

Australia's Best
Selling Bike
Magazine

JULY, 1981

\$1.75*
NZ \$2.00*

two wheels

Full Test Of
The V Bomber
Yamaha Hits The Target!

BATHURST

What Really
Happened?
What Of The
Future?

XV
750

**ENDURO
COMPARO**
Yamaha IT175
Suzuki PE175

YAMAHA



We Test The Gilera cbA Moped
Off To The Centre Rally!

DAYTONA SPEED WEEK
1981

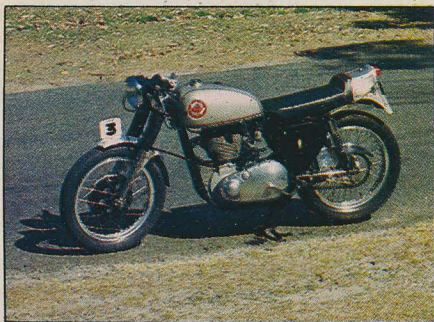
CONTENTS



Relax, it cost only \$25,000...



Bathurst: The good, the bad, the ugly...



BSA Gold Star - pity it died.

Managing Editor: Mac Douglas
Editor: Peter Thoeming
Editorial Assistant: Julia Cullen
Art Director: Ros Levy
Contributing writers:
 Brian Woodward, Kel Wearne,
 Lester Morris
Racing: Don Cox
Road Tests: Col Miller,
 Dave Bourne
Natl Advtg Chief: John Miller
Photographer: Graham Monro

TESTS

- GILERA cbA MOPED** — C'mon feets, do yo' stuff 26
- YAMAHA XV750** — The V Bomber, right on target..... 34
- CLASSIC TEST** — BSA GOLD STAR — The bread-and-butter bike, with just a dash of spice 50
- DIRT COMPARO** — SUZUKI PE175/YAMAHA IT175 — it's easy to see they're good, but which is better?..... 57

RACING

- DAYTONA SPEED WEEK** — All the action, from the track to the Chopper Show 42
- BATHURST: A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS** — Lots of pilgrims, not much progress..... 72

FEATURES

- BATHURST ON THE BOX** — Moans from a Squareeye ... 11
- BLOOD ON THE MOUNTAIN** — What went wrong at Bathurst, and why 78

TOURING

- AN AFTERNOON IN TURKEY** — Thrills and spills on the sunny Mediterranean 32
- 12,000 KM TO NOWHERE** — The Newcastle boys go to the Centre Rally, with interesting results. Part 1 ... 65

DEPARTMENTS

- | | | | |
|----------------------|----|--------------------------|----|
| Wrap On..... | 5 | It's All Happening | 16 |
| Vibes | 8 | The Gizmo File..... | 24 |
| Seat Of Power..... | 12 | Maynard..... | 90 |
| The Bear Garden..... | 15 | | |

Freelance contributors are welcomed by this magazine and submissions should be addressed to The Editor, TWO WHEELS, 142 Clarence Street, Sydney 2000. Submissions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or transparencies.

Annual subscription rate to addresses in Australia \$21.00. Other countries \$A24.00

Back copies: Gr Floor, 154 Clarence St, Sydney. Photostat service inquiries to Julia Cullen, 5th Floor. **Advertising:** National Advertising Manager, John Miller, 142 Clarence St, Sydney 2000. Phone 29-3761, 29-5606. **Melbourne:** 150 Lonsdale St, Melbourne, 3000. Phone 662-1222. **Adelaide:** THE ADMEDIA GROUP PTY LTD, 24 Kensington Road, Rose Park, 5067. Phone 332-8144. **Brisbane:** GEOFF HORNE AGENCIES, P.O. Box 247, Kenmore, 4069. Phone 202-6229. **Perth:** CLIFF THOMAS, ADREP Advertising Representatives, 62 Wickham St, East Perth, 6000. Phone 325-6395. **New Zealand:** RON COOK, Sun Alliance House, 42-44 Shortland St, Auckland, GPO Box 486. Phone 30311. **London:** PETER HOLLOWAY, Ludgate House, 107 Fleet St, London EC4A2AL. **Japan:** Bancho Media Services, 15 Sanyeiicho, Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo 160. Phone (03) 359-8866. Telex BMSINC J25472.

Printed in New Zealand by Comprint. Published by Murray Publishers Pty Ltd, 142 Clarence St, Sydney 2000. *Recommended Price.

DISTRIBUTORS: GORDON & GOTCH (A/SIA) LTD, MELBOURNE. MURRAY PUBLISHERS PTY LTD, SYDNEY.

As usual, LESTER MORRIS came back from Daytona starry-eyed and not too steady on his feet. Here's his report, on the racing, the choppers, the roar of the greaspaint, the smell of the crowd . . .

DAYTONA



**DAYTONA SPEED WEEK
1981**

THE WEEK...

... at the world's greatest gathering of motorcyclists.

The handbill given to me when I picked up my press passes and the tickets for the touring party at Daytona's Speedway office said it all.

Among various hints given for visitors to Speed Week was the legend: "Maximum speed on the beach is 10mph at all times!" Where else in the world would the authorities allow — nay, encourage — people to drive up and down the local beach as though it were a major thoroughfare?

Where else would thousands of otherwise sane people take advantage of this local ordinance and in fact create several traffic jams in the sand?

Nowhere else but Daytona Beach!

You see, the beach isn't quite as we know it. Though powdery at the 30-mile long sea wall, and in fact blown onto the main North Atlantic Boulevard, the sand packs down as firmly as concrete near the water's edge. This allows much local traffic to be diverted from the main roads in and around Daytona Beach, saving much congestion as tens of thousands of motorcyclists descend for Speed Week in early March.

While much of the country is still within the grip of winter, the temperature at Daytona is balmy, the air crystal clear and the entire area a hive of activity.

Daytona Speed Week is known nation-wide as America's largest sporting fixture and it attracts upwards of 100,000 motorcyclists annually, by no means all of whom are there for the racing. Within an hour's drive of the heart of Daytona is the Kennedy Space Station, which is well worth a day's visit, while another day can easily be used up in the giant Disneyworld, which is about 45 minutes from the beach.

Marineland, with its incredible trio of killer whales, which perform tricks other than eating penguins and seals, is about one and a half hours from Daytona while Circus World is a spit-and-a-cough away. The re-created Western town, Ocala, is about an hour in the opposite direction and up the coast, while historic St Augustine, founded by the Spaniards in 1535, is an historic hour away.

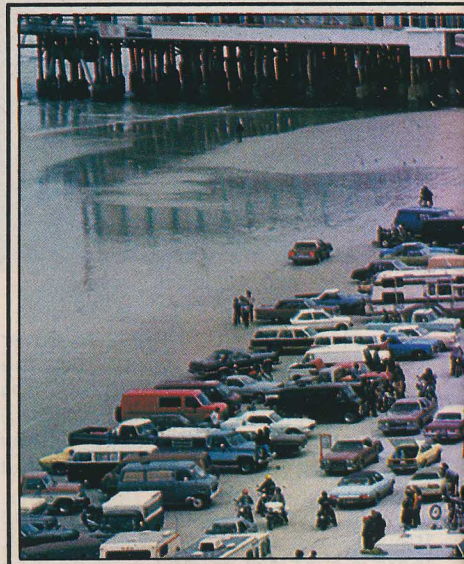
Little wonder Daytona is a tourist Mecca whether one is into motorcycling or not.

Of course, for those of us who are into motorcycling, Daytona is a week of sport and social activities which is almost too much to grasp at once. There are so many functions going on at once that it becomes traumatic to catch one slice of the motorcycling action at the expense of another.

There is something happening at the track every day, from practice early in the week and time trials for grid positions in the 200-Mile classic, to Novice and Amateur races and heat races for grid positions in the 100-Mile Lightweight and 100-Mile Superbike events.

To celebrate the classic's 40th anniversary, this year saw several new events.

An inaugural veteran and vintage race saw the start line alive with the sights and sounds which rent the air 20 and more years ago, while the fewer-cylindered modern motorcycles had their chance to star in the first annual 'Battle of the Twins', an event obviously included to cater for BMW, Moto-Guzzi, Ducati, Triumph, Harley-Davidson and



Ever heard of a traffic jam down on the beach?

whatever else one could drag out of the showroom or the depths of the garage. Both events were quite well subscribed and deservedly popular with riders and race-goers alike.

Memorial Stadium hosts short-track events every night, but this year saw the inclusion of TT events on an 'alternative night' basis, which added another dimension to the popular venue. The TT events, incidentally, are run on much the same ground as the short-track (read speedway) events, but include at least one right-hander and a jump — something like our short-circuit meetings — except for the jump!

The Harley-Davidson Show was in the Daytona Hilton as usual, but this year saw several exhibits which have not been outside the York factory before, and the huge crowds in attendance were treated to many well-known racing machines from flat-tracks and Daytona. The Model K, that unbelievable side-valve flat-tracker which slew everything in its path in its heyday was there in some numbers, as was Don Emde's Daytona 200-winning 750 ohv road-racer.

A rare flat-twin shaft-drive ex-Army machine was on display, and so too were several four-valve singles and a couple of eight-valve vee-twins which were invincible on board-tracks in the very early twenties. Naturally, the entire 17-model range was on display, along

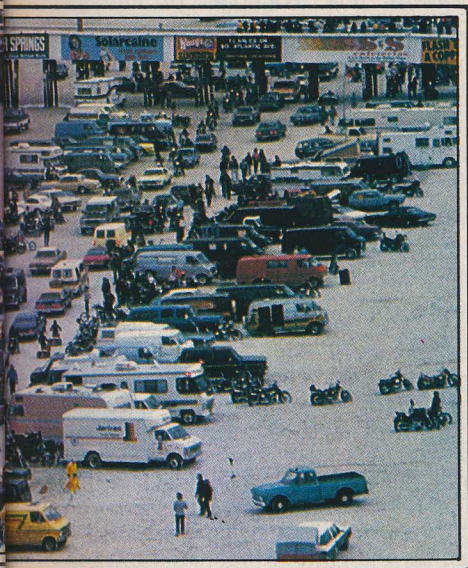


A view from the top. A small section of the huge Chopper Show, taken from atop the Daytona Beach tower. Most of these machines are entrants in the 'British Bike' section.

with cutaway motors showing the wonders of the huge engines and the latest Sturgis belt drive transmission.

Some very fashionable leather clothing was on offer, with Harley souvenirs and general memorabilia for sale by the truck-load.

Another, and much larger, trade show was held daily at the Plaza Motel, and it featured a staggering range of clothing, accessories, tune-up aids and



hot bits for every conceivable machine and touring fairings, moulded pannier bags and trunk-sized top-cases.

All the latest machines were on display, and it was interesting to note that the CB900F Honda had just arrived, the natives having to make do with the CB750F to date.

The CB1100R Honda is not available in America, and apparently never will be, which is a very sore point with the enthusiasts and distributors alike; it is also a sore point with the AMA, which is one very good reason why they would not allow the machine to be entered at Daytona. Hence the disappearance of Dennis Neill and Mike Cole from the projected team for 1981.

By the look of the local motorcycle show there are few, if any, motorcycles in America which we do not have here, but we have several models here which are not available in America. Many riders and dealers asked me why this is so, in relation to the CB1100R in particular, but I'm sure I don't know. Our geographic advantage and undoubted riding expertise may be a couple of good reasons. No? Well, I can't think of any others.

The Plaza Motel was also the scene of a series of nightly parties held by Bel Ray Oils and the Cycle News people. They proved to be too wearing on some of our touring party who had gone there for the racing as well as the fun, and were happy to accept a small slice of each. Nothing is quite so bad for a heavy head

in the early morning as the scream of a high-performance two-stroke!

It was an interesting exercise to stand on the busy street corner outside the Rat Hole Chopper show and make a quick check of the types and brands of machines, and the different types of riders, who were in town for the races. Harley-Davidson in all its forms — though mostly Sportster — still outnumbered everyone else by nearly five-to-one, but the next most popular machine, by a comfortable margin, is the GL1100 Honda Interstate.

From my own observations, verified by information gleaned from many riders I questioned, a great majority of Harleys are taken to Daytona in the backs of pick-up trucks and ridden only within the environs, while the big Hondas (almost invariably two-up) are usually owned by touring types who ride to the venue.

Invariably, the GL1100 Interstate Hondas are equipped in similar fashion to their American vee-twin opposition with large fairings and the almost universal huge moulded panniers and top-cases. This is to allow the bikes which are ridden long distances to remain uncluttered, showing off acres of paint and assorted chromed bric-a-brac. There is not a sock or sleeping bag to be seen on these long-distance tourers.

As though to prove that these big machines can be, and are, ridden long distances and at speed, we were overtaken by a large, fully-outfitted Harley-Davidson on our way back to Daytona after an all-day trip to St Augustine. We were drifting along at an indicated 70mph, on a long, flat and gently sweeping Freeway when the Harley swept up from behind and peeled off to pass us. He had to be doing a good 100mph but he passed us with a whoosh, set himself up for a long right-hand sweeper and just dropped the bike till the footboards touched.

That Harley just sat there as though painted on the road and it gradually grew smaller and smaller as it rapidly pulled away. From what I could see of the guy driving it, he was probably in his mid-60s, with a pillion-riding wife of the same age, and was clearly very expert. Oh, and he was smoking a pipe and had the stereo going full blast as well!

You'd expect the place to be crawling with the fuzz in any place where some 100,000 motorcyclists congregate and you'd expect to hear of the occasional brawl or witness illegal drag races at every street corner, but Daytona isn't quite like that. I saw perhaps 20 police officers in the entire week and I once again remarked upon the good manners and high standard of behaviour I saw on every hand.

Some Australian riders could learn much from the American cousins they seek to copy, for Daytona is so much an

institution in the eyes of the average rider I spoke to that to commit a major traffic violation is tantamount to relieving oneself upon the American flag.

Of course, there are those to whom the challenge of arriving at Daytona and spending seven days in the heady atmosphere of high-speed International racing is too much, and even they are catered for by a unique event, the annual Beach Drags.

The semi-official series of drag races are conducted under the watchful eyes of the police, who join in the festivities by actually timing the speeds of various machines by using Radar Speed Guns! A priest usually blesses the congregation before 'racing' begins and there are some very handsome trophies to be won. Many riders front the starter at the far (unpopulated) end of the beach and the events are run beyond the prying eyes of people interested in the more traditional types of motorcycle competition. Results of these impromptu races are faithfully recorded in the local press.

Daytona Fever is an unusual and incurable illness, afflicting hundreds of thousands of people from every corner of the globe, as witnessed by the 400 Dutchmen and women who were there this year, along with the 200 Germans and 140 French enthusiasts. It made our small touring party look a bit thin on the ground, but perhaps next year . . . ?



The so-called 'pig farmer', Dale Singleton, with friend Elmer Three, take a stroll before the Big One, the Daytona 200, which Singleton won for the second time.



**DAYTONA SPEED WEEK
1981**

THE CHOPPERS...

... turn the promenade into an unbelievable custom bike show.

The annual Rat Hole Chopper Show has become an institution at Daytona, with choppers in a bewildering range of categories trucked many thousands of miles across the States, and literally millions of dollars spent upon them in detail modifications, engravings and lashings of gold plate.

Held in the open air on the beach front's promenade, some five miles from the famous track, the Show attracts over 30,000 people annually, for whom the Show is Speed Week's major attraction. The event is held on Saturday, the day before the 200-Mile classic. It draws many people from the track events which are held the same day.

This Honda Four chopper sports a completely gold-plated rear chain which was said to cost \$1200 alone! Much of the machine was similarly plated, including footrests, handlebars and control cables.

There are classes for British motorcycles, Classic and Vintage models, chopped twins of various capacities and years of manufacture. There are classes for semi-chopped and chopped Japanese machines and motorcycles made in Europe. There are full Custom classes, Dressers (accessory-fitted, but otherwise 'standard' roadsters) and the inevitable Trikes, these last being heavily customised vehicles based upon the odd Harley-Davidson three-wheelers used by the Los Angeles, San Francisco and other US police forces.

Many trikes, quite apart from their heavily customised bodywork, and weird front ends, employ large V8 car engines to propel them about and most of the vehicles are registered!

By definition, the Full Dress and Custom machines at Daytona were all registered and several showed very high mileages indeed, in particular the Harley and GL1100 Interstate machines. The two are synonymous in other ways, for the Daytona Show had several Hybrids on display which combined components of both Honda and Harley-Davidson.

Several of the Full Dress machines were entered in a sub-category for Hybrids, and all these machines were originally GL1100 Hondas with Harley-Davidson wheels and touring accessories, while several also ran fat Harley-Davidson forks, balloon tyres and soft Harley rear shocks.

But standing cheek-by-jowl with them in the Dress section of the Rat Hole Show stood some mighty Harleys which flew the Yank-Tank flag bravely in the face of the Oriental pretenders, and won more than a fair share of the

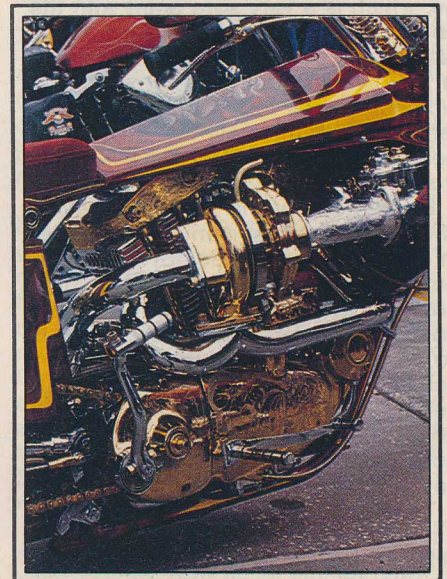
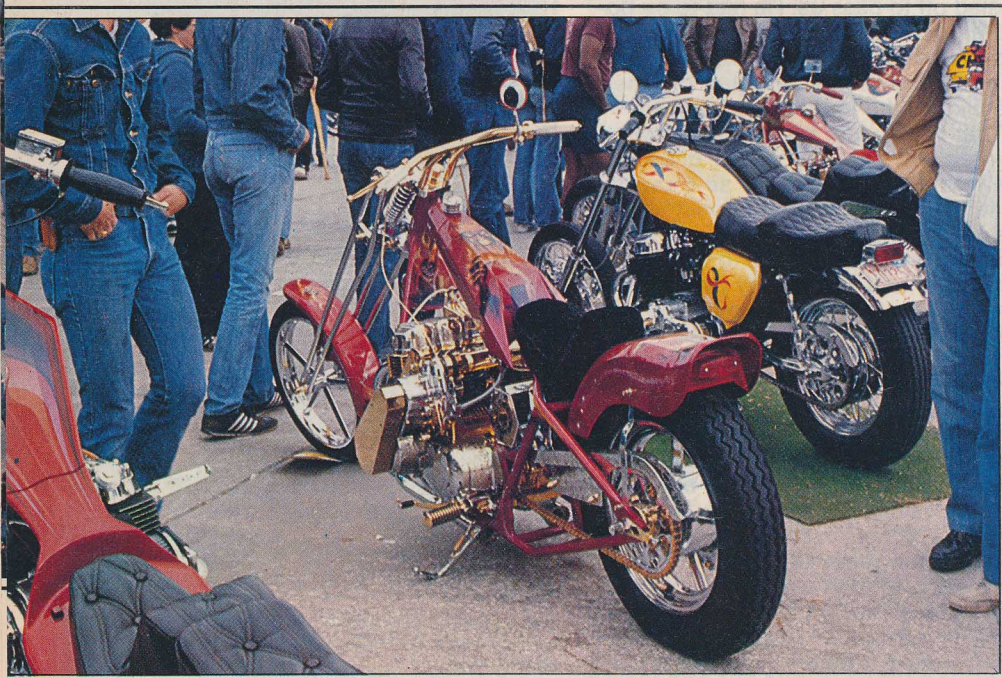
gold and glory in so doing. A prime example was a magnificent 1980 model, 1300 cm³ Harley finished in a fine maroon and white, with full touring panniers, 7000 miles on the clock and a huge dualseat covered in the thickest, most virginal-white sheepskin you would ever find. The bike looked as though it had never spun a wheel in anger, but the owner assured me he rides it at least weekly!

Several fine examples of Vintage motorcycles were on display at Daytona, including a perfectly restored 1938 Tiger 80 Triumph single, which appeared to be quite original, and a pristine Indian four-cylinder machine of the same vintage which, though the wrong colour, had obviously had many hundreds of hours' work spent on it.

One small section of the display had nine spotless Vincents standing side by side, including a rare 1955 Series D Black Prince, the last model ever made. It stood, clothed in its gleaming black original fairing, but with a very modern looking two-level dual seat. This was at least more practical than the flat, single-level seat with which the bike was originally fitted. The other Vincents appeared to be totally original.

There was interest on every hand, from the Dressers, the Custom jobs, the Veteran and Vintage machines and one or two heavily disguised BMW and Moto-Guzzi tourers, but the main areas of the Chopper Show were devoted to the 200 or more choppers which everyone had come to see, and they were almost engulfed, to a machine, by shoulder-to-shoulder worshippers.

Though not into choppers myself, I forsook the heats of the Supercross meeting after watching the Lightweight



Behold the engraved and gold-plated engine room of the \$25,000 example of the chopper builder's art. Paint work and seat upholstery are similarly mind-blowing.

event, and made the short trip to the beachfront to gaze (with awe and respect, I might add, because this is a highlight of my Daytona tour) at the unbelievable machines which form the bulk of the Rat Hole Show.

On every hand were sleek, beautifully sculpted engineering masterpieces, which rejoiced in some colour schemes even God would have envied while gold plating on engine cases, some exhaust pipes, and springs or hand controls were seen on almost every machine.

Behold the Drew McCaffrey Harley Sportster 900, one of the Great Choppers, a star of the Show, which stood in a line with several other works of art and which was gazed upon in silent admiration by a huge crowd. The entire crankcases were engraved on every surface, buffed to a mirror finish and then gold plated, the plumbing for a twin-Webber-fed turbo-charger similarly engraved — though 'merely' silver-plated — while the body of the turbo, and its attendant mounting flanges, was similarly plated in gold.

Rockerbox end covers and the tops of both rocker boxes were very heavily engraved and were again gold plated, while the precious metal was also used to plate the fork springs and most of the engine mounting nuts and bolts, along with oil lines and other engine parts. The rear chain was also gold plated!!

A hand-sculpted, 'knife-edge style' fuel tank finished in maroon and yellow helped set off this masterpiece, with a classic air-brushing of a Viking warrior atop the tank, the machine finished off with a small dualseat in plush red velvet.

There were several other Harley-Davidsons of similar style, and similarly excellent, but they were upstaged by this beauty, and, oddly, a Honda Four which stood close by attracted the attention of many. Quite apart from much gold plating, which is almost too long to detail here, the Honda featured a fully-engraved chainguard and a rear chain which was fully gold plated.

The owner was close by, and he assured me that he had pulled that chain apart with a punch, boiled the lubricant out, had each link individually gold plated and had then re-assembled the chain . . . link by link, and pin by pin. He claimed the chain alone had cost \$1200 to be treated and re-assembled, and that the bike all told had cost him about \$14,000! He guessed that the Harley I have previously described would have cost its owner close to \$20,000!!

All told, there were just over 220 entries in the Rat Hole Chopper Show of 1981, for an all-up value of close to \$2 million, with a matching record attendance. Organisers of the Show expect an even bigger roll up in 1982, and they can count me amongst their number right now.



DAYTONA SPEED WEEK 1981

THE RACING...

... and Jeff Sayle and Wayne Gardner perform creditably.

Racing at Daytona doesn't really get underway before Friday, at least as far as the International events are concerned, but there is plenty of action at the track during the early days of the Speed Week meeting.

Monday morning is the first day of registration for local and foreign riders. Practice for all classes begins at eight am sharp for those who can rouse themselves and manage to register early enough. All classes are catered for in these early practice sessions when the never-ending search for the right fuel mixture, the correct heat-range spark plugs, the optimum tyre pressure and the ideal gearing takes up most of the day. Practice times at this

Peter Molloy chats to Moriwaki in the background, while the alloy-frame Kawasaki of Gardner's team-mate Roger Marshall catches its breath after a tough practice session.

early stage are no indication of the prowess of various riders, though the improvement at the first day's end gives a pretty good idea of those who are ready to challenge Daytona and those who are not.

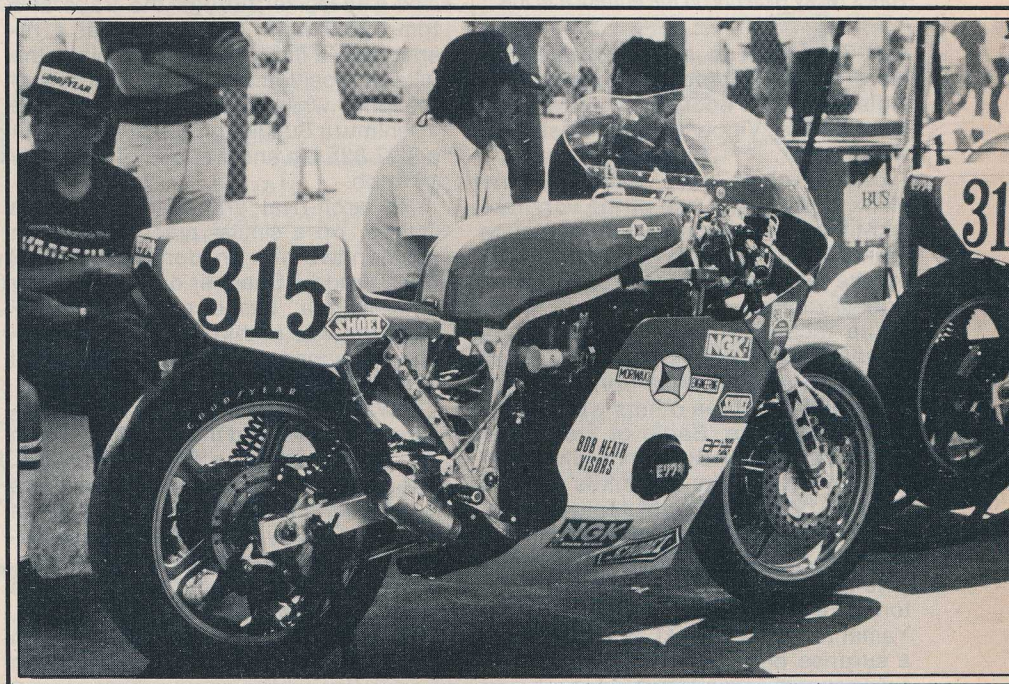
Wayne Gardner managed a couple of early passes in 2:20 and then to 2:14 as early problems with spring rebound damping were sorted out and the course learned at racing speeds — he had been driven round the fast, steeply-banked track the previous day in a fast car, though this was little more than an exercise in seeing where it all went.

Jeff Sayle was at the pits with the new Armstrong 250, Britain's current Rotax-engined challenger, and he failed to impress because of several piddling problems with ignition and odd carburettor mixtures. It was his first appearance at the track in over six years and he expected to do well, and in fact his subsequent performance in the 100-Mile Lightweight event was probably the best ride of the entire meeting.

Also from Australia was Bernie Summers, REVS Advertising Manager, and Peter Walker from Queensland, who had taken delivery of a brand-new TZ250H for the Lightweight event, but who was unable to make the start when his new engine blew a head seal and refused to fire on the line.

There were two brand-new races scheduled for Speed Week, 1981, and both had elicited a fair amount of interest from Press and spectators alike, though for different reasons.

A Veteran and Vintage event was on the slate for Wednesday, while Thursday's star attraction was to be a so-



called 'Battle of the Twins', open only to twin-cylinder motorcycles. These two events meant that the Speed Week festivities had been moved forward two days.

The V and V race brought together just 31 starters — that will probably double next year . . . bet on it! — among them no fewer than four Gold Star BSAs, two Velocettes (one Thruxton, one KTT), three Matchless G50s, two

the grid, and to note, as they circulated, that they were more than a little old and worn.

There are several races during Speed Week for local Amateur and Novice riders, and these are interesting enough for the close riding and the frequency with which these riders seem to bump into one another but the interest of the touring party which went with me this year naturally centered on Croz

If most of the attention was on the leaders, who remained in sight of the fourth and fifth placed riders but oh, so far away, then the fight between Wayne and the young Honda rider certainly lived the minor placings.

The three leaders were never more than a length or so apart for the duration of the race, with each of the trio enjoying his turn in the breeze and relative calm at the head of the field. It just went on and on, the tight group of three at the front and the duo dicing astern.

The issue was in doubt until the last lap, with Cooley leading Croz and Spencer a few lengths behind, and was almost resolved in the chicane on the exit from the far west banking, when Cooley pulled a huge slide and Croz, in trying to drive past almost collided and pulled a giant slide of his own. Spencer closed the gap at this stage, but Cooley won the sprint to the finish, with Croz in no real danger of losing out to the flying Spencer. Further back, Wayne Gardner had won his hard battle with the younger Michael Spencer and slipped happily into a well-deserved fourth place — an excellent Daytona debut.

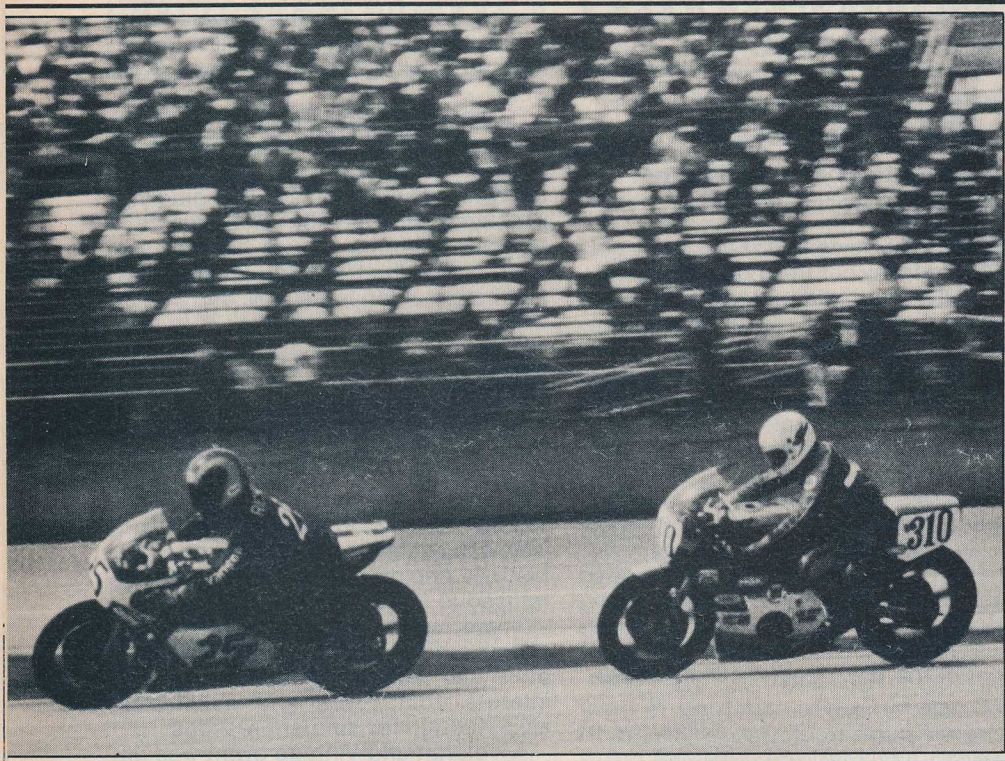
A new race record of 107.744 mph was set, Cooley taking the flag with a mere .7 of a second advantage.

By contrast, the 100-Mile Lightweight race was almost processional, although the two leaders Eddie Lawson (who rode a belt-driven Kawasaki to victory) and Jim Felice, diced wheel-to-wheel for almost the entire race. There was never much in it, and the riders changed position many times before the final flag.

World champion, Anton Mang, of Germany, was a distant third, with Craig Morris just pipping Jeff Sayle at the post for the fourth place. There is no doubt Jeff could have easily held his position to the line, had he known what his position was, and in fact he was riding comfortably enough to have annexed *third* place had he realised he could have so easily done so. For him it was a comedy of errors, and it should have been a great deal better.

Troubled with a duff ignition system, and subsequent piston seizure, he was forced to start the all-new Armstrong from position 52 in the 80-strong field, in the middle of the second wave of riders who left 10 seconds after the leading forty! He had to nurse a new piston for several laps, and then found his rev-counter needle had fallen off its spindle and he had to ride the rest of the race changing gear by ear!!

Though his pit crew was in attendance at the start of the race there was no need for a pit stop to re-fuel, so the crew sat and watched the race from the pit counter; they could have, and should have, been otherwise engaged.



Early in the Daytona 200, with Wayne Gardner (310) about to slip round the outside of New York's Nicky Richichi on the entrance to the infield.

AJS 7Rs, and an odd assortment of Moto Rumi, Bultaco TSS, Aermacchi Indian Daytona Scout — whatever that is — and a Vincent Grey Flash 500 single racer.

Unbelievably, there was only *one* Manx Norton, and two of the very rare mid-fifties Rennsport BMWs, quite probably the only two still not claimed by the German factory, or used in sidcar racing.

The race was made memorable by Wayne Welsh, from Canada, who fell off his 350 Ducati while upright(!) and brought down three others with him!

Of course the 'Battle of the Twins' was a benefit for Ducati, hardly a surprise in view of the 28 Dukes entered against 12 BMWs, eight Moto-Guzzis, six Harley-Davidsons (including one bored out from the 750 road-race engine to a whopping 930 cm³), four Nortons, two Vincents and one each Yamaha and Kawasaki. It was at once a surprise and something of a disappointment to see just two Triumphs on

and young Wayne Gardner. Wayne had managed to flash the Moriwaki Kawasaki Superbike through the traps at a trim 156.91mph, and lapped at a respectable 2 min 11.223 sec to place the bike on position five on the first row of the grid, while Croz had zapped the Yoshimura Suzuki to pole position with a 2:07.826 lap and a speed of precisely 161mph.

His arch-rival and team-mate Wes Cooley, on a similar machine was on position two with an identical lap time, while Freddie Spencer on the viciously swift Honda, based on the CB750F roadster, was in third spot. Eddie Lawson managed to crack a Kawasaki Greenie to fourth place on the grid.

It was a tight bunch, and the Superbike race promised thrills aplenty when the flag dropped, a promise fulfilled. The event was the star turn of the entire Speed Week. The leading trio of Graeme Crosby, Wes Cooley and Freddie Spencer ran away to play chasings, while Wayne, who had no answer to the sheer performance of the dashing trio, was left to fight tooth-and-nail with Mike Spencer on the other American Honda Superbike.

Sayle got away cleanly from the start, bedding-in the new piston for a time, then started getting underway mid-way through the second lap after dicing with Bernie Summers for most of the infield. He moved up to 23rd by the start of the fourth lap, then to 16th, then tenth. He said afterwards he had no idea where he was on the road, but knew he was closing on the leaders because everyone he passed had a different number and were riding progressively faster and faster!

He received no pit signals as he climbed painfully through the field and tried to gauge his position near the end by looking at the infield leaders board — which was a pointless exercise as the board was two laps behind the action and could only display the last two numerals of a rider's number, while Jeff, of course, had three numbers. His fine ride to fourth and the ultimate fifth on the line seemed to elude the race commentators, who apparently can only call back to about fifth place at any one time.

If the preceding races were filled with drama of one sort or another, they paled when compared to the Daytona 200, which saw two of the world's greatest riders out of the event in the

first ten laps, and a bright young hopeful out before half distance.

Apart from the Kenny Roberts Yamaha, it's my opinion that the fastest bike on the track was the Freddie Spencer Honda, which led the race from the fall of the flag until the engine exploded in a cloud of white smoke right opposite the main grandstand. You could hear the bang of the con-rod going through the cases right round the circuit!

He was never headed, and in fact opened up a good lead as Kenny Roberts made an excursion onto the grass through a 130 mph infield corner on the second lap and staggered to the pits to retire.

Crosby was never in the hunt, though he qualified his Suzuki on the front row of the grid in company with eventual winner Dale Singleton (the so-called pig farmer, who isn't), Freddie Spencer, Wes Cooley and, of course, Roberts himself.

When Spencer went out in a puff in the 16th lap Richard Schlachter inherited the lead, with Dale Singleton playing a waiting game directly behind him as ever more riders came to grief on various parts of the 3.87 mile tri-oval. Mick Grant upstaged Spencer at half-distance when a rod let go on his

Suzuki right opposite the main stand, but he managed to disappear in a ball of flame as the oil, beyond flash-point, spewed onto the exhaust and was instantly turned to flame.

During all this, young Wayne Gardner was cruising along in 10th to 12th place, depending on fortunes which fluctuated ahead of him, some four seconds off the pace because of a rear tyre which had gone sour and was like a grease-ball underneath him. He rode extremely well to keep the Kawasaki upright on the infield, where he was seen pulling some of the most hair-raising slides from the fourth lap onwards. It was, remember, a 52-lap event!!

At one point, in the 45th lap, the officials had Gardner in fifth place, and he was credited with fifth at the end, then back to eleventh on the next communicate and, finally, to tenth place. At least he had the distinction to ride the first four-stroke home, and he remains happy with his performance.

It's all ifs, buts and maybes, but his qualifying time of 2:09 could have seen him in fourth place had he been able to maintain it to the end. Will he go back next year and try again? You bet he will!

TRANGIA

Made in Sweden from high quality materials, the Trangia stove is a complete cooking system suitable for indoor or outdoor use. Its unique design makes it ideal for outdoor use even in the worst weather conditions: it goes *faster* outside: all other existing stoves go slower.

ALL-WEATHER COMPLETE COOKING SYSTEM

Complete Unit Packed For Travel

23 cm (8 5/8")

Handle

Upper Windshield

Brass Burner

Lower Windshield

Small Saucepan

Large Saucepan

Frypan

Kettle

Being fueled by Methylated Spirits there is no need for priming — hence faster starting and minimal cleaning/maintenance. Meths on hands cleans them — unlike other fuels which are often unpleasant.

- Assembly is fast and simple. Wilderness travellers have no need to fear parts failures or the lack of spares. Trangia has almost no moving parts.
- The Trangia cooking system is extremely stable. Because the main saucepans, or kettle, sit so low inside the stove, it is possible to move to different positions with little risk of spillage. It is impossible (almost) to kick over — great for youth groups!
- Being both lightweight and compact, the Trangia stove is a most practical choice for all outdoor recreational uses.

Note: There are four Trangia models, reference numbers 25, 25K (with kettle), 27 and 27K (with kettle). Model 25K is illustrated.

Dimensions: Models 25 & 25K: 23 cm x 11 cm.
Models 27 & 27K: 19 cm x 10 cm.

OUTDOOR AGENCIES. PTY. LTD.
148 Queen Street,
Alexandria, N.S.W. 2015.
Phone: (02) 699-7698, 698-3860.
For further details, contact Dept. T.



tr 2.



DAYTONA SPEED WEEK 1981

THE FUTURE...

... of Harley Davidson discussed in a chat with the Harley heavies about the new-look HD Corp.

The main talking point at Daytona, almost from the time of our arrival on Sunday prior to Speed Week was the news that Harley-Davidson was to be sold to the Japanese. The story had made the pages of no less an authority than the Wall Street Journal and had set the tongues wagging throughout the seaside resort — and not only amongst motorcyclists either. A service station attendant and the receptionist at our Motel both mentioned it.

To make matters worse, the story said the American factory was to be sold to HONDA!! Honda, of all people!

The story grew stronger as the week progressed, and in fact there were photostat copies of the Wall Street story being handed out on almost every street corner, amidst much clutching of throats and hoarse cries of "Shame! Shame!" and the occasional "Pearl Harbour!" Nobody mentioned World War Three.

No-one at Harley-Davidson's race headquarters in the Daytona Hilton was saying anything, so the traditional Press Dinner on the Wednesday of race week was eagerly awaited by the press.

I attended on behalf of TWO WHEELS and sat, with other motorcycle scribes, to hear what the Harley Big Brass had to say about the news which had so stunned the huge race week crowds. I spoke to Leonard C. Thomsen, the Company's Vice-President of Marketing, with whom we had dinner at the function. He wasn't saying anything much at the beginning, apparently not wanting to steal the thunder of the Company's after-dinner speaker, one Vaughan L. Beale Jr, one of AMF's Vice Presidents and titular head of Motorcycle Products Group.

He put paid to the story at once by pointing out that he and the other senior executives of Harley-Davidson had signed a letter of intent to purchase

the division from the huge AMF conglomerate, and he passed around copies of a New York Times story which said precisely the same thing. Beale also went to great pains to point out that they were not buying a company in trouble, and that in fact Harley-Davidson had never looked healthier.

The Harley-Davidson company, after going public in 1965 to expand with the market, merged with American Metal Foundries in 1969 and immediately increased its output to 14,000 vee-twin motorcycles, along with a number of lightweights and snowmobiles. These sales, according to Beale, were worth \$49 million to AMF, but a further expansion which doubled the output by 1972 had stretched the resources of the company's 'traditional' plant at Milwaukee and the AMF plant at York, Pennsylvania, was turned over to the motorcycle division to assist growth.

In 1973, according to Beale, \$7 million was spent at York and by 1980 the production facilities at Milwaukee, which makes engines, and at York, which assembles the machines after the frames and most running gear are made on the premises, resulted in a record of over 50,000 machines to be made annually — all of them large-capacity vee-twins!

Quoting from figures which have thus far not been widely publicised, Beale pointed out that "From 1969 to 1980, AMF's substantial capital investment in the motorcycle and golf car business permitted Harley-Davidson revenues to grow from \$49 million to approximately \$300 million, a sixfold increase."

Management pointed out that Harley-Davidson was by far the largest single business within AMF, had been for many years, and that today it is still twice the size of any other business within the corporate structure of AMF.

Both Beale and John Davidson stressed that the new group, or rather the group which controlled the company's fate before the merger with AMF, were not buying a company in distress, for Harley-Davidson had in fact out-grown its parent company.

The current management, with money borrowed from Citicorp Industrial Credit and other institutions, purchased Harley-Davidson and is in full control.

Shareholders include Beale, John Davidson, Ralph Swenson, President of the York assembly division and Willie Davidson, head of design. In view of the simple changes, most of them cosmetic, which Harley has undergone over the years, Willie sure has a sweet job.

I spoke to John Davidson about the threat posed by the new Yamaha vee-twins, both in terms of sales of road machinery and of course on the half-

mile and mile flat-tracks, and he seemed unconcerned about the obvious implications.

"We have a customer loyalty second to none," he told me, "And we still enjoy the greatest sales in the heavy-weight field by a very large margin, even after eight years of the best all four Japanese factories have had to offer."

"Do you know that Japan is currently our largest overseas market?" he asked, "And that our dealer network is the envy of all the top Japanese and European factories?" I confessed I didn't know that, and he went on to point out that Harley was in the process of developing many other machines.

"We are expanding," he said, "But we are not re-entering the lightweight market. As to the machines we are developing, we are not going into any more detail at this stage."

He declared himself perfectly happy with the sales of Harleys in Australia, and considered us — on a pro-rata basis, of course — to be amongst the best customers the factory has on its books.

His deputy, Leonard Thomsen, remarked that Harley's exports in 1979 were at a new record level, but that 1980's exports were a staggering 67 percent above that record! Germany accounted for very good figures, the country serviced by a network of 25 dealers, but he also stressed that Japan was by far their biggest customer! It may be hard to believe, but the figures are there.

What of the threat to flat-track supremacy by the 750 vee-twin Yamaha, and the new water-cooled 750 Honda, based on the CX500? Both men were unconcerned, because the events had been a one-horse race for many years, but they indicated that Harley had some tricks up its collective sleeve.

Are overhead camshaft vee-twins a possibility, I asked them, with chain-drives up the existing pushrod tubes? What about four-valve heads or even multi-cylinders?

They smiled their sweet smiles and said little, except that the machines would press on pretty much as they were for the time being, though there were several things coming up . . . *

