

DIRT BIKE

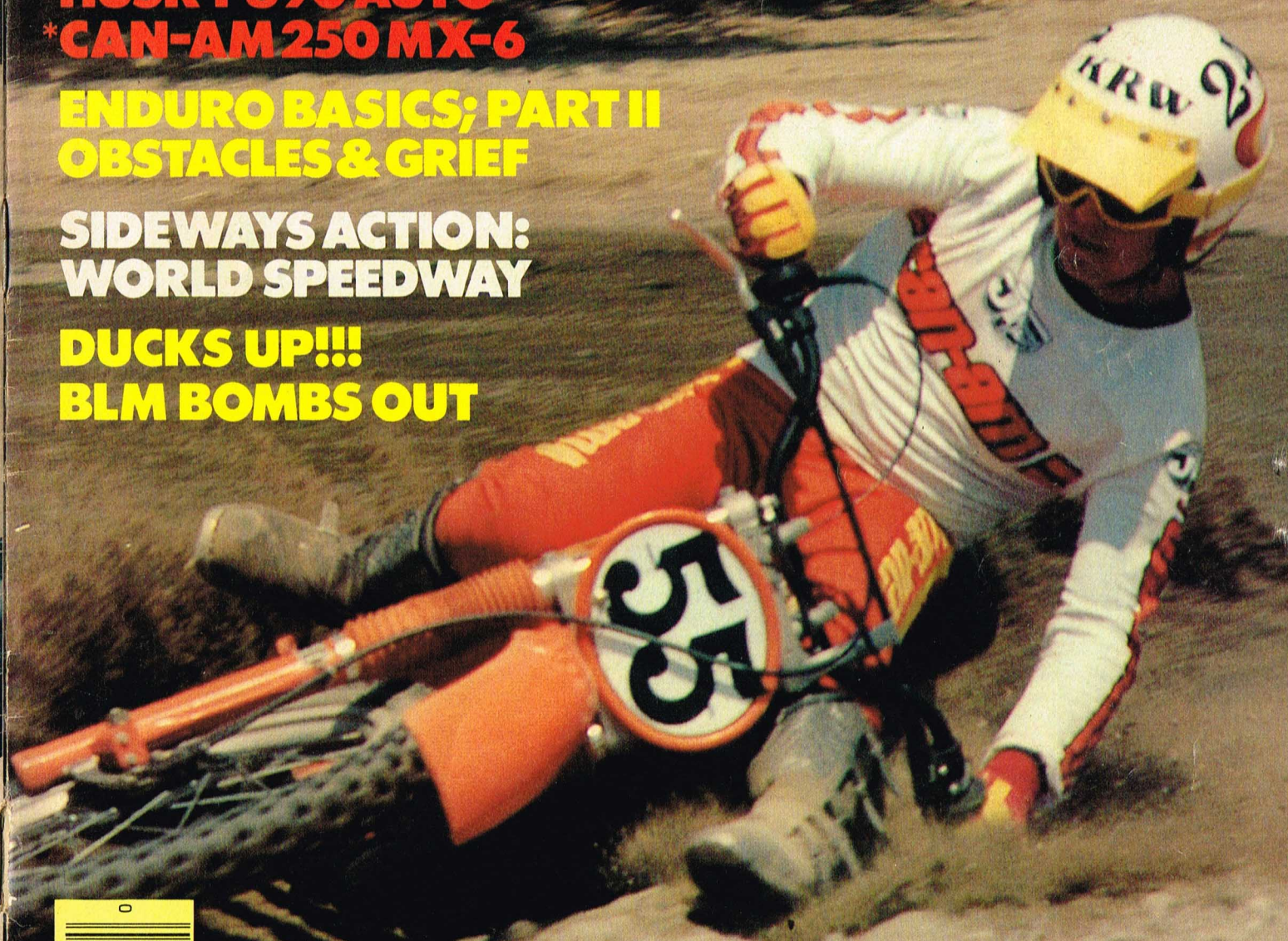
DECEMBER 1979 • \$1.25 UK60p

EXCLUSIVE TESTS:
* HUSKY 390 AUTO
* CAN-AM 250 MX-6

ENDURO BASICS; PART II
OBSTACLES & GRIEF

SIDEWAYS ACTION:
WORLD SPEEDWAY

DUCKS UP!!!
BLM BOMBS OUT



MINIS
HONDA XR80 & SUZIE RM50



1980 DATSUN KING CAB— THE ROOMIEST SMALL TRUCK IN HISTORY.

A DATSUN EXCLUSIVE!
2 REAR JUMP SEATS INSIDE THE CAB.

It took Datsun to come up with the biggest small pickup news in 20 years: the new Datsun King Cab® GL. With more space, legroom and luxury than you may experience in any small truck—including two reclining bucket seats up front and two jump seats behind that fold up to create more inside storage space than ever. That's "Grand Luxury" as only the King Cab GL can deliver it. With everything from cut-pile carpeting to a road-smoothing new ride.



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There isn't a bigger rig that can match Datsun pickups for economy. Yet Datsun trucks, with their gutsy 2-liter overhead cam engines, can haul 1400 lbs. of cargo and passengers—more than some bigger pickups. Now that's a truck you can drive all the way to the bank.

25 EPA ESTIMATED MPG
32 EPA ESTIMATED HIGHWAY

EPA estimates for comparisons. Actual mileage may differ, depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less than est. California mileage lower.

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For 1980, Datsun gives you choice like never before. From standard 6-foot beds... to the super-size Datsun long bed with over 7-feet of cargo length. And cabs ranging from Datsun's lowest priced Standard Li'l Hustler to the luxurious King Cab GL. We're dedicated to building you the right truck for your trucking needs.



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Over 37 percent of all small trucks on the road today are Datsuns. act to follow—but durability is a Datsun tradition built on quality. We test and retest under demanding conditions until every pickup is Datsun-perfect, and ready for a tough life ahead. Datsun trucks: their first job is to last. Test drive the big news in small trucks at your Datsun dealer—the small truck expert.

DATSUN

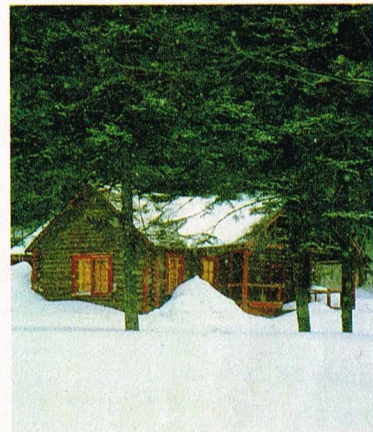
WE ARE DRIVEN



GONNA PICK YOU UP LIKE NEVER BEFORE.
When you add up the standards, no truck's gonna pick you up like the new King Cab GL. Check out this check list: • Styled wheels • Radial tires • Quad rectangular headlamps • Engine compartment lamp • 5-speed over-drive • Full instrumentation including tachometer • Quartz clock • AM/FM radio • Electric rear-window defroster • Center console • Even a dome lamp that swings down to light the cargo area.

A MINI CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was *that time* before Christmas when all through the house, not an adult creature was stirring because they didn't know what to give their kids. If that sounds like the same old story at your place again this year, Honda can help.



Our mini bikes, small motorcycles and ATCs not only open up new worlds of fun for kids, but when these presents are opened Christmas morning, parents discover smiles like they've never seen before.

XR80

Our XR80 can add a new dimension to playing in the dirt. Like its mini-motocrosser counterpart—our new CR80R Elsinore™—the XR80 makes



off-road riding flat-out fantastic. A feisty, 79.7 cc four-stroke provides all the power and torque it takes. A 28.5-inch seat height helps provide confidence. An XR80 under the tree would be a very welcome sight.

XL80S

On the other hand, the XL80S is the answer for the rider who can't make up his mind between the dirt and the street. Because it's designed to do both. Very well. It shares a similar size engine and seat height with our XR80, but



has street-legal equipment all its own. So the fun doesn't have to stop where the pavement begins.

CT70

With the CT70, our famous small trailbike, a little less displacement doesn't necessarily mean any less pleasure. Maybe even more. Because this 72 cc four-stroke comes with a three-speed transmission and automatic clutch. And for many people, that will make the CT70 the perfect play bike. All play and no work.



Z50R

Then there's Honda's Z50R. Our smallest bike is loaded with a lot of the same technology as our biggest bikes. So much so, that you can't let the low 22.6-inch seat height, light 109-pound weight and three-speed transmission with automatic clutch fool you. The Z50R is pure bike. And it comes with motocross styling and number plates to prove it.



ATC70

However, if you don't think two wheels are appropriate, how about three



very big ones? The ATC70. Our big, red trike has three huge flotation tires that give it enough traction to turn almost any kind of terrain into a playground. Hard-packed snow to shifting sand. With its 72 cc engine, three-speed transmission with automatic clutch and thumb-controlled throttle, the mini ATC70 can be mighty fun. Anywhere.



Give a Honda this Christmas. It makes the perfect present: something that won't be complained about, get lost in the toy box, returned or forgotten.

And what could be a happier ending?

To an all too familiar Christmas story.

HONDA
FOLLOW THE LEADER.



DIRT BIKE

December 1979

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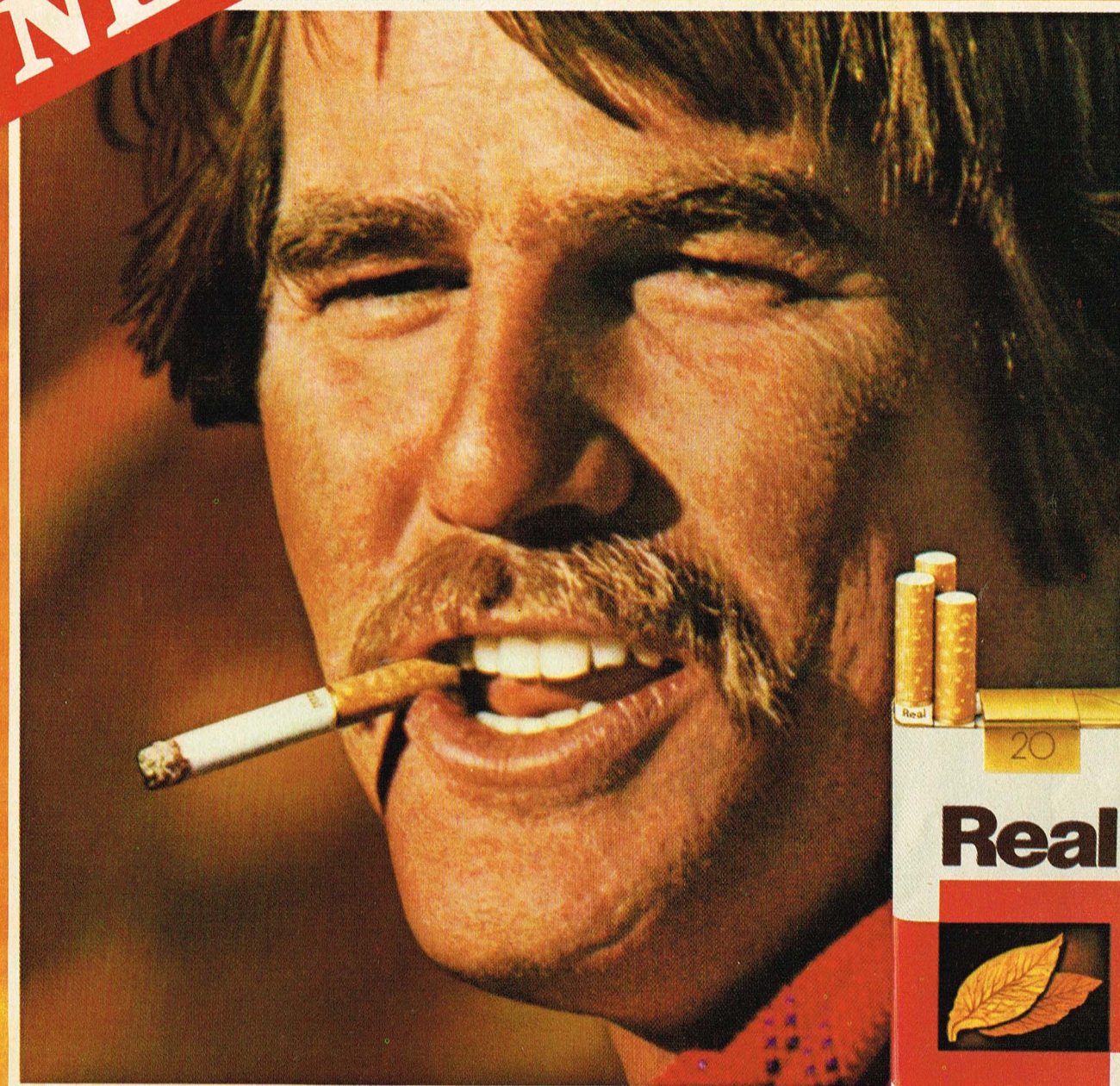
ON THE COVER — Rich Eiere... Eires... Earested... Eyreste... Yirestedt... Good old Rich stuffs the Can-Am MX-6 for the DB lens. Photo by Paul Clipper.

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The smoking man's low tar

Did Jack Penton switch to Kawasaki's new KDX175 to finish 2nd?

Jack Penton didn't build his reputation on being second. When he switched to Kawasaki, he knew he was going to ride competition enduro bikes that were built to win. Kawasaki doesn't think there's any other way to build them.

With the introduction of the KDX175, they've truly achieved the state of the art. The engine and the frame are based on the factory KX125 motocross winners, and the suspension is the new Uni-Trak.™ That makes for a double whammy. Power and handling.

Take a look at this power plant. The 173cc

two-stroke engine cranks out lots of horsepower and the six-petal reed valve system gives you good, controllable low-end and mid-range power. You get the best use out of this wide powerband through the quick shifting six-speed transmission. Kawasaki's exclusive Electrofusion cylinder resists seizure better than any other production process, and the special radial-fin head helps remove heat when you really start cooking.

Now, how does it handle? The KDX175 is light. Only 214 lbs. And it's narrow. Put them

together and you can throw it around those vicious enduro courses. And the suspension? How does 9.8" of travel front and rear grab you? And the Uni-Trak is no ordinary suspension. It keeps the center of gravity low, and with only one shock you never have to worry about uneven damping. It'll keep you going straight over whoop-de-doo's. Measured against any other form of suspension, it keeps the rear wheel on the ground longer. That's more power to the ground... and that's what makes you win. It is the combination of adjustable air-spring leading axle front forks and the Uni-Trak that gives you the trickiest suspension on the market.

The KDX175 is the most innovative 175 enduro bike you can buy. It's race ready. Lights



front and back. A tripmeter/odometer, and a first class braking system including a floating rear brake.

If you want another opinion, just ask Jack Penton. He didn't switch to Kawasaki's KDX175 to finish second.

Kawasaki

Don't let the good times pass you by.



AT A TIME LIKE THIS, YOU CAN'T AFFORD LESS THAN THE BEST.

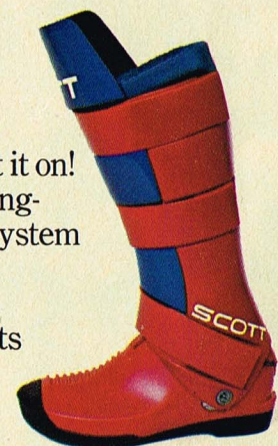


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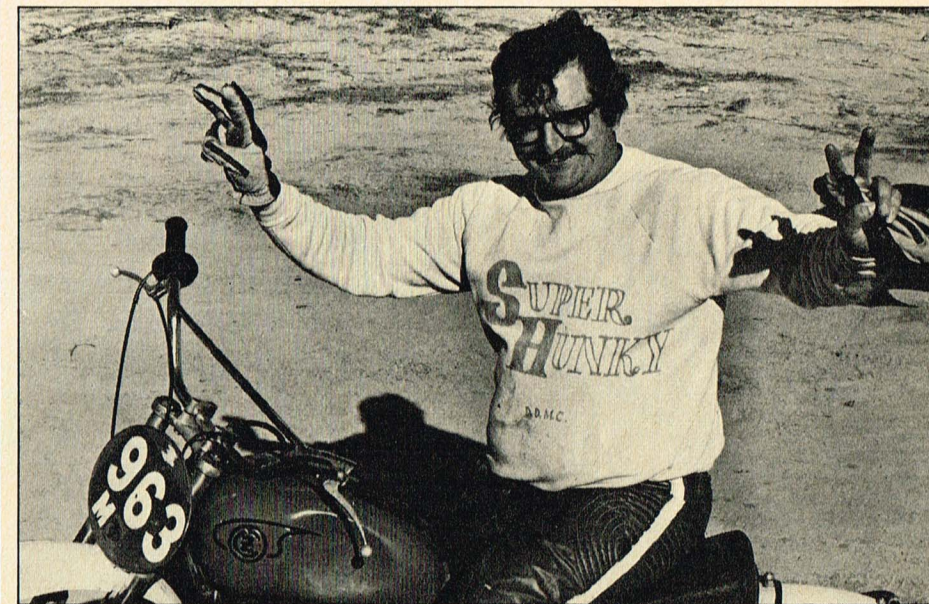
MEMBER



FROM THE SADDLE

Animal house revisited

By Rick Sieman



A short time ago, I spent the weekend at the Dirt Diggers Grand Prix walking around with a camera and a full torso body brace. If I can't ride for a while, it's still fun watching the races. After watching various classes of crazed Novices run into and over each other, it was with a great deal of pleasure that I watched the Senior Division roar off the line.

Lots of my friends were in this race, so I found a comfortable snow fence and spectated away. Right up front were Jim O'Neal and Nate Sciacqua (pronounced Sciacqua), followed by a veritable Looney-Tune parade of grizzled old buzzards and degenerates.

Then—lo!—what to my wondering eyes should appear, but John McKowan and Kookie The Racing Wonder Dog. Of course, this was not the original Kookie. That distinguished pooch had long since gone to that place in the sky where the fire plugs never close and all the lady dogs have warm noses. This was Kookie III, if memory serves correctly. Still, it was amazing nonetheless watching John circulate the course at a more than respectable pace, with one each dog hanging on to the gas tank like a realtor holding a deposit check.

It took me back to many years ago, when I first saw John and Kookie ride. Now, at that time, John wasn't all that

fast, but he still scored a full sponsorship. Bike, leathers, parts... the works. And how did he do it? By having a critter ride on the bike with him, that's how. Everybody thought it was a great idea.

So did I. I figured all I had to do was get an animal to ride on the tank of my bike, and I'd end up with a sponsorship, too. Naturally, I couldn't use a dog. That was already being done. So, what sort of animal would capture the hearts and minds of the crowd?

I took an inventory around the household. Lessee. One stupid cat that I couldn't stand. The only reason that I hadn't gotten rid of it years ago was that the kids liked it. I knew the cat didn't like me... not after that time I put it in the microwave oven to dry it off. I think I may have left it in for a bit too long and cooked its alleged brains.

Whatever. The cat was definitely out.

For a fleeting moment, I considered using the goldfish, then thought about the complications of having a large glass bowl of water strapped high up on the tank.

No, no. It had to be something spectacular. Or cute. Or unusual. Or all of the above. That's when I remembered the monkey my old buddy Tom

(Continued on page 19)

LAST OVER

The things I could tell you...

By Paul Clipper

I was talking to Rik Paul the other day, just jawing about old times, and the subject sooner or later got around to politics. From there, it progressed easily and naturally to solar power, from there to Punk Rock, and then took a random leap and landed on our combined riding and editorial experiences—such as they are.

A jovial debate then ensued, and in the middle of it Rik pointed out that even though he had written at least one column about me, I had yet to say one word about him in print. I clearly remembered one of his stories, a vicious slander, depicting me as a cheap wino and an obnoxious drunk, in a slobbering, spastic stupor the night before an enduro. And he had the nerve to ask why I have yet to glorify his lying hide in print?

Everybody knows who Rik is, right? Former DB assistant editor, who wrote a Checkpoint column through most of '78? OK. Well, Rik and I go back a long time, a little more than ten years. I mean, we went through the pain of being teenagers together, back when being a teenager really *meant* something. Yessir, we have seen a lot of crap go down—been in one end of the mill and out the other, so to speak. And even though, judging by his past writing, Rik doesn't think too much about these things, I feel that our personal and sometimes awkward experiences aren't the kind of things a gentleman usually writes about.

Because no matter what he's told you, I still consider myself a gentleman. I could tell a few stories myself, you know.

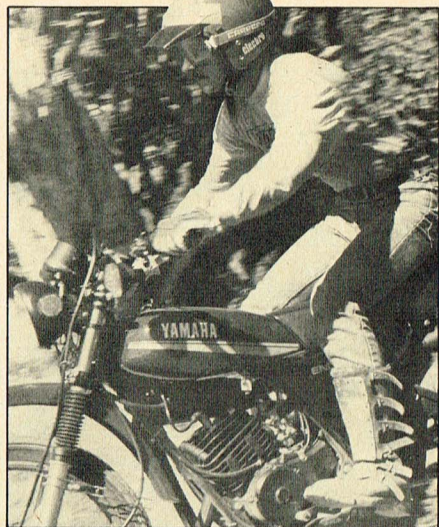
For instance, I could talk about all the times we would be planning a Sunday ride, and Rik would call and say, "Oh yeah, I'll be ready. All I have to do is put the shocks back on and I'm all set. You guys come over and get me Sunday morning at nine and I'll be waiting at the curb!"

And every time, without fail, we'd pull up right on time at 9:30, right up to the curb, and... no Rik.

No bike.

No nothin'.

And when we walked into the house we would find some sort of horror



arm and rear wheel assembly; the entire top end is spread all over the living room; and the dog is in the corner just finishing off the more tender parts of the throttle assembly.

And, in the midst of all this carnage would be Rik, smiling and waving and saying, "Be with you in just a sec!" The memory alone makes me cringe.

However, we would get down and help him nail the pile back together, and never did we get out riding until at least three in the afternoon, and then his chain would break...

I could go on.

But, what kind of person would talk about his best friend like that? How could it possibly do me any good to make light of a guy who always went by the saying, "You can't keep a good pizza down!"?

Not me. I don't get off on that kind of stuff.

If I did, I would most certainly tell you a typical story, such as about the scene or another, such as: Not only are the shocks off the bike, but they're in a dozen pieces each; the bike is straddling the coffee table minus a swing-time we got the whole group together for an epic trail ride, and while we were trying to outride the long arm of the law, one of the stove bolts holding his kickstarter together broke. We had to try to bump-start his cut-piston, milled-head, max-ported Yamaha DT-2 enduro/ half-mile bike in deep sand,

and of course a torrential downpour was threatening to drown us all the while. And since there was no way in the world we were going to move that rear wheel around using manual power, he decided that the hot setup would be having Roger tow him behind his SL350, but he fell over and wound up being dragged through a small river for about a hundred yards. And never let go of the bars.

Then, I'd be certain to tell you about the time we entered the Curly Fern National together.

You see, we entered as a team, with one absentee member, in order to try to bring some honor to the Merry Parkies Enduro Team, the other member of which never seemed to finish higher than DNF. We got separated at the start, and after flailing through 19 of the 23 bottomless swamps in the pines, I struggled into the halfway layover one minute behind him and promptly threw in the towel when he came up with the annoying news that we were four minutes away from houring out.

I remember that day well. The whole team and support crew were there, and we were sitting at the noon layover huddled in a truck trying to get back some semblance of body heat. I was distractedly studying a route sheet after about a half-hour of sloth, when I suddenly discovered the awful fact that, indeed, we hadn't houred out 26 minutes ago—on the contrary, we still had 20 minutes to go.

After sitting there all that time.

But, that isn't the end of it. We jumped back on the bikes, full to the brim with nasty hotdogs and orange soda, and nearly beat ourselves to death through 60 miles of the most unbelievable tight woods you have ever seen. Until every muscle in my body was cramped to total uselessness—and we found out at the very last check that we had houred out at the sixth check, the one right after the layover, and jeez somebody shoulda told you... I couldn't even use my hands for three days after that one.

The point is, though, I just wouldn't reveal these experiences in public. It's just not the kind of thing you talk to strangers about. □

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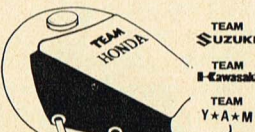
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MR. KNOW IT ALL

Mr. Mean-Jeans

Dear Mr. Know-it-All:

I'm a pretty chronic reader of DIRT BIKE Magazine, and when I read a magazine I like to get good information from it. I really look forward to getting information from your column. However, I can't stand the way you put everybody down who asks you what they feel is an intelligent question. If they didn't feel so, they wouldn't ask you. They really look forward to finding out. But it must be pretty degrading when they hear how you put them down and tell them how stupid they are for not knowing that already. I feel that you should take a person's personal feelings into consideration, and just tell the solution without putting them down. I still look forward to reading your columns in the future.

Jim
Corpus Christi, Texas



native to the stock unit that curses the rear of your DR at this moment. I'm sure Preston would feel the answer is obvious.

Life can be a drag
Mr. Know-It-All,

As you may well know, this is not your regular letter from the average two-stroke, no-brain MX nut. This is from your not-so-average well-groomed, competent, and totally zoot-capri enduro rider.

Well, anyway, I'm in a sticky mess. I'm doing a science fair for school, and though I knew a lot about bikes, I need some technical charts and graphs. So if you can give me the address of some people who can give me the stuff I need, I will owe you my boring life.

Jerry Senese
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Senese: If you're going to indebt yourself to me, please do it with something of value. Any savvy researcher involving himself with two-stroke technology, should definitely have in his library a copy of Carl Shipman's "Motorcycle Tuning for Performance," and also the "Two-stroke Tuner's Handbook" by Gordon Jennings. If you'd had those publications at your disposal, you wouldn't have made such a fool of yourself. As far as your boring life is concerned, you can have it back. I need assets, not liabilities.

Endless money?

Mr. Know-It-All,
I am in the market for a water pumper head kit for my CR250R Honda, but I can't find one in any advertisements. The cost isn't important at all. I am also looking for an aftermarket swingarm that is super-strong and light. The brands I am

interested in are DG, Moto-X Fox, Profabs, Answer Products, Al Baker, PDI and Cross-Up. I want to know which one is lightest. I also want to know if JD or DG makes the best expansion chamber for this bike? My rider weight is 145 pounds, but I want to super-roost the competition.

Dustin Brissie
Linthicum, Maryland

Dear Dustin,

The water-cooled head kits are not on the market for your Honda at this time. The most popular accessory swingarm on the market at this time for your CR250 Honda is made by DG; however, LOP is soon to introduce a Bannaner arm for your 250, which should retail in the neighborhood of \$200. Travel will be nearly 13 inches. The DG Performance Products pipe, in combination with our 38 Mikuni conversion kit, seems to be a very hot combination at this time.

Flag starts

Dear Mr. Know-It-All,

I only have one question to ask and I don't think it is very hard for a man of your caliber. Anyway, in the hills of West Virginia we are building a motocross track. We had 20 acres donated and we started working on it last summer. We got it dozed and laid out. Well, to get to the point, we need some different colored marker flags to outline the track and we don't have anyplace around here to get any. So could you please get me some information about this.

P.S. A non-profit organization.

Thank you,
Hillbilly Motocross Raceway
Rick Paddey
Richwood, West Virginia

Look, Paddey, don't tax your mental energy speculating on the degree of difficulty of any question to Mr. Know-It-All, simply ask your question and prepare for the reply.

A complete selection of flags and banners, of all shapes and sizes, is available from Mark Promotions, and the address is 532 W. Lake St., in Elmhurst, Illinois. The zip is 60126, and their phone number is (312) 279-3400. It's obvious why you're a non-profit organization. ☐

If you would like to ask a reasonably intelligent question of Mister Know It All, take pen in hand and address it thusly:

MISTER KNOW IT ALL
c/o DIRT BIKE MAGAZINE
16200 VENTURA BLVD.
ENCINO, CA 91436

Our editor is a rapist.

So says the BLM. And that was one of their nicer comments.



You know the story. According to the Bureau of Land Management, our editor and thousands of riders like him were raping the land during last year's famed Phantom Duck of the Desert Trail Ride.

One man, the Phantom Duck, dared to stand up to the mighty BLM. And although no land was damaged during the ride, the Duck found himself in a Federal court fighting for your civil rights to use public lands.

Right there, at the forefront of the costly legal battle, was Rick Sieman, DIRT BIKE's editor and

alleged co-conspirator. Through Rick's efforts a lawyer was obtained, a defense fund was established, and the Duck's case received national media attention. The battle continues.

Now there are those who say that DIRT BIKE should not challenge a government agency. That we should play it safe. That the issue is too controversial and might anger the environmentalists.

But we think a great magazine makes news, not just reports it. And there's no way we'll sit back when it comes to our readers' rights.

We're involved because we're riders like you. And we care.

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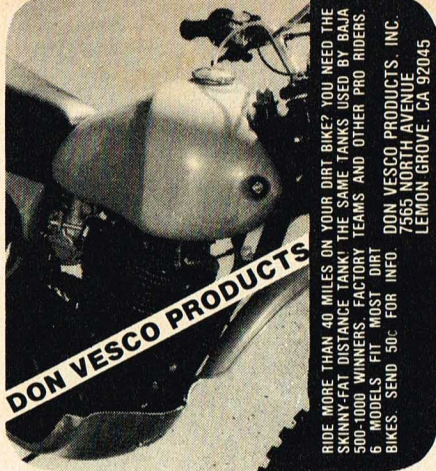
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RIDERS WRITE

No luck

Dear DIRT BIKE Staff,

I read the article "Last Over" by Paul Clipper in the August issue of DIRT BIKE. He made reference to a book by the DIRT BIKE Staff, "The Enduro Rider's Handbook." If this book is still available, I would like information on how I may receive this handbook.

Dennis Stark
 Modesto, California

Dennis, I know now that I should never have mentioned that book. We've gotten a lot of requests for it, and it seems that we've been sold out for quite some time. The mailroom folks are scouring the warehouse, however, and if we can find an ample supply we'll let you know. Just keep an eye on the Bits and Pieces column.

Maiden Encino

Just thought I'd drop a line to the well-lit and sanitary DIRT BIKE offices expressing my sincere befuddlement over the disappearance of articles on certain European bikes (Bultaco, Ossa, Montesa, CZ, etc.). Could it be that these manufacturers have offended your semi-sensitive accounts received department by not taking out advertising? Surely, you musn't take your pound of flesh by denying the very existence of these fine motorcycles. Many of us in dirty magazine land are interested.

As it stands, the rumor among European bike purists is that DIRT BIKE magazine is actually "Made in Japan."

Bjorn Turide,
 Greater Tres Pinos Ring-Ding
 Buzz-Bombers and F oo-F oo
 Riders Fraternity

There're a couple of reasons, Turide. Mainly, most of these certain European manufacturers no longer have distributorships on the West Coast, and rather than spend the money to crate up a bike and ship it out and back, they choose to forgo the dubious distinction of appearing in these hallowed pages. In the past year, we've run tests on Bultacos, Huskys, Can-Ams and Maicos, and are working on the rest. As far as advertising goes, remember every time you curse a yellow centerfold, we're still paying our bills. And that's the only way we can put out a mag every month.—European Consultant,
 Bjorn Tulive

Aqua test

I was reading your test on the YZ125F in the July issue and you said it was fairly waterproof. You said you could go blasting through 18 inches of water. But you never tried it under arduous conditions. Well, I did.

I was racing up at White Birch Cycle Park, near Stanton, Michigan. I was crankin' and passin' bikes down a long whoop-de-doo section, when out of nowhere came this squid, and he dumped right in front of me. Being quick, I moved to the right to miss the fallen rider, but when I did this, I hit a tire next to the pond, and my bike and I went right into this pond, splash. When I was getting to my feet I thought I was in about one foot of water, but I was in four feet of water. I saw the last breath of air from my bike come to the top of the water, and I found my bike. I had help from two spectators in getting my bike from this pond. Within 30 seconds my bike was running and I, covered with weeds, took off racing again.

I agree with you 100 percent that this Yamaha YZ125F is really waterproof. I should add that the yellow submarine is running great to this date.

Jeff "The Frog Man" Johnson
 (No address given)

Sorry, wrong magazine

This one's for you, Robert O'Malley:

I thought your article "The Hill" was great. Keep up the good work. OK, now that I'm done with the garbage, let's get down to business.

I am 14 years old and I have a YZ125 with a detachable Hovercraft engine.

For a small amount of money (\$500-\$600), you may wring my neck. For further information call me at my Florida resort: (685) 352-9897.

The YZ Kid
 Miami Beach, Florida

P.S. For an extra \$25 I'll give you the name of a top-quality freight elevator construction company.

We forwarded your letter to Moto-cross Action, YZ, maybe they can help you.

Long Island feedback

Dear Hunk:

Out here on Long Island we've been fighting a losing battle with the town and county bureaucrats over land closure. Example: In December the town

of Southampton closed all public and private lands to motorcycles. They didn't mention 4x4s or snowmobiles, just bikes. All the clubs on the island attended, but none were headquartered in the town, so none could speak up with any opposing views. The ordinance went through without any opposing votes.

On January 8, 1979, the town of Brookhaven took Peconic Motocross to court, so, as president of the club, the weight fell on my shoulders to fight the attempted closure of our track. To make a long story short, the town LOST!! The reason for losing was that the town investigator went to the track on a weekday, when we were not open, and along with him he brought a woman who he took photos of in the process of collecting money (talk about a setup!). In the photograph there was a no trespassing sign visible and another sign reading "Track Closed—Next Race June 25." Our attorney brought this to the attention of the judge, who asked the investigator if he saw any no trespassing signs. The reply was NO! So the case was thrown out on the grounds of illegally obtained evidence. The town had no warrant and therefore was guilty of trespass. We are now getting a case together to sue the town for damages, and we're looking into criminal charges against the town investigator, Paul Ram.

Peconic Motocross isn't taking this lying down. We're alerting the local media to this situation and we're going to try to raise the biggest damn stink the illustrious bureaucrats of Brookhaven have ever smelled. They picked on the wrong people this time. They didn't know I was one of the editors for *Cross-Up* magazine and our vice-president was also. We have the media connections to do it! We have the support of all the clubs on the Island—dirt, street and enduro. Collectively we have over 1000 members of voting age. Watch for an article on this subject in the papers and on TV soon. Our whole club is glad to see you back on the mighty G.Y.D.B.T.—the past editors lost quite a few of our subscriptions because of the street bike tests and the crap about each bike being better than the last one tested. Keep them on their toes. Keep the street rubber out. Remember, if it doesn't have knobbies, it ain't a motorcycle!!

Don Warner and
 the whole membership of
 Peconic Motocross
 Long Island, New York

We welcome correspondence, thoughts and ideas. Address all letters, bomb threats, bribes and generalities to:
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CREATING A HOT CALENDAR CAN BE A CHILLING EXPERIENCE



When you see the cover of DIRT BIKE's 1980 Calendar, you simply will not believe it.

Our crew spent weeks preparing for the photo session. Flame-proof suits were hand-sewn for the riders. Motorcycle engines were meticulously tuned, prepped and sealed. Tests were conducted to find just the right speeds to avoid falling down, or exploding. And a location was found in the California desert where temperatures often reach 115° Fahrenheit.

On the day of the run, a ditch was dug 30 feet long and five feet wide, and subsequently drenched with gasoline, lighter fluid and a frightening array of flammable liquids.

Then, as dusk descended, a match was struck.

Our ditch became a roaring fire-pit. Nearby safety crews and photographers stepped back to avoid getting singed. The results? All modesty aside, they were no less than phenomenal. In full, blazing color, the cover is unforgettable.

Of course, the inside shots are just as exciting.

And as a special bonus, DIRT BIKE's 1980 Calendar also includes the exclusive 1979 model jetting, tuning and service guide. A one-of-a-kind feature you'll use over and over again. Order your Calendar now.

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DB9-12

BITS&PIECES

In our ongoing drama of Leather Boots versus Plastic Boots, we have a letter from Mr. Scott Boyer, Motorcycle Products Manager of Scott USA, manufacturers of the new Scott boot. We asked for any comments, and here's his:

Dear Brian:

I noticed in your Bits and Pieces column, September DIRT BIKE, you had received comment from leather boot manufacturers regarding the advantages/disadvantages of leather vs. plastic boots. You asked for input on the subject, so here's my two cents' worth...

The suggestion, by leather boot manufacturers, that the Scott boots' increased protection and support actually may represent potentially more serious injuries, such as to knees, doesn't appear to be supported by the facts.

In the 1979 season the following National motocross riders have chosen to compete in Scott boots: Bob Hannah, Danny LaPorte, Rex Staten, Rick Burgett, Jeff Ward, Gaylon Mosier, Mickey Boone, Gary Semics, Scott Gilman, Jim Gibson. These riders have trained, raced and won throughout the season without one incident of knee injury. Conversely, so far during the 1979 motocross season Jimmy Ellis, Heikki Mikkola, Marty Moates and Tommy Croft have all had their seasons interrupted by serious knee injuries in leather boots.

This is not to prove that leather boots are dangerous and plastic ones are not. We all know that in a sport like motocross, injuries can and will happen, no matter what the protective gear. But what the rider can do is to make an effort to use the latest and best equipment available to reduce the chance of injury or the severity of injury in a bad crash. This is what Scott plastic boots are designed to do. Modern plastic materials and a design developed through years of testing with national-caliber riders have produced a piece of equipment that provides a greater level of support and protection than is possible with leather. I believe the record shows this has been accomplished.

In addition to being made of more supportive materials than leather, Scott boots incorporate features that no leather boots offer: a molded-in sole that eliminates catching edges present in leather boots; a hinge system that allows a wide range of not only forward and backward movement but lateral roll at the ankle; lighter weight than

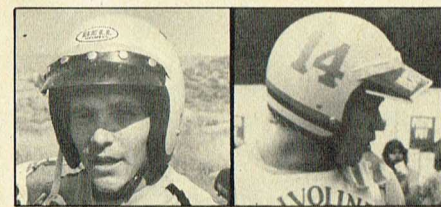
leather boots, reducing the pendulum effect on the leg when the foot is impacted.

In conclusion, ask yourself this: If you knew that you were going to be in a bad crash the next time you went riding or racing, which would you rather be wearing? Leather boots? Scott boots?

Best regards,
Scott Boyer
M/C Products Manager
Scott USA

We wish to thank Scott for his interest, and we will gladly accept any comments on the boot battle.

Hot flash! Bobby Hannah busted his leg! Yep, that's right. And, believe it or not, it wasn't done while riding a motorcycle, but while out waterskiing with friend and track-rival, Marty Tripes. It seems that Bob hit a sand bar or some debris in the water while skiing close to the shore, which threw him out of the water and onto the beach. He broke every leg bone below the knee, and should be laid up for a couple of months. Yamaha Race Manager Kenny Clark told us that Bob should be ready for the first Supercross next year, but he can forget about Anaheim.



LaPorte

Glover

And while on the subject of Yamaha losses, they not only lost their 250cc National star, but their 1979 500cc National Championship title. Neither Mike Bell nor Rick Burgett could get it away from Suzuki's Danny LaPorte, but Bell ran it right down to the wire. In the final round at St. Petersburg, Florida, Danny had a slim nine-point lead going into the day's racing, proceeded to win the first moto, and nearly blew it when he stalled his motor in the first turn. From dead last, LaPorte worked back to fifth, while Bell took the moto win. That fifth-place slot was good enough to wrap it up for LaPorte, by three points. Congrats, Danny!

Also from the St. Petersburg round, the 125cc National Championship went to Yamaha's 19-year-old wonderboy Broc Glover, for the third

time in three years. Suzuki's Mark Barnett took both motos and his third National overall win in a row, which bumped him ahead of Brian Myers-cough for second in the standings behind Glover.



Another addition to the Plastic Boot-out going on between manufacturers today: This latest entry is the Vendramini MXL boot, which features a lot of equipment off of the Vendramini snow-ski boots. Such items are the buckles, which fasten very quickly and easily, and the removable inner boot, which is made of soft foam rubber for maximum comfort. They come in bright red, and definitely can't be missed while out on the track.

Another press-time flash! Due to the fact that most of the accessory items available for the XR185 are being manufactured even as we speak, Project XR doesn't appear in these pages this month. It seems a few parts we were counting on were delayed, and more time was necessary to put together a decent article. Next month it will be appearing as usual, in what will probably be the last segment. Look for it!

But now, back to the ever-changing world of Yamaha. It seems that the factory just signed 18-year-old Donnie Cantaloupi to contest the 250 Support class for them in this year's Trans-Am, as well as next year's Supercross events and the 125 Nationals. Cantaloupi, who took his Moto-X Fox YZ125 to fifth overall, top privateer in the 1979 125 National chase, will be aboard Bob Hannah's Keith McCarty-wrenched 250 in the Trans-Am. Excuse us... we mean Trans-USA. □



FROM THE SADDLE

(Continued from page 9)

had. He'd won the thing at a carnival and used it as a watchdog at his business. According to Tom, the ancient Sumerians used monkeys as watchdogs almost 5000 years ago. That sounded fair to me.

I picked the monkey up and left many promises not to endanger the poor critter. Tom kept yelling instructions about what to feed the monkey and things like that as I drove away. I figured bananas were cheap, so I fed the nasty little beast about 40 bananas the night before my first practice ride.

When I showed up at the track the next day, all the nice ladies made a fuss over the monkey. I told them his name was Greeves and that he was a thoroughbred primate.

When it came time to ride, however, that dumb animal just wouldn't stay on the gas tank. Especially when I started the motor up.

It took almost half a roll of duct tape and two Gold Belts to keep Greeves in place. Once he saw that I meant business, he sort of calmed down, and I headed out to the starting line with fame and fortune waiting.

People goo-goo-eyed at Greeves and right then, I knew I had it made. Not only was the monkey different and spectacular, he was way cuter than any dog. Let's see now. What sort of bike would I want?

Perhaps a full sponsorship from Husky? Or maybe a Kawasaki? Always did like those snappy green leathers. And maybe a miniature green jacket and cap for Greeves?

My mind wandered, only to have reality brought back into focus by the sound of many engines firing up. The two-minute sign went up, then the one-minute sign... then as soon as that sign was sideways, the gate dropped and the pack roared off the line.

I got a good start by staying to the outside, out of the dust and traffic. My heart pounded with the excitement of a good race. Greeves seemed strangely calm. A natural-born racing monkey, I figured.

About half-way around the course, the big jump came up. I braced, tensing slightly, and poised myself on the balls of my feet. I noticed that Greeves was also tensing himself and was poised on the balls of all four feet. Or hands?

The bike launched into the air and a smile of confidence creased my otherwise calm features. Then, as they say, the lights went out. The smell of bananas filled the air and I remembered Tom's last words from the night before... "Don't forget!!! He's not house-broken."

I'll never eat another banana as long as I live. □

A few insights into Bob Hannah's insides.

Bob Hannah knows a winner works from the inside out. All of the practicing in the world is useless unless your body is in good health. That's where we come into the picture. Holeshot vitamins and nutritional supplements work on the inside while you work on the outside.



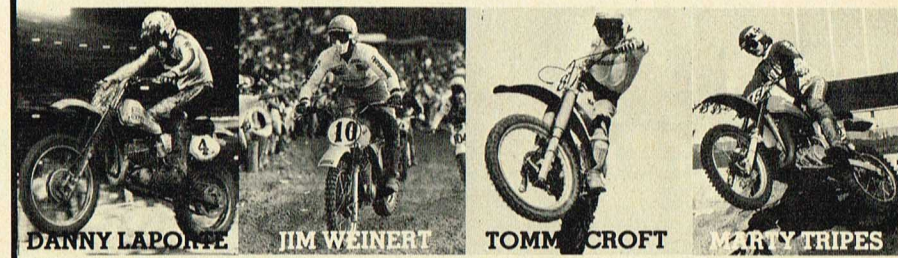
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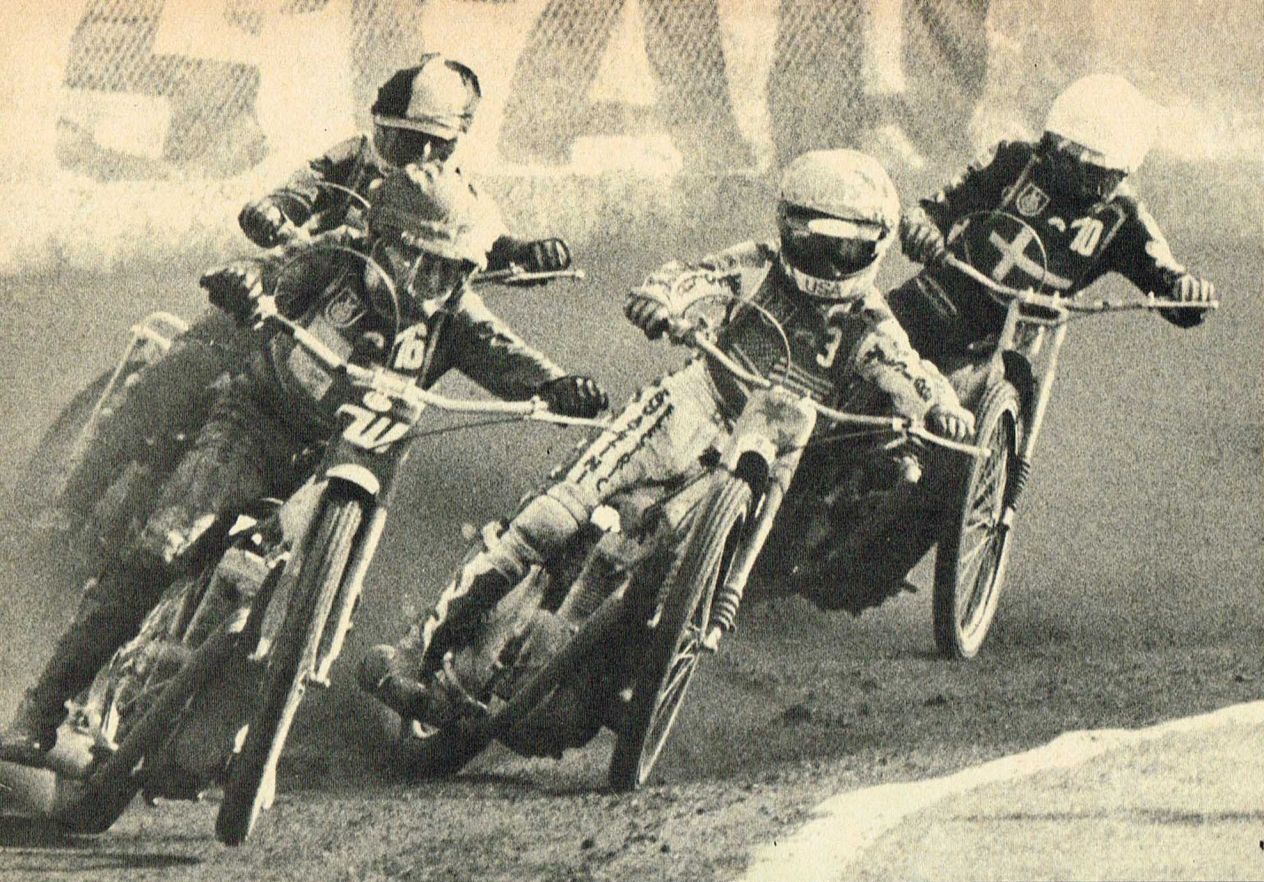
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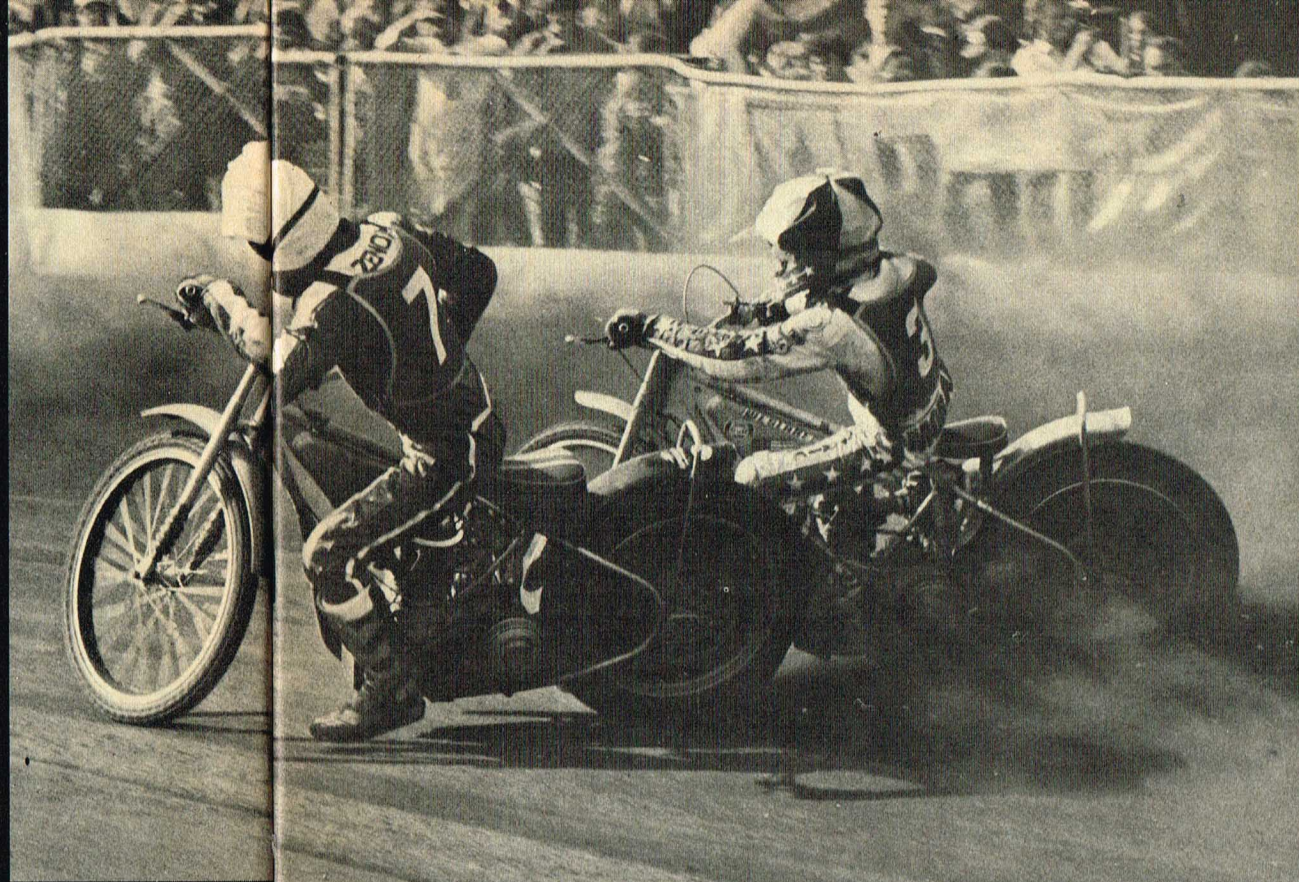
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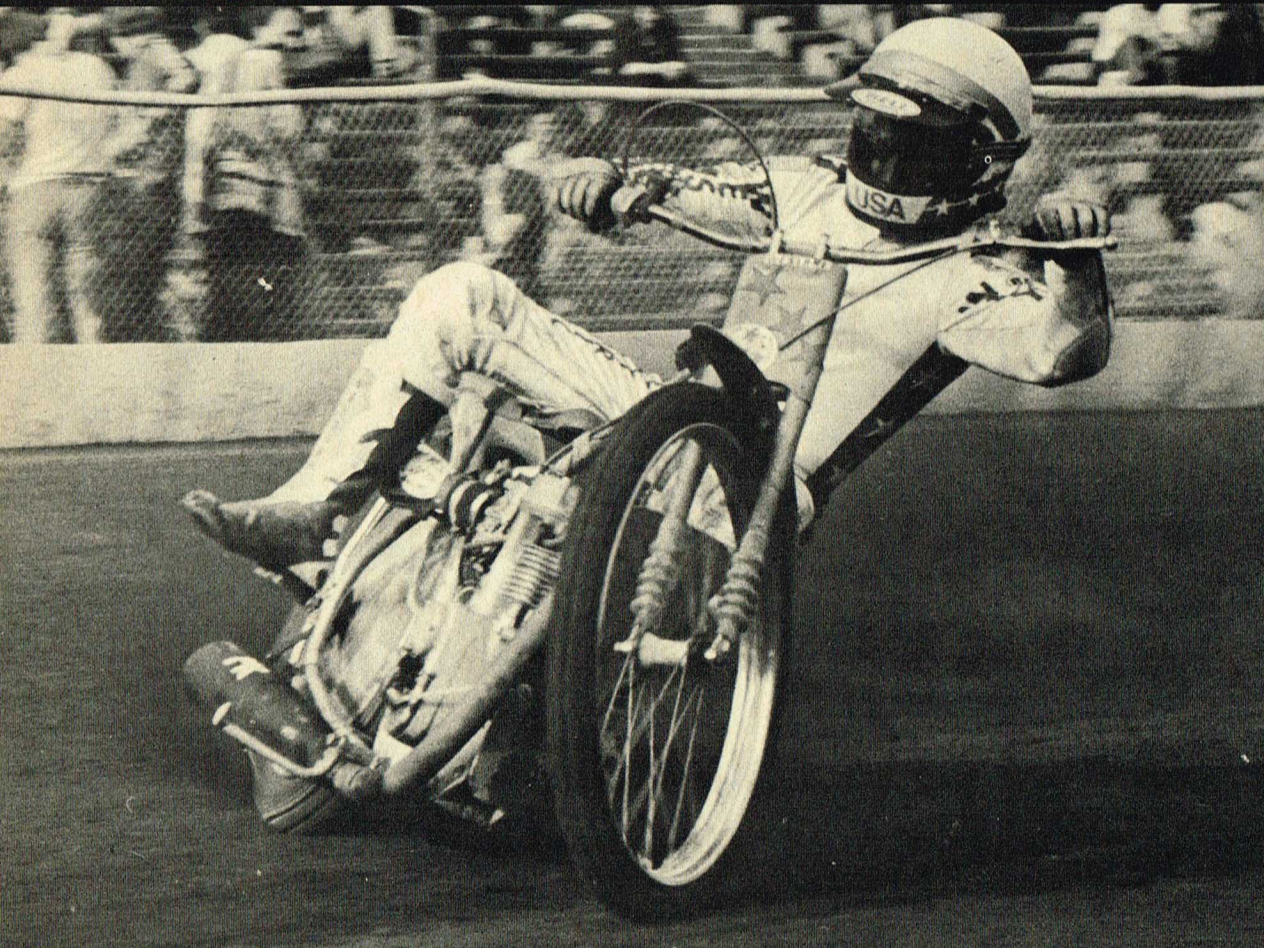




Kelly Moran brought America into the thick of things at the World Speedway Finals, with a fourth overall.



Zenon Plech, a hometown favorite, mixes it up with Moran in a heat race.



Dave Jessup holds off Moran in an attempt to win one for England.



Australian Bill Sanders shuts the door on Peter Collins, while Moran goes for an outside pass on Russian Michail Starostin.

**WORLD
SPEEDWAY
FINALS:
Poland**

**KELLY
MORAN
SCORES IN
EUROPE**

We're finally coming through

WORLD SPEEDWAY FINALS: Poland

KELLY MORAN SCORES IN EUROPE

By Brian George

American speedway riders are beginning to get second looks over in Europe these days, and at the World Speedway Finals in Katowice, Poland, young Kelly Moran surprised a capacity crowd by putting together 11 points, to tie for third overall in the standings, with riders Michael Lee of England, Ole Olsen, and Australian Billy Sanders. After losing the tie-breaking run to Lee by only feet, Moran was crowned fourth overall in the world.

Going into the day's races, Moran was not expected to be a big threat to the experienced veterans of the foreign circuit. But, after Moran shook up the big names with a pair of heat race victories, two second-place finishes and a third, he went into the runoff for third overall against three very surprised competitors.

In that runoff, Moran came from dead last, picked off Olsen and Sanders, then went after Lee. As Moran pulled within striking distance, the final turn arrived, and Kelly didn't have time to slip past the Englishman for a shot at third place.

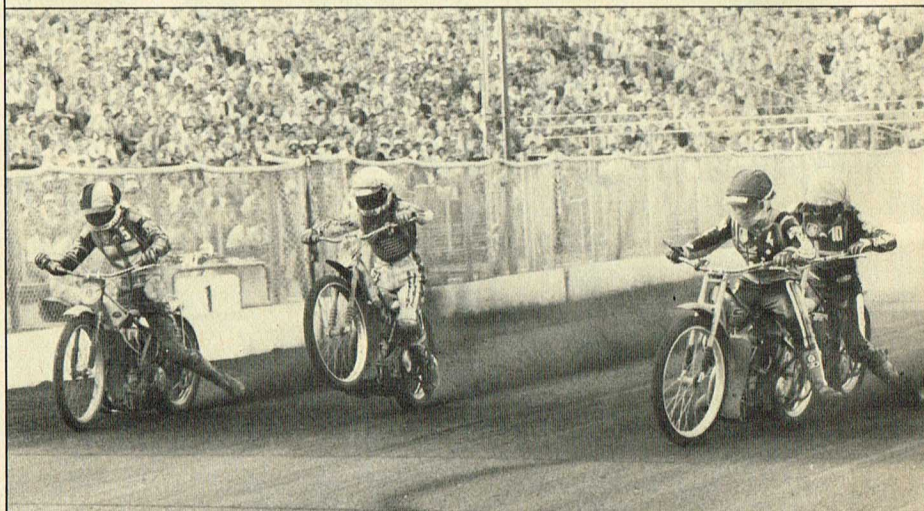
It looks like America is starting to make its mark in the European speedway circuit, and, by the looks of things, it won't be long before one of the Yankees walks away with a world title under his belt. □

RESULTS

1. Ivan Mauger (14); 2. Zenon Plech (13); 3. Michael Lee (11); 4. Kelly Moran (11); 5. Billy Sanders (11); 6. Ole Olsen (11); 7. Dave Jessup (8); 8. Z. Kudrna (8); 9. E. Jancarz (7); 10. P. Collins (6); 11. F. Thomsen (6); 12. J. Titman (6); 13. M. Starostin (3); 14. C. Betzl (2); 15. A. Wiesboeck (2); 16. R. Slabon (1).



The four best speedway riders in the world: Ivan Mauger took his record-setting sixth straight title, Plech ended second, Englishman Mike Lee grabbed third, and Moran sits in fourth.



The four-rider runoff for third overall gets under way, with Moran wheelieing out of the tapes.

PRODUCT EVALUATION

RAIN-EX

Let us make this perfectly clear...

By Rick Sieman

Every once in a while, you run across a product that does just what the label says—or even understates the effectiveness. When this happens, a rare and welcome situation occurs: You get to rant and rave about the product with no holds barred.

Such a product is RAIN-EX.

We first heard about it a few years back, when Julio Limantour (owner of Allentown Suzuki in Pennsylvania) gave us a visit in California. Unfortunately, Julio had chosen to drive to the sunny coast during the rainiest period in the last decade. But, he came in smiling. Julio hadn't had to use the wipers on his van once until he entered the thick city traffic.

The secret, of course, was RAIN-EX. He even insisted that we take a ride at lurid and illegal speeds in a heavy rain to see how great the stuff worked. It did indeed work. The windshield stayed clear and the rain drops never gathered... the moving air merely carried the splattering drops off to the side.

Very impressive. However, it stopped raining the next day and we forgot all about Julio's RAIN-EX. Anyway, it hardly ever rained in California and if it did, we citizens of the Golden State merely stayed inside and listened to Beach Boys albums.

It came as a rather pleasant surprise, then, when we found out about the other uses for RAIN-EX. Glasses wearers in the crowd, please take note. Dick Burleson, the Enduro King, was kind enough to explain to us how he was able to ride in rainy weather and still see. More often than not, you'll see Burleson riding with no goggles.

He uses RAIN-EX on both sides of his glasses and on both sides of his goggles, if he's wearing goggles on that particular day. The RAIN-EX is used even if there's no rain. It leaves the surface of the glass so slippery that dust doesn't even stick.

The first time this writer used RAIN-EX, was during the thoroughly soaked John Zink National Enduro in Oklahoma. For the first hour, the RAIN-EX worked as advertised. Water would accumulate on the lens while you were stopped, or during slow going; then, the moment you got any speed up at all, you merely had to twist your head



momentarily to one side and the water would slide off. Above 20 mph, vision was clear enough to let the rider see fairly well in spite of a heavy down-pour.

A pass through a mudhole gave RAIN-EX another test. Yellow splatters also slipped off with the water, leaving the lens remarkably clear. After an hour of riding, though, the ability of RAIN-EX to repel the mud and water became sharply reduced.

We then removed the goggles and ran with glasses (coated with RAIN-EX) for nearly another hour. Then, as with the goggles, the lenses on the glasses started to lose their repellent qualities.

We found out later, that Burleson carries a small plastic bottle of RAIN-EX with him and renews the lenses of his glasses as needed. You can count on at least two hours of water-repelling in a light rain situation and about half that time if mud and dirt are added to the water.

Since that first ride, we've become RAIN-EX fans and use the stuff all the time... even in dry weather. It helps keep dust off and even makes lens-cleaning less of a chore. We'd say that careful use of RAIN-EX and intelligent cleaning will double the normal life span of a set of lenses.

The uses for RAIN-EX seem to be many. Street riders would surely benefit from a windshield coating of RAIN-EX. And the Official DIRT BIKE Rotary Rocket Mazda Pickup Truck gets a quick application of RAIN-EX if the skies look gray.

This is good stuff and we recommend it without reservation. □

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OBSTACLES!

How to get over, around or through most anything

Story and photos by Gary Woodling

Technical assistance and highly professional action riding by Nate Sciacqua (pronounced Sciacqua)

The shortest distance between two points is a flying "W." Although partially true, this technique fails more than it succeeds in an enduro for the following reason: An enduro is a series of obstacles, one after the other. An out-of-control WFO attack on every log, rock or water crossing will doom the rider to a collection of unavoidable crash and burns. In a motocross, or cross-country race, this reckless mentality results in fewer crashes but more "close calls."

Obstacles are found in every enduro, ranging from raging rivers and fallen redwoods to mineshafts and abandoned '49 DeSotos. Obstacles are anything that slow the rider and cause him to lose valuable time. It is for this reason that the DB staff has devoted an entire segment of "How to Ride Enduros" to the dangerous and time-consuming obstacles found in most events. I have read numerous articles on riding techniques and rough terrain, but I have never been able to duplicate the style from print to saddle.

This article has been transferred from saddle to ink in the most simple and straightforward way possible, but please don't accept these words as the holy gospel. We all develop different riding habits, and my style may feel unnatural to you when you try it. But, read on and absorb as much as you can, and practice! You, alone, improve your riding ability the most.

Rocks

Someone once said that "rocks are nothing more than big grains of sand" (or was it "sand is tiny rocks?"). Anyhow, rocks are found in enduros all over the U.S., from the rain forests of Maine to the lunar surface of the California deserts. A rock-laden trail doesn't care whether it's uphill, downhill, flat, level or off-camber. It's still a sweat-soaked chore.

When negotiating rocks, the rider should concern himself with two important issues: (1) *Don't* stall the engine and (2) during a game of chicken between a rock and your toes, the rock always wins. Careful use of the clutch and throttle will keep the engine alive, and by riding with your



National Championship Enduro winner and three-time District 37 Motocross Champion Nate Sciacqua (pronounced Sciacqua), displays his riding style through small/medium-size rocks. Toes on pegs and standing make for more balance and control.

toes on the pegs (known as the "Bob Hannah style"), you can keep your foot in one piece.

I actually have two riding styles for rocks and I alternate between them, depending on the size and situation of the rocks. In small to medium-size rocks, I stand up for more balance and body English and blitz through, trying to keep the bike in a straight line.

If the rocks are too large (say bigger than 12 inches in diameter), it is impossible to ride through standing up, because the bike will stall from riding too slow. Therefore, sit down and use the clutch and throttle to keep the engine alive. Plant your feet occasionally to keep the bike upright, but remember to place your toes on the pegs when not dabbing.

When the rocks turn into boulders and you're struggling to get over each one, be careful that the rocks don't start turning the bike for you. Sometimes, the front wheel will hit a rock while you're sweating to get over a different rock. The front rock will naturally deflect the bike toward more difficult and taller rocks. Just make sure you are in the driver's seat and not Mr. Granite.

Many devious and sadistic enduro clubs will direct an event up a river bed, water and all. Of course, there is usually a perfectly good and scenic trail that parallels the river, but the promot-

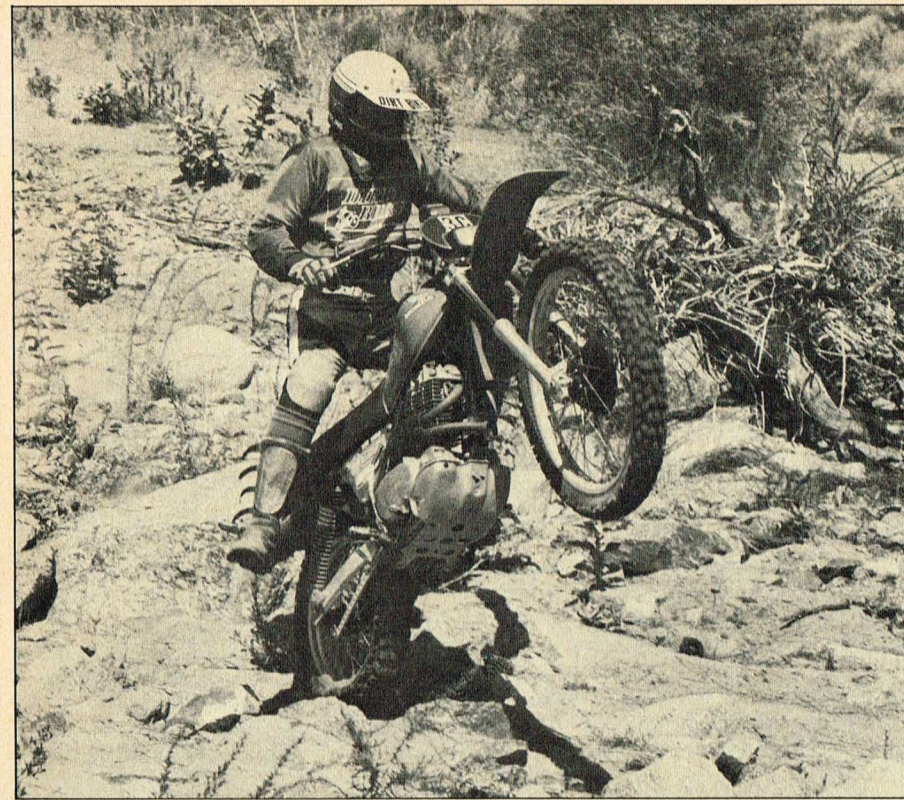
ing club wants to make the event "interesting," so they say! Now imagine, if you will, round, polished pieces of stone, strewn in a moss-laden creek with ribbon tied on the bushes and Webco arrows directing you on. Good luck! Just use the same procedures mentioned earlier, but use extra caution on the throttle to maintain good traction over the slime.

Tight woods and trails

Enduros are won or lost on the tight trails. It is here that rider skill and ability pay off in terms of low scores and trophies. Turning is the key. An enduro rider must be able to negotiate his bike through and around trees at a lightning speed. A good turn consists of many things, but essentially proper timing between body English, throttle response, inside planting of the foot and, lastly, turning the bars. Too many riders sit back and manhandle their machine upright around a tree, or turn. When I am entering a tight turn, I immediately look for anything that resembles a berm. Anything that will let me bounce off it like a pool ball. In this manner, I eliminate turning altogether. The object is to lean forward and hit the berm at the same time you plant your inside foot. Throttle is also important and must be applied the instant before hitting the berm. Of course, the bike must be leaned way over to the inside to use the berm properly. It's sort of a squaring-off technique that's been used by motocrossers for decades.

Low-hanging branches and limbs are a common sight on the trail and must be negotiated by the rider's body. Never redirect the bike to avoid hitting a minor branch, or bush. This swaying all over the trail to keep twigs and branches from contacting your arms or shoulders slows you down needlessly. Develop a habit of radical body English to remove your upper torso from the path of oncoming branches, while keeping the bike straight until the next turn.

Switchbacks are a grim encounter and require a degree of caution, unless you enjoy cartwheels down a mountain face. The only recommendation here is: Take the turn wide if going uphill



Sometimes an out-of-control wheelie works great for getting over huge obstacles. Just gas it and hang on. Your body will follow right behind the bike, if you hang on tightly enough.

and not so wide when going down. If you go too wide on the downhill, you risk going off the edge. When you try cutting the switchbacks, you get yourself in trouble by trying to enter the original trail at a right angle, which is pretty tough.

Off-camber slopes are a real barrel of monkeys, especially when wet. I've read many enduro articles which describe how to ride off-camber terrain, and none of them proved correct. The best method I've found is very simple: Rest most of your body weight on the uphill footpeg. This is tricky, because that's the foot that also dabs the ground to keep the bike upright (the ground is too far away for the other foot to reach). So, get the bike rolling and put all your body weight on the uphill peg, then the bike will straighten up and glide across the slope like super glue.

Roads

Fireroads are a favorite spot for making up time, but they usually contain obstacles of a different sort. Picture yourself sideways around a curve, passing three "C" riders and a powder puff all at once, and there before you lies a '77 Dodge station wagon, with an elderly couple and six brat monsters steaming up the rear windows.

If you survive, you'll remember for-

ever after that fireroads are also occasionally used by the public for Sunday drives (the day of the event).

Never assume that you have absolute right of way just because you're in an event. It's also possible to meet riders on the trail head-on, too, particularly if you have an early number. On paved roads, obey all traffic laws, because a time-consuming ticket can be considered an obstacle, too! I will, however, admit that it's pretty hard to keep it at the posted speed limit when you're 14 minutes late; but be discrete.

Sand

Someone once said that "sand is tiny rocks" (or was it the other way around?). Whatever, sand has the nasty habit of robbing horsepower and traction, causing gas mileage to be reduced by as much as 50 percent. The high revving required to keep the bike moving also takes its toll in seized engines. The best way to get through sand is to ride where no one else has ridden yet. By picking a new line, it's easier to get the bike to ride, or float, on top of the sand, which is your final goal. Speed also helps, so get into third gear ASAP.

It takes practice, but a rider can learn how to read terrain and spot hard ground. Once he does, he beelines it there to pick up that vital speed to stay on top. The bigger the rear tire the better, but that goes for engine size, too.

All of us flatlanders in Southern California call a continuous series of bumps in soft or sandy ground, "whoop-de-doo." These whoops vary

in size and length, putting the best suspension systems to the ultimate test. The easiest way to ride whoops is to avoid them! AMA rules allow a rider to leave the marked course by a distance of 50 feet (or something like that) from both sides of the trail. Use this rule to your advantage. If the whoops are absolutely unavoidable, look for the easiest line where the bumps are smallest and fewest. Slow down and align the bike to hit the bumps at an exact right angle. You must hit the whoops perpendicularly or the rear end of the bike will bounce around and say hello. Once you're set up at the right angle, gas it! The acceleration will lighten the front end (and keep it from nosediving), and help keep the bike straight. If the rear end starts to wag its tail, back off the gas until things literally straighten out.

Water crossings

You can always judge the deepest and most dangerous water crossing of the day by counting the number of riders standing on the banks, staring at you in disbelief and horror. This water crossing is far deeper than the other ones, because there are no bikes. Only wordless riders soaked from head to toe. Their motorcycles have begun their voyage down the natural water channels toward their final destination: the Gulf of Mexico. In situations like this, there is no proper technique; only excuses.

In milder and more common settings, you'll arrive at the crossing and see a three-ring circus of attempted "new" lines and hordes of spectators pointing you toward the deepest hole possible. Sometimes an honest viewer will attempt an act of good faith by showing the real easy way across, but he is quickly removed by his no-good associates. Use common sense and don't believe *anyone not on a motorcycle!!!*

When crossing a river, look for the widest part. There, the current is weakest and it is probably most shallow. If there is a partial wall of rocks piled to simulate a dam, sand and small stones will gather at the up-river side. This is also a good spot to cross. Never cross a great distance upstream from any sort of dam or rock pile, as this is usually very deep.

If the crossing is not too wide and it is obvious that your bike will drown out if you attempt to cross under power, shut the engine off, push across, flip your bike upside down (with gas off) to drain the air box and restart. This is not very macho, but it results in a minimum of time lost. Super-good waterproofing sometimes eliminates this unstylish move.

Many woods enduros have bridges built from trees. The real fun ones are

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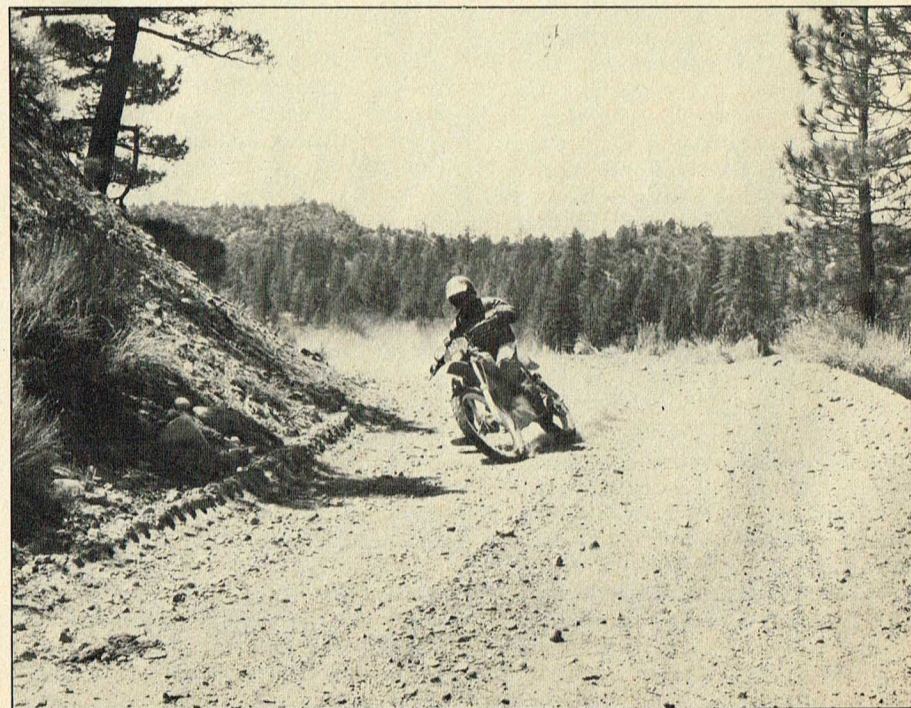
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the whole trees that have been shaved flat on one side. Yeah, picture yourself on a long-suspended bike riding on a tree 12 inches wide. But your footpegs are 12 inches across, which means if you lose your balance, you have nowhere to put your feet. Now, picture this log suspended 18 feet above the American River, which is 15 feet deep in the spring. In such cases, be careful, because a wet log and rubber tires actually repel each other.

Did you know that beautiful green meadows are actually dead lakes that have accumulated debris and soil through the years? No B.S., I'm serious, that's the truth. Just ask any posy-sniffer. But, in the spring, when the water is high in creeks and streams flowing through those beautiful green meadows, they turn into potential quicksand pits. When you start an enduro with number 100, that means 400 bikes have driven through ahead of you. When you reach those beautiful green meadows, they'll probably be tubs of cold pea soup. Watch out for sections of the meadow which could be a mud "bog." Keep an eye open for such and ride around if they look really hungry. Less overall environmental damage also results if the path of vehicles is varied in an event, instead of concentrated in a single rut, which deepens and deepens and deepens . . .

In fact, in any mud situation, head for high ground. If you stay in the same mud rut following the rider in front of you, you'll be subjected to joining in

Fireroads are a good place for making up time, but watch for cars. They have a habit of popping up when least expected. ALWAYS stay to extreme right side, especially through curves.



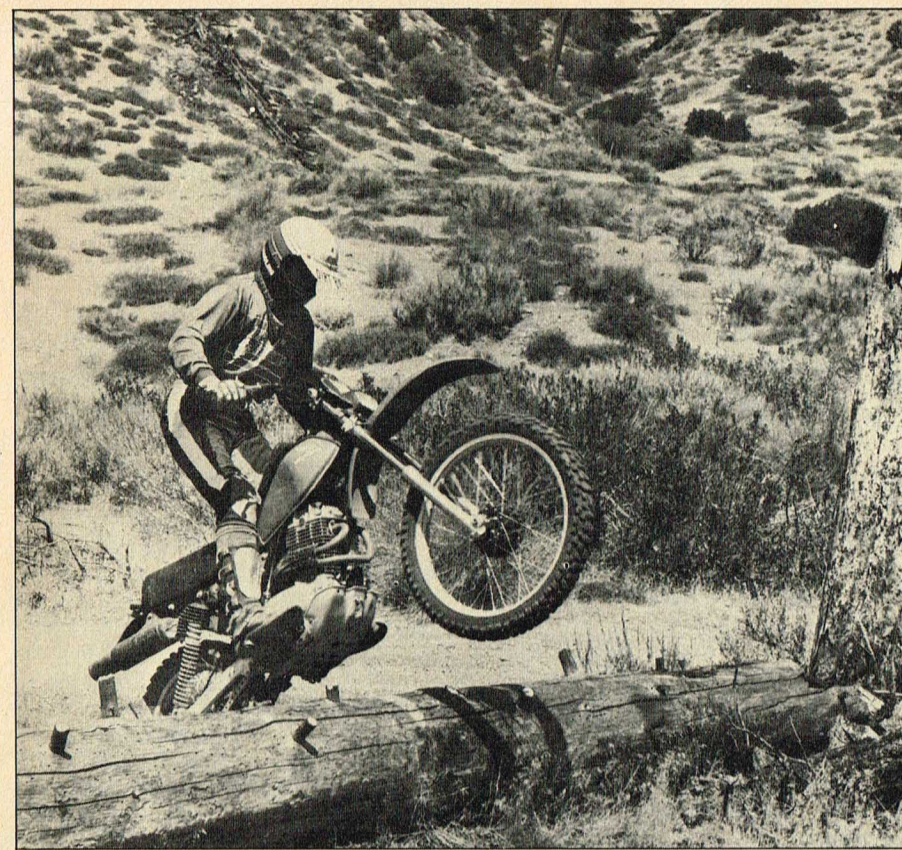
any misfortune he embarks upon.

Passing technique

Let's face it. Let's join hands and come out of the closets and shout it out loud: "WE ARE OBSTACLES!" Yes! You, me, the little girl next door, we're all obstacles. Put us all on motorcycles and enter us in an event, and there will be someone, somewhere in that race who is faster. To him, we are all obstacles to be reckoned with. But, our egos will deny it. We will never let our hearts admit that someone is bigger, better, or faster. On the trail, we give it our best shot and try our damndest to do well. And while we're trying, giving that 110 percent, that bigger, better and faster guy comes along behind us and tries to get around. Our ego strikes back! "No way, I'm not going to let him pass." But he eventually gets around and you never see him again.

Aggressive elbow-rubbing and sling-shot passing sometimes is the only answer. Verbal, "POLITE, RESPECTABLE" requests can be heard, and sometimes awaken the slower rider from his ego tantrum. Never resort to displaying your collection of favorite four-letter words. Another method is sneaking up and passing before he knows what happened.

After about 20 miles into the event, you have a pretty good idea about the caliber of riders around you. The really good riders behind you have already passed and are long gone. Any "C," or beginning "B" riders in front of you have fallen behind. But, there is always a handful of riders with a level of skill a hair lower than yours. These are the hardest to pass. They slow you down, but it is next to impossible to get around them. Be patient and polite



Logs require a burst of power to lift the front wheel up and over. Once balanced on top, lean forward, pushing bike with feet on the log. By feathering the throttle, the rear wheel will find traction on the tree, and help drive you over.

when the right time comes to pass, but remind that rider that you're behind him by blipping the throttle and shouting polite requests. Remember to ALWAYS wave a thank-you to any rider who pulls over to let you by, even if it took an eternity for him to do it. Never reply with the single finger of fate; that would be stupid and degenerate. Besides, he might do some free dental work on you with a tire iron after the event.

Enduros are full of really neat people. Go to the starting line 20 to 30 minutes early and socialize with the riders who will be starting around you. After meeting the people and breaking the ice, passing becomes a breeze because mutual respect on the trail is common.

Bike preparation

Although bike preparation belongs in a separate article altogether, there are several things you can do to make your ride through obstacles much easier. Seat height is very important, and must be low enough for you to use both feet to dab and paddle. With the advent of longer suspension, seat height was also increased. Many shorter competitors remove the seat cover, and cut some foam with either a knife or a soldering iron. The really hot tip is to

mark where to cut on both sides of the saddle, then saw through with a long hacksaw blade. This method works well, but you need a friend to guide the blade on the other side. You lose fanny comfort, but gain super control in the rough.

If you've ever ridden a woods event, you'll probably know how important narrow handlebars are. Desert riders are laughed at when they show up at the Jackpine with 40-inch longhorn specials. Use a hacksaw and shorten bars to 26-28 inches for tree clearance.

A good skid plate is mandatory and can be used as a third wheel when balancing over rocks and fallen trees. Make sure it has somewhat of a flat bottom so it won't catch anything.

High pegs are also needed for foot safety, as well as peg protection. If they can't be adjusted, invest in some welding work to have them raised. You can simply weld a new cleat on top of the existing peg to save your toes, but you'll still bend the pegs in a boulder field. Don't forget to raise your brake and shift lever high enough above the pegs, also. These modifications will seem weird at first, but are adjusted to easily when riding.

In the future, we'll show different and trick timekeeping methods used by the pros, as well as sano preparation tips. But for now, get your riding skills down pat. Try these techniques and invent some of your own, but don't wait until race day to see if they work for you. □



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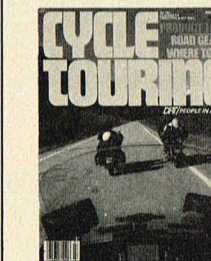
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CLUTCH TROUBLESHOOTING

Trying to beat too much friction and heat

By Brian George

When Bob Hannah took America by storm a couple of years ago, he not only introduced a new style of riding a motorcycle, but a whole new concept of how to use the clutch. Whenever he exited a turn, his left hand went crazily flapping over the lever, fanning the clutch like a bird taking to the air. Now everybody does it, everywhere on the track.

This new fad looks and feels trick, but it also puts a tremendous amount of wear on the plates, and can destroy even the best clutches in half the time it used to take. Here's a little help for those of you who are quick with the fingers, but slow to rebuild a clutch every week.

First, let's get it straight just what a clutch is, and what it's supposed to do. A clutch is a mechanism designed to transfer the engine's power to the transmission by friction between sets of plates. When the clutch cable is pulled in by the lever, the plates are separated, and the housing spins with the rpm of the motor, while the inner hub and transmission remain free, able to stop without stalling the engine.

When the clutch lever is let out, the plates merge and the fiber rubs against the steel, which turns the steel plates, which have splines connected to the inner hub. These splines turn the hub, which transfers the revolutions to a shaft going into the transmission, which in turn rotates the drive shaft, and away you go.

The friction built up between the two sets of plates can cause a lot of heat under normal use, which is why they have oil flowing around them. The oil cleans the plates as they rotate, and keeps the heat down enough to avoid "frying," or burning the fiber plates, and warping the steel units.

When the clutch is fanned very quickly, the friction is built up so fast, that the oil can't get in between the plates quickly enough to cool them,

and the plates are subjected to extreme temperatures that warp and fry the plates in minutes.

Riders of 250 or 500cc machines aren't really going to have to worry about fanning the clutch rapidly, as their power will get them through any terrain easily enough, but the ones who really have to be careful are the 125 speedsters. The powerplants are not as potent as the bigger bikes, and in order to compensate for the lack of a power burst while exiting a corner or climbing a hill, the clutch must be quickly slipped to regain any lost rpm, and get the power back as soon as possible. With all of this extra strain at every grade or turn, the clutches tend to wear out rapidly.

When a clutch wears out, it doesn't mean that every part must be replaced. What happens is that the plates wear out, and need to be replaced with new ones. Springs may also have to be renewed, but not as often as the discs. There are three ways for a plate to wear out: by burning off the fiber, by warping from excess heat, or by wearing down the tabs at the end of the plates, which turn the housing and hub.

When replacing the clutch, make sure to remove every plate and replace it, not just one or two. This keeps the new plate from taking all of the load from the housing or hub. The same thing applies to the springs. Don't just replace a couple; do them all.

For removal of the clutch, it is best to drain out all of the old transmission oil first, or you'll find yourself sitting in a puddle of the black goo rather quickly. If you're out on the trail, or at the track, and don't have a spare quart of oil, simply lay the bike down on its side. This drains the oil back into the transmission and allows access to the clutch mechanism.

Disconnect the clutch cable from the arm, and remove any components that

will get in your way while removing the side case. Now, take out the screws holding on the case and gently lift the cover away from the motor. If the clutch is fried, you'll know it right away, because the foul odor will almost knock you through the pits.

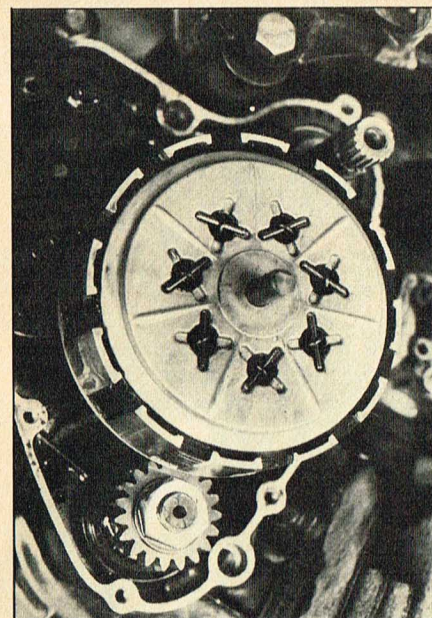
Disconnect the springs to free the housing, then begin disassembling the unit. Put everything to one side in the order removed, so reinstallation will be fast and easy. Measure the plates for wear, according to the owner's manual, to see whether replacement is necessary, or if a simple adjustment will do the trick. For the simple method, all you have to do is tighten up the slack in the cable by either adjusting at the handlebar, or the rod sticking out of the side case.

If adjusting from the side case, be sure that the handlebar adjuster is all the way in.

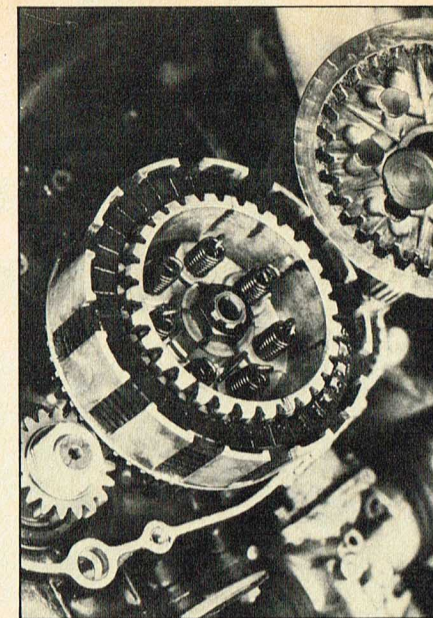
If it's the plates that are the problem, expect to go out and buy some new ones. Our When You Break articles will tell you just what to expect to pay.

After reinstalling the plates, or putting in new ones, use a torque wrench and tighten all of the springs down the same. Before the housing is replaced, take a pencil, place it on a flat spot with the lead barely over the top of the plates, then rotate the clutch. This will mark off any high spots, which, if not corrected, will cause the new plates to warp. Now, button up the cases, re-connect the cable, and make sure to re-fill the transmission with oil.

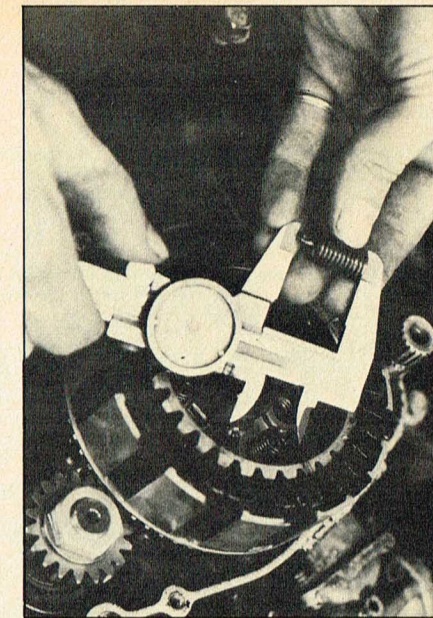
With all of that completed, you're ready to go out and tear 'em up again. But next time, remember: Bob Hannah has a factory sponsorship and a factory mechanic, and when he fans the clutch to the burning point, he doesn't have to pay for the new one. But you do, and it gets a bit rich on the pocketbook, so take it easy. Use a little more throttle going in, so you won't have to use a whole lot of clutch coming out. □



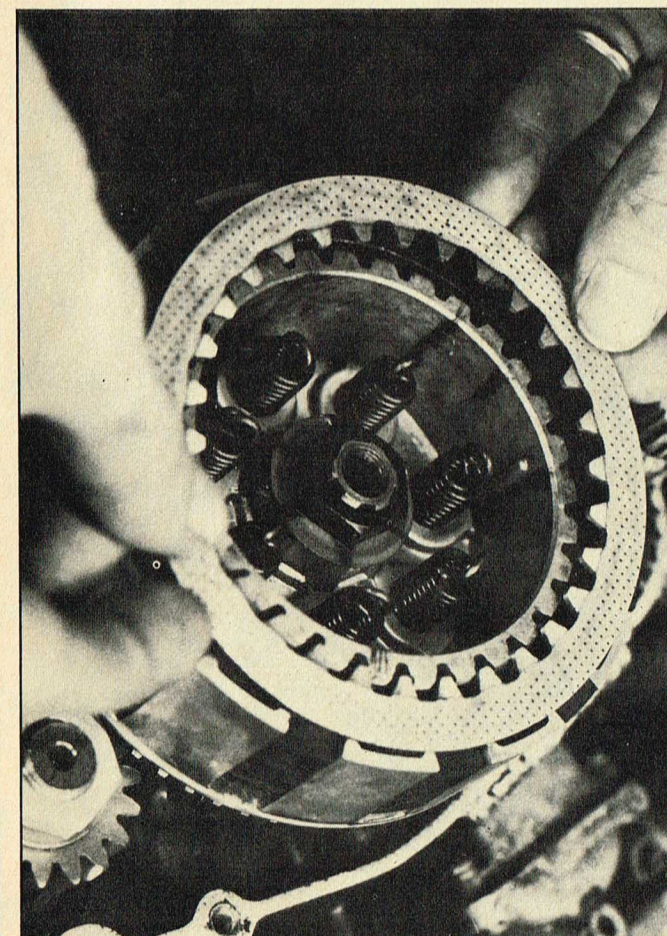
Clutches vary mechanically for every different brand of bike, but they all accomplish the same end. Suzuki clutch, shown here, is actuated by an outward pull on the center shaft.



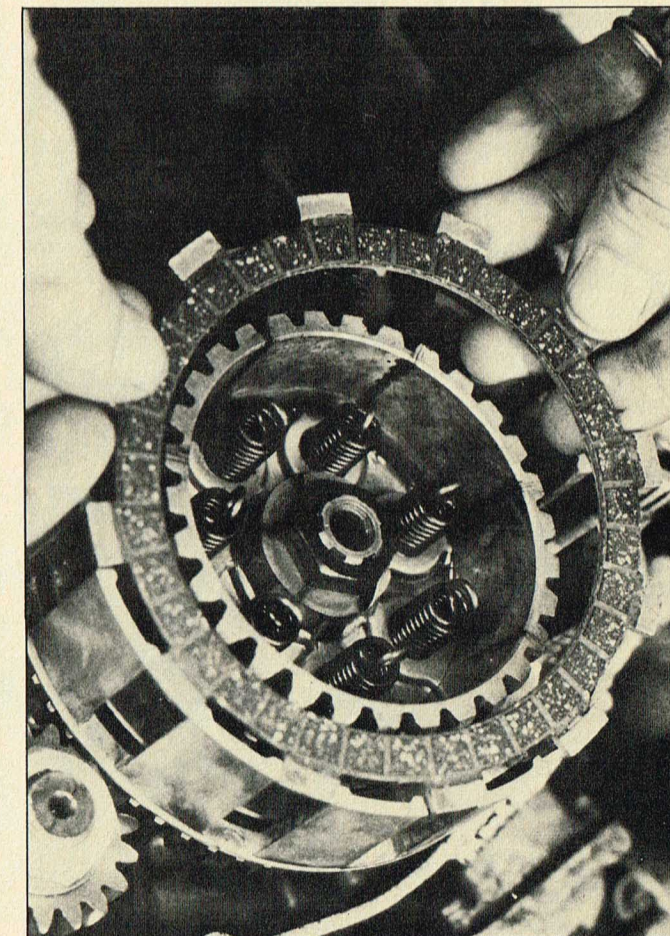
Once the pins are pulled out of the spring ends it's easy to get at the plates. This bike uses six fiber plates, and five steel.



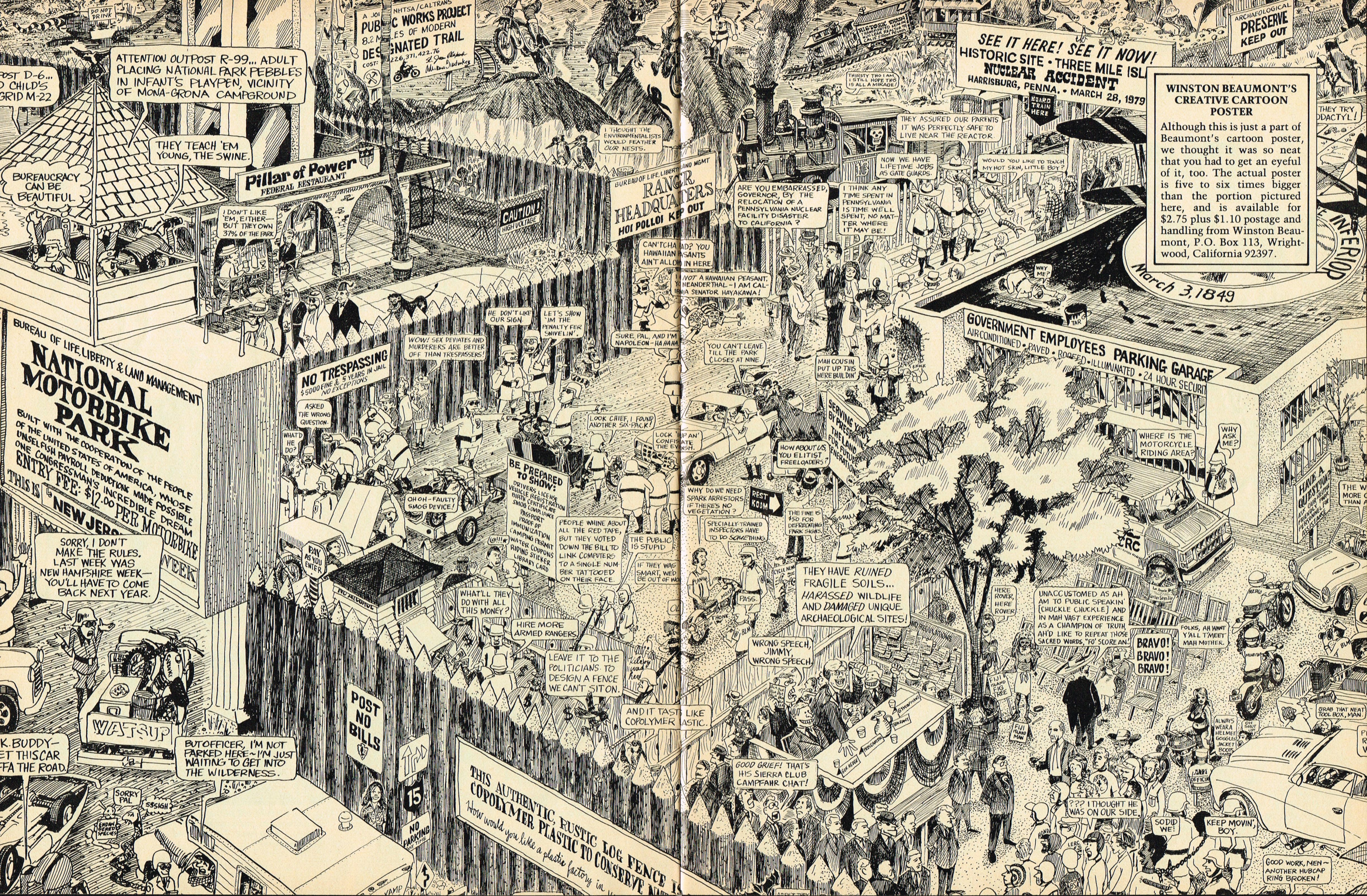
Everything should be measured for tolerances, with a good set of calipers. Springs and fiber plates usually have minimum length or thickness specs, steel plates are normally measured for warp with a feeler gauge.



A new steel plate...



... and a new fiber plate. If you don't have any measuring devices, replace either of these if they show heavy wear or burning from heat. A fried clutch will also give the oil a horrible smell.



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Although this is just a part of Beaumont's cartoon poster, we thought it was so neat that you had to get an eyeful of it, too. The actual poster is five to six times bigger than the portion pictured here, and is available for \$2.75 plus \$1.10 postage and handling from Winston Beaumont, P.O. Box 113, Wrightwood, California 92397.

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BUILT WITH THE COOPERATION OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WHOSE UNSELFISH PAYROLL DEDUCTIONS MADE POSSIBLE ONE CONGRESSMAN'S INCREDIBLE DREAM
ENTRY FEE: \$12.00 PER MOTORBIKE
NEW JERSEY WEEK

SORRY, I DON'T MAKE THE RULES. LAST WEEK WAS NEW HAMPSHIRE WEEK— YOU'LL HAVE TO COME BACK NEXT YEAR.

NO TRESPASSING
\$5000 FINE & 5 YEARS IN JAIL
NO EXCEPTIONS

ASKED THE WRONG QUESTION

WHAT'D HE DO?

PAY AS YOU ENTER

POST NO BILLS

15
NO PARKING

HE DON'T LIKE OUR SIGN

LET'S SHOW 'IM THE PENALTY FER SNIVELIN'

WOW! SEX DEVIATES AND MURDERERS ARE BETTER OFF THAN TRESPASSERS!

OH OH— FAULTY SMOG DEVICE!

WHAT'LL THEY DO WITH ALL THIS MONEY?

HIRE MORE ARMED RANGERS.

LEAVE IT TO THE POLITICIANS TO DESIGN A FENCE WE CAN'T SIT ON.

AND IT TASTES LIKE COPOLYMER PLASTIC.

BE PREPARED TO SHOW:
DRIVERS LICENSE
VEHICLE REGISTRATION
BIRTH CERTIFICATE
SMOG COMPLIANCE
PASSPORT
PROOF OF IMMUNIZATION
CAMPING PERMIT
WATER COUPONS
RIDING STICKER
LIBRARY CARD

PEOPLE WHINE ABOUT ALL THE RED TAPE, BUT THEY VOTED DOWN THE BILL TO LINK COMPUTERS TO A SINGLE NUMBER TATTOOED ON THEIR FACE

IF THEY WAS SMART, WED BE OUT OF WORK

THE PUBLIC IS STUPID

WHY DO WE NEED SPARK ARRESTORS IF THERE'S NO VEGETATION?

SPECIALY TRAINED INSPECTORS HAVE TO DO SOMETHING

THE FINE IS \$50 FOR DEPRECIATING PARK SIGNS.

THEY HAVE RUINED FRAGILE SOILS... HARASSED WILDLIFE AND DAMAGED UNIQUE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES!

WRONG SPEECH, JIMMY, WRONG SPEECH

GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S HIS SIERRA CLUB CAMPFAHR CHAT!

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES PARKING GARAGE
AIRCONDITIONED • PAVED • ROOFED • ILLUMINATED • 24 HOUR SECURITY

WHERE IS THE MOTORCYCLE RIDING AREA?

WHY ASK ME?

HAVE A QUESTION? ASK OUR HELPFUL PROFESSIONAL STAFF.

THE MORE YOU ASK...

UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO PUBLIC SPEAKING (CHUCKLE CHUCKLE) AND IN MAH VAST EXPERIENCE AS A CHAMPION OF TRUTH, AH'D LIKE TO REPEAT THOSE SACRED WORDS, "FO' SCORE AND TWO."

BRAVO! BRAVO! BRAVO!

FOLKS, AH WANT Y'ALL T'MEET MAH MOTHER.

HERE ROVER, HERE ROVER

UJI LAND IS FREE

??? I THOUGHT HE WAS ON OUR SIDE.

SODID WE!

KEEP MOVIN', BOY.

GOOD WORK, MEN— ANOTHER HUBCAP RING BROKEN!

THIS AUTHENTIC, RUSTIC LOG FENCE IS COPOLYMER PLASTIC TO CONSERVE AND PROTECT THE ENVIRONMENT
How would you like a plastic factory in your back yard?

DGs TRICK YAMAHA IT-175

Riding a bucks-up woods weapon

By Gary Woodling

So now what? The honeymoon's over. Remember that shiny new Yamaha IT175 you bought some time ago? Doesn't quite look or feel as good as before, does it? Like any maturing dirt bike, it's getting old. And here it is, a new year just around the corner, with dealers making room for new '80 machines. But, the old bike is OK; it just needs a little freshening up. Besides, the '80s can't be that different, now can they? Even if they are, it still takes bucks to set one up to be really competitive.

There are alternatives. DG Performance Products has established a thoroughly complete line of enduro competition goodies to turn your IT into an agile spider monkey with horsepower to boot. DG has long been known for their motocross components that can turn any stocker into a National-caliber mount. Now, after two years of R&D and one year of sales in the enduro market, enduro riders all over the country have come to respect the capabilities of a DG-prepared IT or PE machine.

When the DB staff finally got their hands on one of those sexy blue and gold mounts, they decided to test it to the max. Because it was late summer and the enduro season was on half-time break, the only demanding event around was the Dirt Diggers 21st Annual Grand Prix at Racing World.

Yeah, sure, a Grand Prix test for an enduro bike, what is this? Wait! You see, since I'm a member of the Dirt Diggers, my job during the event was to ride sweep over the 4.8-mile course before, during and after each race. Seeing that there were 17 different races over the two days, I totaled over 170 miles! Needless to say, I got a very

good understanding of the bike.

Besides sweeping the GP, I took the DG on several mountain trail riding sessions.

The gold-anodized aluminum swing-arm really impressed me. The quality of workmanship and materials is A-1. Not only is the swingarm over an inch longer than stock, but all the original hardware (axle, adjusters, tensioner, chain guide, etc.) bolts right on. The longer wheelbase makes the machine more stable at higher speeds, and flex is a thing of the past.

The rear end is also aided by a 10-inch travel mod, with reservoir by Luft. Like any mono mod on the market, the damping improvements are more noticeable than the longer travel. I will say that the Luft mod works very well in *all* situations, where some aftermarket systems work well in only rocks, whoops or other special occasions, then pogo or bottom somewhere else.

To maintain proper geometry with the raised rear, DG offers 10-inch KYB Proline forks for the front. They're 38mm in diameter, compared to the stock 36mm, so machine work must be farmed out for the triple clamps. The same goes for the speedometer drive down where the axle is attached. Because of the special machine work and high price tag for the forks (\$299), many riders may pop for air caps and a fork kit, instead. I own an IT175 myself, and went the cheaper route.

The KYB forks do work exceptionally well over the cheaper method, so depending on your budget, decide for yourself.

DG's engine modifications include their famous 17-fin cylinder head, which raises compression and keeps

the powerplant cool, 36mm Mikuni, special pipe (two pounds lighter) and mid-range grunt port job. All four items work together to produce an ideal powerband for a 175 enduro machine. Horsepower feels about 10-20-percent better in the mid-range with little or no loss on the bottom or top.

I was particularly impressed with the cylinder head and strongly recommend it for its cooling characteristics. The remaining modifications cost money, but then, what doesn't? Side by side, the KTM is the only other 175 that can beat a stock IT. If you have the bucks, here's your chance to get even.

The gold doesn't stop at the swing-arm and engine. DID rims and special eight-gauge spokes get the treatment, also. DG offers a line of wheel setups to fit almost any bike, so you don't have to own an IT or PE to re-lace. While the rims look pretty, I would recommend replacement only if new rims are a must. The spokes are worth their weight in gold (pun intended), and replacement is a justified venture. The eight-gauge spokes look like they came off a Sherman tank and are almost impossible to destroy.

Attached to the rolling masterpiece were Dunlop K190s. This is a relatively new design combining four-ply with a semi-rim saver pattern. In woods terrain, I strongly recommend them because of their known turning habits. But, in rocks, six-ply is the only way to go. They're reasonably priced and are becoming more of a motocross standard every day.

Other bits and pieces include flexible FIM side panels (blue with yellow plates). They're custom-molded to the IT and retain some of the stock

(Continued on page 71)





1980 CAN-AM 250 MX-6

HEAVY BREATHER

Exclusive! First Test
By The Staff of Dirt Bike

Getting a "first test" on a brand-new bike is always fun, but the test becomes even more satisfying when we had something to do with the development of the machine. Like this 1980 Can-Am 250 MX-6. Early in 1979, Can-Am invited us up to the factory in Valcourt, Montreal, Canada, to take a look at what was on the drawing board for the upcoming year.

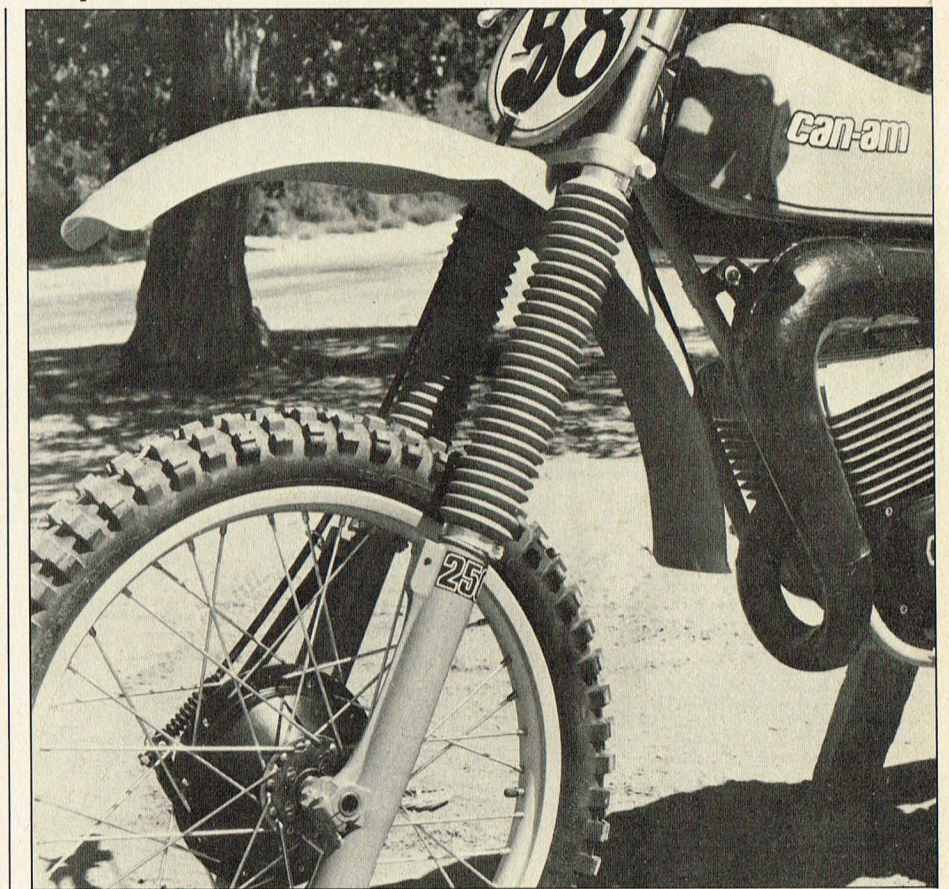
Better. They asked us for input. What did we like about the '79? What should they change on the '80? They solicited harsh criticism . . . and got it. More than one upper-level executive from the factory winced and swallowed hard, as they got the bottom line. But, they asked for it . . . and you got it.

The MX-6 version of the 250 motocrosser incorporates many of the changes we suggested and even some we never thought of. At first glance, a rider unfamiliar with Can-Ams would think that only the side panels and details had been changed. However, when you get right down in there and take a look under the plastic and fiberglass (fiberglass? Yup. Our bike was a pre-production prototype and some parts were hand-formed), big changes are obvious.

Probably the biggest design change is the least obvious one: Instead of taking air in from the traditional area (under the saddle), the air inlets have been relocated up on the steering head.

Because the Can-Ams all have an enormous tubular backbone, it was easy to convert that supportive frame member into a breathing channel. Two cup-like scoops ride directly behind the number plate. Tests have shown that the area right behind the number plate is the cleanest place on a motorcycle to draw air. The less dirt you draw in with the air, the better it is for your filter, and, eventually, the performance of the bike.

Strangely, the Can-Am people found out on the needle of the dyno, that the simple change in the breathing inlet al-



so got them a freebie two-horsepower gain. Think about that for a moment: two more ponies just from a change in the delivery of air. It makes us realize that two-stroke technology is still in the dark ages.

Not only does the new air inlet location deliver cleaner air to the air filter, but it makes the Can-Am one of the most waterproof bikes in existence. Last year's Can-Am Qualifiers were very good in wet conditions, but the new ones ought to be virtual submarines.

After our first riding/test/photo session, we took the Can-Am for a number of high-speed blasts through

the deep streams of Indian Dunes, getting in up to the frame rails under the saddle without drowning out. The new Qualifiers are scheduled to get the revised air inlet. Funny . . . one would think that the enduro bikes would get the improved breathing and waterproofing first, then the technology would trickle down to the MXers.

Because this bike was a proto, we had to dial it in ourselves. When we got the bike, we never even had specs with it. It was *that* new. At first, the MX-6 ran like a banshee on the top end and blubbered badly right off the bottom of the rpm range.

(Continued)

BREATHER

(Continued)

We leaned out the low end and the mid-range and got the Can-Am to pull hard down low, but suffered a loss of that blistering hook at the end of the revs. By the end of the second riding session, we ended up with a compromise: Our low-end response was decent, but not overwhelming, and the bike pulled good and hard through the mid-range, but not as strong as it could on top end. We plan one more trip into the carb to see if we can restore *all* the power, all the way through the range. Perhaps a larger needle jet and a smaller main. We'll see.

Quite frankly, the carb was such a hassle to service and get to, that we lost much of our desire to perfect the power delivery. We never expected any carburetion difficulties this year, as Can-Am has finally abandoned the messy Bing carb used for years, in favor of a Mikuni. Normally, we identify a Mikuni with clean running and no fiddling. Still, the Can-Am probably ran just dandy up in frosty Valcrob and the 110-plus-degree temperature of California induced the jetting fits.

The fourth time the Can-Am was run, tester John Rudder took it to the race track and found that the MX-6 ran worlds better. It was a cool day (relatively speaking), and this had a profound effect on the performance. We can assume that the owner of an MX-6 will have to jet now and then to accommodate temperature changes. Here's where the grief starts.

The Mikuni is a larger carb than the Bing and sits farther rearward in the engine compartment. Getting to the carb is complicated by a trio of frame rails, shock reservoirs, air box and miscellaneous tabs and brackets. At the very least, the left shock reservoir has to be loosened and slipped out of the way, then the base of the float bowl can be reached from underneath the engine, between the rear tire and the back of the engine. This is not as awkward as it sounds, but it can get very kinky-looking. Violent cursing seems to help.

Even getting to the choke is a hassle. When sitting on the MX-6, the choke is on the right side of the carb. But, this is that maddening pull-pin-type choke, that's hard to use under ideal conditions. Compounding this, is the fact that the carb sits to the left side of center, right next to the frame rails. A flip-type choke lever would improve this situation dramatically. The change is cheap... about two bucks' worth of new choke parts and they bolt right on. The old pin should be thrown far away.



CAN-AM 250 MX-6

NAME AND MODEL Can-Am 250 MX-6	STEERING HEAD ANGLE 29 degrees and is adjustable
ENGINE TYPE Two-stroke, rotary valve, single cylinder	WEIGHT WITH ONE GALLON GAS 224 pounds (dry—217 pounds)
BORE AND STROKE 72mm x 61mm	RIM MATERIAL Sun aluminum alloy
DISPLACEMENT 248cc	TIRE SIZES:
HORSEPOWER (CLAIMED BY FACTORY) 37.5 at 7750 rpm	FRONT 3.00x21 Dunlop
CARBURETION Mikuni VM-34	REAR 5.00x18 Dunlop
FACTORY RECOMMENDED JETTING:	SUSPENSION:
MAIN JET 310	FRONT, TYPE AND TRAVEL Marzocchi, 289mm (11 1/4 inches)
NEEDLE JET 159 P-6	REAR, TYPE AND TRAVEL Ohlins remote, 282mm (11 inches)
JET NEEDLE 6DH-7	INTENDED USE, MFR. Motocross, off-road racing
PILOT JET 60	COUNTRY OF ORIGIN Canada
SLIDE NUMBER 3.0	PRICE, APPROX \$1999 (S&W shocks), \$2149 (Ohlins shocks)
RECOMMENDED GASOLINE Premium	PARTS PRICES, HIGH-WEAR ITEMS Note: 1979 prices—1980 N/A
RECOMMENDED OIL (MFR.) Can-Am	PISTON ASSEMBLY, COMPLETE \$54.26
FUEL TANK CAPACITY 7.7 liters (2.0 gallons)	RINGS ONLY \$17.12
FUEL TANK MATERIAL Plastic	CYLINDER \$368.08
GAS/OIL RATIO 32:1	SHIFT LEVER \$14.10
LUBRICATION Pre-mix	BRAKE PEDAL \$7.71
AIR FILTRATION K&N w/foam	FRONT SPROCKET \$11.98
CLUTCH TYPE Wet, multi-plate	DISTRIBUTOR:
TRANSMISSION Five-speed, constant mesh	Bombardier Corp.
GEARBOX RATIOS:	4505 W. Superior St.
1 2.38	Duluth, Minnesota 55806
2 1.76	OVERALL RATING, FROM 0 TO 100, VARIOUS CATEGORIES, KEEPING INTENDED USE OF MACHINE IN MIND:
3 1.4	HANDLING 95
4 1.11	SUSPENSION:
5955	FRONT 82
GEARING, FRONT/REAR 14/46	REAR 99
IGNITION Bosch CDI	AVERAGE 91
PRIMARY KICK SYSTEM? Yes	POWER 97
RECOMMENDED SPARK PLUG Bosch W3C	COST 88
SILENCER/SPARK ARRESTOR/QUALITY Yes/no/average; not as quiet as last year	ATTENTION TO DETAIL 89
FRAME, TYPE Tubular, double loop, full cradle	EFFECTIVENESS, STONE STOCK 93
WHEELBASE 1479mm (58.25 inches)	
GROUND CLEARANCE 327mm (12.87 inches)	
SEAT HEIGHT AT TANK 952mm (37.5 inches)	

If it sounds like we spent a lot of time dialing the Can-Am in, you're right. But only because the MX-6 was so sensitive to minor changes. Example: The first time the bike was ridden, we had about eight pounds of air in the Marzocchi forks. No one could turn the bike without hitting a berm.

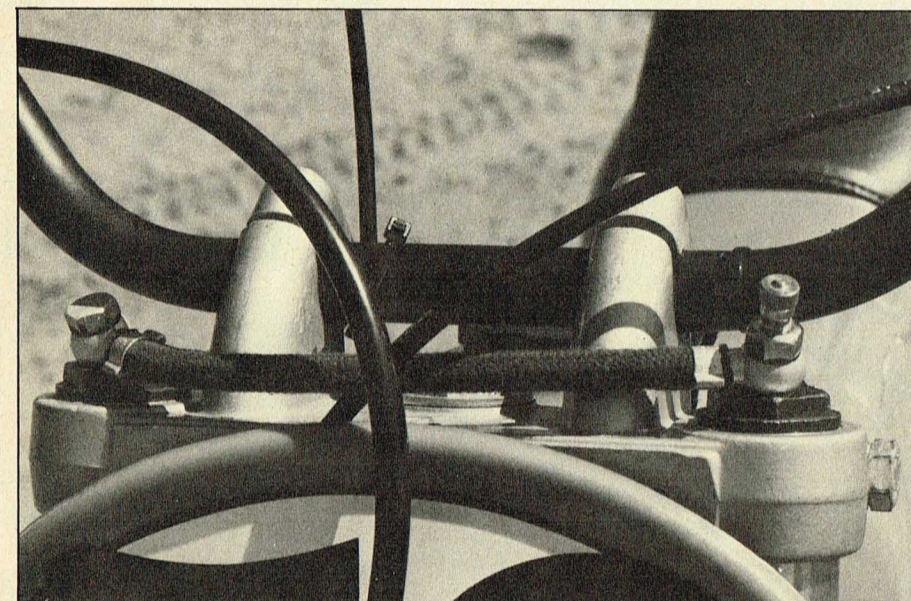
We dropped the air in small increments, noting a slight improvement in turning manners with each drop. When we got to zero (no air), the forks felt their best. While the action of the Marzocchi forks was decent, we felt that there was still too much compression stroke damping for harsh, square-edged bumps. There's a quick and inexpensive cure for this: Send the damping rods to Gil at Works Performance Shocks and have him slot the rods.

With this done, the Marzocchi forks are stunning. Without it, they're adequate.

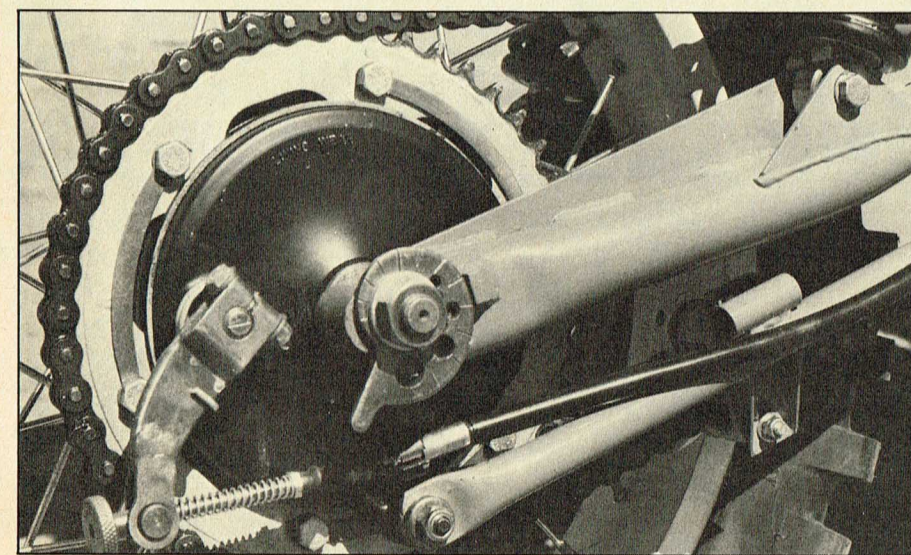
One side note: The air caps are interconnected, making equal pressurization a snap. While we used no pressure in our forks, chances are that as the springs in the Marzocchi legs start to sack, you might want a pound or two of air. Italian springs are not noted for longevity.

Not only does a small change in air pressure affect the turning habits of the MX-6, but very slight increments in adjusting the forks up and down in the triple clamps make a world of difference in turning and handling. We'd suggest that no more than an eighth of an inch at a time (up or down) be tried without experimenting on the track.

Once we got the Can-Am MX-6



New for '80. Interconnected air caps. Number plate should have protective ears running up to bars to prevent front brake cable from snagging on air fitting.



Rear brake is now cable-operated. Tubular section on brake stay arm was supposed to guide cable, but instead put it in bind. Quick cure was rerouting and nylon tie-wrap. Snail adjusters on axle are handy.

dialled in reasonably well, it paid off. The bike, like all Can-Ams, is fast. Fast enough to get most any rider into that all-important first turn in good position. Even with our compromise jetting, the MX-6 was as fast as anything else on the track in the 250 Intermediate class. Dialed-in, spot-on, it should give an edge over just about every other 250 available.

During one moto, our test rider got knocked down in the first turn and had to resume racing at the end of the pack. He was able to work up to fourth in a short 15-minute moto, mostly because of the ability of the Can-Am to knife under other bikes in tight turns. In his words: "Once I got everything set up, I found I could stuff the Can-Am under anybody without the front end pushing, or washing out. You have to learn to trust the bike and it'll lean over a lot farther than you think at first. Actually, it's sort of spooky, because you're not sure of the limits of lean."

If you'll take a moment to study the photos of Rich Eierstedt, who helped us in a test session, you'll get the idea. Clean delivery of power is essential to making the bike work like this. Another reason why dialing the Can-Am in is so important.

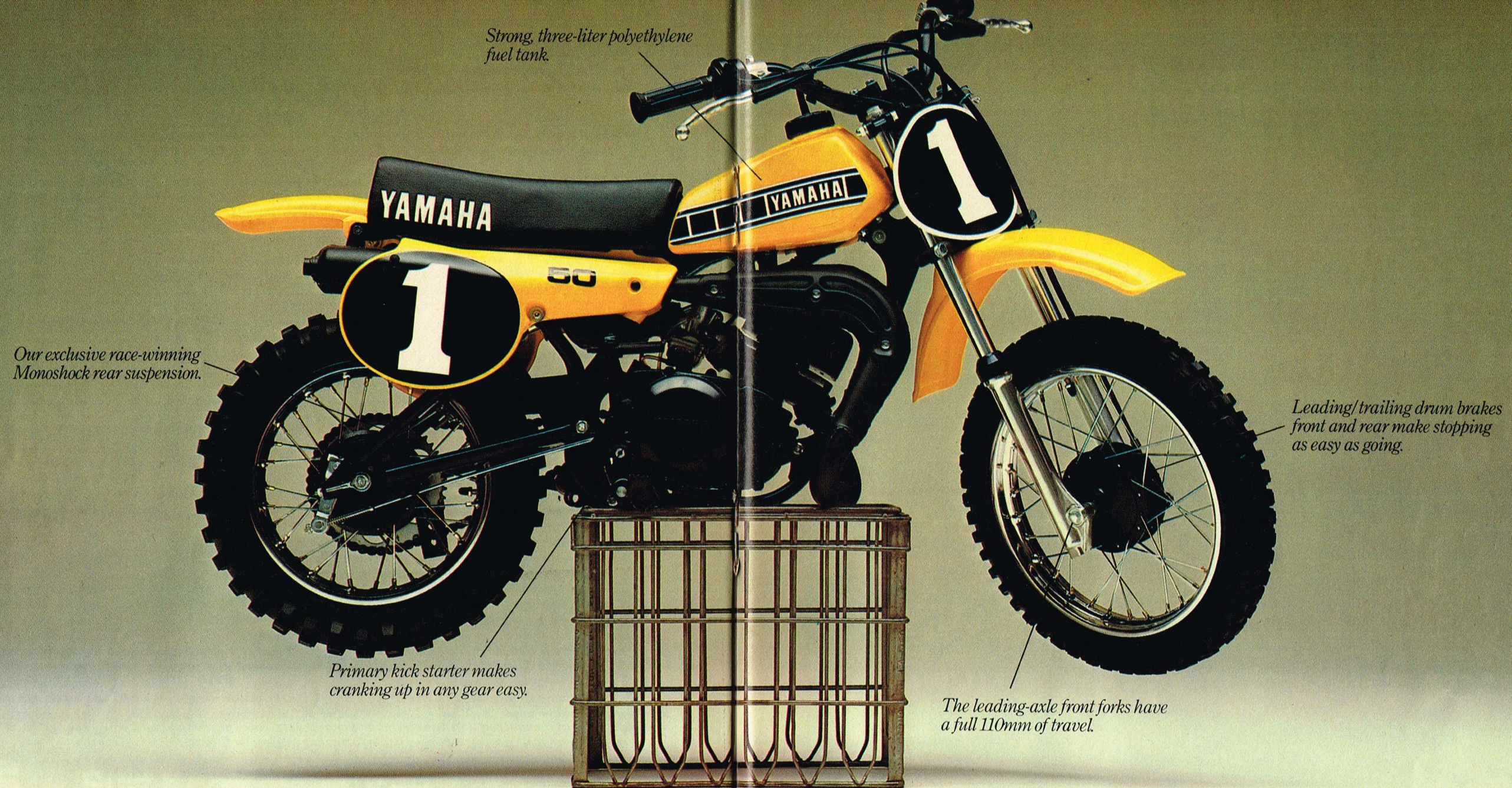
Most of the riders found that they didn't have to get way up on the tank to get the MX-6 to turn. Only Jim Connolly felt it necessary to place his inner thigh up on the tank decal to get the job done.

The seating position is actually quite close to the front end, compared to most other bikes, so the majority of riders will not find it necessary to scoot way up on the tank to get the front end to stick on flat corners and fast sweepers.

We found that the MX-6 worked best in the turns with a moderate slide forward on the saddle and forcing the bars down firmly to the inside of the turn. Power should be kept on strongly, but without breaking the rear wheel loose. Then, when exiting, power should be rolled on quickly, combined with a shift of body weight to the rear. If you don't weight that rear end, it tends to slide around. A rider should not worry about the front end coming up when doing this, unless too low a gear is used. This is a common mistake novice riders tend to make.

For bermshots, all the rider has to do is aim, drop the bars to the inside and gas it hard, while weighting the outside peg. Because of the strong rush of power at mid-range, MX-6 riders may find themselves hunting for berms. While not always the fastest way around a track, it nonetheless is an easy way to turn moderately fast lap times with minimal effort.

(Continued on page 64)



Strong, three-liter polyethylene fuel tank.

Our exclusive race-winning Monoshock rear suspension.

Leading/trailing drum brakes front and rear make stopping as easy as going.

Primary kick starter makes cranking up in any gear easy.

The leading-axle front forks have a full 110mm of travel.

INTRODUCING THE YZ50. THE FIRST MOTOCROSSER BORN WITH A TITLE.

Before we could officially introduce our new YZ50 it earned the NMA Grand National 50cc Junior Cycle championship.

You can't get much faster than that.

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED.

Even we were surprised when Mike "Mouse" McCoy pushed our newest YZ to a national title in its very first race. Against the best competition going.

But the mighty Mouse roared to an easy victory. And he did it on a YZ50 that came right out of the crate.

Our stock YZ50 is built to race — and win — just like our bigger motocrossers. With all the MX-winning features, like our exclusive fade-resistant Monoshock rear suspension. It has a whopping 115mm of travel and a sturdy triangulated swing arm that eliminates

rear wheel flex. Plus it's easily and infinitely adjustable to suit different riders and courses.

POWER TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

No other 50 produces so much power: 9 BHP at 10,500 rpm's. With 0.62 kg/m of torque. The 49cc powerplant has our unique Torque Induction system with oversize reed valves and a big 20mm Mikuni carburetor. That's how it cranks out steady,

reliable torque over such a wide power band.

And it has a five-speed close-ratio racing transmission that lets half-pint Bob Hannahs use all the dirt-eating power to best advantage.

Holding it all together is an extremely strong, rigid tubular-steel cradle frame that's surprisingly light. The bike weighs only 50kg, which is less than many YZ50 riders.

An extra-low seat position lets the smallest fry sit with both boots planted firmly on the ground for great stability. Yet he'll have plenty of ground clearance — a full 195mm.

START AT THE TOP AND WORK UP.

Our YZ50 already makes the other 50's (and many 60's) look like scooters. But, when your junior MXer is ready for even more horsepower, we offer a

60cc conversion kit.

That way, the YZ50 will have your little winner well on his way to becoming a bigger winner.

So why didn't we build a YZ60 in the first place? Because the YZ50 appealed to our sense of fair play.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.



HUSKY 390 AUTOMATIC SHIFTLESS AND SNEAKY

No more of "dem ol' left-foot stompin' blues"

By The Staff of Dirt Bike

We have to admit: we did our share of babbling and drooling when we picked up the Husky Auto. After all, it's not every day that you get to test something you won't have to shift, and there's a certain amount of mystique involved when it's the highest-priced dirt bike on the market. Well, that's not actually true, it's not *the* most expensive bike, but one of a select group of them—all European open class bikes, by the way.

But, let's consider something: This is a 1980-model Husky Auto, and it sells for \$2395. Back in 1977, the Auto sold for just a tad under \$2000. After three years, 30cc, and \$400, the Auto hasn't really gone up that much, especially in a time when *any* open class dirt bike is going to cost at least two grand. The money saved on shift and clutch levers alone, if you crash a lot, may make up the difference.

Enough of this price war babbling; hell, it's only money, right?

Rotating masses

The top end of the Auto is pretty much standard issue: 384cc displacement, an 83mm piston pumping up and down in a 71mm steel barrel, nor-

mal induction from a 38mm Mikuni through a set of manifold reeds. Nothing crazy, elaborate or unreliable. But, get out your Allen wrench and pull off the left side cover, and the whole picture changes. Hanging on the end of the crank is a huge centrifugal clutch, and if it wasn't soaked in oil, it would immediately bring to mind an old Briggs and Stratton mini-bike motor—the lawnmower type.

For some of us, it isn't all that easy to seriously accept centrifugal clutches. But, they work.

And they work basically like this: Fire the sucker up and let it idle. With the handlebar lever locked down, the transmission is disengaged from the crank, and this is the *only* way to start it. Once the Auto has warmed up to the point of holding a steady *low* idle—with the choke off—the handlebar lever is released gently and the trans is engaged. It will sit and idle until a little more throttle is applied, and then the main clutch engages and we start to motate. After the revs climb a bit, second gear is engaged and the process continues until top gear is reached, which is the fourth one, and is usually

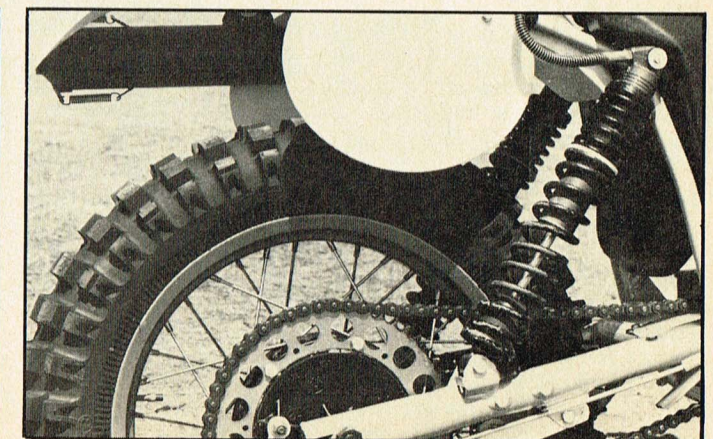
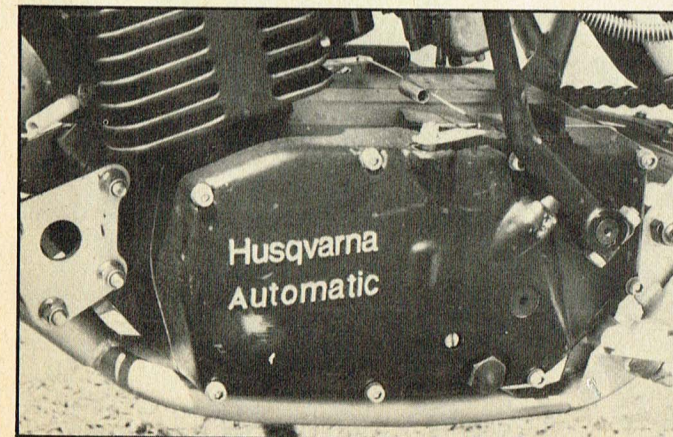
accompanied by a high rate of speed. A deceptively high rate.

The only thing we can attempt to compare the Auto to is the now-defunct Rokon, an automatic dirt bike from a few years back which, at its best, was rather heavy; and at its worst was an evil-handling sucker that's no real comparison to the Husky. However, it was an auto, and it did its thing through a variable torque converter, the same type of system that's used on the Honda Odyssey. With the torque converter, there is no feeling of shifting, as a belt is driven through a set of variable pulleys, and ground speed increases with engine speed in a steady pull right up to redline.

Each of the two systems has its own set of advantages and disadvantages. The Rokon had no release lever for the transmission drive, and it was very possible to start one up with a stuck throttle cable, often with surprising results. Applying a little bit of throttle on a downhill, with a Rokon, would produce a good amount of engine drag to help with the slowing process. This is not the case with the Husky, sadly enough. The freewheel effect of the

Shift lever is conspicuous by its absence. Removing the left side cover allows access to main clutch and entire transmission, simplifying maintenance.

Seventeen-inch Barum is a serious piece of rubber; shocks are a bit stiff for slow running.



SNEAKY

Auto's transmission becomes apparent every time the throttle is shut off—there is no engine braking whatsoever. At least, there's not enough to write home about.

All these clutches and gears are accessible through the left side engine case cover, and with a minimum of tools—all supplied with a new bike—the cover and the entire transmission can be removed for inspection and maintenance. And that's without splitting the cases or taking the motor out of the frame. Actually, no. There are still a few pieces left inside, but all the parts that're subject to normal wear will come right up in your hand.

The innards are bathed constantly in Husqvarna Automatic Transmission Fluid, and the owner's manual tells us that this is the only juice we should use, but the inside word from Husky is: If you're stuck without any oil, motor oil will do OK, but the bike won't shift as smoothly because of the difference in viscosity. Use the Husky ATF and you'll be happy as a clam.

One other thing: Once the transmission is engaged, the Husky lower end is indestructible. Everything is in constant mesh and there are no shifting dogs, or shafts, or things that go bump in the night to get out of whack. Unless something inside comes apart. In that case, the Husky comes with a 60-day guarantee. If it doesn't break in 60 days, you can be reasonably sure that you won't have any problems.

We wound up giving our lower end the ultimate test, when one of the springs on the main clutch broke and started to dance around the gears. We didn't realize it until the motor got really noisy, and a crack appeared in the side cover after we tried to kick it over. A close inspection afterwards revealed that the spring had been chewed into about a dozen pieces, which managed to grind off quite a bit of magnesium from the side cover. Even though the oil looked like it was full of glitter, when we flushed out the cases we could find no damage other than the case cover and the loss of the spring. We replaced the two parts (under warranty, of course), and it's been chugging along ever since. Truly a strong unit.

Everything else

When we tore ourselves away from the motor, the Auto looked more and more like a 390 OR. Which shouldn't be surprising—it is, essentially, an OR with a different motor. Or is it? We spent a lot of time babbling about the OR back in February, so let's just compare the figures and see what we come up with. First of all, the OR boasted of



HUSQVARNA 390 AUTOMATIC

NAME AND MODEL	Husqvarna 390 Automatic
ENGINE TYPE	Two-stroke, reed valve single
BORE AND STROKE	83mm x 71mm
DISPLACEMENT	384cc
HORSEPOWER (CLAIMED BY FACTORY)	N/A
CARBURETION	38mm Mikuni
FACTORY RECOMMENDED JETTING:	
MAIN JET	.430
NEEDLE JET	R2
JET NEEDLE	N/A
PILOT JET	.45
SLIDE NUMBER	2.5
RECOMMENDED GASOLINE	Premium
RECOMMENDED OIL (MFR.)	Castrol R
FUEL TANK CAPACITY	11.8 liters
FUEL TANK MATERIAL	Steel
LUBRICATION	Pre-mix
AIR FILTRATION	Oiled foam, side access
CLUTCH TYPE	Centrifugal
TRANSMISSION	Four-speed automatic
GEARBOX RATIOS (crankshaft: rear wheel)	
1	16.51:1
2	12.26:1
3	9.74:1
4	8.10:1
GEARING, FRONT/REAR	12/53
IGNITION	Motoplat CDI
PRIMARY KICK SYSTEM?	No
RECOMMENDED SPARK PLUG	Champion N2, Bosch W4G

SILENCER/SPARK ARRESTOR/QUALITY	Yes/moderately loud
FRAME, TYPE	Single downtube, chrome moly
WHEELBASE	1430mm (56.29 inches)
GROUND CLEARANCE	325mm (12.79 inches)
SEAT HEIGHT AT TANK	940mm (37 inches)
STEERING HEAD ANGLE	29 degrees
TRAIL	152mm
WEIGHT WITH ONE GALLON GAS	110 kg (242 pounds)
RIM MATERIAL	Sun aluminum alloy
TIRE SIZES:	
FRONT	3.50x21 Trelleborg
REAR	5.50x17 Barum
SUSPENSION:	
FRONT, TYPE AND TRAVEL	Leading axle forks, 240mm (9.44 inches)
REAR, TYPE AND TRAVEL	Ohlins gas shocks, 254mm (9.99 inches)
INTENDED USE, MFR.	Enduro, cross-country
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN	Sweden
PRICE, APPROX	\$2395
PARTS PRICES, HIGH-WEAR ITEMS:	
PISTON ASSEMBLY, COMPLETE	\$54.91
RINGS ONLY	\$8.43
CYLINDER	\$216.69
SHIFT LEVER	N/A
BRAKE PEDAL	\$8.52
FRONT SPROCKET	\$6.51

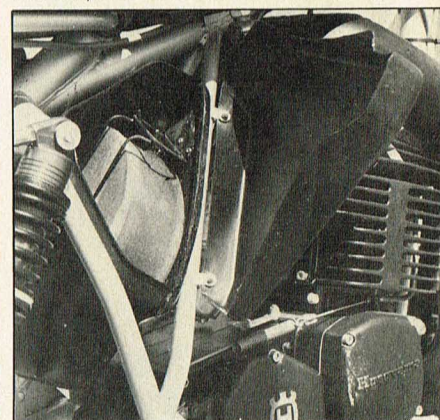
DISTRIBUTOR:	
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OVERALL RATING, FROM 0 TO 100, VARIOUS CATEGORIES, KEEPING INTENDED USE OF MACHINE IN MIND:	
HANDLING	85
SUSPENSION	90
POWER	92
COST	88
ATTENTION TO DETAIL	90
EFFECTIVENESS, STONE STOCK	95

11.8 inches of suspension travel, front and rear. Oho! The Auto has just under 10 inches, just the right amount for a woods bike.

This could explain why the Auto is more confidence-inspiring at moderate speeds than the OR. The ground clearance and seat height are listed the same, although the Auto seems lower to the ground. Hmmm. A quick check with the incredibly accurate DB tape measure reveals that the Auto has an inch lower seat height, obviously the result of the shorter suspension. Just goes to show: Don't believe everything you read on a spec sheet.

The forks are, once again, Husky units—9.44 inches of travel, 35mm fork tubes and one of the sweetest rides money can buy. This year, they come with air caps, but we found we liked them best with zero pressure. Up front, we have a very good brake hub strongly laced to a 21-inch WM-2 gold Sun rim, covered with a 3.50x21 Trelleborg. In the rocks, the 3.50 will save the rim from a lot of abuse, but if most of your riding is on the smooth side, you may be happier with the lighter weight of a 3.00x21.

The rear sports Ohlins shocks, remote reservoirs and all, and they are excellent units. Ours were set up pre-loaded to the fourth notch and were a bit stiff. We eased them down to the second and had a much nicer ride. The overall suspension on the Husky was a little harsh at slow speeds, but once the meaty part of third gear was found, most test riders became absolutely fearless, slamming into ruts like a crazed jackhammer.



Air filter is easy to service; air box will need more waterproofing for wet running.

The rear tire is a 5.50x17 Barum, with little Husqvarna "H"'s molded into it. Cute. The Barum is an excellent mud tire. Performance on the dry stuff is fair, but with the excellent traction the Auto serves up in huge doses, everything will work well.

Oh, we didn't mention that yet, did we?

To climb a hill, the rider merely



Forks are fine with zero air pressure. 3.50x21 tire is a little big for the stock fender.

motors up to the base and climbs it. That's all. There's no frantic stabbing for gears, no fighting for traction. The Auto seems to signal when to back off on the gas, and when to pour it on, and stays hooked up through the whole thing. It's so easy, it's almost embarrassing.

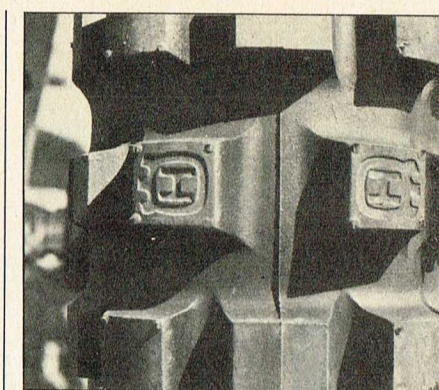
But easily the most potentially embarrassing part is the return trip back



Lever above front brake is used to disengage transmission for starting. Left side of the bars feel naked.

down. The first time, it can be enlightening. The Husky will freewheel all the way down, the same as if you were in neutral, and calls for some artistic braking. Thankfully, the brakes are up to the job. We hauled the bike up and down everything Texas Canyon had to offer, and soon found ourselves going much faster downhill than we had previously been used to. Go ahead, try it. It gets old real fast, dragging your brake all the time. Best way in the world to learn how to go faster.

The only time this could get into a serious situation would be when the brakes are wet. Being the same design as the OR, and past history being what



Until the rear tire wears down, you'll leave an unmistakable trail.

it is, the brakes are not going to function all that well when full of mud and water. Sometimes they might not work at all, and freewheeling down a hill will be the worst place to find out about it. We suggest that you maintain the brakes carefully, and use everything in your power to make sure they're waterproof. Check out your brakes in water, and learn what to expect. There should be better thought here from the factory, though.

On tight trails, the Auto performed with ease, much more securely than the OR, as we said earlier. The turning was just a little quicker, and the

(Continued on page 68)

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A STEP IN BOTH DIRECTIONS

Some things you win, some things you lose

By The Staff of Dirt Bike

Suzuki RM125N owners, rejoice! For the first time in years, your one-year-old motorcycle isn't outdated! Yep, it's just revised.

That's the whole story of the Suzuki RM125T. Revision. Nothing on the 1980 Suzuki is new and spectacular, like the change from the C to the N, but rather just enough has been done to the RM125N to make it slightly better.

In some ways, that is. In other areas, the additions have lost ground over the previous year's attempt. The classic example is the new powerband of the T compared to the N. A heavier crankshaft has been stuffed inside the cases, the timing has been advanced four degrees, and a new exhaust pipe has been fitted on the T. This all adds up to more revs on top for a longer period. If you'll recall, last year's model was fast, but once the revs reached a certain limit, they dropped off like a lead balloon. Just like someone hit a kill switch in the engine. But, with the new crank and associated modifications, the power keeps building and doesn't chop off abruptly.

That's the good part. The bad part is that, with that longer band, it takes more time for the engine to rev, which means there is a slower delivery of power to the ground. Suzuki's N-model

is every bit as quick as the T, if not quicker, but takes a bit more footwork throughout a race. On a dry track, the slower revving is a big help to maintain traction.

What does all of that mean to you, the racer? It means that the T will dive into a corner in one gear, without having to grab another two feet in front of the berm, just to kick it back down five feet later. But, that will also tend to make you lazy. With the N, you grabbed the gear because you were attacking the corner, and to get into a higher gear, high revs had to be maintained. In contrast, the T will allow you to "roll" in the same gear, which tends to lull the rider into going in slightly slower, even though it may feel better.

There's a trade-off in there. Do you really want to shift that quickly, or would you rather go in more smoothly and easily? That's up to you. If you're not a pro yet, we'd recommend the latter. Shifting quickly demands concentration and skill.

As far as the crank, timing and pipe are concerned, that's it to the motor. Nothing else. Everything comes straight from last year. The other changes were all to the chassis, right where it needed it.

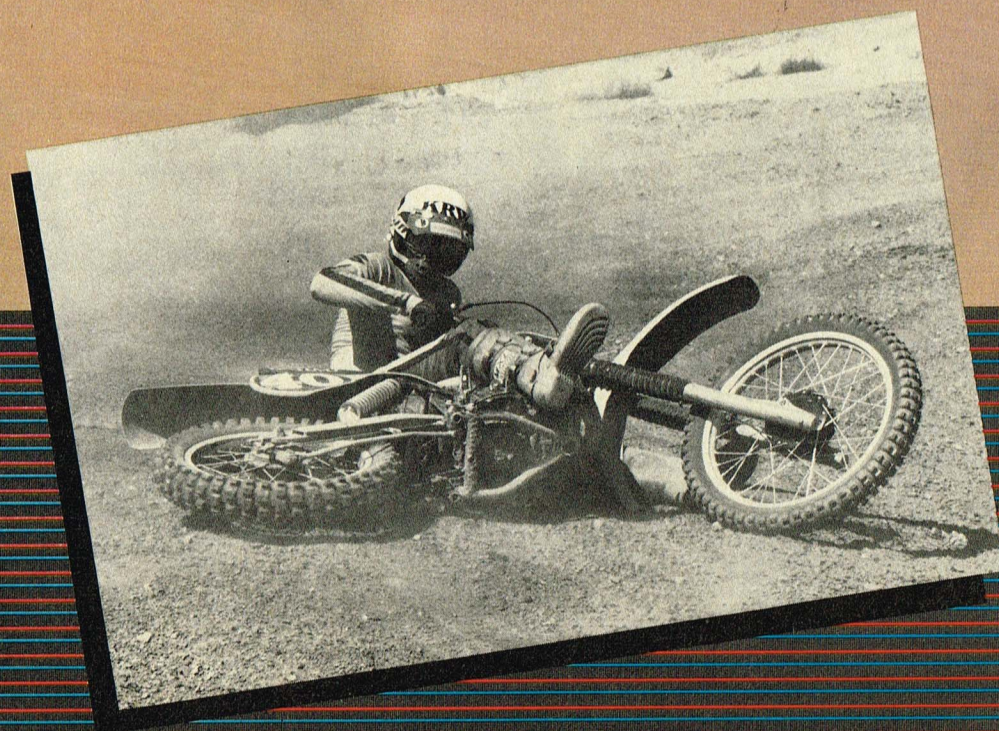
Minor things are different decals that stay on a little better, with the exception of the side panel one-twenty-five sticker and striping. That goes within 30 minutes at the most.

Fenders have been altered, from the weird, box-shaped units to old Preston Petty-like ones. Last year's fenders had a nasty habit of breaking right in the middle once a little mud built up on the insides, but the new, more rounded plastics seem to be free from that illness. The rear unit sticks out long and thin, which resembles a tail on a big dog.

As for the plastic side panels, they're still the same, but the striping runs horizontally instead of vertically. The front number plate is also a direct descendant from last year.

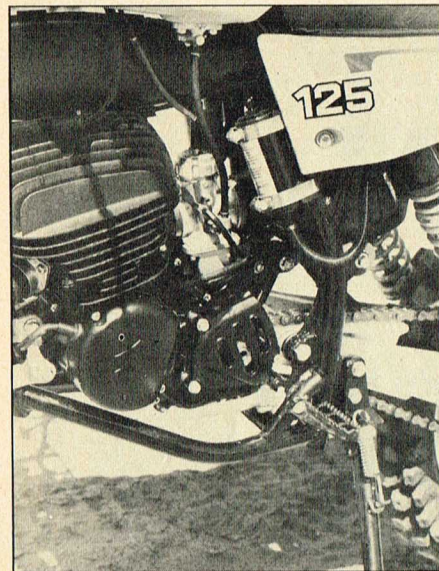
Suspension hasn't been radically changed either, although the rear shocks are now the hottest units put on a stocker to date. The damping adjustments of last year have been doubled, from two to four, and the reservoirs are now both air-adjustable and rebuildable. Suzuki found that although the pressure in the KYBs didn't need to be fooled with, by the end of the season, the oil in the shock body had broken down considerably, which produced deterioration. Bel-Ray five-weight oil is

"In a tight, hard-packed hairpin, the RMT, like all other long-legged racers, demands constant attention."



the recommendation from the KYB plant, but they haven't tested the new PJ-1 2½-weight fluid as yet, so we'll keep you posted when we learn anything on that situation.

The preload spring settings are still the same three as in '79, but if you decide to go from your old pair to a new set, the factory recommends playing



A new rebuildable/rechargeable shock reservoir has been added in 1980, along with rollers instead of a chain tensioner.

around with them instead of just throwing the clip to the same stop, because the springs have a tendency to vary slightly in their characteristics.

Front forks have been left alone, and the travel both front and rear remains the same for the second straight year, which is odd in this day and age of rising seat heights.

On the swingarm, last year's chain tensioner has been replaced with a new guide, accompanied by various rollers bolted to the frame tubes. A urethane strip still protects the aluminum around the swingarm bolt, and the same flimsy countersprocket cover still sits in wait for a thrown chain to demolish it.

Suzuki finally went with rider demand and installed a 520 chain and sprockets to give a strength advantage over the smaller chains.

Sprockets went through a rebuild, changing from a 13-59 to a 12-51 tooth counter and rear. If you're pretty good with your oiling and lubing, last year's 428 chain and sprocket set will do its job quite efficiently.

On the other side of the rear hub stretches a new type of brake cable. The unit, which runs parallel to the swingarm like a rod, but is a cable without the black coating, gives a bit better feel during braking, and came

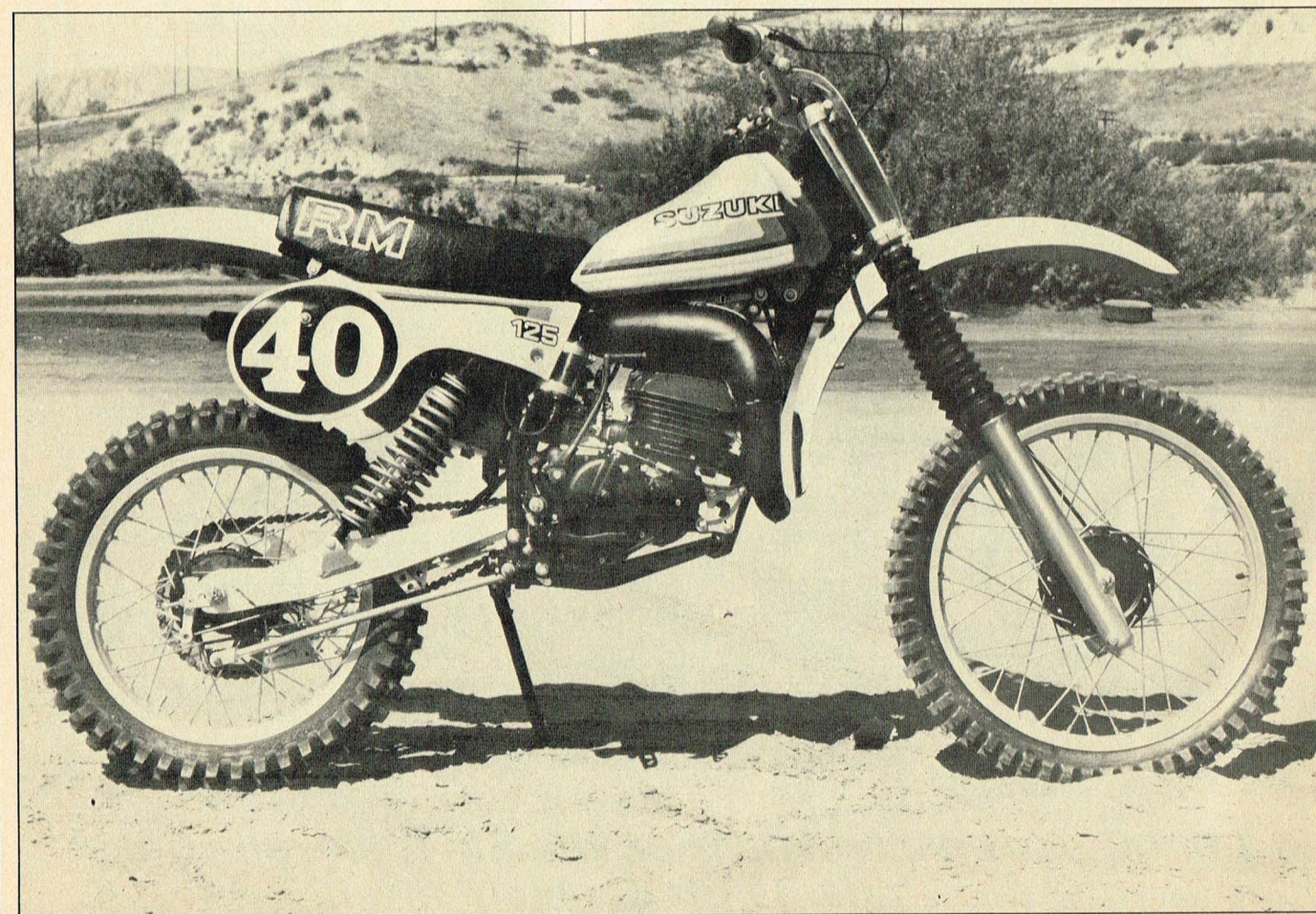
straight from the works GP bikes.

That's about it on the total reworking of the RM125T, which, as you can see, is not a whole heck of a lot, considering moves in the past. Let's slip into a race or two and see how the bike works.

Our first riding impressions of the RMT were unimpressive. The suspen-



The T appears slimmer and trimmer than the N, with a higher profile rear knobby and new, longer fenders that don't snap off.



sion felt harsh and the motorcycle turned stiffly. After fiddling with the fork pressures, adjusting the shocks, and dialing in the jetting, we finally got the bike to work the way we wanted it to.

No matter what you do to the long-legged bikes of today, they just don't seem to want to turn where there's no berm. On hard, slick surfaces with a 180 hairpin, the T didn't feel supple and agile and sent our testers down more than once. But in the rough stuff, the RMT really shone. No doubt the extra travel is worth the loss in turning, when you consider the overall reduced lap times.

As for the longer-revving engine, that actually turned out to be a plus during the race, but hurt badly off the line. On starts with uphill grades separating you from the first turn, the T is penalized compared to the other quick-revving one-two-fives, because of the extra time it takes to build the power. And those precious seconds lost while the engine is gaining revs can mean the difference between a first-turn exit with the top five, or a first-turn pileup in mid-pack. Once under way, in a long moto, it's nice not to have to shift so often.

Everything on the bike is well-tucked-in, and the RMT is very easy to throw around on a bermed course. The tires bite well when new, but the new, higher-profile rear rubber doesn't give as much traction as the old low-profilers.

This year's saddle seems to be a bit shorter and thinner than last year's, but is very comfortable and allows free movement both forward and backward. That's pretty good, considering some of the oversized bun-protectors coming from other manufacturers.

If you've been sitting beside your RM125N and waiting for a totally berserk 125 racer to come out of the Suzuki factory, don't bother.

For 1980, Suzuki just took what they had last year, which basically worked better than any 125cc motocrosser produced, and made detail changes for it, hoping to remain the standard once again. You could say that they're relying on their laurels of last year.

The changes that the RMT has incorporated are those that the race team and riders throughout the country have been calling for.

Suzuki obviously had a lot of faith in the basically strong design of last year's model. The only big question that remains is this: What will the competition deal out on the table? Will an update be enough to keep the Suzuki on top? Will the new Uni-Trak Kawasaki 125 put a stop to the domination of the 125 class by Suzuki? Stay with us... it's going to be an exciting year. □

Suzuki RM125T

NAME AND MODEL	Suzuki RM125T
ENGINE TYPE	Two-stroke, air-cooled, reed valve
BORE AND STROKE	54.0mm x 54.0mm
DISPLACEMENT	123cc
HORSEPOWER (CLAIMED BY FACTORY)	Actual 24.9
CARBURETION	Mikuni VM32SS
FACTORY RECOMMENDED JETTING:	
MAIN JET	250
NEEDLE JET	6DP17
JET NEEDLE	S-0
PILOT JET	30
SLIDE NUMBER	2.5 cutaway
RECOMMENDED GASOLINE	Premium
RECOMMENDED OIL (MFR.)	CCI
FUEL TANK CAPACITY	1.7 gallons
FUEL TANK MATERIAL	Plastic
GAS/OIL RATIO	20:1
LUBRICATION	Pre-mix
AIR FILTRATION	Oiled foam element
CLUTCH TYPE	Wet, multi-plate
TRANSMISSION	Six-speed constant mesh
GEARBOX RATIOS:	
1	2.333
2	1.750
3	1.411
4	1.190
5	1.045
6	0.956
GEARING, FRONT/REAR	12/51
IGNITION	CDI
PRIMARY KICK SYSTEM?	Yes
RECOMMENDED SPARK PLUG	NGK B9E6V
SILENCER/SPARK ARRESTOR/QUALITY	N/A
EXHAUST SYSTEM	Expansion chamber up-pipe
FRAME, TYPE	High-tensile steel, double cradle

WHEELBASE	56.7 inches
GROUND CLEARANCE	13.2 inches
SEAT HEIGHT AT TANK	36.2 inches
STEERING HEAD ANGLE	30 degrees
TRAIL	133mm
WEIGHT WITH ONE GALLON GAS	204 pounds
RIM MATERIAL	Aluminum alloy
TIRE SIZES:	
FRONT	3.00x21
REAR	4.10x18
SUSPENSION:	
FRONT, TYPE AND TRAVEL	Leading axle air/oil fork, 11.2 inches
REAR, TYPE AND TRAVEL	Swingarm/reservoir shock, 11.0 inches
INTENDED USE, MFR	Off-road competition
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN	Japan
PRICE, APPROX	\$1329
PARTS PRICES, HIGH-WEAR ITEMS:	
PISTON	\$19.43
RINGS	\$11.10
CYLINDER	\$98.08
SHIFT LEVER	\$10.96
BRAKE PEDAL	\$11.32
FRONT SPROCKET	\$8.33

DISTRIBUTOR:

U.S. Suzuki
13767 Freeway Dr.
Santa Fe Springs, California 90670

OVERALL RATING, FROM 0 TO 100, VARIOUS CATEGORIES, KEEPING INTENDED USE OF MACHINE IN MIND:

HANDLING	91
SUSPENSION	97
POWER	89
COST	90
ATTENTION TO DETAIL	95
EFFECTIVENESS, STONE STOCK	95

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PIONEER TOWN!

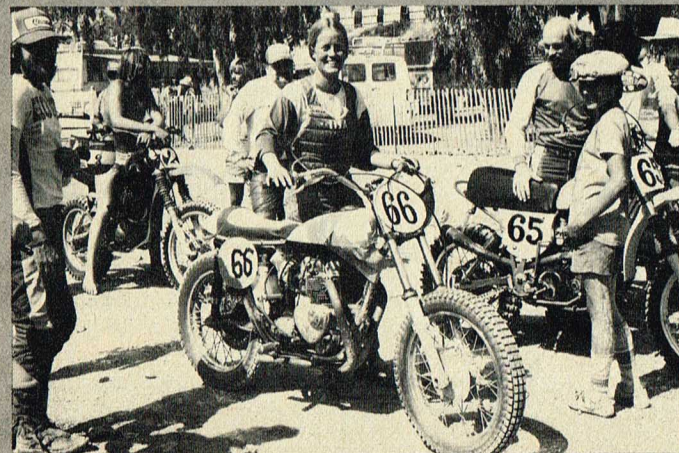


Start of the four-stroke event, one of the most popular at Pioneertown.

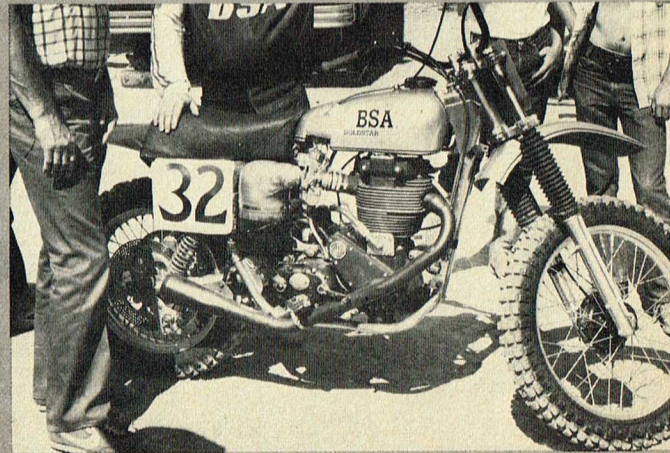


Lenny Giger from Las Vegas looked like a runaway winner in the pro event, but lost some time in the mud-hole and then got a flat tire.

Iron Man Award of the Year must surely go to Jim O'Neal, who rode no less than seven classes, winning more than his share in the process. Jim is one of our regular testers and also owns Jim O'Neal's Distributing.



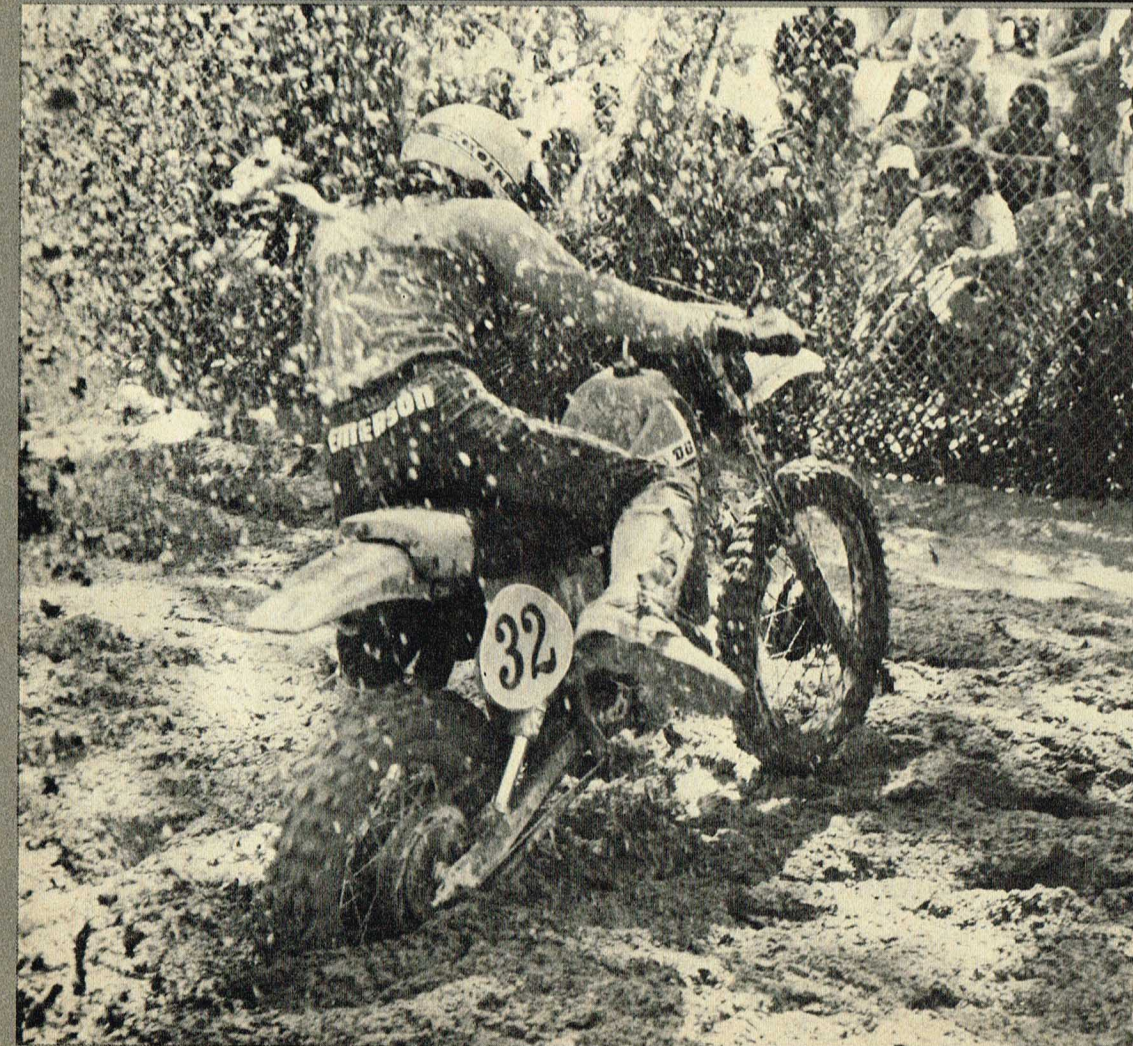
Lisa Downhill rides her big Triumph every year at the Dirt Diggers Grand Prix.



Super-sano Gold Star was typical of some of the functional older machinery.



This gentleman got so covered with mud from a bout in the mudhole, that he merely gave up and plunged into the nearby lake. That's one way to cool off.



The secret of getting through the mudhole was to keep the gas on full, no matter which way the bike was pointing.

PIONEERTOWN!

Grass-roots racing

"Hey, how come you guys are going to cover Pioneertown and you didn't cover that SCORE race the weekend before? I mean, there were almost 90,000 spectators at Riverside and you'll be lucky to get 5000 people for that Dirt Diggers event."

The question was asked of the DB staff as they loaded cameras and bikes for the two-day weekend of racing. And, it was a fair question... one that deserves a fair answer.

It is our opinion that Sportsman-level racing is the absolute backbone of dirt bike competition. Without it, no other level of racing activity could possibly exist. To us, the Dirt Diggers Grand Prix represents the standard of quality. It's run right, has a magnificent course, is manned by competent people and has somehow managed to stay alive for almost a quarter of a century. This year was the 21st running of the D.D.M.C. Grand Prix. Now, it's called Pioneertown. Way back in the distant past, it was called Corriganville and after that... Hoptown.

Every area of the country has a "must" event on their calendar for the Sportsman rider. In the heart of the Southwest, it's called the Gila Bend Grand Prix. On the East Coast, it's the Sandy Lane, or the Curly Fern Enduro. In the upper middle part of the U.S., it's got to be the Jack Pine Enduro. Deep South? A good candidate would be the Alligator Enduro. Tennessee has its Hungry Creek run, while Idaho riders look forward to the Mountain Home 100. In the Northwest, Trask is a good bet. In Northern California, it's Hangtown and Mammoth Motocross. In SoCal, it's the Dirt Diggers GP.

A Grand Prix brings out people and machinery that you just don't see on your ordinary Sunday motocross. Like:

- Great, lumbering sidehacks, with everything from four-cylinder street motors, to ancient Greeves powerplants. There's even a Yankee twin hack still circulating. You only see it at a GP.

- Jim O'Neal, who should know better at his age, gets out on the two-day weekend and rides no less than seven classes, winning at least two and crashing his brains out in three. Think about that: seven one-hour races.

- Former racing greats show up, just to have a good time. Jim Wilson rode the 500 Expert class on an IT400 Yamaha, lights and all. The last we saw, he was running about fourth and holding off a pack of Experts on multi-buck bikes.

- Kookie the Racing Wonder Dog and John McKowan put in an appearance and got all the Instamatics clicking and the kids scrambling to line the snow fences.

- Scores of lady racers did honorable battle in a most unladylike manner.

- Scads of four-strokes lined up for their race—one of the most crowded classes. The equipment ranged from rusty old Gold Stars, to tricked-out XRs in C&J frames. A walk down the line allowed folks to stare incredulously at Triumphs, Matchlesses, 441 Victors, Tiger Cubs, ratty Honda Hawks and some Italian singles that somehow were still running from a decade long gone.

- Lisa Downhill, seen herding her huge Triumph around the track at a respectable pace, more than holding her own. When we asked her what the bike weighed, the pretty blonde lady smiled and said (quote): "Too muckin' fuch. And you can quote me on that." So we did.

- Floundering in the mudhole. One race, it was a freeway. The next, about 40 members of the Old Timers Club were stuck in it up to their considerable beer bellies.

- No pit racers and no hassles.

Everything was clean, neat and well-organized.

- Various DIRT BIKE testers and editors riding around and ruining the good name of our publication.

- Jim Connolly, the original test rider for DB, still capable of battling for the lead in several pro classes.

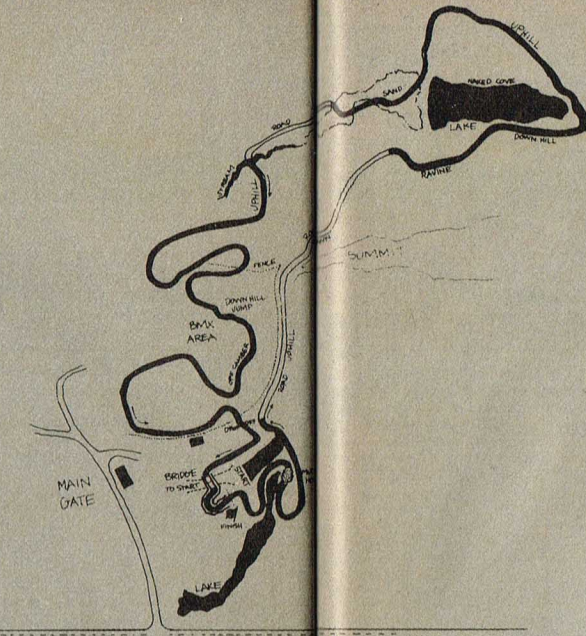
- Danny Hockie, the flat-track whiz kid of a few years ago, motoring around the track on—of all things—a 1980 Bultaco. Honest.

- The White Brothers of four-stroke hop-up fame, sitting on the line, ready to race their own products.

- Fast new faces in the pro money race—and Goat Breker winning it as usual, through hard riding and a bit of luck.

- Desert Aces trying to turn. Or even better... Desert Aces trying to get through the mudhole.

We could go on, because the memory lingers fondly over yet another kicked-back weekend of grass-roots racing. This, as the cliché goes, is where it's at, and this, for those who want to know why, is where DIRT BIKE Magazine is at. It's great to watch a Super-bowl or a Trans-Am, but doin' it in the dirt with your friends is the real bottom line. □



TAKE A LAP WITH US

By Brian George

Throughout the 45 minutes plus two laps of racing, the competitors in this year's Dirt Diggers Grand Prix were sent over a very challenging, yet still fun 3.3-mile course. Although it resembled last year's circuit in most areas, the 1979 DDGP track included some interesting changes, such as a new gully instead of the WFO straight winding out to the back hills of Racing World, new jumps and drop-offs, and a mudhole that caught everybody off-guard on Sunday.

When the green flag dropped to let a particular class go out and try to destroy themselves, the five-row starting grid ran straight for about 50 to 100 yards, depending on which row you were sitting at, then made an immediate 90-degree left. While the first row usually made it through without much trouble, the remaining riders had to fight a combination of rising dust, downed bikes and dodging bodies.

For those who escaped the first turn, a long, fast uphill awaited, that rocketed the pack out into the back section of the course. At the top of the hill, riders had to negotiate a very spooky off-camber right-hander, covered with a nice layer of silt to make life a little more interesting. If you didn't slide out on the corner, you got a chance to do some very fast fireroading. The course twisted downhill for about a quarter-mile, all of it slick and hard-packed. At the bottom, there was a sharp, no-bermed right-hander.

The course then sent you down into

a rutted, rough gully, winding around more trash cans lined with banners. At the bottom of the gully, the trail shot right back up the other side. Upon lifting out of the rugged uphill, the last half of last year's long, wide-open, descending straight faced you, but a good set of brake shoes was a must, because at the bottom was a half-mile left turn that made the Class C riders happy.

The course then swept back down with an off-cambered, rain-rutted, bermed, steep left, over an off-cambered drop-off, and into the sand. The sand wash ran about 100 yards, all whooped out with tree branches sticking out on the sidelines. At the wash's exit lay a big pile of loose rocks, before you hit a section of dusty "ess" fireroad.

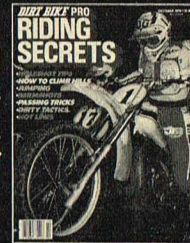
A tight left directed the course to the hill, where a little mudhole sat at the bottom, just enough to throw your concentration off for the rutted, gnarly hill awaiting. A 125 had to be gingerly coaxed upward, while the bigger machines plowed to the top without all the fancy bodywork.

The grade that followed had a ski-type jump at the bottom. A tough right-hander in sand shot the course up a little, off-camber, rain-rutted climb, then onto a fast, asphalt-like straight, which wound behind the pits.

From there, a neat, tree-covered section with tricky ruts waited anxiously to throw any unwelcomed knobbies into nearby Frog Lake. Next... the mudhole! This one spot was the toughest, the snottiest, the funniest, the easiest or the most spectacular part of the course, depending on which line you chose to take. From there, it was another fast, dusty section over a little rise, and back in front of the start line once again. □

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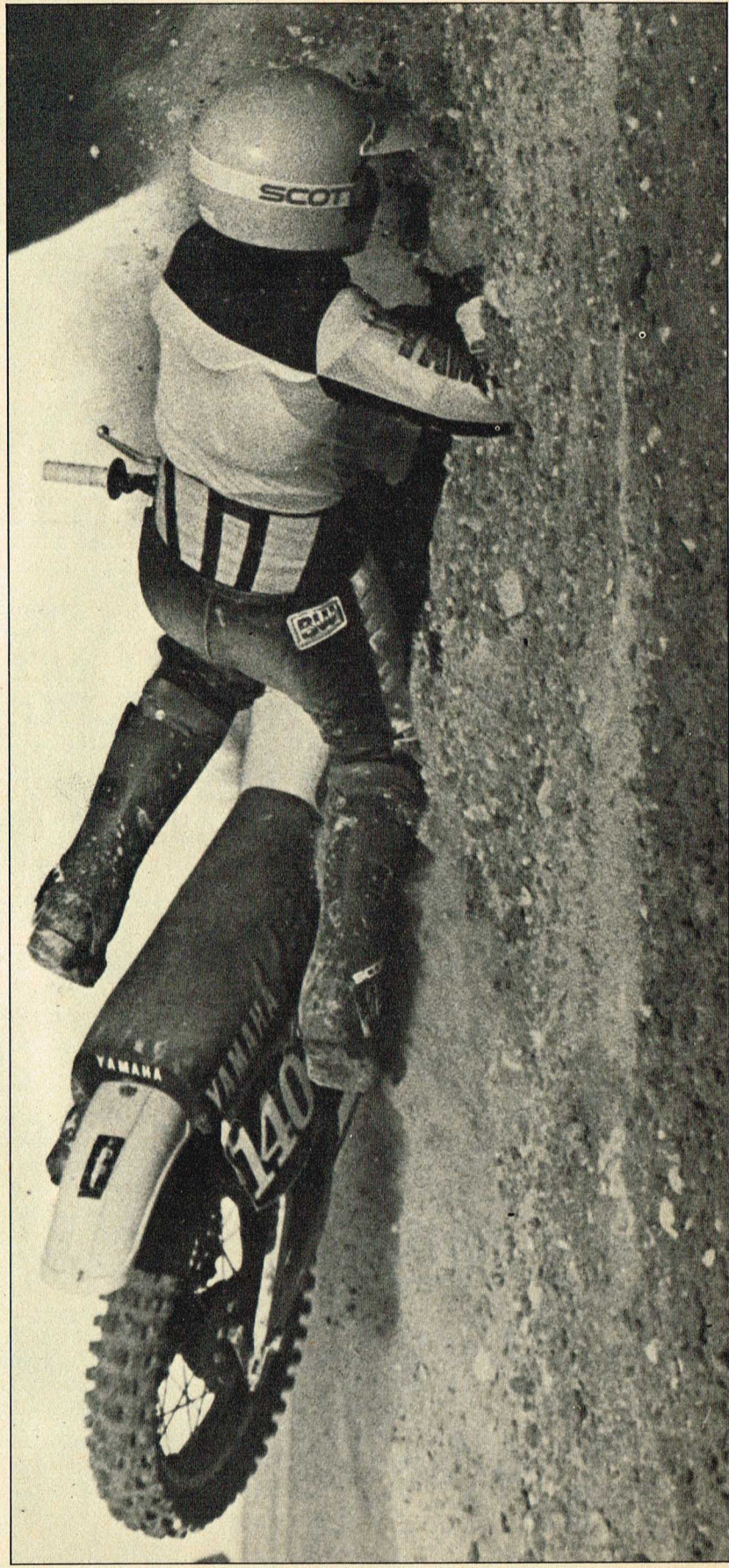
City/State/Zip _____

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DB9-12

Part Three WHEN YOU BREAK THE 500s

A little bend can mean the end
By Brian George



Trackside distractions can be the pits. They always seem to pop up when you least need them, especially at that split second when total concentration is a must, a necessity to survive. And they come in various forms, human and inanimate. I remember the time when I was trailin' it through the woods, only to be scared to hell and back by a squirrel that fell out of its tree. Smack! The little rodent nailed me right between the rear-offs, and threw my concentration out the exhaust pipe!

This wouldn't normally cause any immediate danger, but 25 feet ahead was a clump of trees, lined with cactus at the base. As I careened forward I

assumed a low profile in the saddle, hands and arms conveniently tucked in, away from immediate cactus danger, eyes bulging in my goggles.

I won't bore you with all the gory details of the landing, but when I got out of bed and into my garage to examine my bike closely, I shuddered. My bars looked like a crazy-straw, both levers were snapped sharply off, and the cables resembled a package ribbon tied by a two-year-old.

Then I saw the gasoline puddle all over the floor. A huge hole appeared through the dented mass of aluminum that used to be my tank and was slobbering all over the place.

The first thing I did was get on the phone to the local shop, and make a list of everything it would take to get my mount back in the woods. After the initial shock of replacement prices, I swore to never again be nice to a squirrel. The one I had an encounter with cost me over a hundred bucks, and for a mere one-hundredth of that, I could have shot that stupid rodent and used its hide for a shop rag.

The moral of my story is this: If you think woodland critters are neat, take this price list and keep it handy the next time one of them takes you out, and see what your little friend just cost you. I used to like squirrels, too. □

WHEN YOU BREAK

	Brake Cable	Clutch Cable	Front Brake Lever	Clutch Lever	Rear Brake Pedal	Shift Lever	Expansion Chamber	Brake Shoes Front	Brake Shoes Rear	Spoke	Fork Seals	Steering Head Bearing	Axle Bearing Front	Axle Bearing Rear	Shock (1)
Yamaha XT500F	5.32	5.94	4.98	4.98	9.62	6.56	76.65	10.04	8.52	13.96*	5.80	.03	4.56	3.38	62.88
Yamaha IT400F	4.20	6.60	6.16	6.16	12.86	9.04	87.97	8.60	15.80	14.84*	5.80	12.52	3.38	4.40	146.96
Yamaha YZ400F	4.20	6.60	6.16	6.16	18.70	7.08	81.20	8.60	15.80	15.84*	5.84	12.52	4.56	4.00	157.00
Yamaha TT500F	4.86	6.26	4.98	4.98	13.34	7.16	76.65	8.60	14.48	14.84*	5.80	.03	3.38	4.00	60.43
Suzuki SP370	2.64	2.78	2.64	2.64	7.91	5.27	11.65	5.56	2.78	6.85*	1.66	N/A	1.94	2.78	32.40
Suzuki DR370	2.64	2.78	2.64	2.64	7.91	5.27	11.65	4.44	2.78	6.85*	1.66	N/A	1.94	2.78	32.40
Suzuki RM400	3.16	3.73	2.64	2.64	7.92	7.12	50.62	5.56	8.38	7.56*	1.71	N/A	1.94	2.62	54.63
Honda XL500	6.10	6.30	6.50	3.60	12.60	7.90	131.90	6.64	10.20	.68	4.80	.13	2.73	3.80	45.10
Honda XR500	6.50	6.30	6.50	3.60	18.40	13.10	141.10	6.64	10.20	.68	4.80	.13	2.73	3.80	45.90
Montesa 360 H	11.29	8.06	7.49	7.49	27.91	25.42	114.07	16.82	16.82	.57	8.68	8.80	7.48	7.48	83.21
Montesa Cota 348	9.70	9.65	8.92	8.92	27.91	26.69	95.87	18.88	18.88	.97	8.68	8.80	8.49	8.49	55.51
Montesa 414 VE	12.09	12.09	8.49	8.49	27.91	22.65	119.85	16.82	16.82	.92	8.68	8.80	7.48	7.48	114.75
Hercules 350	6.30	5.96	8.64	8.64	11.24	15.69	147.23	13.54	13.54	.30	9.24	13.26	8.32	8.32	88.70
Maico 400 II	7.42	7.42	9.50	9.50	20.58	12.67	137.74	9.20	10.62	.67	14.84	13.83	16.52	23.72	84.94
Maico 450 II	7.42	7.42	9.50	9.50	20.58	12.67	137.74	9.20	10.67	.67	14.84	13.83	16.52	23.72	84.94
Maico 400 E	7.42	7.42	9.50	9.50	20.58	12.67	137.74	9.20	10.67	.67	14.84	13.83	16.52	23.72	84.94
Maico 450 E	7.42	7.42	9.50	9.50	20.58	12.67	137.74	9.20	10.67	.67	14.84	13.83	16.52	23.72	84.94
Can-Am MX 370	10.61	6.48	11.12	11.68	8.50	19.84	120.16	26.30	26.30	.45	8.32	3.12	3.97	3.97	81.31
Can-Am Qual 370	10.61	6.48	11.12	11.68	8.50	19.84	120.16	26.30	26.30	.45	8.32	3.12	3.97	3.97	81.31
Husqvarna 390 CR	7.27	5.97	10.28	10.28	8.52	12.10	N/A	14.49	14.49	.86	5.60	7.82	5.80	5.80	125.00
Husqvarna 390 OR	7.27	5.97	10.28	10.28	8.52	13.37	N/A	14.49	14.49	.86	5.60	7.82	5.80	5.80	69.00
Husqvarna 390 WR	7.27	5.97	10.28	10.28	8.52	13.37	N/A	14.49	14.51	.86	5.60	7.82	5.80	5.80	125.00
KTM 400	7.22	4.72	8.74	8.74	14.44	10.55	145.62	13.60	18.40	.19	8.08	.96	5.98	5.57	156.76
Kawasaki KDX 400	4.18	7.25	4.70	4.70	8.00	7.98	98.30	10.60	10.30	.94	5.88	10.02	3.66	3.90	245.75

PRODUCT EVALUATION

DAYSTAR PRO FORK BOOTS

Free and easy travel
By the Editors of Dirt Bike

Fork boots make sense. Everybody knows that. They let the seals last longer, keep fork tubes from getting nicked and scratched, and, in general, let the forks live longer.

So why don't all the manufacturers use them? Maico told us that the reason they abandoned fork boots, was because they lost travel with the newer long-travel suspensions. They said that with a pair of 11-inch-travel forks, a set of boots would cost two inches of travel.

Mounting the fork boots lower down on the legs seems like a logical solution, until you examine the bad side effects. When the forks collapse all the way down, the boots bellow out and rub against the knobs. Very soon, the rider finds himself with a torn set of boots, which takes away most of the protective features.

Then, too, all boots must have a vent hole or two in them, to prevent suction and ballooning action from the normal up-and-down motion.

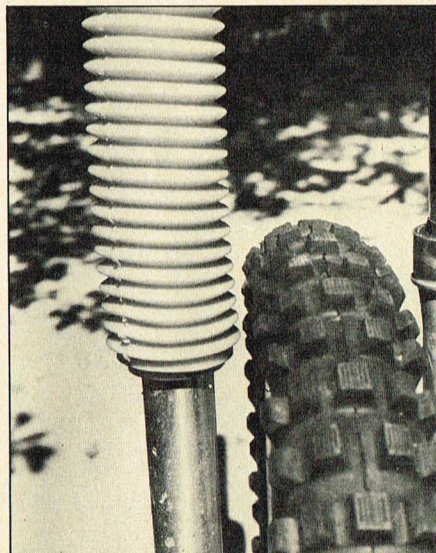
This is where the better mousetrap theory applies. Daystar came up with the Better Boot and is hoping the dirt world will beat a path to its door.

The new Pro Daystars are extremely well-thought-out and solve all of the problems we were moaning about moments ago.

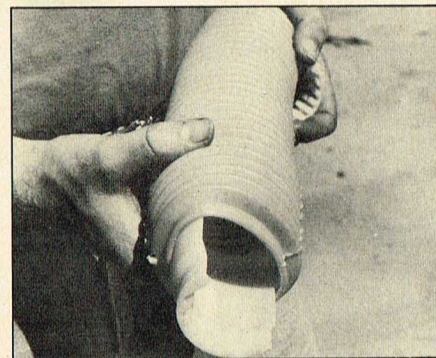
They sit low on the forks, but won't bellow into the knobs because of a nifty internal guidance sleeve. This way, the forks can stroke all the way down, and the compressing boot is guided neatly in place and stacks like a locked-in accordion. No travel lost.

There are no vent holes in the Daystars. Instead, a small piece of foam in the guiding/locking sleeve acts just like the air filter does for your engine. This means that no dirt will get into the seals and sliders, yet, the boots will move freely.

Our test Can-Am 250 M-6 had a problem with the boots rubbing and wearing against the knobs, so we replaced the Italian rubbers with the new Daystars. End of problem. Also, we were able to slip the right color on the



The long Daystar boots extend well down past the knobs, yet cannot buckle into the side of the tire when compressed.

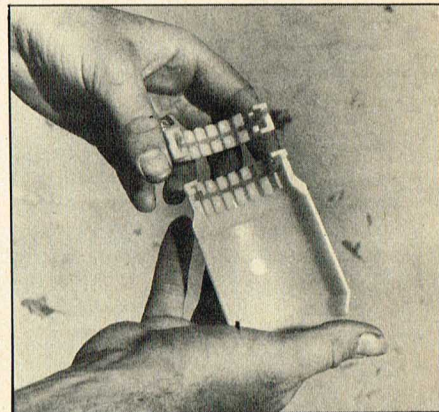


Here's how the guide fits into the boot.

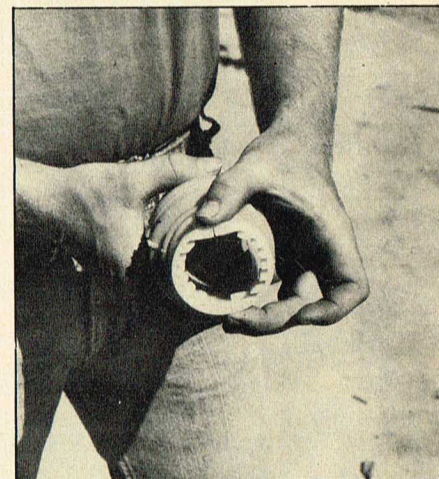
bike, as the Pro boots come in all the standard colors, plus green and orange.

If you've wondered how Yamaha and Suzuki get away with 11-inch-travel forks and don't tear the boots, here's why. On a set of Suzuki 11-inch-travel forks, only about 8½ to 9 inches of the total is "up" stroke, the rest coming into play only when the front wheel is off the ground and the forks drop into the negative rebound spring. Surprising, eh?

Add a few inches of "up" travel to a



Small foam filters are in the nylon retainers, eliminating the need for holes in the boots.



The retainers clamp down on the fork leg. Special nylon clamps come with the kit.

set of KYB stock forks and you'll start ripping those stock boots quickly. □

WHERE TO GET IT AND WHAT IT COSTS

DAYSTAR PRO FORK BOOTS
Available at your local dealer or contact:

JIM O'NEAL DIST.
9555 Owensmouth
Chatsworth, California 91311
(213) 998-1049—\$14.95, the pair.

BOOK REVIEW: The Duct Tapes

RAW HUMOR FROM THE SOUTH JERSEY PINES

Wash it down with a fried egg sandwich
and a few gallons of pre-mix

By The Staff of Dirt Bike

Between, and for that matter, between, the covers of this cheap little paperback, you will find the essence of just what it means to be called "... the worst Mediumweight B rider in the East Coast Enduro Association."

What is the East Coast Enduro Association, and why is this man saying such questionable things about its members? The latter—it's not too easy to say. As for the former, the ECEA is the sanctioning body for practically all the enduros in the New Jersey/Delaware/Eastern Pennsylvania area, and in the past has taken the responsibility for a lot of different runs, be they of national caliber, or low-entry survivor runs.

And, it seems that wherever enduros are being run in profusion, you'll find a lot of different sides to any story you may chance to hear. One of them may be true, but the rest are certainly lies.

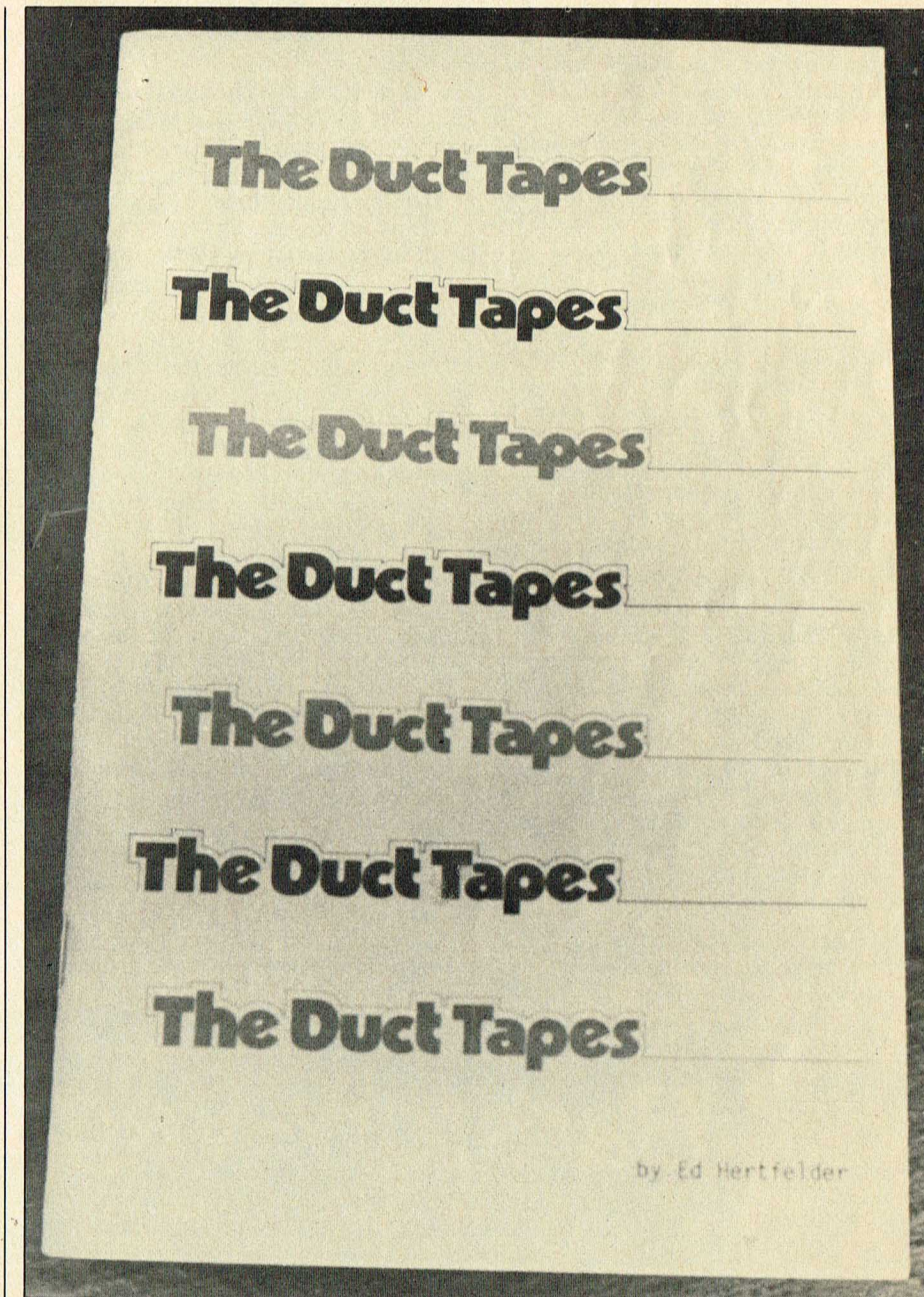
We're not going to say which side of the fence Ed Hertfelder happens to be standing on. That wouldn't be nice.

Ed got his start in a now-defunct magazine from New England, no copies of which, we are told, remain for inspection. From there, he started his original Duct Tapes column in the ECEA News. Things progressed rapidly, and when the ECEA News went out of business (lack of sales), an editor from a certain very large, major, as a matter of fact high-budget motorcycle magazine, came across some samples of Ed's screed and decided to publish them. And there they remain to this day—every month, regular as clockwork.

This, then, is a collection of the original Duct Tapes, containing such timeless classics as "Did You Ever Ride An Enduro?" and "Yorkshire Pudding With Bone Splinters" and "Falls I Have Took And Observed."

Now, we're not saying that Mr. Hertfelder may someday be regarded as the Richard Brautigan of the two-wheel world, but who knows? We may just be getting in on the ground floor of something classic.

Besides that, Ed has retired, and de-



cided to devote his full time to punishing a typewriter. The least we can do is try to support him in his declining years.

For a copy of his paperback, expertly

printed on virgin stock, by the masters of Camden County Vocational School, send \$2 postpaid to Ed at: P.O. Box 1131, Haddonfield, New Jersey 08003. No fried egg sandwiches, please. □

LEGAL UPDATE

The Battle Is Won!

PHANTOM DUCK-1 BLM-0

The war is yet to come

By Rick Sieman

We can't believe it! It's over. Our trial by fire (read Federal Court) has left the Phantom Duck and Friends not only unscarred, but victorious. Considering the fact that we were defending ourselves against a multitude of counts stemming from the Phantom Duck Trail Ride, we'd have to say that a minor miracle has happened.

First, the facts: All charges were dismissed. On every single story and lie that the BLM made up, they have agreed to drop the charges.

Not only that, but the stipulation signed by the BLM and the Duck, orders the BLM to solicit public participation in the development of a Thanksgiving weekend ride. Here's that stipulation in full legal terminology:

5—There is a public demand for a 1979 Thanksgiving weekend off-road motorcycle event. The Bureau of Land Management will consider a permit application for such an event in the Kadiz, Danby and Parker area. In order that such a permit be issued, it is necessary that a baseline monitoring program be developed and the BLM will solicit public participation in the development of the program.

And here's the order signed by the Federal Judge, dismissing all the charges:

ORDER

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the order to show cause re contempt be discharged with prejudice as to all parties and that the contempt action be dismissed with prejudice as to all parties.

Dated: August 28, 1979.

**WARREN J. FERGUSON
United States District Judge**

How 'bout them apples?

Here's the Bureau of Land Management, after spending over \$30,000 and a full year in court, trying to hang some dirt bikers, and they give up and slink off into the darkness with their tails between their legs.

Why, you ask?

We feel that the pressure from "upstairs" was getting too much for them. Considering the fact that one state (Nevada) has already voted to outlaw the BLM and a second state (California) has legislation pending to do the same thing, the BLM felt—no doubt—that they'd better get out of the public eye.

Assemblyman Bob Hayes (39th District, California), who showed up in court as a witness for the Duck, applied some additional pressure. Remember that name the next time elections come along. Bob is a long-time desert rider and one of a new breed of decent politicians.

Quoting Bob from an interview in *American Motorcyclist* magazine, the journal of the AMA:

Hayes: *These people are power-mad, not power-hungry but power-mad. They have no regard for the law, the Constitution or the people of the United States. I have heard BLM officials say, "We'll do anything we damn well please until the courts tell us not to."*

After I saw the blatant lies and trick photography they used in court against the Phantom Duck of the Desert (See Post Entry, June AM), I sent out a legislative investigation team that took 1300 photographs. We have documented proof that they perjured themselves in court. I am discussing the situation with the Attorney General of the State of California to determine whether these people should be prosecuted for criminal perjury.

AM: *Is this perjury in the form of distortions of the environmental impact motorcycles have on the California desert?*

Hayes: *Extremely so. Trick photography and outright lies. If their environmental concerns are so great, why do they continually have to resort to lies? And all these people are environmentally oriented. You have*

Accord Reached in Desert Racing

BY MARK FORSTER
Times Staff Writer

The U.S. Bureau of Land Management and a group of road motorcyclists Tuesday settled a legal battle stemming from a Barstow-to-Las Vegas desert ride held by about 600 motorcyclists last Thanksgiving.

U.S. Dist. Court Judge Warren Ferguson signed a stipulation in which the two parties agreed that the BLM will consider issuing a permit for a 1979 desert ride if a monitoring program is developed by environmentalists and motorcyclists and approved by the federal agency.

Louis McKey, the organizer of last year's Phantom Duck Desert trial ride, was enjoined from sponsoring or promoting the event without a permit from the BLM Riverside district manager.

The BLM had sought contempt charges against McKey and two associates after 587 riders—in groups of 50—allegedly violated an order by Ferguson that prohibited more than 50 individuals from taking part in the Nov. 25 ride on roads "ostensibly open to the public."

Prior to Ferguson's order McKey had promoted the ride as a protest to BLM policies on use of the deserts by off-road vehicles. McKey, Rick Sieman and Albert Pils make up Phantom Duck of the Desert, Inc., which sponsored the event.

In May, Ferguson halted the contempt trial against the three men, suggesting that BLM and the motorcyclists had waged "guerrilla warfare" against one another. The judge ordered the two groups to work out an agreement concerning the desert ride.

The stipulation recognized that the motorcyclists cleaned and raked last year's course through the California Desert Conservation Area. It also directed the motorcyclists to settle any disagreement with James R. Smith, a desert miner who testified in court that he spent 20 hours repairing a portion of the public road used by cyclists.

Asst. U.S. Atty. James R. Arnold said the BLM has invited public comments on holding another ride and that the American Motorcycle Assn. and the Sierra Club are designing a monitoring system for BLM approval. A tentative date of Oct. 12 has been set for holding the trial ride, Arnold said.

to remember that Neil Pflub (Director of BLM's Desert Planning Staff) has been in the Sierra Club for over 28 years. A long time ago I asked Neil how in the world he could make judgments without this influencing him, and he told me that he didn't allow his background to influence his judgments and decisions. Well, I've been riding and racing motorcycles in the desert since 1951 and no matter how impartial I try to be, that background is going to influence my thinking on the desert. No one can shut out his background. So we end up with an environmentally conservative BLM, but even that isn't their driving force. Their driving force is higher salaries. The more people they hire, the higher salary they get.

Hayes is the author of California's Sagebrush Rebellion bill (AB 1407) to outlaw the BLM, and was able to put on an enormous amount of political pressure in the right places. Without his help, we might have lost our court battle. His blistering attacks on the BLM are typified by this comment in the *Los Angeles Times*:

It appears the Bureau of Land Management's sole purpose in managing public lands is like any other parasite, existing only to feed itself and to grow. It is far past time that we the people of California begin eradicating bureaucratic parasites feeding on the tax dollars of the American people.

Additional pressure was put on the BLM by Judge Ferguson. Even though the Judge is an avowed environmentalist, he got sick and tired of the stalling tactics and refusal to negotiate of the BLM.

The stipulation that was signed, was drawn up by the Phantom Duck and Friends and was only one of many counter-offered to the BLM. On August 27th, the Judge called both parties into chambers and climbed all over the BLM for being uncooperative. He told

them that if they didn't sign that stipulation (which to him seemed reasonable), they had better be ready to be in court the next day to conclude the trial.

A red-faced Gerald Hillier (BLM District Manager) stormed out into the hall to have a conference with his more-than-concerned attorney. After much arm-waving and heavy-duty whispering, Hillier's head slumped to his alleged chest and he gave up. All parties signed the stipulation and the very next morning, the Judge signed the stipulation, making it an order.

What does this all mean? It means that through persistence and a fortune in legal fees, the Duck won and the BLM lost.

It also means that the BLM admitted the need for a Thanksgiving weekend ride and agreed to solicit public cooperation to get one. It also means that if they don't follow up on point five in that stipulation, the Duck and Friends will be back in court. But not on the defense this time. Nope. If they don't do what they're ordered to do, we are going to prosecute them to the fullest extent of the law.

The California BLM Big Cheese are already in trouble. Their superiors are going to want to know why they wasted over 30 grand out of their budget and only have egg on their face to show for their efforts. They don't have an honest answer. To the press, the BLM merely replies: "The permit system was upheld."

Sure. It was held up to the 600-plus riders who rode last year and they laughed at it. The permit system is cumbersome, archaic and horribly unfair. It must be changed. While Bob Hayes is trying to get rid of the BLM in this state (and that will take some time), the Phantom Duck will be continuing the battle to get the permit system radically changed.

We are on the offensive now and, by God, it feels good. Let's keep the Duck armed and heading for victory number two. □

Section 1 Page 1

Thursday, August 30, 1979

VALLEY

Barstow-Vegas motorcycle race treaty OK'd

A federal judge has approved what is supposed to be a peace treaty between federal officials and thousands of motorcyclists, led by the "phantom duck of the desert," over a traditional Thanksgiving cycle race through the desert from Barstow to Las Vegas.

The agreement may lead to a legal race this year instead of

the "unorganized" race staged last November.

The race, run on Thanksgiving for 11 years, has drawn up to 3,000 cyclists in the past and is one of the best known of desert races.

U.S. District Judge Warren Ferguson Tuesday approved a stipulated agreement between the Bureau of Land Manage-

ment and a group of off-road motorcyclists.

The agreement provides that federal officials will consider issuing a permit for the race this year—denied last year on environmental grounds—if the motorcyclists and environmentalists develop a suitable plan to protect the desert.

The agreement enjoins Louis

Key of Fontana from organizing or promoting such an event without a permit from the BLM Riverside.

When federal officials refused license the race last year, motorcyclists were encouraged to "ride out by the phantom duck the desert." McKey was identified as the phantom duck.

Judge Ferguson had granted the BLM an injunction against McKey, prohibiting more than 50 riders from using "roads ostensibly open to the public" on the day of the race.

Some 587 riders gathered on a highway and took off on the traditional route, in groups of 50.

The BLM brought a contempt action against McKey, but Fer-

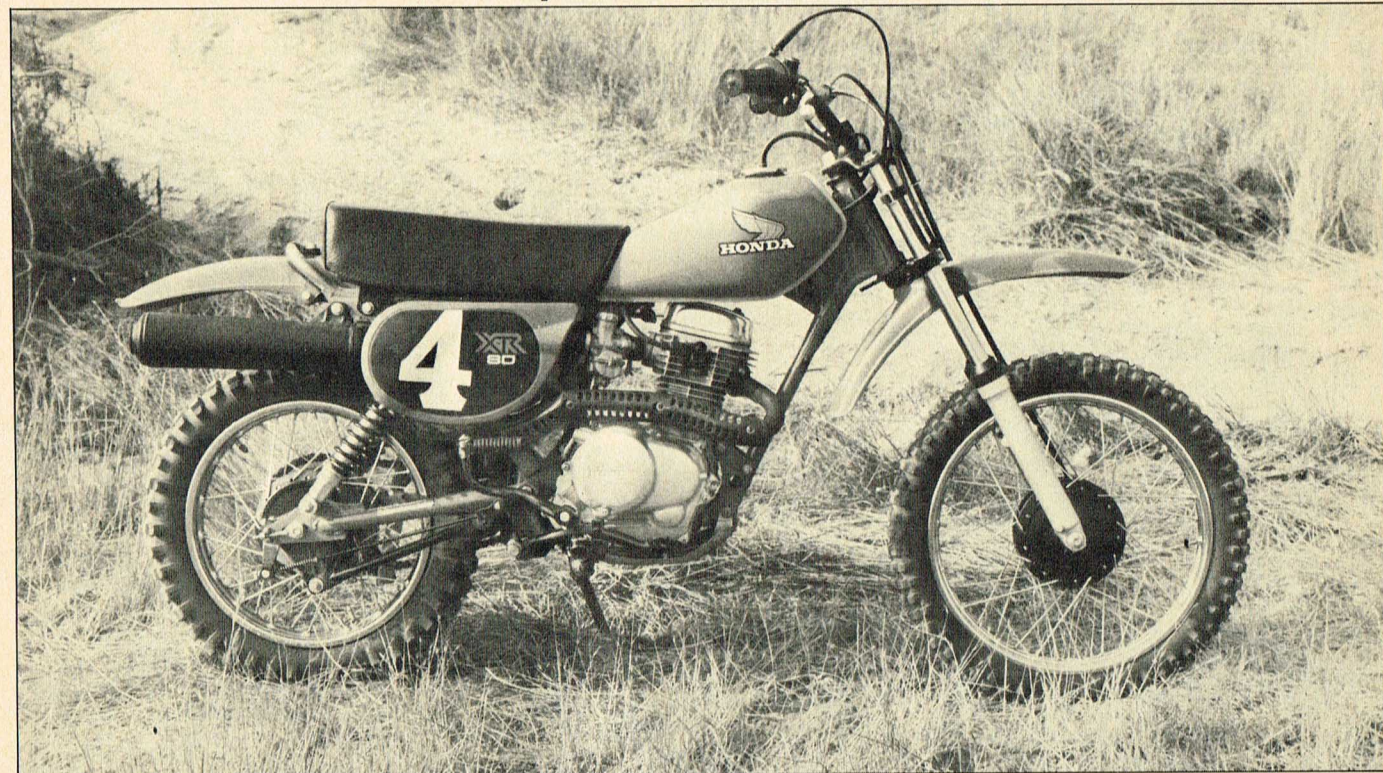
guson halted the trial in May saying both sides had been engaging in "guerrilla warfare" against each other and should work out some mutually acceptable solution.

The stipulated agreement noted that the cyclists cleaned and raked the course after the "unofficial" race to minimize traces of their passing.

HONDA XR-80

HONDA'S HOT LITTLE FOUR-STROKE

Tom Thump
By The Staff of Dirt Bike



HONDA XR80

In this day and age of screaming YZ80s and outrageously fast RM minis, it's hard for a kid to get a start in the motorcycling world without breaking his neck. Sure, there are the little JR, RM or YZ50s, but what if the guy is 10 years old and weighs 80-some-odd pounds? There's no way one of those would hold him. So, he goes out and foots the bill for one of the Honda XR80s.

When the XR75 was introduced some years back, there was a competition market for the little four-stroke, which could hold its own against the other brands of the day in a race. But today, there isn't a chance for the thumpers to match throttles against some of the rocketships that show up on the weekends to do battle. Yet, people still head for their local Honda dealer to get their hands on the XR80s.

Why? Because they work. The new XR80 was designed in the precise manner for the beginning rider. The machine sits fairly low at the saddle, and gives confidence, instead of fear, while running. The four-stroke engine is quiet and won't scare the

neck out of a new prospect, which, along with the mild manner of the powerplant, makes up a fairly successful learning tool. Too, the reliability of the XR is quite pleasing in comparison to a full-blown racer.

Racing the XR is possible, although not very feasible. There are still a few hard-core XR freaks at local tracks who refuse to admit that their Honda isn't competitive anymore, but the money they've had to pump into that bike to make it fast is considerable. In stock form, the Honda XR80 will suit a newcomer in other phases of motorcycling. More XRs are sold as playbikes than anything else, due to the fact that they are easy to throw around, and still run without a festival of wrenching during the week.

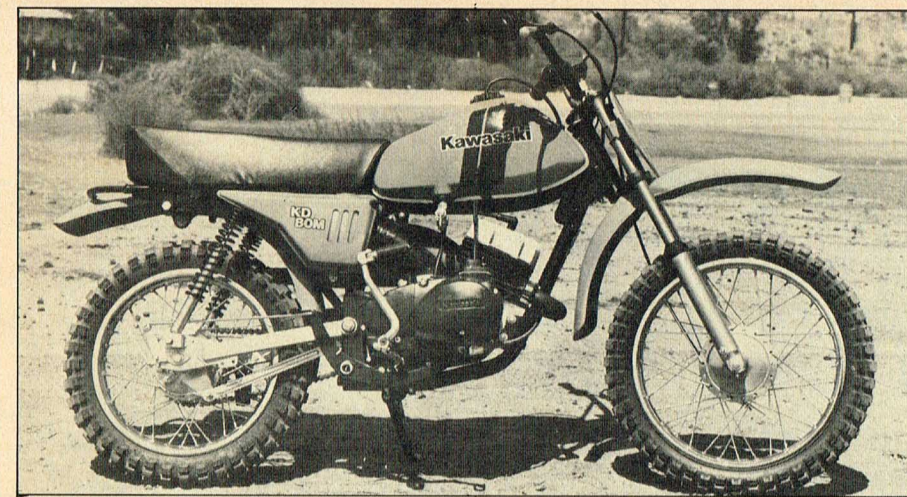
An XR can be run just about anywhere, from race tracks to empty lots down the street, and still give out a respectable amount of enjoyment to the operator.

For a mini, they have good torque on the bottom, and don't take off screaming when they hit powerband. That's important if you have a little tension during your first ride.

And no matter how much you advance in motorcycling, that little XR you have stuffed in the garage will always come in handy. No matter what size you are, that little four-stroke will give you a day's worth of fun, inexpensively and safely.

HONDA XR80

ENGINE TYPE	Air-cooled, single, four-stroke, OHC
BORE AND STROKE	47.5mm x 45.0mm
DISPLACEMENT	79.7cc
HORSEPOWER (CLAIMED)	N/A
CARBURETOR	20mm Keihin
IGNITION	Flywheel magneto, points
TRANSMISSION	Five-speed, constant mesh
FUEL TANK CAPACITY	.95-gallon
WHEELBASE	44.9 inches
GROUND CLEARANCE	7.7 inches
SEAT HEIGHT	28.5 inches
WEIGHT (CLAIMED)	150 pounds
SUSPENSION:	
FRONT	Telescopic fork, five-inch travel
REAR	Swingarm/shock, 4.4-inch travel
TIRES:	
FRONT	2.50x16
REAR	3.00x14
INTENDED USE	Off-road, trail riding
APPROX RETAIL PRICE	\$615
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN	Japan
DISTRIBUTOR:	
	American Honda 100 W. Alondra Gardena, California 90247



KAWASAKI KD80

All-around mini

Don't be fooled by the number plate, folks, the KD80M isn't a racer. Not when the rest of the field is going to be tricked-out RMs, YZs and KXs; and they are worlds different from the low-priced KD.

The KD is more along the lines of a trailbike, and is best suited for the 9- to 12-year-old beginner. It has reasonably nice manners and a very mild motor that seems to be willing to pull practically anyone's weight right from idle on up to a decent amount of revs.

Aiding the revving capabilities of the motor, is the rotary valve intake design, and although it won't set your eyes back in their sockets when the bike comes on the pipe, the power comes on much earlier than most would expect. The only disadvantage to this is the amount of room the carb takes up on the right side of the motor. It manifests itself in a pronounced hump that will get in the way of any foot larger than average.

KAWASAKI KD80

ENGINE TYPE	Two-stroke, rotary valve
BORE AND STROKE	47mm x 46mm
DISPLACEMENT	79cc
HORSEPOWER (CLAIMED)	N/A
CARBURETION	Mikuni VM19SC
IGNITION	Flywheel magneto
TRANSMISSION	Five-speed, constant mesh
FUEL TANK CAPACITY	6.5 liters (1.7 gallons)
WHEELBASE	1100mm (43.3 inches)
GROUND CLEARANCE	180mm (7.1 inches)
SEAT HEIGHT	N/A
WEIGHT (CLAIMED)	.69 kg (152 pounds)
SUSPENSION:	
FRONT	Kawasaki forks (travel N/A)
REAR	Swingarm, shocks (travel N/A)
TIRES:	
FRONT	2.50x16 knobby
REAR	2.75x14 knobby
INTENDED USE	Off-road
APPROX RETAIL PRICE	\$499
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN	Japan
DISTRIBUTOR:	
	Kawasaki Motors Corp. 2009 E. Edinger Ave. Santa Ana, California 92705

Our testers came across a number of good points, and a few bad, as follows:

The chassis, footpegs and brake pedal seem to be made from very soft stock, and we managed to bend both

footpegs on the bike. While each of these problems may have been brought about by abuse on our part, the message is: Don't drop the bike too hard, or you may find a peg or two pointing south.

The forks work OK for a less-than-aggressive rider, but the shocks will please no one but a beginner, and then not for very long. They aren't what you'd call performance-oriented units, and after a thorough trouncing, most owners would be wise to consider a step up in suspenders.

But not a set of real trick air shocks or anything like that. That's the last direction this bike should be taken in. The best plan for the KD would be for a learning rider, because it's easy to ride, reliable, and it's only going to set you back about \$500—quite a bit less than anything else in its class. Sand pits, backyards and easy trails will be home for the KD. We suspect that a lot of KDs will find a slot under Christmas trees this year.



YAMAHA YZ50G

Monoshock for the micro-minis

Hot off the assembly line is Yamaha's new winning prescription for the mini juniors. The YZ50G is a scaled-down version of the bikes that have changed the face of national mini motocross.

The new YZ50 features monoshock rear suspension and leading axle forks, and is said to be scaled to the same dimensions as the full-size YZs. The suspension travel is approximately 4½ inches, front and rear.

The YZ50G is expected to be very competitive in stock condition. As a matter of fact, one of them recently finished first in the Ponca City, Oklahoma, NMA National Championships August 8, underneath "Mouse" McCoy. And for the modified class, Yamaha will be offering a 60cc kit. □

YAMAHA YZ50G

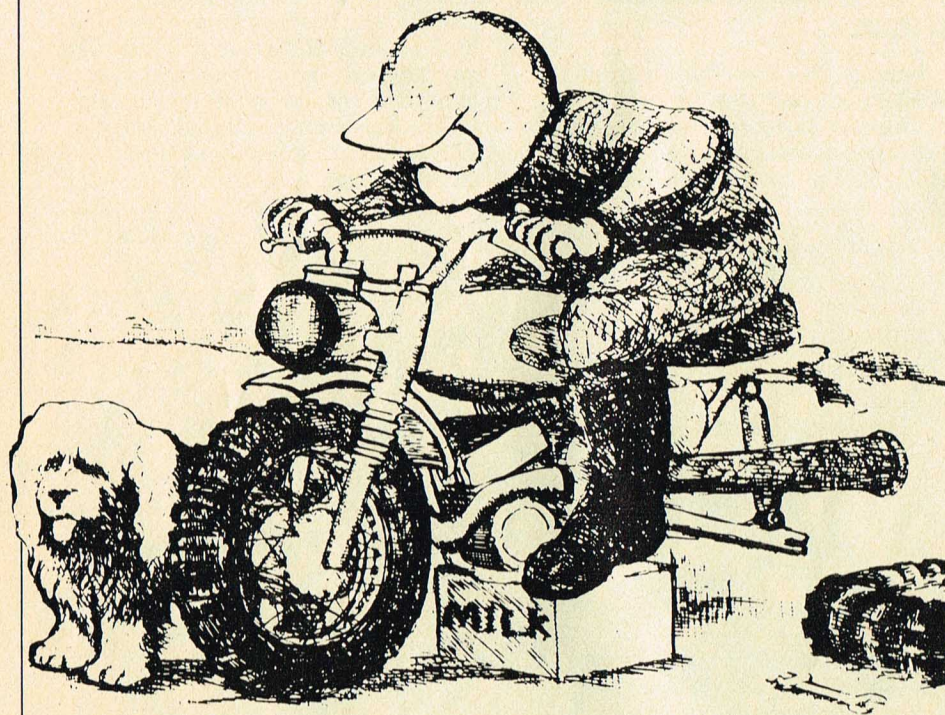
ENGINE TYPE	Two-stroke, single
BORE AND STROKE	.40mm x 39.7mm
DISPLACEMENT	.49cc
HORSEPOWER (CLAIMED)	9.0 BHP at 10,500 rpm
CARBURETION	Mikuni VM20SH
IGNITION	Flywheel magneto
TRANSMISSION	Five-speed, constant mesh
FUEL TANK CAPACITY	.3 liters (¾-gallon)
WHEELBASE	1025mm (41 ½ inches)
GROUND CLEARANCE	195mm (7 ½ inches)
SEAT HEIGHT	N/A
WEIGHT (CLAIMED)	.50 kg (110 pounds)
SUSPENSION:	
FRONT	Yamaha forks, 110mm (4 ¼ inches)
REAR	Monoshock swingarm, 115mm (4 ½ inches)
TIRES:	
FRONT	2.50x14 knobby
REAR	3.00x12 knobby
INTENDED USE	Motocross
APPROX RETAIL PRICE	\$599
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN	Japan
DISTRIBUTOR:	
	Yamaha Motor Corp. 6620 Orangethorpe Buena Park, California 90620

Ice Cream Trucks, Bridgestones and Bullterriers

SCHMALTZ!

Puts the grand back into grand prix

By George Weathers



I bash my hip on the doorknob, but heroically disarm the phone in mid-ring. What is it you're supposed to say into one of these things when it does this in the middle of the night? "They still havin' that big mountain trail race this Sunday?" Craig's voice chortles out of deep space like a temporary message from the asteroid belt.

"Schmaltz conflicts with it," I mumble. "This Sunday we run Schmaltz." I blind-man's-cuff the light switch. Clock on the table if I could see. "Did you call me collect?" I begin to wake up. THERE we are—2:42 a.m.

"Nah," says The Voice From 40 Fathoms. "My aunt and uncle are asleep upstairs. We been harvesting potatoes. I've rode my Bridgestone a lot up here in the fields. Next week I start school again. Wanna run Schmaltz before that happens."

"Why'd you call me at 2:42 on a Friday morning?" I uncork the Biggie.

"My aunt and uncle told me I couldn't use their phone long-distance," Craig explains logically. "Hey, you shoulda seen what I did on that Bridgestone with their sheep dog a couple a days ago in the mud!"

Even at 2:45 in the morning, I know not to pursue that. "You need anything—more about Schmaltz?" I ask him. My subtle hint gains some when the granddaddy of all yawns attacks me halfway through and wrestles me to the floor.

"See ya tomorrow," Craig signs off, "bright and early." I reel back to bed then, where I spend the next hour thrashing around pondering mud, a sheep dog, and a 14-year-old maniac on a clapped-out 100cc racing Bridgestone.

Waiting for Craig and his bright-and-earlies, I don't tie my Husqvarna into the back of my next-door neighbor's ex-popsicle truck till dim and late Saturday night. Whatever kind of play-racing he's been doing up there in Idaho over the summer, it's bound to resemble part of Schmaltz—ISDT, desert race, motocross, mountain enduro; 50 miles of mountain trail, five secret checkpoints, last man done's a rotten egg, 28th annual madness. He might do OK—if he gets back in time.

Sunday at 6:18 a.m., the popcorn jangle of an unmuffled two-stroke rattles our bedroom window. When I peer out, Craig and his uncle are wrestling his Bridgestone backwards off a prehistoric stake-bed Dodge. For some reason known only to 14-year-old maniacs, Craig has started the damn thing up. As I turn away from the window, my wife asks me to go out and beat up on whoever that is. I tell her it's Craig. She asks me to go out and beat up on Craig, voice muffled now by my pillow which she has pulled over the top of her head.

Lee Johnson, my next-door neighbor with the ex-popsicle truck, is in his garage when I finish my four raisin Pop-Tarts. He is trying to repair the strap on his crash helmet with a staple gun. Lee paid \$35 for his ex-popsicle truck at a bankruptcy auction two years ago. After the first year, he disconnected the music box. "Craig wake you up too with that—bike?" I ask Lee dourly.

"Weren't you like that when you were 14?" Lee pounds the staple ends at crazy angles with several glancing blows from a pair of pruning shears. "I was like that when I was 14." Heck, he's still like that, only this morning I know it was Craig. "Go in and call Bert's house, will you?" Lee glances up. "He said yesterday that we could borrow his snowmobile trailer if we needed to take three machines." He tugs at the helmet strap, but not too hard. "Right now, your Husky's on the left of the popsicle cooler, and my Yamaha's on the right. With Craig's thing on the snowmobile trailer, we should be in great shape. Oh, and see if we can borrow his trailer hitch ball too. I can drill a hole in my rear bumper for it or something."

I let Bert's phone ring 25 or 30 times. Whenever I start to hang up, I think of three riders and three motorcycles and a grumpy dog crammed into a sour-smelling ex-popsicle truck. Bert will not answer—ol' traitor Bert. By the time I return to Lee's garage, Craig has arrived with his Bridgestone. "We could lift it into that dented-up coffin thing in the middle there," he suggests when Lee explains the problem.

"That's the popsicle cooler!" Lee sounds indignant.

"Craig's bike's muddy enough to qualify as a fudge-cycle," I pun. Lee doesn't say a word, just starts untying my Husky. I finally convince him that he won't get there at all if he doesn't take me along to buy him some gas.

We'd planned to leave at 9. That gave us time to fight the usual halfway-out-the-driveway hassles and still be gone by 10. As driver, Lee gets the only semi-padded seat. I wobble drunkenly on a jerrycan of Husky fuel. Craig and his Bridgestone struggle together in the coffin. Lee's dog Bultaco (actually more of a bullterrier) gnaws on a gnobby gear. People always comment, "Bultaco's a dog?" "You think this one's a dog," answers Lee, "you shoulda seen my last one." We meet lots of Spanish bike fans when Lee brings Bultaco.

"Nervous on your first race?" Lee plays John Wayne to The Kid as our truck wallows along the narrow mountain road. Craig looks through his spokes toward Lee. "Gotcher boots on the wrong feet," Lee gloats. "Give it away every time." Behind us, a vile yellow cloud attacks every living thing near the road. Lee treats the ex-popsicle truck's bearings to a secret mixture—one part STP, one part Rislone, one part CD-2, one part Motor Honey, and three parts 29-cent reprocessed crankcase drainings. Not much for

lubrication, but it sure controls aphids in our neighborhood.

"I hope the Bridgestone's rear tire gets me through today," Craig retracts his wall-eyed toes back inside the coffin.

"Bultaco's chewing on a fairly decent 4.00x18 back there," Lee offers. "After we sign in, you can put that on your bike. Use my pliers. Only cost you \$5."

"You'd better just chip some mud off that thing and tighten any bolt or screw that shows its head," I ride the bucking jerrycan. "Cover the course briskly, don't punch your head through a pine or scatter parts over 50 miles of mountain. First race, Lee. No WFO/BS." "He's just worried you'll outrun his Husky with that little Bridgestand, Craig," Lee WFO/BS's. "Any guy behind you is there for a reason. Make him work to pass you! Set your bike up right, good rear tire—guy like Dick Burleson could win overall on that Bridgework today!"

"Dick Burleson on Craig's Bridgestone, King Kong in a tutu," my jerrycan pitches me to the floor again. "You're hearing a sermon on proper set-up from the only man alive who'd try to fix a broken piston ring with duct tape. You'll have fast guys passing you all day today because a lot of fast guys will draw later starting numbers than you will."

"You still don't have to let 'em

past," Lee whines. "Besides, that duct tape held for part of one whole weekend." The ex-popsicle truck interrupts us with a coughing fit—typical heavy smoker.

Before long we all clatter across the cattle guard leading into the Schmaltz pits. Tents from the night before mix with bright, fluttery awnings in the high mountain meadow. Eight-tracks and two-strokes bleat on the bacon-smelling breeze.

Lee and I loosen the clothesline spiderwebs trapping our machines. Lee explains to the first hopeful young face that no, the faded sign on the side is wrong and we don't really have any popsicles to sell today. Bultaco pees on the corner of a neighboring nylon tent. Craig helps us wrestle his Bridgestone out of the cooler. Then he arranges Lee's crescent wrench and pliers and the knobby on the nearby grass and leaves to look for a pair of good tire tools. He once tried to change a cycle tube with just his dad's screwdriver and his mom's paring knife. The experience has remained in his memory. By the time Lee and I liberate my Husky and his DT-1, Craig has wandered back, fitful and tool-less. Someone has given him a 100mm cigarette which he sucks earnestly. I tell him that he looks like Pinocchio with his nose on fire.

"I'll just start taking the wheel on now," Craig mumbles in return. "Maybe somebody walking by will loan us some tire tools." He fumbles at the rear brake arm with the pliers, gazing off in the direction of home and pre-season TV football.

Lee and I tend to other pre-race rituals, hiding our own jangles better than Craig. I fill the Husky with fuel mix, check the spokes/chain/spark plug, and compulsively polish my engine cases with a dirty rag. Lee yells at Bultaco and watches several girls giggle/jiggle by. He doesn't believe in working on motorcycles which still run. He readjusted his chain only two years ago and just look at it now! Hardly worth the trouble.

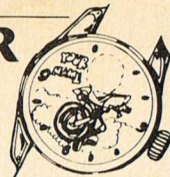
I edge over to see if Craig has the Bridgestone rear wheel removed yet. What he has is the rear brake assembly scattered in the grass around the bike, the swingarm pivot bolt driven halfway out, and both nuts off the rear axle. He's currently attacking the rear fender by the hunt and peck method. Every few seconds, he stops to shake and yank and blaspheme the rear wheel, blood oozing from three of his knuckles.

The drive chain is still grimly wrapped around the rear sprocket, which is grimly bolted to the rear wheel.

I figure I'd only compound the prob-



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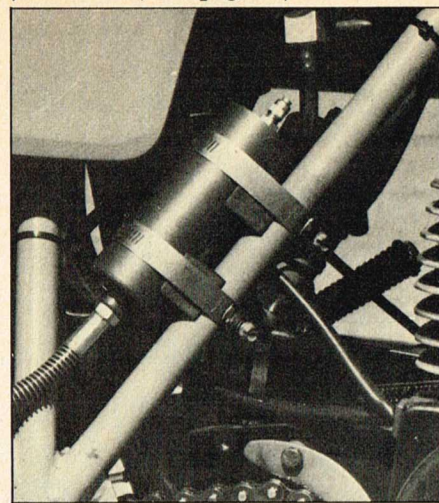
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BREATHER

(Continued from page 37)



Don't bump that rubber-mounted pet-cock or it'll come loose from the plastic tank and dump the contents all over your boot. Choke must be actuated from this side through a maze of tubing and hardware.

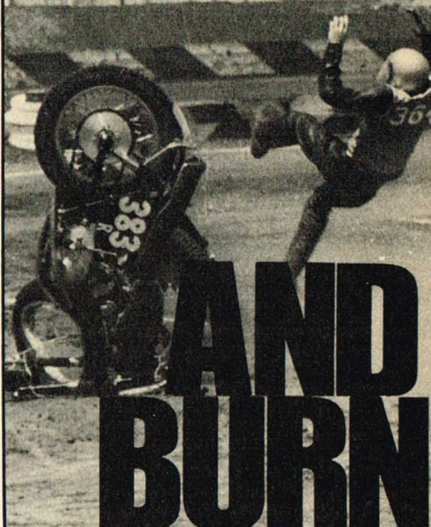
The 1980 Can-Am seemed to be much more stable at high speeds over bumps than in years past. We don't know how Can-Am managed to make the bike more stable at high speeds without sacrificing turning ability at low speeds, but they have done a magnificent job at this.

We've come to expect the new-generation long-travel bikes to be difficult to turn. The Can-Am makes a mockery of the handling traits of the long-legged non-turners. Its strong suit is accuracy and the ability to pick a line within a line. A rider who over-revs the Can-Am as accurate in the turns as we did. The rider who selects the correct gear and body position and rolls the throttle on properly, will be rewarded with surgically accurate precision in the corners.

Part of the good manners, no doubt, stem from the use of Ohlins shocks on the MX-6. As of this writing, we're told that some of the Can-Ams will come with Ohlins and others with S&Ws. There is no choice. The Ohlins are the finest O.E.M. (Original Equipment Manufacturer) shocks of this time period. One has to merely take a look at their success with the Husky dirt bikes. With the inexpensive fork modification we mentioned earlier and the Ohlins at the rear, the Can-Ams' suspension must be considered state of the art. Unmodified damping rods and S&W shocks at the rear will demand a reclassification to "adequate."

Those Ohlins must also be responsible for eliminating hop when exiting a bumpy corner. On previous Can-Ams, we've detected harsh hop on stutter-bumps when under power. None of this

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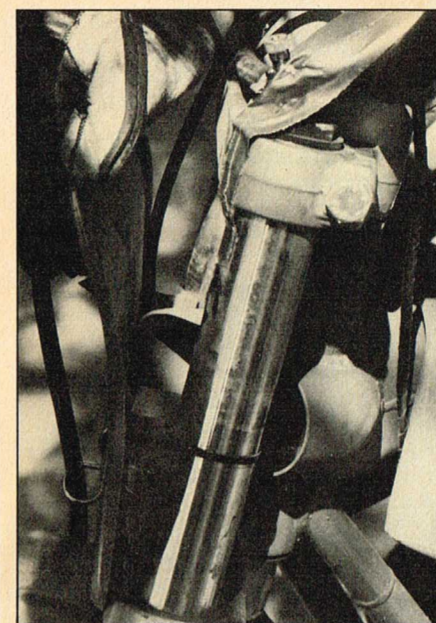
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DB9-12



The MX-6 breathes high up on the steering head, well out of the way of mud and water.

was present with the new-generation Can-Am.

In fact, the Can-Am seems to work best when under heavy power and is the most difficult to handle when braking over bumps. One could say the Can-Am was a "power-on" handler. In a corner-to-corner drag race, it's as fast as, or faster than, anything you'll encounter on the track. One has only to take a look at the vast number of hole-shots achieved by Can-Am riders over the last few years at the National level. It's way out of proportion to the number of Can-Ams on the starting line.

Bits and pieces

Shifting was OK. Nothing great... but not enough of a problem to cause gnashed teeth. None of our test riders ever missed a downshift, but several reported missing the upshifts from first to second and second to third. Can-Am gears have lots of engaging dogs on the gears. While this makes for a strong hook-up, the spinning dogs have to go through the hassle of lining up and dropping home before they can transmit the power. When this isn't done right, the Can-Am will simply stay in the gear it was in and make the rider stab at the shift lever again. Lost time.

Oh yes. The lever is a nifty folding item this year... a very welcome detail.

Some of our riders felt they would like to see one more tooth on the countershaft if the bike was jetted dead-on. This would give the MX-6 a longer spread of power in each gear and smooth out the delivery. On hard-packed, minimal-traction courses, this would be a big plus.

Jim Connolly reported that the brakes started to fade when he took the

(Continued on next page)

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BREATHER

(Continued from next page)

Can-Am MX-6 out on a fast scrambles track, after about ten hard laps of skidding.

We had the carb fall off once. While we were jetting the bike, we found that no matter how tight we had the clamps holding the carb in place, the carb still felt loose. Still, this was a prototype and the factory told us stiffer boots would come on the production bikes.

All of the test riders complained about getting burned on the inner knee from the exhaust pipe. It's a fat, bulbous affair that sticks out too far past the slim plastic gas tank. It wouldn't be that hard to weld some sort of a heat shield in place. This should have been done at factory level, though.

The saddle drew rave reviews. Smooth, soft and comfortable, even after extended periods of riding.

We experienced no leaks at the gas cap, forks or petcocks, but a slight oil mist accumulated by the inspection screw near the transmission.

The rear tire felt surprisingly good while it was new, then when the square edges went away (three hours of riding), so did traction.

The front tire squealed a lot under heavy braking, but seemed to hold well under side loads, all things considered.

Our left footpeg spring broke. This caused the peg to stick in the up, or OhMyGawd position when one test rider landed from a jump.

The basic layout and overall feel of the MX-6 was correct, according to a majority of our test riders. A few felt that the bars could have been a bit flatter, but that enters into personal preference.

The front number plate should have some protective ears on it, as the brake cable could snag on the Schraeder valve on the air caps. Bad news.

Those square side panel/number plates drew mixed reviews. Some liked 'em. Others thought they were ugly. In the eye of the beholder and so forth.

A good case protector rides around the countershaft sprocket, although some Can-Am riders choose to ride without them.

A very nifty brake pedal adjuster lets the rider position the pedal exactly where he wants it.

Hefty motor mount bolts are everywhere and the Can-Am proved to be a very tight bike that needed little in the way of nut and bolt-tightening.

A new rear hub now has the brake on the same side as the sprocket. This saves some weight where it counts. A cable actuates the rear brake lever, but a bogus guide must be bypassed before the cable will operate smoothly.

New, long fork boots ride over the Marzocchi forks. We found rub marks early and it's only a matter of time before the rubber wears through. We're planning to install a set of the new Daystars to see if we can eliminate that irritating rubbing.

The bottom line

The 1980 Can-Am MX-6 is a thoughtful, carefully evolved unit. Even with the few rough spots that our prototype exhibited, it's still a superior unit to last year's efforts.

It wouldn't take much to make the 250 MX-6 spot-on: Refine the shifting a bit, trench the damping rods in the forks and come up with the right numbers on the jetting.

Even without these changes, the Can-Am 250 MX-6 is an excellent unit. For all those riders who consider only the Big Four, they would do well to take a test ride on the newest Can-Am.

There's one thing we haven't mentioned, and we've purposely saved it for last. It's our learned opinion that the Can-Ams are the most reliable, long-lasting and trouble-free racers that money can buy. As part of this test, we talked to several long-time Can-Am racers, and they all swore by the stone-axe reliability of the marque.

Said one: "I ride it a whole year and all I do is put gas in it. That means a lot. And I know that there's nothing on the track that's faster." □

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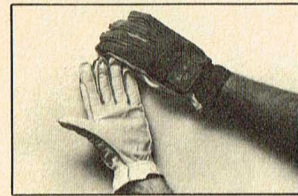
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SNEAKY

(Continued from page 43)

shorter suspension made it easier to get back on the ground in a hurry.

Bits and pieces

The lack of a clutch lever (and shifter!) is still a little freaky, but there is a positive side: much less maintenance/fewer things to go wrong.

We sniveled a lot about the kick-starter on the OR, and thankfully, the Auto suffers from none of the past problems. The different design is much simpler and easier on the foot.

Some sort of case protection should be offered for the Auto. The left side cover is held in place by Allen screws that stick way out in the breeze and beg to be torn off by a rock. And them are some expensive cases, boss.

The air box must be the quickest unit in the world to service. Flick it open, and releasing one spring lever allows the filter to practically fall out. Great for a fast wring-out after a stream crossing.

The levers and throttle are all Magura, and the speedo is a VDO; both fine units.

The front fender on our test bike contacted the tire in three different places, and didn't do a very good job of keeping mud off the rider. We think it's a little small.

Justifying the big one

And now everyone wants to know: Is it really worth the price? Let's forget that it's an Automatic for a moment, and then ask the same question. Are the good handling and bulletproof design of the OR worth its price tag of \$2200 or so? Is that too much for a state-of-the-art European motorcycle? Judging by Husky's sales figures and the number of satisfied customers out in the woods and deserts, no. It's not too high a price to pay. Damn little, in fact.

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SCHMALTZ!

(Continued from page 63)

nores my question. "Bultaco spilled your Husky fuel all over the floor in here."

We load the Husky first, since nobody else made it back to the pits. Then we stop for Lee's Yamaha (ran out of gas before he reached checkpoint #1). No problem finding the road to checkpoint #3. The Gettysburg fields, the Normandy beach, checkpoint #3: you had to be there. Craig, Lee and I make our way through blasted machinery on foot like soldiers looking for that one familiar corpse. A quarter of a mile past the actual checkpoint table, I give up and turn to Craig. "How much farther down this access road did you leave it?"

"Leave what?" Craig rejoins the conscious. "Oh—the Bridgestone? We have to climb that hill we passed back there."

The cliff—I still wouldn't call it a hill—doesn't like folks on foot, either. Bultaco's smartest; he's tripping out on gasoline fumes back in the ex-pop-sicle truck. "Stop resting!" Lee complains. "We haven't got all day." Of course, he's never *climbed* this before. I plan to tell him that too, just as soon as I reestablish diplomatic relations with my lungs.

We finally reach the Bridgestone, stabbed into a scrub-oak bush 20 feet past the top. "You made it!" I gawk at Craig. "Why didn't you go on?"

"Horch," Craig's gray face answers. "Abble adun tork."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Lee surveys the jumble below us. I grab one rear shock, but John Wayne turns in scorn. "You wanna ride it down, Craig, or shall I?" Lee raises an eyebrow toward the plot of ground supporting Craig's remains.

"You ride bottom," Craig gasps. "Better start engine."

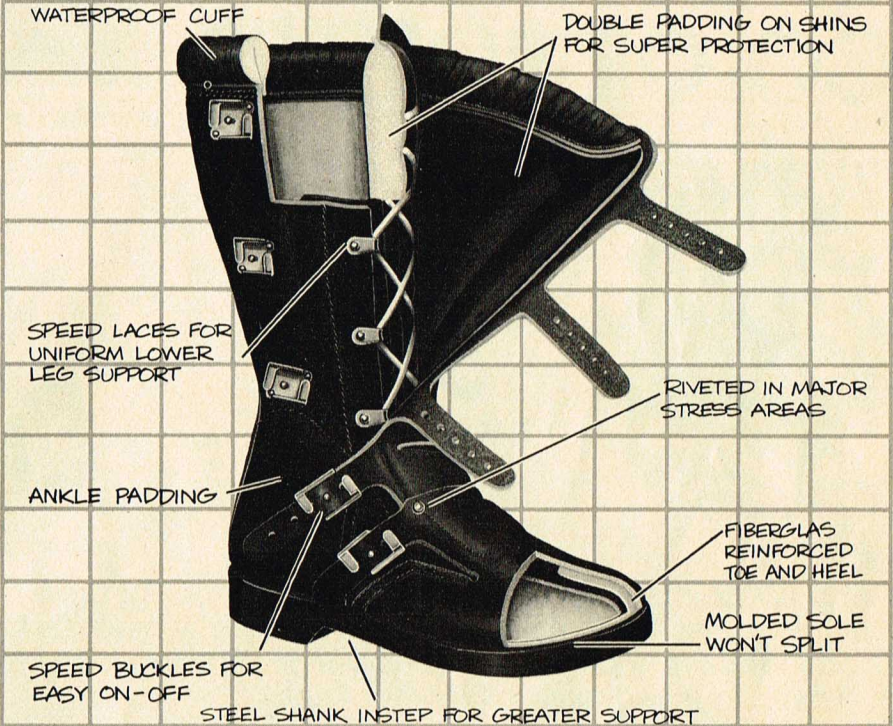
"Nah," Lee grins, "it's all downhill from here." He swings a jaunty leg over the Bridgestone. "See you in the funny papers," he waves, giving that first push down the hill with his right foot.

Next thing I recall is his right foot, pointing straight above his head, falling into the canyon at a rapid rate. I read somewhere once that a dragster would accelerate to about 150 mph if you dropped it a quarter-mile straight down. We ought to know soon—about Bridgestones if not about dragsters. Knowing Lee as I do, I'd never have guessed he could scream like this. Nice Doppler effect. On down the mountain, people scatter like hamsters. Craig raises up on one elbow to watch. "Shoulda got those brakes hooked back up before the start," he gasps. □

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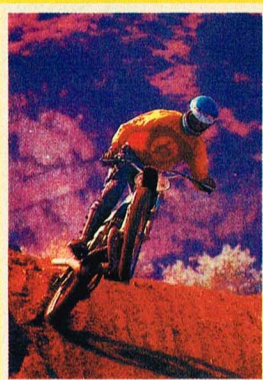
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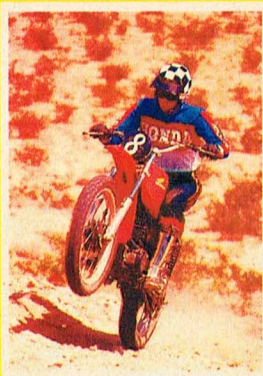


10. JIM CONNOLLY, 250 BULTACO PURSANG

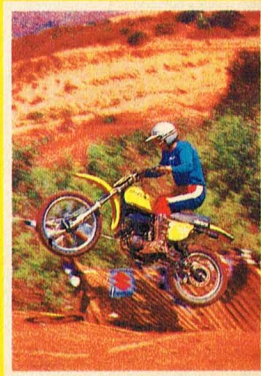


9. GEORGE WEGNER, CAN-AM 175

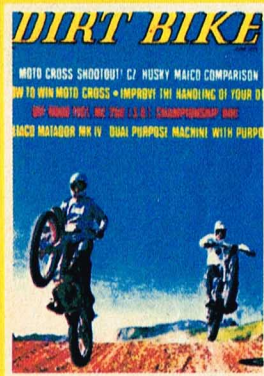
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11. AL BAKER ON A 250 HONDA



12. GUNNAR LINDSTROM ON A SUZUKI

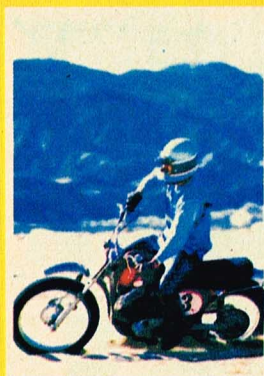


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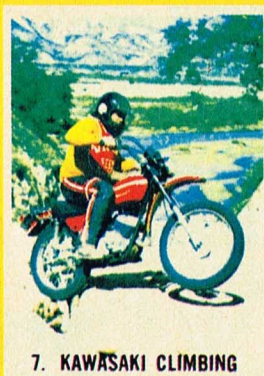


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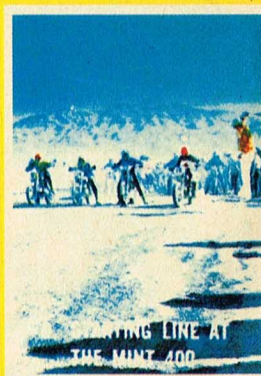


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IT-175

(Continued from page 33)

mounting brackets. The only rank quality is that the upper portion of the plate must be held to the frame by plastic ties. At 20 bucks a pair, I recommend buying them when the bike is new and saving the stockers for resale time.

Answer Products handlebars are complemented with a DG crossbar pad, and Oakley grips. The plastic Sun Line shorty levers are super, but I like the alloy ones best.

Is it worth the money? Well, if you go the cheaper route on the forks, the total bill is about on a par with a KTM enduro mount with fewer mods. No doubt about it, the DG IT-F will cost less to maintain and will match the Austrian in just about any situation.

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