

FIRST TEST: SUZUKI'S SURPRISE NEW RM250B

# DIRT BIKE

IND

NOVEMBER 1976

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UK50p



'77 KTM/PENTON  
MC5: ALMOST  
WORLD CHAMP!

THE SUPERBOWL OF MOTOCROSS:  
WHAT, NO LIONS?

US 125 GP: MARTY'S PARTY!

PLUS Gassin' with Gary Jones, Fixin'  
your forks, and assorted sundries



# DIRT BIKE

VOLUME SIX NUMBER ELEVEN NOVEMBER 1976

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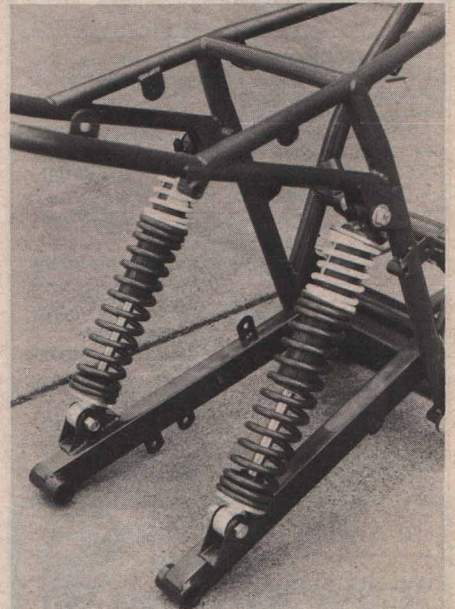
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Ellis or else! p. 46



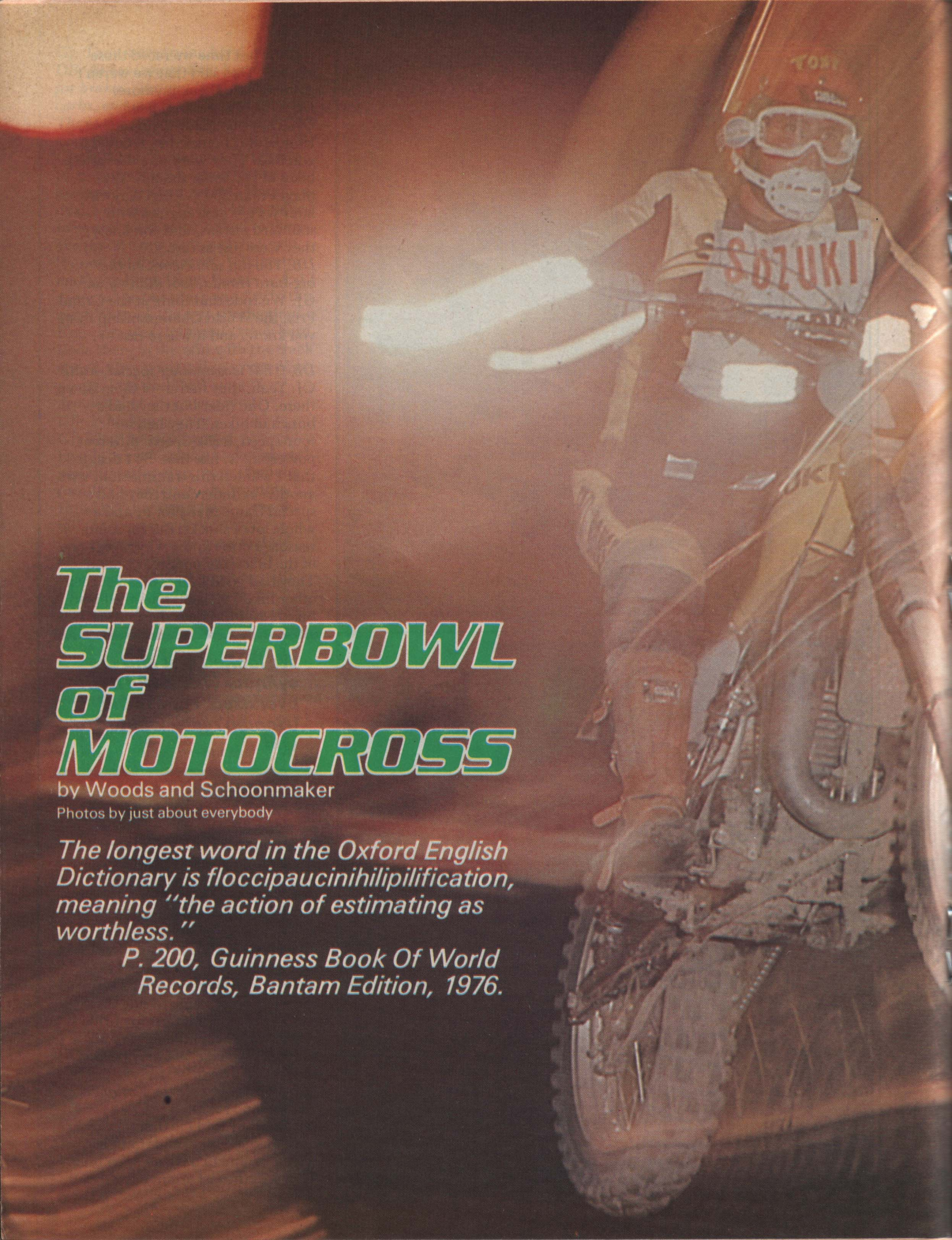
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ON THE COVER: Standing in line at the Superbowl by Regis Moore

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# *The SUPERBOWL of MOTOCROSS*

by Woods and Schoonmaker

Photos by just about everybody

*The longest word in the Oxford English Dictionary is floccipaucinihilipilification, meaning "the action of estimating as worthless."*

*P. 200, Guinness Book Of World Records, Bantam Edition, 1976.*



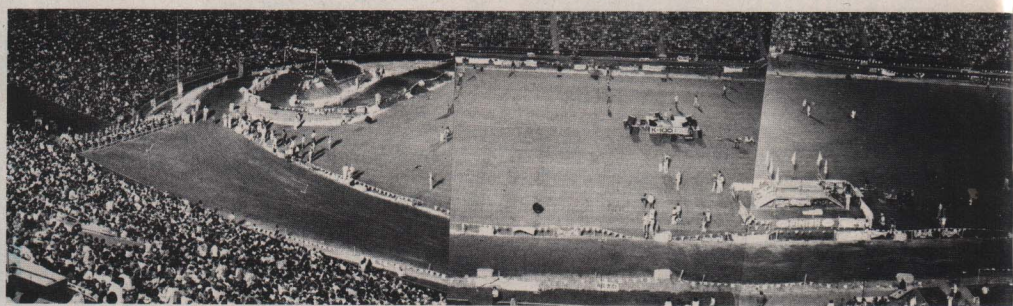


Kent Howerton ducks for it!

## The SUPERBOWL of MOTOCROSS

Three miles from the L.A. Coliseum, from the Superbowl. A scant 30 minutes ago it was four miles. On either side exhaust fumes rise in Transylvanian fog. Things are passed from car to car. To these native Angelenos the tie-up is an occasion for a sort of choking communal picnic. People leave their cars and trot up the freeway to chat with friends. Clutches groan and shudder with every false start.

The logical fantasy would be some sort of science-fiction disintegrator ray. Clean and practical, it would clear a passage through this surrounding wall of matter. But a



An ant colony gone mad? Nope.

ray would be nowhere near violent enough, nor brutal enough, to cauterize the emotional wounds. A bazooka and flamethrower would be infinitely more satisfying.

A tank, a tank, my kingdom for a tank.

*The stegosaurus was the most brainless dinosaur, its brain rep-*

*resenting .004 of one percent of its total body weight.*

*P. 105. Guinness . . .*

Seventy-three thousand people showed up for this year's Superbowl. Jamming the freeways, parking on lawns, they made the great lemming march, to see Joel Robert, perhaps Roger DeCoster, and God knows

what. Joel and Roger they didn't get, through no fault of the promoters. God knows what, they did.

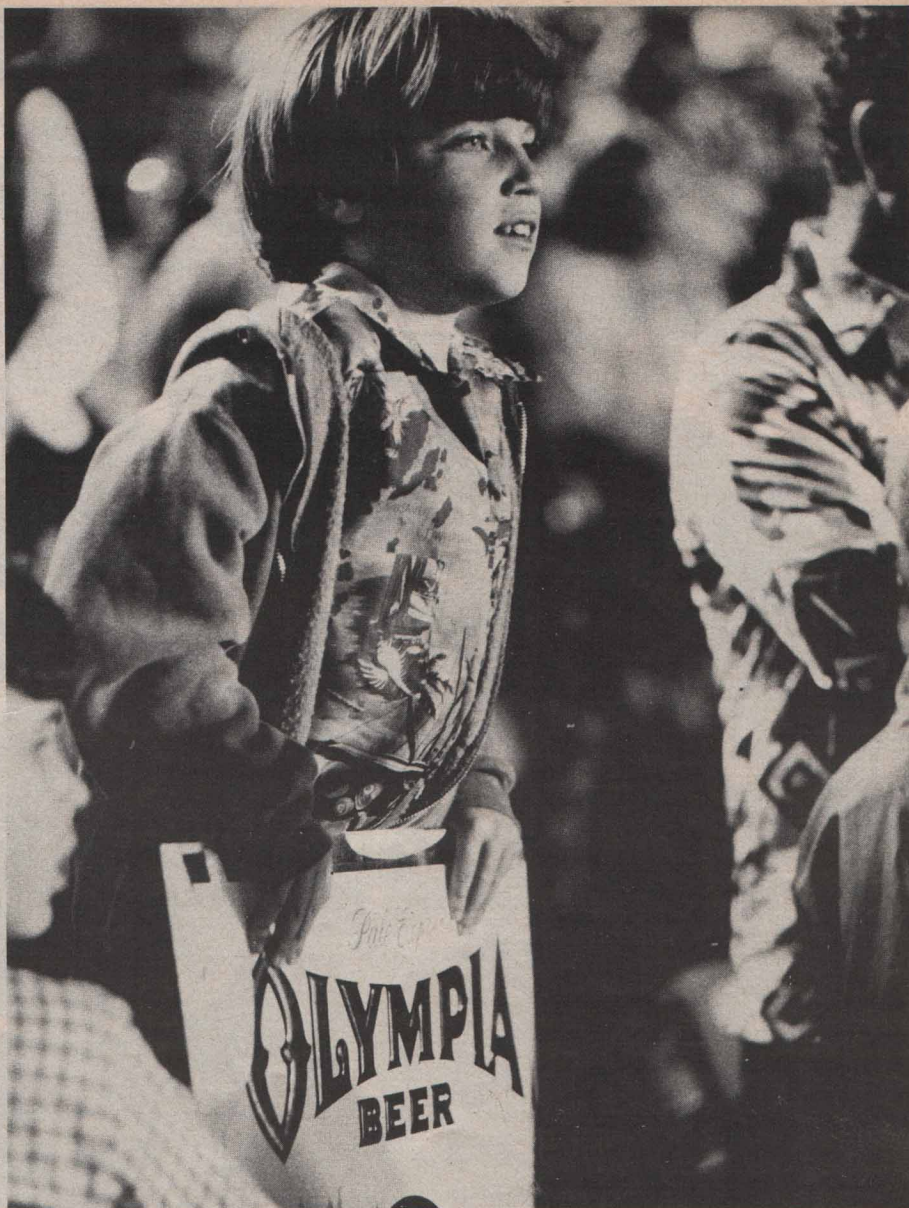
OK, everyone tells us that stadium racing is good for the sport. Could be. CBS-TV was at the Superbowl recording the scene for the world to view on October 2. Millions will see the spectacle. We must strive to be fair. All of these people, including the sizable percentage of the attending crowd who were not bikers, will now understand motocross. They will assume it is a cross between roller derby and professional wrestling. Yep, good for the sport.

*The greatest dog funeral was attended by an estimated 10,000 persons.*

*P. 77, Guinness . . .*

The riders can't be blamed; they tried. Though the traditional European show didn't materialize, Japan's Yasuo Tofokuji put on an inspired display of mad dog scrambling. Rich Eierstedt, Pat Richter and Jeff Jennings gave a fine show in the 500 Support class, with the Jennings/Richter duel in moto two taking the award for all-time whoopdie pogo-sticking.

Ellis was prime, having finally found, as one spectator put it, "a Can-Am track." DiStefano looked smooth and fast, as always; Weinert was quick, but hampered by his bad knee. Lackey rode beautifully,



which must be seriously questioned. Money probably, sponsorship maybe, but glory seemed hardly in the offing.

*The longest recorded carry of a stretcher case with a 140-pound body is 62 miles in 17 hours 30 minutes . . .*

*P. 483, Guinness . . .*

There was the danger to consider, for instance. Superbowl's only foreign World Championship level competitor, Yugio Sugio, sat the night out in the local intensive care unit. And Husky's consistent Kent Howerton crashed himself into non-competition during moto #1. Dollar for bone, wise money shut off early.

*The largest advertising agency in*

*the world is J. Walter Thompson Co., which in 1974 had total worldwide billings of \$883,300,000.*

*P. 342, Guinness . . .*

There was no doubting that the crowd felt sated by the time the last cryptic DIRT BIKE Magazine message flickered on the scoreboard. Whether dazed from excitement or from rhythmically prescribed boredom is another question altogether. Massive localized television campaigning in the three weeks preceding the event had to draw out anyone with a hunger. Thirty seconds of non-stop crashing. Marty Smith doing the big over-the-top. Marty Tripes with feet above his helmet for long enough to run for more chips and dip. Advertising primed the contradiction: what if the fans don't get their blood?

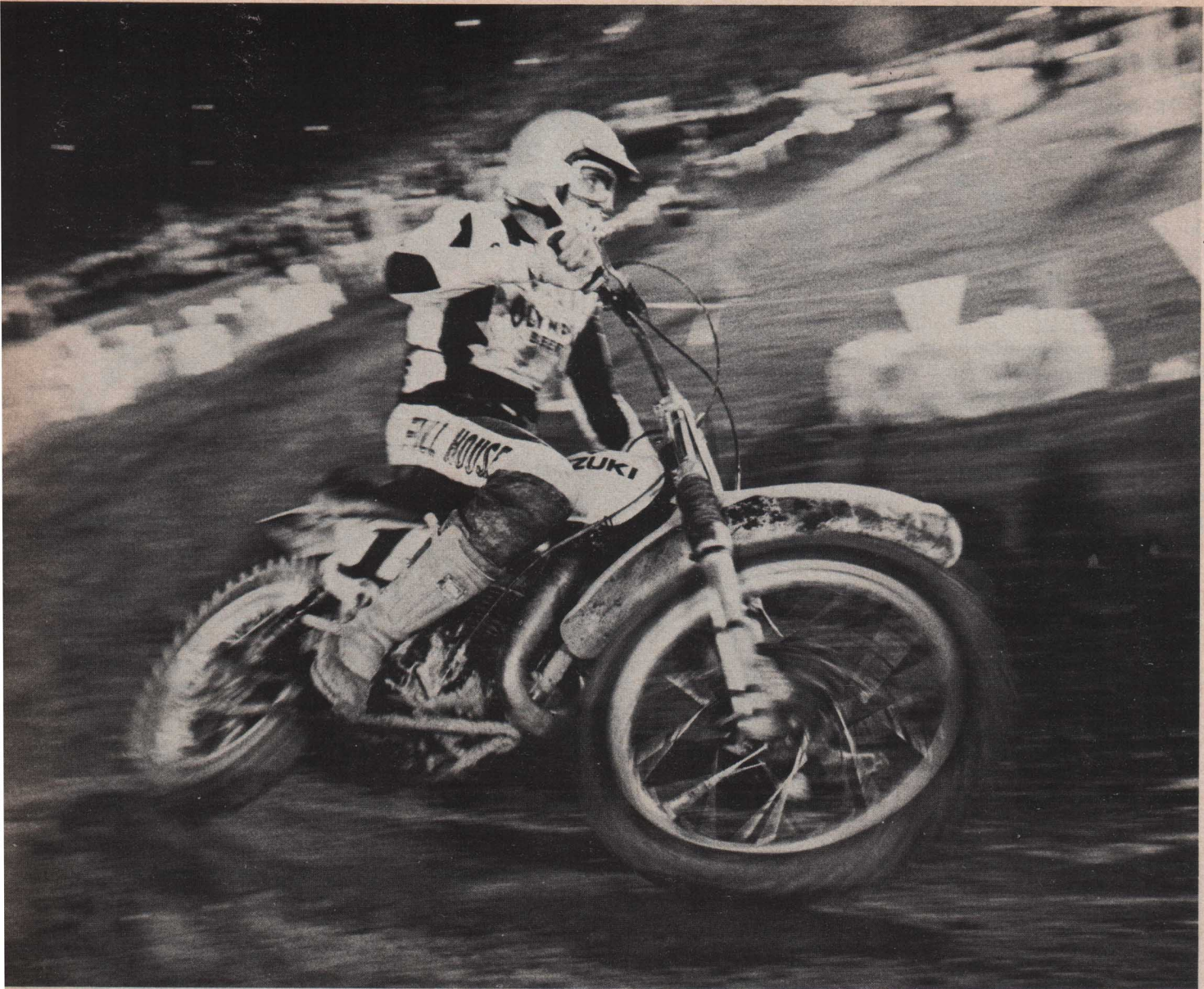


**this is the actual Superbowl track.**

stylishly, but not fast enough to get caught up in the foolishness. Gary Jones was heroic, Hannah was absent, and Marty Smith unhappy.

And there were lions to feed.

Ellis won the first moto, going away. Caroming off of the corners, he kept his Can-Am in a continual scream-song. It was an impressive display of bravado, the reasons for



Tony gave Ellis his only close competition.

*The amplification for Deep Purple on their 10,000 Watt Marshall P.A. system attained 117 decibels. This was sufficient . . . to render three members of their audience unconscious.*

*P. 243, Guinness . . .*

Where was Larry Huffman? Not that there was a knowledgeable moto-fan who missed him. But what of the audience? Could they live without the thrills? How would excitement be maintained when there was none? We wondered, so we asked an innocent bystander:

DB: Hi. We're all from DIRT BIKE Magazine. What do you think of all this?

IB: Well, I never went to one of these before. You know, I came over here from Pico Rivera. Seen all the ads and stuff. It's something, you

know, those cycles are so little. I went to one of these things where they climb a hill once. Kinda different here. A lot like when my kid used to race his slot car, you know? We'd go down to this building and all them kids would buzz their little cars around and sometimes they'd fly right off the table but mostly they'd just go around.

DB: Think you'll come back next year?

IB: Hard to say, hard to say. No telling what a feller will do next year. Don't know that I'm gonna have the ten bucks next year. But you know, it's a nice change from watching the Rams lose football games.

DB: Thanks IB, hope you enjoy the races.

IB: Sure, no sweat. Say, you boys



Lackey rode smoothly, precisely, and his Husky seemed to wonder whether it was all worth it.

don't happen to have nothing to drink in those bags you're carrying do you? Could use a little sniff myself.

*David Lyle, Canada, completed the 36-mile Nanaimo Bathtub Race in one hour and 49 minutes, setting a new record for this sport.*

*P. 457, Guinness . . .*

Second verse, same as the first.

After the Honda MT honor guard had led the pack around on their parade lap the 250 class lined up at the gate again.

The DIRT BIKE staff, trapped far from the press box with its comforting Olympia Tum-water, poised, cameras at the ready, Tri-X film pushed to the very limits of its sensitivity.

Ellis again, from the start. Dogged by DiStefano, Jimmy pinballed his 250 around the track.

Tony, however, was cooking. Closing the gap, he pushed Ellis, hard. They quickly put distance between themselves and the rest of the pack.

"Hotchal!" old DB said to its collective selves, mayhaps a race, huh?"

Nope. Tony crashed. Not hard, but enough to give the moto to the still-flying Ellis.

Oh well, back to the old interviews.

Our second Innocent Bystander turned out to be a gen-u-wine old-timey motoxer. This should be good, we chuckled to ourselves.

DB: Some race, huh?

IB II: You don't like it?

DB: Well, uh, guess not, you see . . .

IB II: Give it a chance, this stuff is OK. I mean, it's not motocross but it's OK!

DB: (Some fiddling with tape recorder) Could you repeat that last you said?

IB II: Sure, I said it's not motocross (click) . . .

*The only man to be struck by lightning five times is Roy C. Sullivan.*

*P. 473, Guinness . . .*

At last. The third moto was the culmination of the abortive duels in the first two. DiStefano and Ellis fought it out, real boss racing. DiStefano won, but of course Ellis didn't need to win it for the overall.



The 250 class gets down to business.



Twice Superbowl champ, Jimmy Ellis, out to launch.

Still, it was exciting, almost good enough to make us forget where we were.

So we found Innocent Bystander III. She was a comely young lady, which fact alone prompted our trying another interview.

DB: Um, Ms. IB, we're from a motorcycle magazine. We'd like to know if you're having a good time?

Ms. IB III: Did you see him? Did you see the streaker?

*Norman Johnson sliced 12 inches of 1½-inch diameter cucumber into 20 slices on BBC-TV on September 28, 1973.*

*P. 462, Guinness . . .*

Jimmy Ellis won his second consecutive Superbowl of Motocross in front of the CBS-TV cameras on July 24, 1976.

