

SIX BIG BORES TAKE THE MX TASTE TEST

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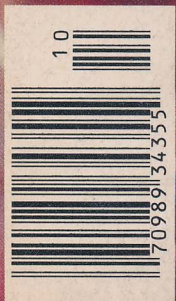
DIRT BIKE

USGP:
WOLSINK WINS

OCTOBER 1976
\$1.00
UK 50p

YZ175C
NEITHER FISH
NOR FOUL

WOMEN'S
NATIONALS



ALL DAYS OF TWO DAYS
250 NATIONAL MOTOCROSS WRAP

DIRT BIKE

VOLUME SIX NUMBER TEN OCTOBER 1976

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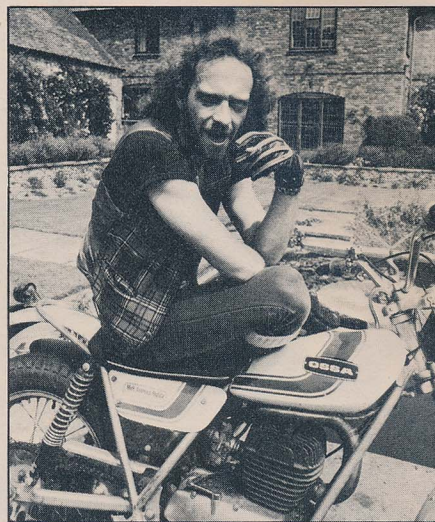
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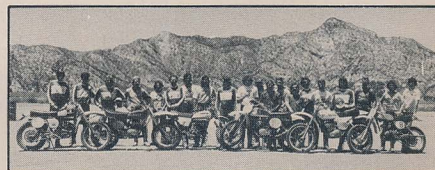
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Why is this man smiling? p. 30



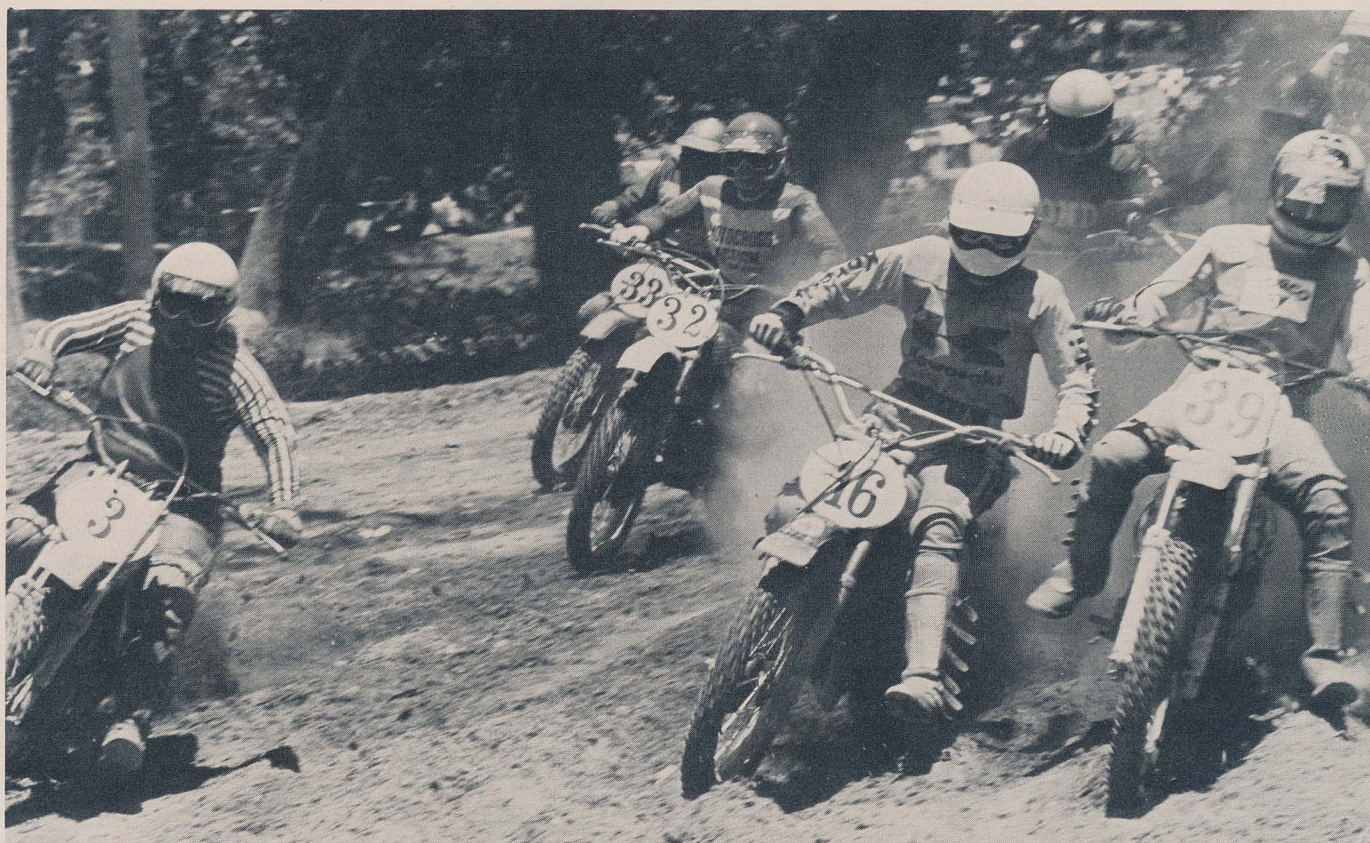
Hail, hail, the gang's all here. p. 23



Why isn't this man smiling? p. 45

ON THE COVER: Gary Jones shows the results of an afternoon of open class testing.
Photo by Bruce Woods.

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Miss Jacques (#3) "Grabs the whole shot," as I believe the expression goes, in the first "250 Expert Moto."

WOMEN IN THE DUNES

27 Bellfree Avenue
Bedlam Court
North Southampton
July 1, 1870

Vincent Edmonds, Esq.
#209, Snoring on the Thames
London

My dear Edmonds:

Though I have these several days since returned from my journey, I have, until now, postponed the

penning of this missive. The delay, I confess, was occasioned not a little bit out of concern for my reputation.

You must not think that I slander you, old friend. You have proven countless times to be the soul of discretion. The events which I will relate, however, are of such an extraordinary cast that I would doubt my own sanity had they not left a vivid imprint upon my brain.

The time machine was a success! Our months of research and sacrifice are repaid. The details of my



Sue Fish (35), her jersey hinting at ties to royalty, shows determination in the pursuit of a rival.

Being a description of the events surrounding an experiment in time travel, with especial attention given to a Women's "Moto-cross" Championship observed by the traveler in the territory of California in the Year of Our Lord, 1976.



Later, Miss Fish finds relief from the scorching sun.



Much violence, a roaring of engines, and a great tearing of earth; the result of first turn confusion.

journey, on the other hand, and the world of the future which I have glimpsed, leave me with a feeling akin to despair.

But let me begin at the beginning. At dawn on Sunday the 27th (this enterprise being not so much *work* on the Sabbath as a labor of love), I entered the sphere.

For provisions I carried naught but bread and cheese, and, in recognition of my weakness, a crock of dark ale. Knowing that world currency is in a continual state of flux, I carried a small pouch of golden coin, thinking the value of this most precious of metals would remain constant.

But, then, you know all this, for have we not spent evenings over our pipes hashing out just such details?

Suffice it to say that thus provided, and casting a last lingering glance upon my dear city, I drew the portal after me, and, with not a little trepidation, pulled shut the switch.

Immediately upon my so doing a violent rocking and shaking took the craft. I was hard pressed to retain consciousness, so violently was I tossed about. For a seemingly endless time it continued. I have a last clear recollection of my watch dangling in the air in front of me, its fob undulating in snake-like gyrations, and then I was taken by darkness.

When I awoke the craft was still. Gathering my wits about me, and putting right my hat which had become sore misshapen in the pummeling, I cracked open the door.

The heat was incredible. For an instant I feared some new volcanic activity had taken old Earth. Hearing the demonic roars of some type of infernal engines, and an amplified human voice, I made my way with caution in their direction.

It was now apparent that the world had been drastically altered. More surprising to one of my scientific bent, however, was the realization that I was no longer in any England, of past or future! My theory is that the very gyroscopic patterns which enable our vehicle to traverse time also hold it stationary while the Earth rolls and tumbles beneath it. For, as later evidence proved, I was standing in the California Territory, that of the United States, and the year, unbelievably, was 1976!

The scene that met my eyes as I reached the peak of the rise even now causes me to start in wonder. There was a vast crowd of people, clad in most peculiar dress. (As I'm sure my town clothes must have seemed to them.)

The dress I noted carefully, believing, as you know, that proper costuming is the hallmark of civilization. And what variety there was! Most of these people, the women especially, were clad more scantily than would be allowed in a well-kept London brothel. I found myself no small way affected by the charms thus displayed, but called upon Christian restraint and beat the old devil off.

Others, I soon perceived, were dressed in a sort of sporting uniform, consisting of leather britches, bog boots, blouses of a material that I could not identify, and peculiar brightly colored helmets. You will not wonder that I first mistook the sport for war!

Most shocking of all, the players, those in the above regalia, were women, some not out of their teens!

Attempting to blend with the crowd (how ludicrous that attempt!), I moved up to a fence to better observe this play, not failing to keep a wary ear open for enlightening information.

A race of sorts was in progress. The costumed women (Amazons, I should call them!) were astride (yes, astride!) some sort of motorized bicycles and were propelling them at speed over a rough-and-tumble natural course.

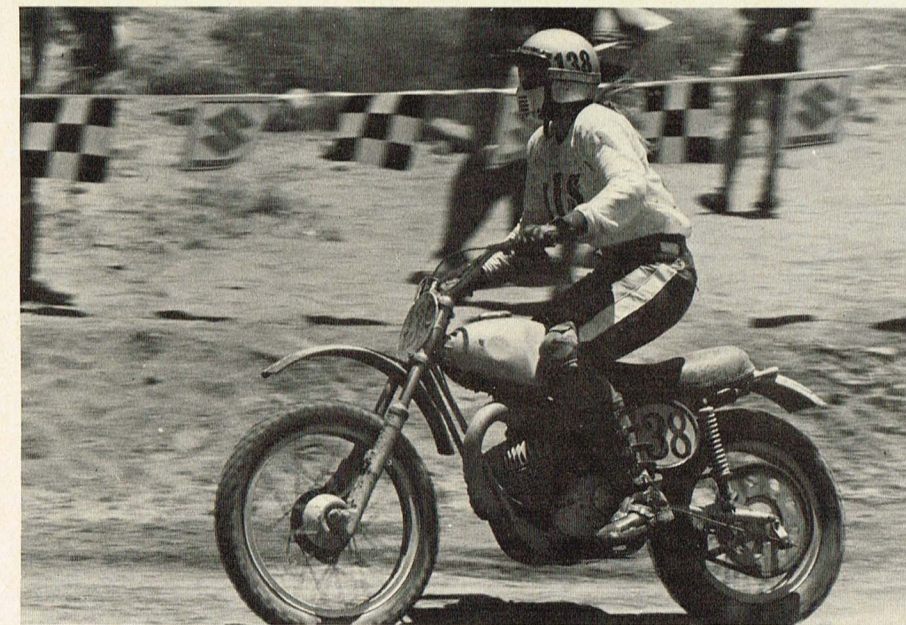
The event, I learned, was termed a "moto-cross," which I take to be a perversion of "motor cross-country."

I gathered that a championship of sorts was being decided. I must admit momentarily being taken by the event itself, finding myself on one occasion cheering as a tight competition developed between two ladies, a Miss Sue Fish and a Patricia Jacques, the latter presumably of French extraction. This particular event was referred to by another as the "first 250 Expert moto." "Expert" I assume, is a classification, and one deserved by these skillful females. A "moto" seems to be one of a group of races, as they later repeated the same match. The "250" I can only guess is some measurement relative to the devices which they rode.

The two dueling mightily, with



Cherry Stockton, seemingly riding for a magazine with a most unlikely title, was a popular favorite.



For no reason that I can determine, this particular machine triggered a bout with homesickness.



Examples of the shockingly scanty apparel worn by even the competitors.



Miss Fish only passing her rapid rival in the last bit of the race.

How they managed to survive in the intense heat perplexed me, for I was most uncomfortable in my brown suit coat. Some light was shed upon this situation when I strolled over to view these racers more closely during an intermission.

Men and boys, some naked to the waist, waited hand and foot upon their feminine champions!

It was only then that I realized,

with some horror, to be sure, what was about. Men, it seemed, in this age of the future, were held in a manner of benevolent slavery!

I gathered what information I could, bartering some few photographs and pieces of information from a spectator with a remarkable "instant camera," and had the opportunity to view Miss Fish again, as she once more trounced her competitors, riding, I believe, in two separate classes.



As she strode forward to receive her award I beheld the most shameful sight of all; a personable young man stood to one side. Her prize, obviously, he waited docilely to be taken possession of! Unable to bear the sight of his subjugation, and fearing for my own freedom should these women discover that I was unowned, I sped to the machine and jammed the lever home.

I have given much thought while recovering from my journey as to what, if anything, to say to you of this, knowing that with your sturdy belief in male dominance it can but pain you more than myself. I suppose we can only be grateful that the extraordinary future is over a century and many thousand miles away.

We must continue, however, my dear Edmonds, to resist any like trends in our own time, lest the hatred of male generations far into the future fall on our own too-complacent shoulders.

I remain, Sir, your
humble and obedient
servant,

Sir James Garrett-Smyth

AS AN HISTORICAL CURIOSITY, I INCLUDE THESE, THE RESULTS OF THE ABOVE DESCRIBED COMPETITION:

IWMA GRAND NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

- 1) Sue Fish
- 2) Johanna Stenerson
- 3) Joann Miley
- 4) Linda Barnes
- 5) Donna Nearn
- 6) Trudy Beck
- 7) Lisa Howard
- 8) Pat Jacques
- 9) Cherry Stockton
- 10) Kit Pratt