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LARRY ROESELER*



**THREE
WHEELER
BLAST-OFF:
HONDA VS.
YAMAHA**

*"WESTERN RIDERS ARE ALL SPEED
AND NO BRAINS" — DICK BURLESON*



125 MX SECRETS

**SUPERBOWL:
HANSEN SAVED
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DIRT BIKE



THE LAST SUPERBOWL



125 HOP-UPS



KDX450 vs. IT465



ATC vs. YT



CRF80



XC125



XR/XL 80/100

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ON THE COVER: The controversy rages on: Where do the best riders come from? From the steamy sweatbox of the East, or the dusty Western desert? California photo by Dennis West, West Virginia shot by Arlene Sieman. Color separation by Valley Film.

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The spectacular Superbowl is no more. Here's what it looks like if you're about to leap from the famed peristyle jump. Awesome!

THE LAST SUPERBOWL

The King is dead: Long live the new King

by Rick Sieman

The hype for the Last Superbowl of Motocross was stupendous, but deservedly so. In one way, it signaled the end of an era, but the start of a new one. Perhaps no other event has stimulated dirt bike coverage like the original Superbowl in 1972 and the nine years of Coliseum racing after that.

Coliseum racing has been part of the reason factory racers can now make over a half million dollars a year. When it started, even the best and fastest American motocrossers were gimping by on salaries less than that of a third base coach in the minor leagues. They've deserved more and now they're getting it.

Stadium racing, heralded by the yearly Superbowl, has brought national television exposure and its attendant big bucks. It now appears that next year will be the start of a massive expansion of Supercross racing.

Twenty-three cities are tentatively scheduled and the television people are salivating. After all, how many times can you rehash *Laverne and Shirley*? Supercross

just might be the biggest thing on the tube within the next few years. So, we have the start of something important and the end of what started it all: The *Very Last Superbowl* of Motocross.

However, fear not. Rumors are that next year the Superbowl will be held in the Rose Bowl, or something comparable. Still, we're going to miss the old Coliseum with its unique trip up through the stands and the hair-raising ski jumps. It won't be quite the same.

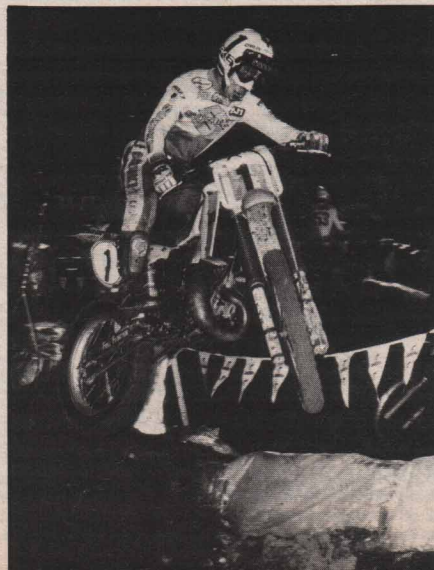
SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

Now that you know all of the above, you can see why this particular Superbowl took on such a superstar status. With All The World looking on, the riders were nearly shaking with nervous energy. A win here could mean instant stardom for a rider. A good showing might earn a factory ride.

To add fuel to the already primed fires, a genuine title was on the line. Mark Barnett and Donnie Hansen—the only two in contention for the Supercross Champion-

Mike Bell and Broc Glover finished in first and second place, respectively, in this Last Superbowl of Motocross.

Mark Barnett bolted out to a picture-perfect lead and appeared set to make one of his patented runaways. However...



Photos by Sieman, Clipper, & Webb





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Event	Stadium	Date*
Anaheim, CA	Anaheim Stadium	1/30
Seattle, WA	Seattle Kingdome	2/13-14
Atlanta, GA	Atlanta /Fulton County Stadium	2/27
Daytona Beach, FL	Daytona Intl Speedway	3/6
Houston, TX	Houston Astrodome	3/19-20
Pontiac, MI	Pontiac Silverdome	4/24-25
Kansas City, MO	Arrowhead Stadium	5/8
Los Angeles, CA	Los Angeles Coliseum	7/17
San Djeo, CA	San Diego Chargers Stadium	11/13

*Dates subject to change.

SUPERCROSS

ship—were set to do battle. A clean win over Barnett would give Hansen the crown. A win by Barnett and a mediocre showing by Hansen would tighten the noose for the last showdown at San Diego later in the year.

Hansen wanted the crown and the reputed \$100,000 bonus from Honda, but could not afford to let it all hang out and throw the Championship away. Barnett had absolutely nothing to lose.

And, as usual, there were the spoilers lurking slightly out of the main spotlight: Mike Bell, Johnny O'Mara, Broc Glover, a veritable army of Team Honda riders, the flashy Kawasaki teamsters, a solid crew of Suzukis and the *always possible*, hungry privateers. Give one of *them* a holeshot in the Main, and he'd go stark-raving nuts before backing off.

The stage was well and truly set for drama of the highest order. At exactly 8:04 p.m., the gate fell for the first Heat and the story unfolded:

HEATS: HOT AND HEAVY

In Supercross racing, only the top four riders from each of the four Heats go directly to the Main event. That accounts for 16 racers. In the Main event, only 21 will be allowed to go for the money. If you don't make it via a direct transfer from the Heat, you have to pull off a battle royal in a Semi, or a minor miracle in the Consolation. The pair of Semis takes only two riders each to the Main, and the brutal Consolation takes but one.

If Donnie Hansen was going to lay back and take it easy, he gave no indication of it in the first Heat. With Kawasaki's Jeff Ward bolting to a startling quick lead, Hansen kept his cool and started hounding the World's Fastest Flying Freckle, as Ward is sometimes called.

Around the halfway point, Ward did a clumsy endo and Hansen slipped into his by-now-accustomed first-place slot. While Ward was on the ground trying to figure out *whahappen* and *whaffo*, Bell slithered by, long legs and bony knees out in the breeze. Ward recovered to take third, followed by another Team Green rider, Billy Liles. Hansen was satisfied with the start of the evening and Ward was shaken, trying to get his confidence back together for the Main. Bell merely looked calm and thoroughly unruffled.

Heat Two showed the impressive power of the new Kawasakis, as Goat Breker muscled to a holeshot. A pair of big-bucks racers didn't really like Breker showing the way, and the pressure was applied. Glover hounded Goat, forcing a bobble and edging by. A few laps later, Barnett applied some Bombing tactics but made a fumble out of a tight turn and dropped a few places. However, Barnett never seems to give up, and quickly got back on Breker's tail, driving him to near distraction and eventually piling off a dramatic pass on the very last lap. Denny



This gives you an idea of the altitude the riders get when going up the Peristyle jump. Here's O'Mara during practice, squeezing the factory Honda between the pillars.

Bentley hung in for fourth. Half of the field had already ridden, and eight locked into the Main event.

Heat Three brought out more high-powered names: Magoo Chandler, Johnny O., the prototype California Kid, and a raft of deadly serious second-level riders like Scott Burnworth, Steve Martin, Ron Turner and Jim Tarantino. The Heat quickly settled into a two-man, no-holds-barred battle between O'Mara and Chandler. Even though Danny Chandler had a clean lead, he couldn't shake O'Mara.

Johnny O. tried everything in the books (both paperback and hardback) to get around the stocky Magoo, but Chandler wasn't having anything to do with the intimidation. O'Mara started yelling, "Get out of the way! Let me by! Move it, move it!" in an effort to shake Magoo. Chandler responded by tucking it in tighter and coming out earlier and harder. He used every rideable inch of the track and went in each corner deep and to the limit.



In one of the finest races ever seen under the lights, Magoo Chandler went bar-to-bar with O'Mara for the entire heat.

O'Mara tried so hard to pass Magoo that he went farther off the big jump than anyone else and earned \$500 from Miller beer. A heady 71 feet 3 inches of flight time, to be exact.

SUPERCROSS

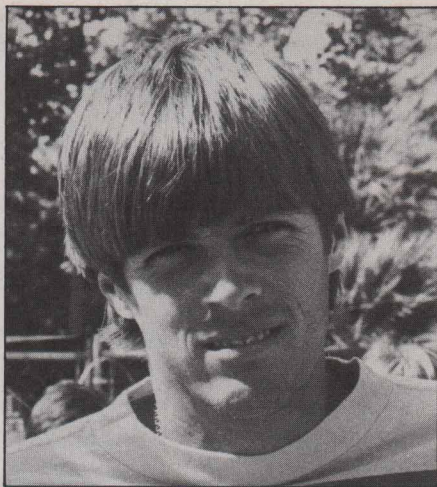
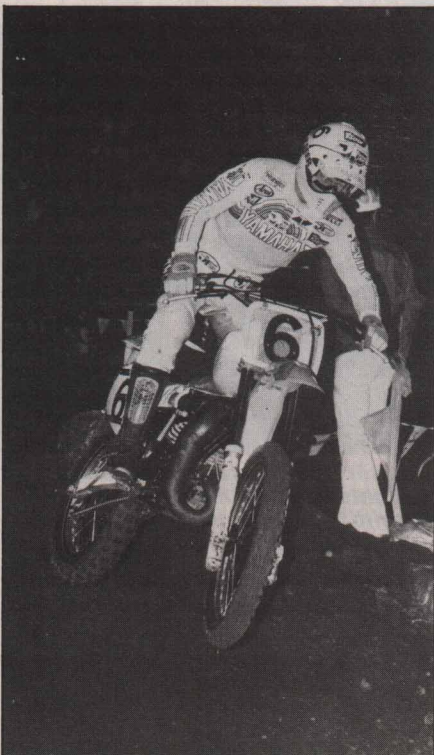
Finally, the strength of Magoo proved to be the determining factor, as O'Mara burned himself out completely, with each and every frantic charge repelled. Chandler, used to the vicious, big 500cc bikes, was able to manhandle the 250 without using all of his body fuel. The race was a genuine adrenalin burner and must have used up a carload of wide eyes, from both riders and spectators. Steve Martin and Tarantino got the two remaining spots, but their fine rides went almost unnoticed with the Magoo/O'Mara duel riveting most of the attention.

Heat Four had good, solid racing for the four transfer spots, but after the previous battle, most of the spectators were still exhaling and slowing down their heartbeats. After a sorting-out process, David Bailey (son of "the Professor," Gary Bailey) came out with a smooth second place, with Jim Gibson taking an almost identical Honda to the win. Warren Reid and JoJo Keller filled out the card. A notable ride was put in by Andy Jefferson, riding a painfully stock Suzuki. Jefferson nearly made the transfer, but a few front-wheel landings and small bobbles cost him the coveted move to the Main. Keep an eye on Jefferson, as he smoked a number of top-rated riders during his ride. At his home track, Sunrise Valley Cycle Park, Andy is almost unbeatable, even by big-name stars.

SEMITOUGH? DON'T BET ON IT!

With only two riders from each of the Semis going to the Main, the only good ride is a great one. One wobble and you're out of the picture, looking at a very slim shot in the Consi.

Glover snuck into second and stayed there for the entire Main. He rode a smart but uninspiring race.



Da winnah! Mike Bell needed this shot in the arm to get his confidence back.

Hot new star Ricky Johnson made up for his lackluster Heat ride, by methodically dispatching Benolkin and George Holland. His one flashy display was a full-blown, last-lap cross-up off the killer jump. Two more to the Main: Johnson and Benolkin.

Semi Two had *Dirt Bike's* own Jimmy Holley trying to make the field, despite a mangled set of ribs. Jim had flipped badly while running third in his Heat and had to be taped up heavily and lifted onto his bike. Holley worked hard but could only get up to fourth, while Ron Turner and Jim Ellis hit it for one-two.

LAST GASP: THE CONSOLATION

One rider—and one only—would be taken from the Consi to the Main. Holley was on the line again, against the advice of his friends. Holland and Alan King went one-two, with Rod Smith taking third. Holley gave it all, but could only manage a fourth. He rode a stock Yamaha.

THE MAIN EVENT: AND IN THIS CORNER . . .

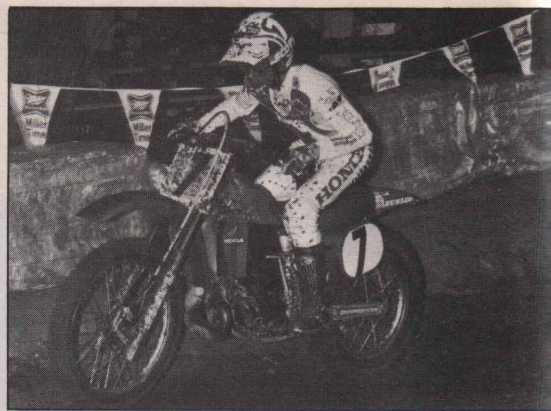
Twenty-one of the best racers in the country sat on the line, while the fireworks went off and the drums rolled. Every single person in the huge Coliseum stood waiting for the gate to drop, wondering who would get the jump.

A tightly clustered group of riders spearheaded it to the first turn, and Mark Barnett outraked them all. At the end of one full lap, it looked as if it were going to be another patented Barnett runaway. He had opened up a 30-yard lead over the field and hacked away at the bumps and jumps under full throttle.

Everyone settled back down into his seat, wondering who would dice for the remaining high spots, when suddenly, shockingly, Barnett dumped his works Suzuki in turn one.

A gasp ripped through the crowd as Barnett tumbled around on the ground, his bike cranked over on its side. By the time Barnett picked his machine up and got it restarted, he was in last place. Dead Last. With capital letters.

Eyes flickered around the course to re-



Hansen rode a smart and cautious race to sixth overall; enough to give him the Supercross Championship. His savvy paid off to the tune of a cool \$120,000 bonus.

evaluate what was going on, and lo and behold, big tall Mike Bell was in the lead, with Broc Glover right on his tail. Yamaha was running one-two. Hansen was mired back near midpack, riding cautiously, trying to keep from making mistakes and ending up like Barnett.

When Bell realized he indeed had the lead, he immediately pressed hard for a few laps and opened up a small bit of breathing room on Glover, but couldn't shake him. Rather than panic, Bell showed his experience and set up a methodical pace, clicking in lap after lap at the same pace, picking tight, efficient lines. No mistakes, no bobbles . . . just driving in deep, chattering both wheels under heavy braking, smacking the berm cleanly and punching it hard out of the corners.

Bell has been in this position before and was not about to fluster. His mental callouses have been toughened by years of Supercross infighting, and the

Bell is most certainly back after his knee problems. He flowed around the technically demanding track.



pressure applied by Glover did little more than increase his concentration.

Glover tried so hard to close up on Bell that he lost a handful of micro-seconds in the process and fell back a fraction. At this point, front-runners included Gibson, Bailey, O'Mara and Ward.

As the race progressed, Glover stayed close enough to keep a measure of tension and anticipation there, but not enough to call it a battle. Spectators settled back to observe who, if, or what might develop. It was then that they noticed that Barnett had worked his way back into the top ten with a near maniacal charge. Hansen was running

eighth and not looking comfortable.

Interest picked up; if Barnett could possibly pass Hansen, Donnie would not be able to wrap up the Supercross Championships that night. However, once Barnett got to midpack, passing became more and more difficult. Barnett was able to pick off two more riders, but Hansen got the signal from his pits to fire up the pace. He responded by sneaking by two more riders into sixth.

While the last-minute jockeying was taking place, David Bailey smoothly rode into third for his highest stadium finish ever. A frustrated Glover followed the long back of Mike Bell ac-

ross the line for a clean Yamaha sweep. Yamaha was elated, as they broke the recent Honda stranglehold. Honda was happy, because Hansen's sixth gave him the Supercross overall Championship. Suzuki was down because of a stifled Barnett runaway.

Kawasaki had to be content with the flashes of brilliance and the obvious potential of the new bikes. The privateers once again proved they can make a Main event, in spite of lesser equipment.

Over 69,000 spectators went home that night, knowing they'd participated in a piece of history. It may have been the Last Superbowl, but, in reality, it signaled the start of big-time Supercross racing. □

RESULTS - 1982 WRANGLER SUPERCROSS SERIES/MILLER HIGH LIFE SUPERBOWL OF MOTOCROSS - LOS ANGELES COLISEUM
JULY 17, 1982

1. Bell, Mike	Lakewood, CA	YAM
2. Glover, Broc	El Cajon, CA	YAM
3. Bailey, David	Axton, VA	HON
4. O'Mara, Johnny	Canyon Country, CA	HON
5. Ward, Jeff	Mission Viejo, CA	KAW
6. Hansen, Donnie	Canyon Country, CA	HON
7. Gibson, Jim	Canyon Lake, CA	HON
8. Barnett, Mark	Bridgeview, IL	SUZ
9. Reid, Warren	Midway City, CA	SUZ
10. Johnson, Rick	El Cajon, CA	YAM
11. Breker, Goat	Riverside, CA	KAW
12. Chandler, Danny	Foresthill, CA	HON
13. Martin, Steve	St. Petersburg, FL	HON
14. Holland, George	Kerman, CA	SUZ
15. Liles, Bill	Fairburn, GA	KAW
16. Turner, Ron	Pomona, CA	HON
17. Benolkin, Tom	Brooklyn Park, MN	KAW
18. Ellis, Jim	E. Hampton, CT	HON
19. Tarantino, Jim	Los Angeles, CA	HON
20. Keller, JoJo	Plymouth, MA	HON
21. Bentley, Denny	Perry, MI	SUZ

1982 WRANGLER SUPERCROSS SERIES POINT STANDINGS

1. Hansen, Donnie	Canyon Country, CA	257*
2. Barnett, Mark	Bridgeview, IL	227
3. O'Mara, Johnny	Canyon Country, CA	195
4. Gibson, Jim	Canyon Lake, CA	180
5. Glover, Broc	El Cajon, CA	162
6. Shultz, Darrell	Trinidad, CA	157
7. Reid, Warren	Midway City, CA	139
8. Hannah, Bob	Carson City, NV	137
9. Ward, Jeff	Mission Viejo, CA	127
10. Bailey, David	Axton, VA	102
11. Johnson, Rick	El Cajon, CA	95
12. Breker, Goat	Riverside, CA	90
13. Burnworth, Scott	Jamul, CA	83
14. Martin, Steve	St. Petersburg, FL	75
15. Howerton, Kent	San Antonio, TX	74
16. Benolkin, Tom	Brooklyn Park, MN	70
17. Bell, Mike	Lakewood, CA	65
18. Ellis, Jim	E. Hampton, CT	56
19. Keylon, Kenny	Brooksville, FL	51
19. Sun, Chuck	Sherwood, OR	51

* 1982 Wrangler Supercross Series Champion

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