic system. That is, first place gets one point; second gets two points, and so forth. When the results from the best six rides are added, the lowest total score

U.S.A. WHIPS THE WORLD—AGAIN

determines the winner.

This makes for some very interesting strategy. Let's say that in the first moto, only two of your riders do well. This means that in the remaining moto, all four riders must do well (and finish!) to get a good overall score.

Basically, this system lets you have a small margin for error, mechanical or otherwise. If three riders do well, the fourth can cruise, if necessary.

For years, the Belgians have dominated the Trophee and Motocross because of their tremendous depth. It's hard to look at any roster of top riders—in any class—and not see a gang of Belgians. There are some very famous names from there, like DeCoster, Robert, and Geboers, to name a few.

A TEAMS AND B TEAMS: HOW THEY'RE CHOSEN

In the results of these two races, you'll see only a handful of countries. Actually, 16 countries entered. However, only the top half of the field was allowed to compete in the prestigious "A" Division. Those with slower qualifying times were relegated to the "B" race.

This created some odd situations. You see, you can have a few fast riders on a team and be stuck with two very slow riders and not make the "A" race.

One thing in the Americans' favor: The defending champions from the previous year do not have to qualify. They are automatically placed in the A Division. It was particularly sad to see the formerly powerful CZ team from Czechoslovakia have no chance whatsoever to race in the "A" event.

THE 250cc EVENT: TROPHEE DES NATIONS

The word was out early on the day of the race. The Americans had the fastest lap times in practice. On Saturday, Chandler had turned in several consistent 2:18 laps, and Bailey had gone out and wailed around the track with a blistering 2:17.3. His time was unofficial, but it was noted. O'Mara looked as if he were doing an *even million*, but was having trouble breaking 2:20. Gibson was close to Johnny O.'s lap times.

You could hear the mumblings in the crowd: "Magoo? David Who?" Eyebrows were raised; the momentum set.

After the colorful opening ceremonies, the riders lined up and the tension built. Cameras were pre-focused on critical spots, people jammed the fences and tapes to get a good look. Twenty-seven thousand people lined the rolling green hills of Gaildorf, and craned their necks to catch the first-turn action.

And action it was, as the U.S. riders bolted to the front, with O'Mara in the lead and Chandler right on his tail. The Gaildorf track is very long and grassy, with several hills and ridges that hide much of it from spectators near the start area.



Magoo rode so hard in the MX des Nations that he literally ripped the cover off his saddle.



David Bailey stunned Andre Vromans in the second moto in Switzerland by slipping by and leaving him a mouthful of dust.



Johnny O'Mara proved to be a workhorse, getting valuable positions when they were needed.

People jockeyed for position and strained to see the field of riders as they crested the first big hill heading back toward the front part of the course. Astoundingly, all of the American riders were in the top seven slots.

They were in fast company, though, with Whatley (England), Everts (Belgium) and Vromans (Belgium) tucked into that initial flying wedge.

While Magoo hounded O'Mara and pressed him to hyper-speeds, sorting out was taking place in the rest of the field. Noyce, the former rat-catcher from England, allegedly broke his bike. Others said he pulled off because of a bad start and a lack of conditioning.

Right around the fifth lap, Magoo powered by O'Mara and never looked back. It was clearly Danny's day. He

methodically clicked off near-identical lap times and took the same line through every corner, each lap.

Magoo doesn't take the most sophisticated lines in the world, but then, he doesn't have to. Danny is strong. Like the proverbial bull. And in the last year, he'd gained 15 pounds of solid muscle, by lifting weights.

Chandler has the ability to turn a corner, draw a line on the next turn and let it all hang out to that corner, no matter what's in the way. This technique would quickly drain the average rider of all his energy. For Magoo, it's a brutally efficient way to ride.

As the first moto wore on, the 250 started to beat O'Mara badly. (He rides 125s almost exclusively, with the exception of the short, 20-minute Supercross races.) First Thorpe got by, then Whatley and then the Belgian, Everts. Still, Johnny held off the likes of Vromans, Dieffenbach and Jobe comfortably.

Bailey had some grief when his left side radiator shroud broke loose and dangled over his footpeg and brake pedal. Said Bailey, "It was weird. Every time I took my foot off the peg, or reached for the brake, the hunk of plastic tangled me up. I almost overshot half the corners on the track." Bailey slowed down a bit and rolled in for an eighth.

Gibson got squeezed out of ninth spot by Jobe, on the last lap, when the Belgian tried a do-or-die pass that almost put them both down. Some harsh glances were exchanged.

The end of the first moto had the Americans in a good position with 14 points, via 1/5/8 finishes. The English team was a close second with 16, via a 2/3/11. Belgium was right on their tails with a 4/6/9, for 19 points.

Between the motos, there was a cautious optimism in the American pits. The heat was really bothering Chandler and Gibson. O'Mara held his hands up for us to see; they were a mass of blisters, some of them already broken. Bailey was woozy from jet lag, never having traveled great distances before, and unable to cope easily with the nine hours of lost time.

ROUND TWO—WITH A SLIM LEAD

When the gate dropped for the second moto, it was O'Mara with the holeshot once again, ruined hands and all. And—no surprise this time—right on his tail was Magoo, riding like a man possessed. Gibson and Bailey were nicely slotted in the top ten.

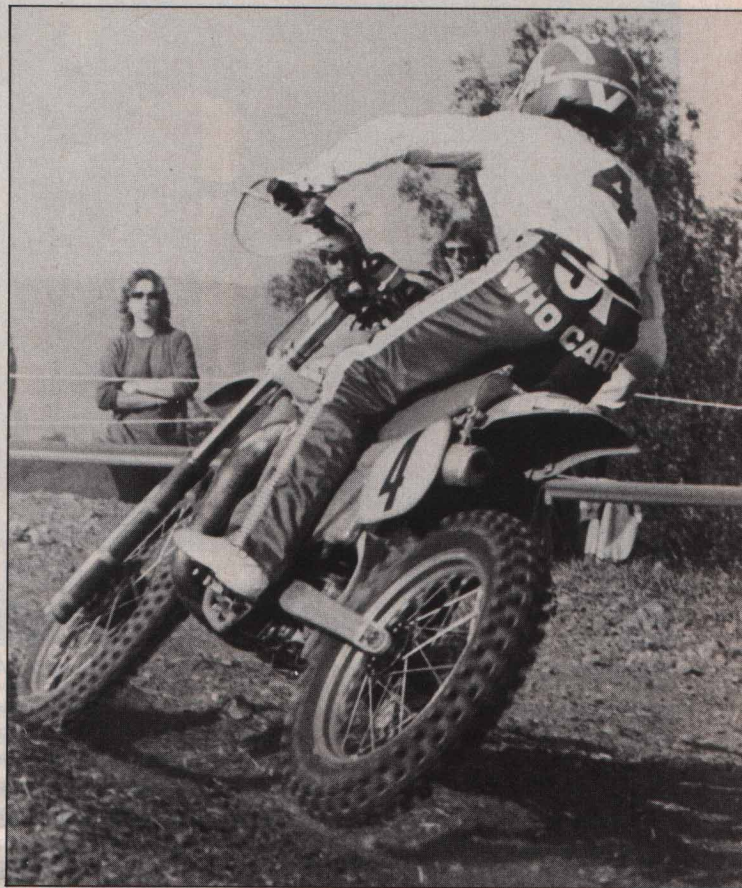
O'Mara let Chandler by after a few laps, and for another few laps, stayed right on his tail. Then Chandler lit the wick and disappeared from everyone. At the 15-minute mark, he had a 15-second lead over O'Mara.

Johnny faded a bit and let Vromans by. While this was going on, the Belgian team had more than their share of grief. Jobe

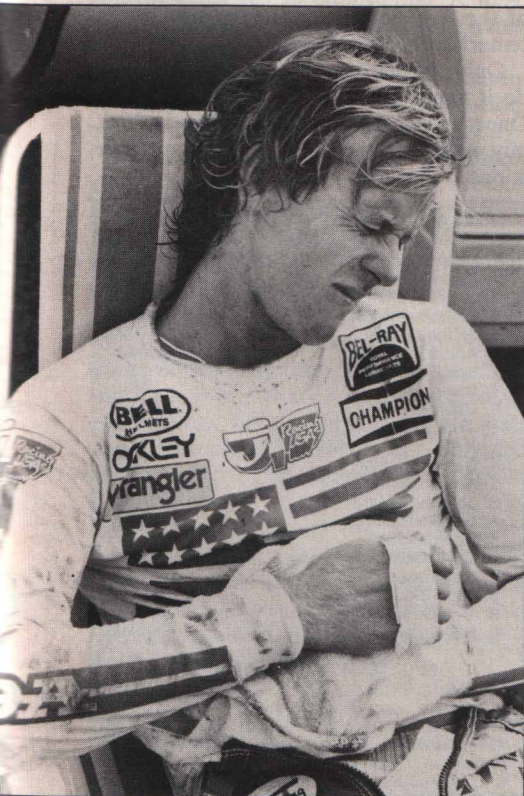
U.S.A. WHIPS THE WORLD—AGAIN



Smooth and fast, David Bailey impressed everyone with his clean lines and impeccable riding style.



Jim Gibson rode almost the entire last moto at the MX des Nations with a flat rear tire, beating two-thirds of the field in the process.



O'Mara destroyed his hands in the first round (Germany) and still competed with infected palms. A truly heroic ride.



Magoo let Vromans by in the last moto (Switzerland) for a short while, then surged ahead to stay.



Four champions: Magoo, Johnny O., the Little Professor and "Who Cares" Gibson. Winners of Round One.

and Everts crashed their brains out the same lap. Everts was jolted enough to retire, while Jobe was forced to continue so the Belgians could at least have enough men to finish for scoring purposes.

The British also had their troubles, as Thorpe did a thundering flip near the end of the race. This, combined with another DNF from Noyce, put them out of the hunt.

Just when it looked as if the Americans were set to cruise into an easy victory, a small bumble bee added a touch of drama. At the top of one of the hills was a large stand where cotton candy was being sold; it was surrounded by maniacal bees looking for their last sugar rush of the year. One of them, all sugared-out, no doubt, wandered onto the track and promptly stung Magoo on the chin.

Normally, a bee sting is irritating—no more than that. Not, however, if your name is Danny Chandler and you're deathly allergic to insect stings. This made the third time in a month that Chandler had been nailed by the evil bugs.

At first, Chandler didn't think he'd be able to finish the race, as he has to have injections to keep from passing out and having his breathing wozzle down to a gasp.

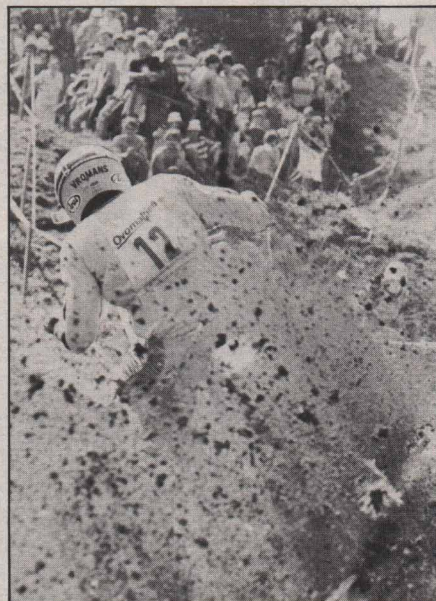
Danny forced himself to calm down and take one lap at a time, looking for spots near the pits to pull off if things got too bad. Near the end of the race, his self-imposed calm relieved some of the symptoms and he poured the coals to his works Honda even harder. Time was more important than energy at this point. His late charge enabled him to stretch it out over second-placed Vromans by nearly half a minute!

Danny rolled across the finish line, completely burned out and staggered from his

bike in the impound area. Frantically, he ripped his riding gear off and splashed water all over his body. The itching from the allergic reaction made him scratch and claw at his body and he was flushed red from head to foot.

The Team Honda people came up with his injection kit and then all terror broke loose. Noyce, who must have been feeling depressed from such a crummy day, started yelling and pointing at the needle. He grabbed the arms of all those around him and gestured wildly. "Drugs! Drugs!"

The FIM official charged to the scene and a small yelling match ensued. Eventually, cooler heads prevailed and a track nurse was allowed to study the injection and administer it.



Who said the Belgian team didn't try? Vromans blasts out of a berm while trying to keep Magoo in sight.

A few minutes later, back in the Honda pits, jubilation was the order of the day. The U.S. had won once again. O'Mara's hands were a mess, with pieces of loose skin the size of half dollars hanging like dog meat on a vine. Chandler was deliriously happy, and nearly exhausted—from the tension of the bee sting, not the racing. Bailey looked whipped, but content with his sixth-place finish in spite of extreme jet lag. Gibson had ridden to a solid eighth; all of the Americans were in the top ten, a remarkable feat in itself.

Only one question remained: Could they do it again in the 500cc race next week? One man was convinced . . . the little short guy with all the freckles, red spots and bee stings . . . Magoo!

RESULTS—TROPHEE DES NATIONS

MOTO1

1. Danny Chandler USA
2. David Thorpe England
3. Jeremy Whatley England
4. Harry Everts Belgium
5. Johnny O'Mara USA
6. Andre Vromans Belgium
7. Rolf Dieffenbach Germany
8. David Bailey USA
9. Georges Jobe Belgium
10. Jim Gibson USA

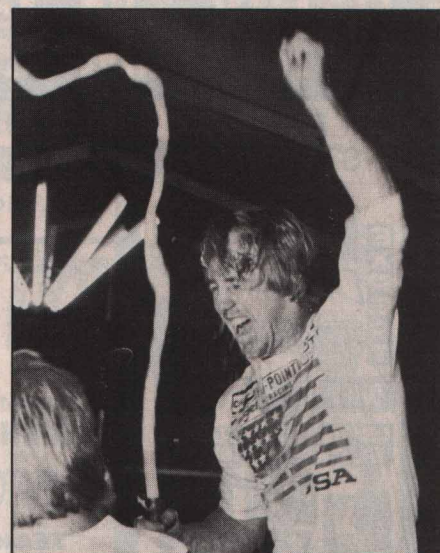
MOTO2

1. Danny Chandler USA
2. Andre Vromans Belgium
3. Johnny O'Mara USA
4. Rolf Dieffenbach Germany
5. Georges Jobe Belgium
6. David Bailey USA
7. Jim Gibson USA
8. Jean-Claude Laquaye Belgium
9. Arno Drechsel Germany
10. Neil Hudson England

RESULTS OF NATIONAL TEAMS

1. USA 23
2. Belgium 34
3. Germany 64
4. Netherlands 86
5. Italy 116
6. Luxembourg 128
7. England *
8. Austria 116

*Had one rider disqualified, dropping them back in the standings.



An ecstatic Danny Chandler cuts loose with a bottle of champagne after his double win in Germany.

THE 500cc EVENT: MOTOCROSS DES NATIONS

Wohlen, Switzerland, September 12, 1982. As was in Germany, the weather was unseasonably warm and sunny. There was talk of California witchcraft helping the USA team. There was also talk from the Belgian team. They were much more confident than in Germany, and happier to be on the 500 class bikes.

Practice on Saturday had a cluster of riders in the 2:28 to 2:30 area. Bailey and Chandler were fast. O'Mara was hurting. His blistered hands had gotten infected and the pain was so intense that Johnny had to get a cortisone shot . . . and he hates needles like the plague.

There was no real word about Hansen yet. Still stable, still under heavy sedation and only alert for a few minutes each day. O'Mara seemed particularly depressed about Donnie's condition, as they are the best of friends off the race track.

The track at Wohlen was very long and laid out over rolling hills, much like the track in Germany. But unlike the loamy soil in Gaildorf, the Swiss track was laced with fist-sized rocks. Chandler had a stone smack him in the thumb during practice and his nail immediately turned the color of a diseased plum. Some of the Hondas were fitted with hand protectors. This, by the way, had to be cleared by the track steward.

A larger crowd than that at Germany showed up—about 30,000. It seems that to draw bigger crowds in Switzerland, you must have sidecars on the program, as the Swiss have about five of the top hack-racers in the world.

The start was very long and all of the bikes could get well into top gear. It jogged slightly about 50 yards from the start, then jogged again 30 yards later. Sort of a long, lazy "Z" that could be taken in top gear on an Open bike. Of course, there were a few dips and bumps to make the slight turns interesting.

During practice, every single rider at least fractionally shut off, negotiating those mild "Zs." Everyone, that is, but Chandler. His engine never changed pitch as it wailed through that terrifying straight. People shook their heads once again. "Magoo? Who is he? What is he? Is he some sort of champion in America?"

Nope. Just a stubby little freckled guy with more nerve than a platoon of paratroopers. And desire that borders on frenzy.

After the usual marching bands and flag waving, they lined up once again to do battle. From our vantage point atop the start hill, we could see the pack blast out of the starting gate and head for the first bend, with maybe five riders even.

One rider jolted ahead of the pack and threw a glorious rooster tail back at the rest of the field. It was Magoo! Not to be denied his place of glory, Danny had kept it on when every other great rider in the world had shut it off.

He had the lead and his place in the sun. Danny rode like the champion he is, and within four laps had opened up a ten-second lead over Briton Dave Thorpe.

Bailey was the next highest positioned American, at seventh, with Gibson running 11th and O'Mara mired back in 17th after a near-last-place start.

The Belgians were running very strong, with riders in third, fourth and fifth. Jobe was floundering at the back of the pack, with what was said to be a broken foot, the injury sustained in a previous practice session. This meant that the Belgians had no buffer whatsoever for any problems. All three of the good riders had to finish well in both motos.

By midrace, a few things became apparent: The Belgians were not about to make any mistakes. If anything, they were riding on the conservative side. And David Bailey was moving up a bit. Gibson was holding 11th spot.

As the race ground down on the long and punishing track, Bailey started to show that he's a natural big-bike rider as he moved up to fourth through some fierce traffic, passing Belgian Everts in the process.

After what seemed like an eternity, Magoo crossed the finish line with yet another win, and perhaps a six-second lead over Vromans, the second ranked 500 rider in the world. Bailey held on to fourth and was even pressing Thorpe. He appeared to be getting stronger with every lap. Gibson got a ninth, to keep our team in the hunt. O'Mara valiantly struggled to 12th and rode every inch of the race in extreme pain.

At the break, it was Belgium in the lead with 13 points, the USA in second with 14 and England with 18. A close race. There was a great deal of quiet in the Honda pits, as Team Manager DeCoster mapped out the strategy and talked to the riders. Even the press had the common sense not to bother them during this time.

When they lined up for the second moto, Chandler was deadly serious, in marked contrast to his lighthearted approach of the last race.

The gate dropped and Magoo gave it the same charge as the first moto, and blitzed to yet another lead by the halfway point of the uphill. But—right up there in the front—was the flash of white and red, everywhere. The Americans filled the front-running spots, with Gibson in fourth, Bailey in sixth and O'Mara running a respectable 13th.

In a few laps, Gibson moved strongly up to third, with Bailey right on his tail. Gibson excels on bone dry tracks, and the Wohlen track had lost its moisture under the glare of the sun and the pounding of the bikes.

By the sixth lap, it was Americans first, third and fourth, and an incredible charge by O'Mara moving up to ninth.

Vromans couldn't stand this and put on

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The U.S. Team backed up its German overall win with another victory in Switzerland.

his own personal charge, passing both Gibson and Bailey on the same lap in a frantic rush on a slippery downhill.

A lap later, Gibson started falling back . . . rapidly. What! Why? There . . . he had a flat rear tire and the bike was starting to slew wildly over the track. The American contingent groaned.

But all was not as bad as it seemed. One of the Belgians, Everts, had gotten in an early pileup with Thorpe and was running at the end of the pack. This left two Belgians to do the work load and hope that their man could move up.

The drama reached fever heights when Bailey put on a charge and passed the Belgian Laquaye to move into third spot. Gibson was bravely muscling the Honda around the track, losing perhaps one position per lap.

Amazingly, O'Mara kept moving up, slowly and steadily.

DeCoster saw the situation and realized that all the Americans had to do was hold their positions and they'd get the overall win. He gave Magoo a signal to cool it. Danny slowed his pace a bit. Enough so that Vromans caught him and started dicing with Danny.

Frantically, DeCoster waved a pit board at Chandler: "Don't fight Vromans." Danny cooled it and Vromans slipped by. However, Chandler is not one to be content with second place. He got right back on Vromans' rear wheel and knifed under him on a tight right-hander. The crowd went wild!

This sent Vromans into a near frenzy. He'd been passed by this virtual unknown in front of a huge crowd. He pressed Danny once again and the two went at it, bar-to-bar, charging, slashing and cutting the tightest lines the corners had to offer.

WORLD—AGAIN



Then, on a nasty triple-rolling-jump downhill, Magoo gave it his all. Vromans and every other rider on the track had been riding gingerly on this section. Magoo pulled out the cork and jumped it, touching twice on the way down, like a basketball bouncing down a flight of stairs.

He pulled Vromans by a good 30 feet in this one section and completely demoralized the Belgian. In two more laps, Danny stretched his lead out to 12 seconds. Vromans was history.

Bailey decided to make him *ancient* history and got on his tail, applying some pressure of his own. He dogged Vromans closely for four laps, then stuffed it under him cleanly on a tight left-hander and wheeled away.

It was America one-two!

David not only held on to second, he pulled away with authority. As if to lend what help he could, O'Mara kept pressing and moved up to seventh. Gibson never quit pushing and manhandled the airless Honda to 14th, beating almost half the racers . . . with a flat rear tire. Truly a courageous ride!

Chandler rolled across the line, fist raised in victory, with Bailey right behind him. O'Mara pulled in moments later and peeled his bloodied hands from the grips. His joy almost overcame the pain.

The score was Team USA first with 23 points, Belgium second with 40 points and England third with 51 points.

They did it again. The Americans swept both the Trophee and Motocross des Nations, led by a virtual unknown: Danny "Magoo" Chandler.

Magoo also accomplished what no other racer in history has done. He won all four motos in both races, becoming the first rider to do so.

Now Danny Chandler has his place in the history of racing and no one can take it (continued on page 74)

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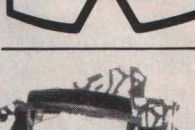
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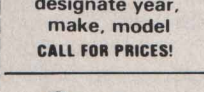
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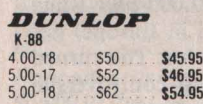
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MX & TROPHEE DES NATIONS

(continued from page 69)

from him. He's worked hard, this kid who was so funny-looking when he was small that he was nicknamed Magoo after the near-sighted cartoon character.

Magoo, indeed. The incredible Mister Magoo! □

RESULTS — MOTOCROSS DES NATIONS MOTO 1

1. Danny Chandler USA
2. Andre Vromans Belgium
3. David Thorpe England
4. David Bailey USA
5. Harry Everts Belgium
6. Jean-Claude Laquaye Belgium
7. Jeremy Whatley England
8. Neil Hudson England
9. Jim Gibson USA
10. Heinz Kinigadner Austria

MOTO 2

1. Danny Chandler USA
2. David Bailey USA
3. Andre Vromans Belgium
4. Jean-Claude Laquaye Belgium
5. Neil Hudson England
6. Heinz Kinigadner Austria
7. Johnny O'Mara USA
8. Kees Van der Ven Holland
9. Jeremy Whatley England
10. Franco Picco Italy

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