

deleted until each competitor has had a try at the section or no scores will be recorded for that section. No section may be closed, altered or deleted without the express consent of the Event Director.

7.8 — The section boundary markers (typically surveyor's vinyl tape) designating the right boundary of the section shall be red, the left boundary markers shall be blue. Marker flag supports shall not present an increased hazard to the rider in the event of a fall. Exposed ends of flag supports should be padded...

7.9 — Sections must be clearly marked. Minimum marker flag spacing of 10 feet is recommended. Sections under 24 inches wide shall utilize continuous marking. Typical minimum section width is 42 inches.

Rich Cast shows his Moots fender design while riding over Crested Butte traffic.

7.11 — Two sections may be continuous. In this case, riders may not stop after the first section without incurring a failure in the second section. However, a failure in the first section does not influence the score in the second section.

7.12 — Sections may be separated by a short distance called a "neutral zone" in which the riders may stop only briefly, but not leave their bicycles to inspect the next section. Such sections are termed semi-continuous sections. Continuous and semi-continuous sections shall be clearly marked as such.

7.13 — The trails or roads used for the lap shall be clearly marked so the least intelligent competitor can find the sections.

COMPETITION RULES

8.2 — At the Director's discretion, riders may begin the event at any section.

8.3 — Sections are to be separately numbered, and riders are instructed to ride them in that designated order only.

8.4 — At the Director's discretion, sections may be ridden once per lap for multiple events, or multiple times per lap for single lap events.

8.5 — Sections may be inspected on

foot prior to riding. Altering the course while walking the section, such as moving rocks, making a path with feet, hands, etc., will result in disqualification.

8.6 — Competitors will ride only their designated "class" sections and practice in any of the sections before or during the event is strictly prohibited and will result in disqualification.

8.7 — If a rider is severely distracted, or his line blocked by spectators or other riders, he may claim a "balk." The rider may then elect to re-ride the section.

9.0 — (Deals with helmet and safety requirements)

10.0 CLASSES

10.1 — First time riders may enter the Novice or Intermediate class according to their choice. The novice class is intended for beginning riders and/or those without a special trials prepared bicycle. Examples of a special trials prepared bicycle are: having a single chainring with fewer than 40 teeth, or, a wheelbase under 41 inches, or, a bottom bracket centerline over 13½ inches, or, a skid plate.

11.0 SCORING

11.1 — Scoring will be based on the points lost (marks) system as listed below:

ERROR	POINT LOSS (MARKS)
None (clean section)	0
1 dab	1
2 dabs	2
3 or more dabs (footing)	3
Failure	5

11.5 — Scoring shall start when the front axle passes the start markers, and shall end when the front axle passes the finish markers (front axle in; front axle out).

11.6 — A rider may elect not to ride a section, which will be scored as a failure.

11.7 — A rider shall be penalized only for that error he commits which carries the greatest number of penalty points. That is, penalties in any given observed section shall not be cumulative, except for the first three dabs.

11.8 — In the event of tie scores, the competitor with the most cleans or zero (0) points lost will be declared the winner. If there is still a tie, go to the most "1"s and so on. If scores are identical, there will be a ride-off.

11.9 DEFINITIONS

Clean section — no error to incur point loss.

Continuous progress — purposeful travel within the course, without regard to direction of travel.

Course — the area between but not including the boundary markers. When the boundaries are not marked, riders may ride where they choose unless instructed to the contrary...

Dab — any contact which provides support between the rider's foot (or any other part of the body) and a supporting surface or object, while maintaining continuous progress toward the section end.

"...with a cheap bike, you don't have to get bent out of shape if your bike gets bent out of shape."

Failure —

1. Out of bounds — see #5 "gate foul."

2. Stop — a complete, unquestionable loss of continuous progress toward the section end by the rider/bicycle unit. However, unassisted balancing (track stand) is permitted.

3. Dismounting — both feet on the same side of the bicycle.

4. Walking — Both feet on the ground simultaneously or pushing with alternating feet. Multiple dabs exclusively with the other foot does not constitute a failure.

5. Gate foul — failure to negotiate a gate in sequence or passing to the right of a blue or left of a red boundary marker.

Footing — more than two dabs or dragging a foot.

Gate — the plane between two pairs of red and blue boundary markers through which the rider must pass.

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"You're never too young to perfect your endo."
 This Junior Novice Class lad launched it during trials at the Canaan Mtn. Series in Davis, N.Y. last May 18-19.
 —from Ray Miller

photo by Ray Miller



A OUT TO LUNCH

walked before. What made me walk was either a lack of horsepower, a lack of cleverness or some combination of the two. More riding built both of those departments; but after Tom Hillard infected my brain with this trials stuff I know I spent more conscious thought on the handling aspects. I no longer just wanted to ride the hard parts, I wanted to clean them! I found myself going out of my way to ride quirky portions that could easily have been walked, or even ignored altogether.

Sure, the physics of the situation is different when you're bombin' a race course rather than dinkin' a trials section. But I think that the practice with balance and the improved confidence carry over, at least.

If visualization helps you improve your handling, think of trials as low-speed ride-throughs of similar high-speed situations. As a bonus, you get to practice your visualization technique at observed trials while you watch others ride the section and imagine how you'll clean the same set of ribbons.

There's only one drawback I can see to using trials as a tool to improve your handling skills. You might just love it too much for its own self, and eventually have to scare up a trials bike to round out your stable.

Darn!



WHAT DOES TRIALS HAVE TO DO WITH THIS PAGE?

by A.J.Are

What are the gentlemen in these two photos doing? Besides the obvious, they are both riding through the same not-all-that-tricky zone in a beginner's race at China Camp.

Barring what we can't see off camera, the kindest answer to the question, "Why are they assuming these perilous poses?" is probably that being a beginner's race, they didn't have much experience and were therefore ripe for a launch. What's "tricky" is relative to a rider's skill, and there's nothing like lots of hours in the saddle to improve your bike's handling characteristics.

Also, a little dab of trials, so to speak, will do a body a lot of good towards becoming more adroit with the bike.

When I first started riding the fat ones, I'd usually try to ride as far as I could through the zones I'd

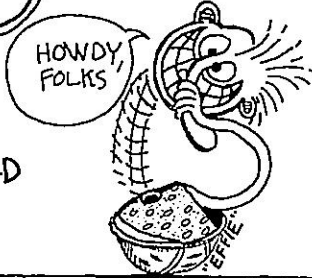
photos by Mountain Velo Photographics



WRECK TIPS

BY E. EWE BAILOUT

CRACK-ATTACKED
YAK, YAK, YAK FROM
A MIND THAT'S STACKED
OUT BACK

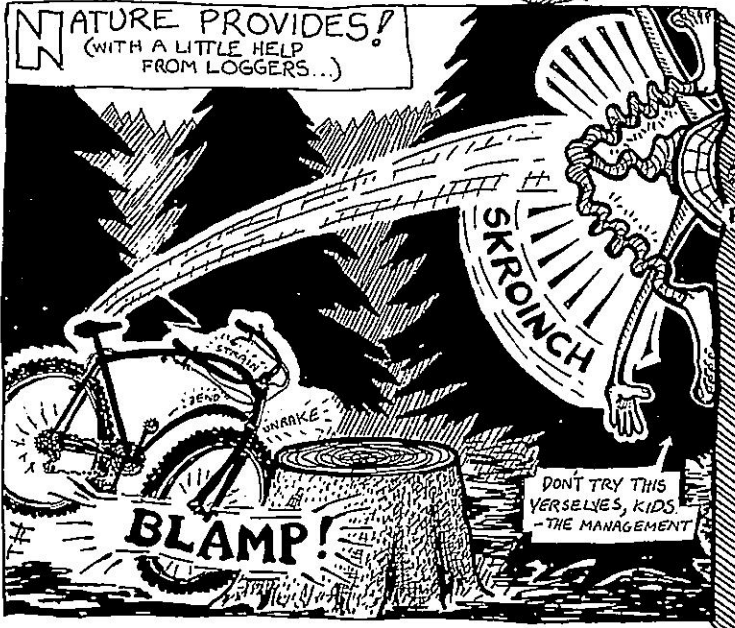


HOWDY FOLKS



EFFIE JUST READ ABOUT OBSERVED TRIALS IN THE **FLAT TYRE FIRE™** (HIS FAVE MAG) AND HE'S ON HIS WAY TO TRY-ALL...

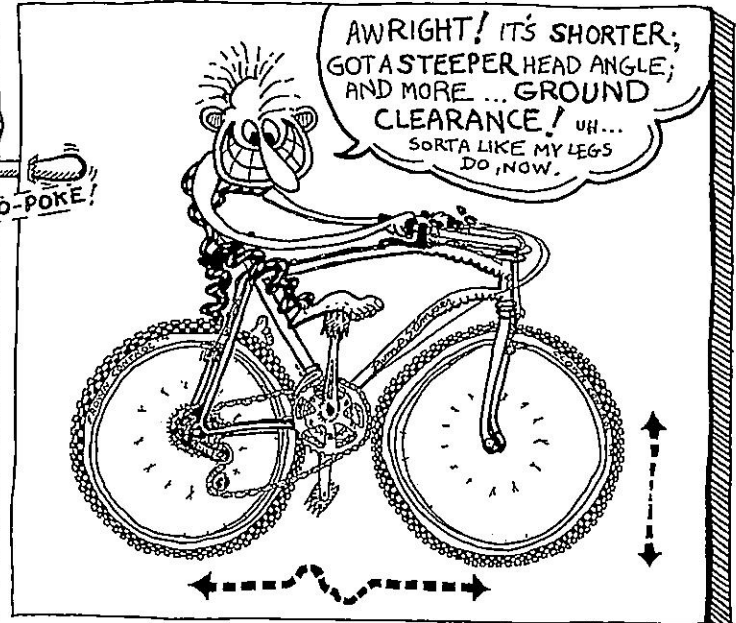
METHINKS ME OL' BOMBGLOMMER™ FRAMES A TAD LONG AND LAID BACK FOR THIS TRIALS STUFF.



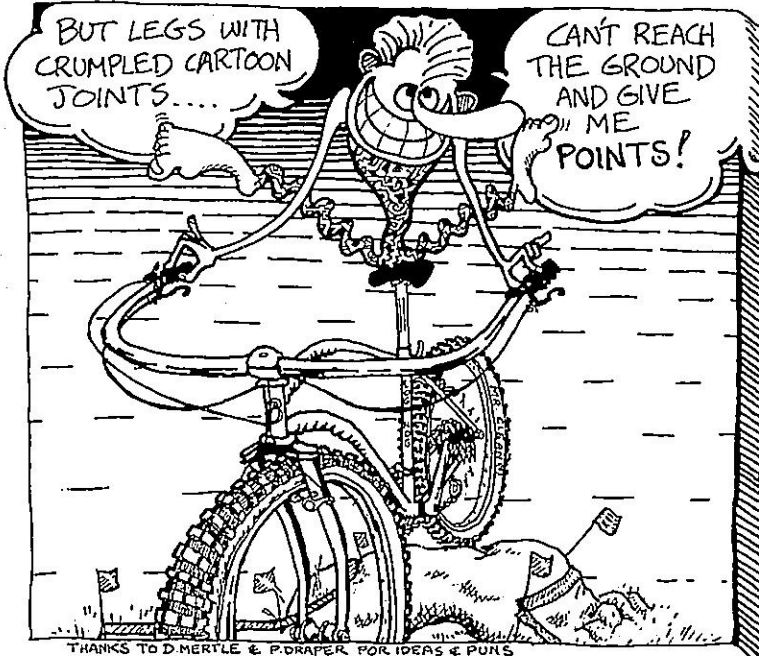
NATURE PROVIDES! (WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM LOGGERS...)

BLAMP!

DON'T TRY THIS YOURSELVES, KIDS -THE MANAGEMENT

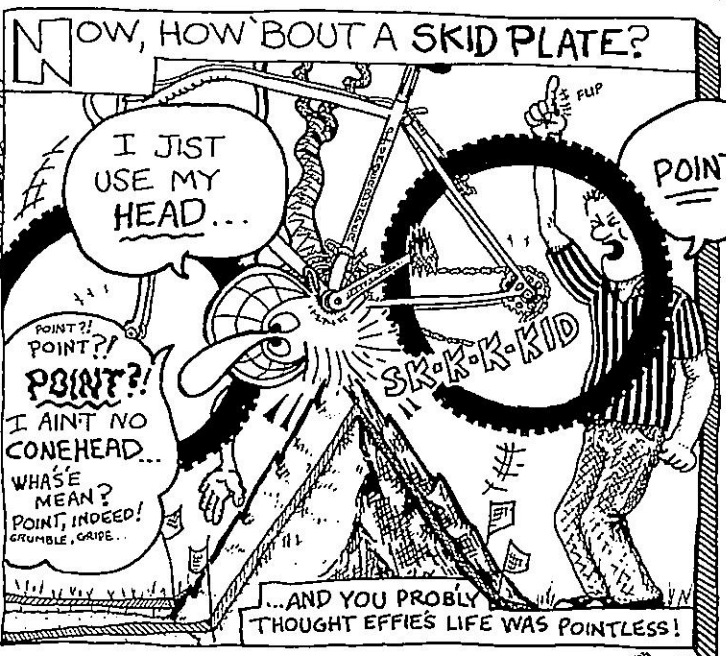


AWRIGHT! IT'S SHORTER; GOT A STEEPER HEAD ANGLE; AND MORE... GROUND CLEARANCE! UH... SORTA LIKE MY LEGS DO, NOW.



BUT LEGS WITH CRUMPLED CARTOON JOINTS....

CAN'T REACH THE GROUND AND GIVE ME POINTS!



NOW, HOW 'BOUT A SKID PLATE?

I JUST USE MY HEAD...

POINT!

POINT?! POINT?! POINT?! I AINT NO CONEHEAD... WHA'E MEAN? POINT, INDEED! GRUMBLE, GRABE...

...AND YOU PROBABLY THOUGHT EFFIE'S LIFE WAS POINTLESS!

THANKS TO D. MERTLE & P. DRAPER FOR IDEAS & PUNS



BIKING ON ICE AND SNOW

(Sometimes it's nice and sometimes no)

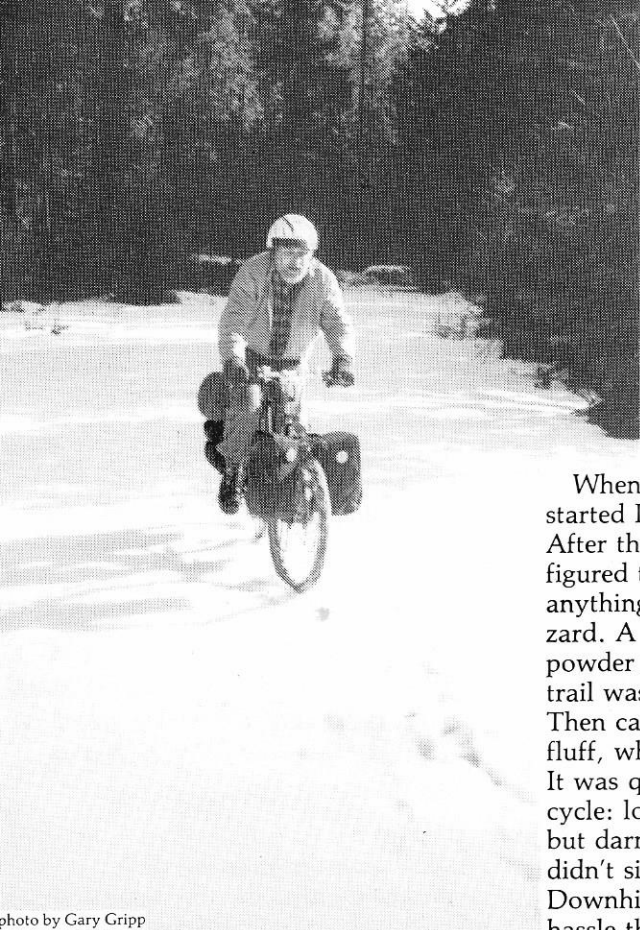


photo by Gary Gripp

by GARY GRIPP

How far can you push your mountain bike before you have to get off and do the pushing? That question was on my mind all through the summer as I thought ahead to winter. How will the bike ride in ice and snow? What conditions will force me off the seat and onto my feet? John, who sold me my Trek 850 said he'd never ridden his on snow, "But try it out and let me know."

"Sure will," I said, handing him seven big bills. "By the way, do you think she'll go with a heavy load?"

Handing back three small bills, he said, "Downhill fast, uphill slow."

In the heat of summer I couldn't be sure what the bike would do in the cold of winter. I only knew what it had to do: get me where I had to go. Now it's winter going on spring, and I can report that the bike has gotten me everywhere I needed to go, except once, and yes, I have done some pushing. Uphill, of course.

It was an unusually cold and snowy winter in western Oregon (usually it just rains) and biking conditions have been, in a word, slippery. But slippery with variety. Not just one kind of snow but seemingly all kinds from powder to slush to crackling crunch, and ice in all shades of slidey.

When the unseasonably early snow started I was primed to try my bike. After the first week's semi-success I figured the bike and I could handle anything short of a monsoon blizzard. A half foot and more of fresh powder rode nicely, though breaking trail was a workout, especially uphill. Then came cold, clear days of crusted fluff, which at first slowed me down. It was quite similar to riding an exercycle: lots of good wholesome sweat, but darned little ground-gaining. If I didn't sink, I'd spin the rear wheel. Downhill was better, but still more hassle than fun, until I got into the groove.

Most of us hate getting in a rut, but it makes things go so much easier in snow. Once you're in it, you groove right along. A six-inch four-wheel dinosaur track compacts the snow so you can go. When the surface is crusty and cracks under your tire, traction is usually good, you're moving smoothly, even uphill, oblivious to the dying breed that has blazed your way.

But there is such a thing as getting into a rut that is too narrow and deep. Pedals scrape and you cease moving in the groove. In this case it is time to take measures which may lose you style points but will keep you from getting hung up on the upper crust. Once such technique is the Single Leg Extension. The extended leg (your choice, but I prefer the right) may be used as a prop for stability, as a foot brake (literally), or if things are going badly indeed, as the main thrust propulsion. If the other foot is resting on the lowered pedal (and what else would you do with it? Hold on, I'm coming to that) it will be necessary to ride the opposite edge of the rut. This is tricky, as it is extremely easy to catch an edge, or rather for the edge to catch your front wheel and pull you off-balance, slamming you and your

bike, just like that, onto the frigid rigid. Also, be careful not to bang your extended shin against the unyielding spikes on your upper pedal. It isn't a pretty thing to see/a big, brusin' mountain biker dissolving into tears. And it's bad for our image. This technique, while not without its drawbacks, makes a semi-cyclist of you at least, which is one leg up on being a pedestrian, or heaven forbid, a pusher.

Two other techniques I have found useful in keeping the upper crust from nipping at my rat-traps include the "Half pedal/back pedal/half pedal" maneuver (not your perfect image of

Continued on next page

"Most of us hate to get in a rut, but it makes things go much easier in snow."



photo by Gary Gripp

poetry in motion but effective), and the "Double Leg Extension, in which you make an incongruous isosceles triangle of yourself, with nerve center and Mission Control at the acute angled apex. The triangle is well-known for its rigid stability, but do not for a moment imagine that you are guaranteed an upright position. It is quite possible to be riding triangular and fully in command, then hit a slippery slick and find yourself parted from your bike. If you manage to remain upright, you are at this point no longer a cyclist, but a skater. If you were caught leaning too far forward, you are not a skater, but very briefly a diver, then a slapstick comedian. In the space of five long/short seconds I have been all of these.

For a week I perfected these and other snow biking techniques all in the spirit of fun, then a grim realization came to me. I was running out of fuel ... I mean food. No more

"Bringing home the bacon is serious business when it's twenty five miles to the nearest store and your bike is all the wheels you have."



playing around on an unloaded bike. Bringing home the bacon is a serious business when it's twenty five miles to the nearest store and your bike is all the wheels you have. And there isn't anyone to help out if something goes wrong. But I had been practicing. I was ready. And besides, it was almost all downhill.

The trip down was a breeze. It demanded total concentration, but that is one of the things I like about the sport. A single lapse can cost you dearly and you simply have to pay attention. No mind-drifts. No ho-hum attitudes. It's fun, but it's **serious** fun. The best kind.

I was convinced that nothing could stop me. A new storm blew in, bringing one of the heaviest snowfalls I've ever seen. And I rode through it grinning the whole way. I even rode five highway miles through it at night, downy flakes sifting through my bright halide light. The experience was euphoric, never mind what the odd stray motorist might have thought when he saw someone on a **bicycle** appear in his headlights from the vast whiteness of the storm. It is possible that some of my exhilaration stemmed from being freshly bathed in a rented shower after a week's accumulation of woodsmoke and grime. It felt great to be clean, but it was more than that. By all reckoning I should have been miserable riding a bike at night in a snowstorm (that guy must be crazy), but instead the ride was enlivening and exhilarating to a high degree, spiritually as well as physically. I know I won't soon forget how good it felt.

Although this was an undisputed high point of my biking morale, the low point came the next day. During the night the snow had changed to rain, turning fluff to mushy slush. I tried riding and right away it was clear that the bike didn't like the stuff and the stuff didn't like the bike. I couldn't hold to a course. The slush concealed a million-tentacled monster which took perverse delight in pulling my front wheel off track, robbing me of balance and momentum, and converting me to a pedestrian pusher. Of all the things I like least, fangy, venomous snakes, itchey-bitey things like mosquitos, ticks, spiders and no-see-ums, frostbite, poison oak, fenders that don't keep the splatter off your back, and shoulder-hugging log trucks, well slush was now at the top of the list. I hated it because I loved the illusion of being unstoppable, and

sloppy, slurpy, slogging, sluggish slush stopped me cold and laughed in my face. I don't like slush.

Fully loaded with two weeks worth of groceries, my bike now weighed eighty pounds. Ahead of me were twenty-five uphill miles through slush. I didn't like it, but I had to admit defeat. The once unstoppable high-roller now couldn't roll at all. The best I could do was wait for conditions to change, so I decided that this was an excellent time for me to visit friends in town. We are fortunate here in Lane County to have a bus with bike racks; for a mere buck and a half the bike and I rode fifty

"After a night in the deep freeze, snow and ice are sparkly-hard and crunch agreeably under knobby tires, giving a measure of traction."

miles to town. In time the slush would melt; either that or freeze and make travel **really** interesting. This time it melted off and was soon replaced by fresh snow, which meant I could ride back up to my camp, freshly supplied and ready for riding unencumbered.

Since the last big snow more than a month ago almost nothing has fallen. At elevations below 1500 feet the pavement is clear. But up where I am the roads are locked in a deep freeze. It has been the driest and coldest January (1985) in western Oregon's recorded history. The snow that fell to give us a white Christmas in the mountain still clings to the upper roads in early February. It's the same snow, but it's not the same snow. Day by day it has deteriorated, and so have the riding conditions.

Routinely running the ruts, I have learned to read the road, and have come up with a rule or two, although no rule is true all the way through. In general, new ice and snow is better than old, hard is better than soft, and warm is worse than cold. But time and again I have found the margin between negotiable and non-negotiable slender and unpredictable. Sometimes what looks possible is not passable (at least as a rider), and conversely, an unlikely looking stretch may let you through easily.

Biking on ever-older snow and ice, I have found morning conditions better than afternoon. After a night in the

deep freeze, snow and ice are sparkly-hard and crunch agreeably under knobby tires, giving a measure of traction. As the day warms to above freezing, snow and ice grows un-softened, shiny and slick as greased glass. The compacted icy snow of the ruts thaws on top, leaving a thin layer of water on the surface. Of all riding conditions this may be the most treacherous, likely to lay you down suddenly with a smack. It's like riding on millions of buckshot BBs rolling in oil; I mean slippery-slidey-slick.

The various stages of frozen to thawed offer a variety of riding challenges. But other factors affect surface conditions also, such as exposure and surface disturbance by vehicles. For instance, the upper section of the road I ride has never been plowed but has been driven, and in a month's time the six-inch track has widened to a foot and a half. Through the days and weeks these tracks have frozen and thawed again and again, pooling in the afternoon and then locking up tight at night. Every tire that has touched the track has left an impression at one level or another. When the pooled water glazes over it follows every contour and impression left behind. This isn't flat ice, but a surface with hills and valleys, ridges and ruts, and every rut wants to pull you off course, throw you off balance. Going downhill on this stuff I sometimes employ the Double Leg Extension. Going up I sometimes find it easier to walk and push.

The middle section of my road has been privately plowed to allow passage for log trucks, but in many places the blade has not made it to the pavement. What is left behind is a patchwork of asphalt and bumpy sheets of ice. You may be sailing along on bare pavement, enjoying the cool breeze on your sweaty chest, riding out a grin, with coattails flying, when you round a bend and find an ex-



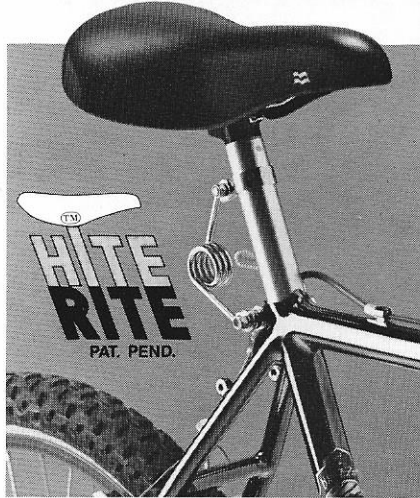
photo by Gary Cripp

pense of ice in your path. It may be foolhardy, but I just blink and blast through, running a bluff on a beeline, straight as an arrow and sober as a judge, through a minefield of icy disaster. And I'm happy as a cat when I'm back on black.

I don't suppose that ice biking will surpass skiing in popularity as a winter sport. I'm not so sure I'd do it myself just for sport. But it can be fun and exhilarating. Most mountain bikers don't choose winter as their time for riding in the mountains, but if you head for the high country in the spring, you'll likely find ice and snow. And likely you'll find as I have, that sometimes it's nice and sometimes no.



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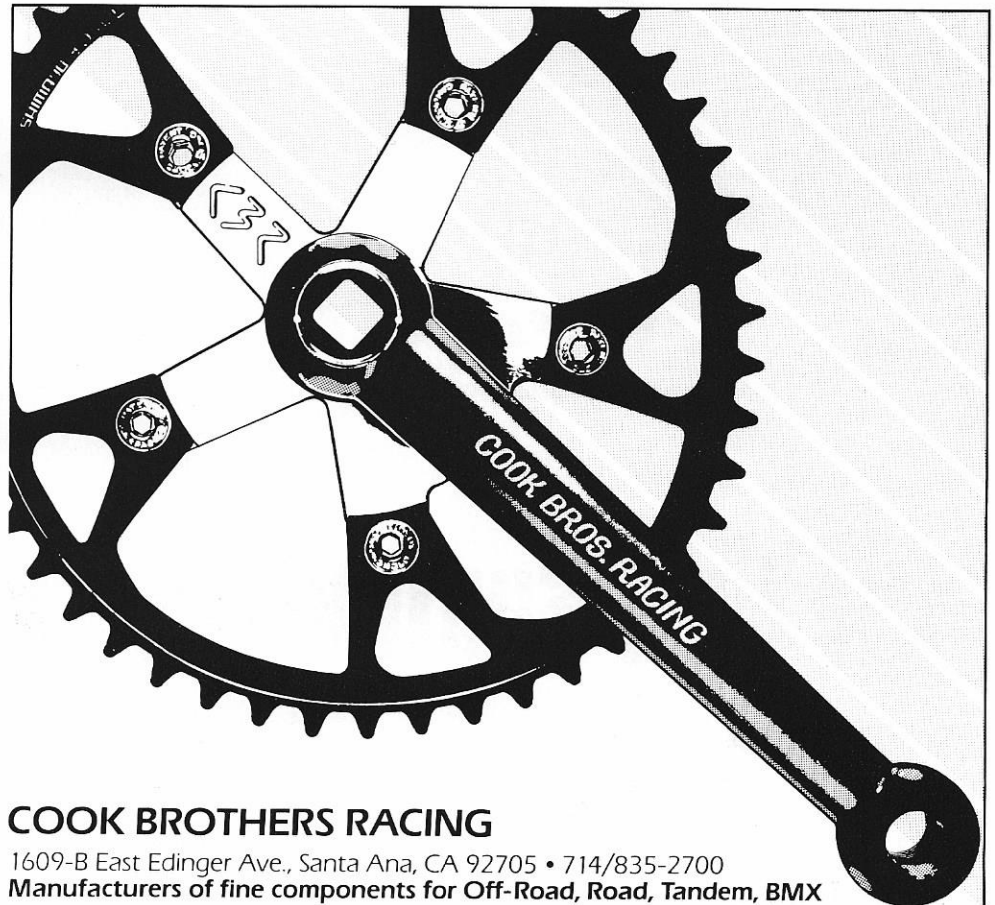
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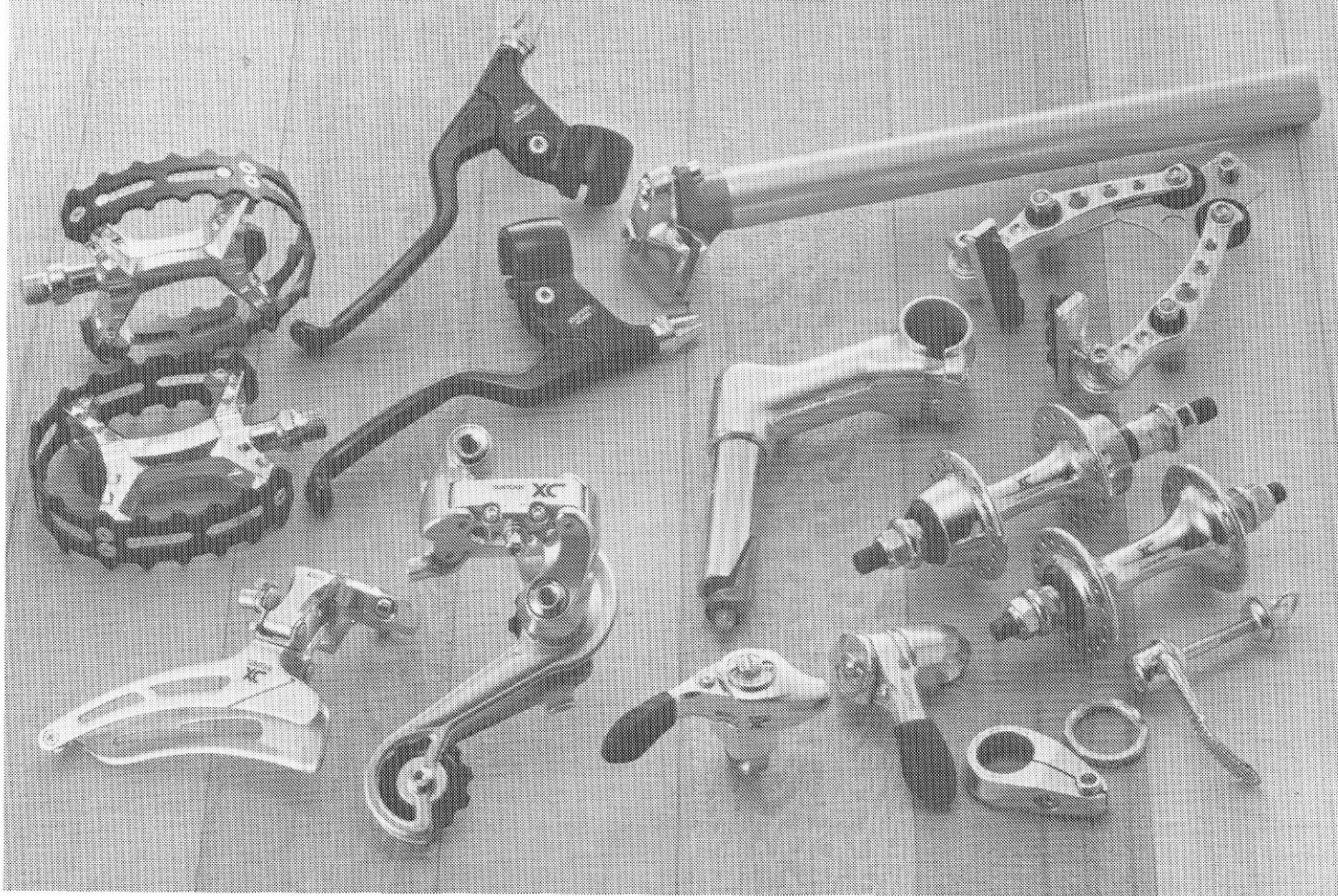
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photo by Don Mertle

Rich Cast of Moots fords a creek section in style: wheel high past the far bank, wearing the Moots fenders he designed to lower his sog quotient.

photo by Charles Kelly

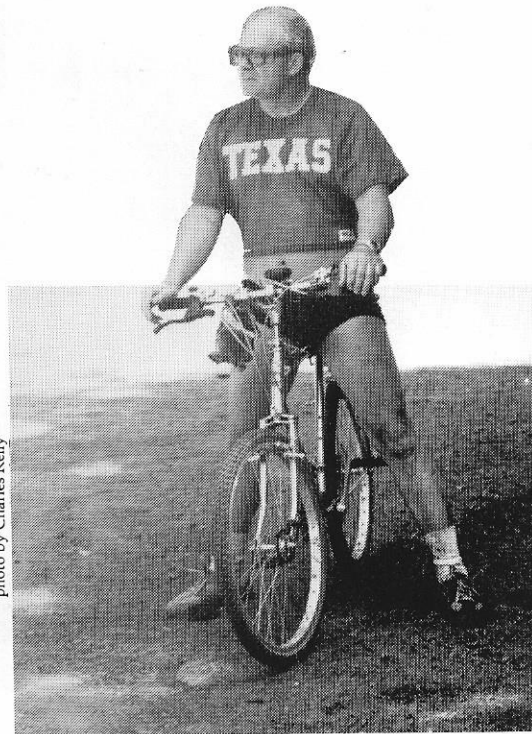
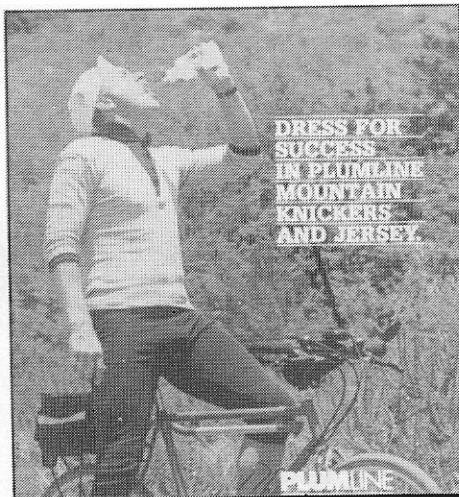
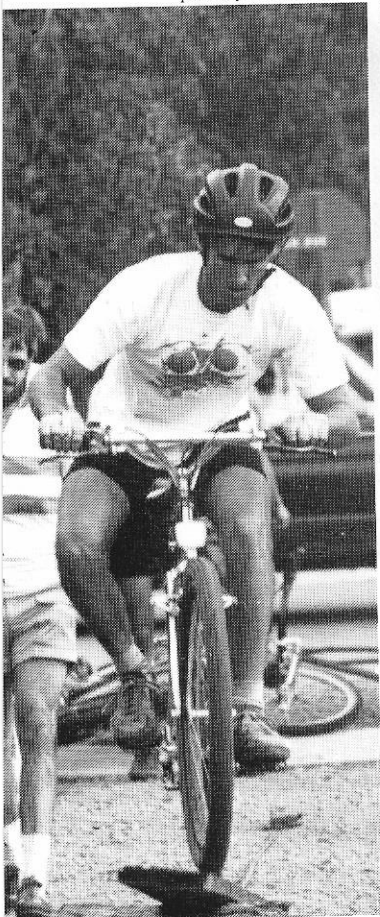
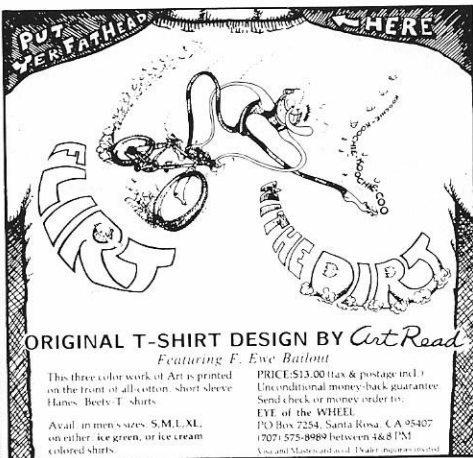


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pothole by Rayne Sailot





photos by Charles Kelly



Is it true that trials was invented by a zealous vacuumiac that thought all that dirt out there should be cleaned?

END TRIALS SECTION



DID YOU KEEP YOUR FEET UP

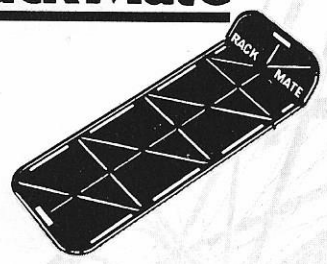
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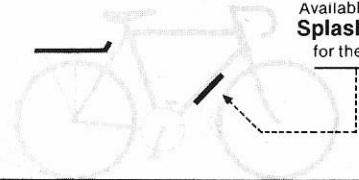
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MOUNTAINS IN MISSOURI?

by Mike McLain

Yes, Virginia, there are mountains in Missouri. The air is pretty thick at the summit, but there are mountains. Plenty of places to bust a lung climbing, and stop your heart descending. The best places are in the Ozarks in the southern part of the state, but since they are at least two hours' drive, those of us in St. Louis started looking for closer places to ride.

With suburban sprawl, most of the places where we used to hike when we were younger now ran into chainlink fences, "private property" signs, and over-exciteable dogs with large teeth. That left gravel roads and a few beaten-down jeep trails for us to play on. Gee! That got to be as exciting as watching your sister's face break out. That left hiking and horse trails in a few close-by Missouri State Parks. A little discreet exploration, followed by a few informal inquiries, and we had a new place to ride.

By 1983 the Touring Cyclist, for whom I manage a shop, had been convinced to sponsor group rides at some of these parks. The first one at Babler Park went well, except for some rather sticky mudholes on the horse trails. That experience had us putting on the next ride at Castlewood Park, which has fewer horses and less chewed-up real estate. The trails here scale up and down the bluffs along the lower stretch

of the Meramac River, making for scenic views and the usual cardiac arrest descents.

Two rides were scheduled for 1984, another at Castlewood and at Cuivre River Park. At this point the rides were becoming big enough productions that the park superintendents suggested that we get letters of permission from the State Department of Natural Resources in Jefferson City. They weren't opposed to the ride taking place, but reserving group campgrounds and picnic shelters for our exclusive use required a certain amount of bureaucratic paper pushing. So we wrote a letter to the appropriate office stating usage requirements, and so on. We also offered help in maintaining existing trails we were using and in building and maintaining new trails in any lands being added to the state park system.

Imagine our surprise in late May when we received a letter from the state DNR office that said we couldn't ride ATBs in state parks any more. The letter said, "We do not have enough information on the impact of bicycles on trails designed for hiking. The limited amount of manpower available for trail maintenance makes it difficult to properly maintain the trails at their current level of use. We wish to avoid any possible conflicts that might arise between bicyclists and hikers or horseback riders on the park trails."

The letter closed with, "Your offer of assistance in building and maintaining bicycle trails is appreciated and will be retained for future consideration."

I discussed the situation with other ATB riders, other shop employees who had worked with the DNR before, anyone who had ideas. All summer we hashed out possible courses of action without coming to any real conclusions. Tom Yarlborough of the Touring Cyclist thought we could work out some kind of agreement with the DNR. Since he is also tour director of the St. Louis Bicycle Touring Society and had worked with the DNR before, I asked him to help me get an "audience" with Debbie Schnack, DNR Trails Director. He agreed to do so and we got an appointment in November. Still, neither Tom nor I had any real ideas about what we could do to reverse the DNR decision. Perusing back issues of the

"Tom and I walked into the meeting with no statistics, a little hope and a copy of the May/June 1984 Fat Tire Flyer..."

Fat Tire Flyer provided to me by other riders, I came across an article by John Ross about ATB riding in Point Reyes, and some thoughts by Glenn Odell, something about dealing with stated objections first and letting emotional objections take care of themselves. I plotted my presentation around the framework of Odell's ideas.

Tom and I walked into the meeting armed with no statistics, a little hope and a copy of the May/June 1984 Fat Tire Flyer with John Ross' article. What we proposed was an environmental impact study that would monitor trails conditions and experiment with mixed use trails. I pointed

Continued on next page

out to Debbie that so far as we knew, no one had yet conducted any such study on ATB impact. I again offered to organize ATB riders for trail construction and maintenance. After an hour of discussing possibilities, Debbie agreed to present the idea at the next staff meeting. The staff would discuss it and make a recommendation to the Director of Parks and Historic Preservation. It would be his decision, yea or nay.

By the middle of December we had our answer, and it was yes. The terms of the study were:

"The trial period for all-terrain bicycle use in Missouri State Parks will last at least one year. During that time we hope to see what effect such use has on the trail tread and how other trail users

"Pictures of riders, along with listings of group rides and races will be included in the state parks activities guide..."

respond to the joint use of the trail. Contact with trail users will be handled on an informal basis by the park superintendent."

The study is being conducted in two state parks at this time. St. Joe State Park at Elvins, Missouri is the site of an old lead mine and one of the larger parks in the state. Most of the existing trails are horse trails. The other park is Graham Cave at Danville, which has hiking trails. I asked Ms. Schnack if these were intentional choices.


"The trails ... were chosen for several reasons. They were within a reasonable driving distance of the users who were requesting the biking opportunity, they were trails which were receiving limited use, and they allowed for a comparison of user group compatibilities." Why had the DNR decided to do a study, when it seemed as though everyone else in the country was closing trails to us? According to Ms. Schnack, "The request by several individuals who desired to ride their all-terrain bicycles in one of the state parks prompted the department to evaluate the situation. The staff was not opposed to the concept ... in general, but they were concerned about opening existing trails to such use because of potential user conflict

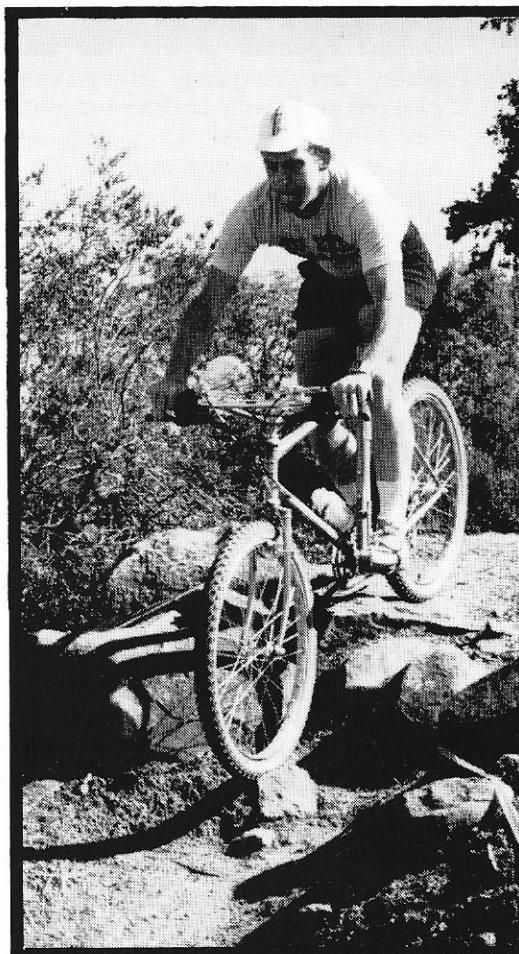
and the unknown effect such use would have on the trail tread. Use of ATBs on a trial basis was deemed the best method of finding the answers to some of those concerns. There are certain heavily used trails in the state parks and certain areas of the parks, such as designated Wild Areas, that will probably never be open to ATB use; however, after considering the information gathered during this trial period, a reasonable decision can be made in regard to an ATB use policy in Missouri state parks."

So where does this leave us? Pretty well off for now. We have places to ride whenever we want to, with as few or as many riders as we like. How do the superintendents feel about it? Bill Bonnell at St. Joe couldn't be happier. Motorized off-road vehicles have a large area of the park set aside for their use. The area set aside for horses, which we use, is just as large, and I think we benefit from the comparison. Bill has fielded no complaints from any hikers or riders so far this year, and he says there hasn't been any negative effect on the trails. In fact, he is so happy that he is now actively promoting ATB use at St. Joe. Pictures of people riding ATBs in the park hang on the walls of

his office. And he has asked the Touring Cyclist if they would like to sponsor a race or observed trials event at the park.

Jim Bush at Graham Cave seemed more uneasy about ATB use there. But after a group ride put on by the Touring Cyclist he had no complaints. ATB use there has been much less than at St. Joe, so it's too early to draw conclusions on trail impact.

Some of us from the shop are now holding discussions with the St. Louis County Department of Parks and Recreation about trail access. We have the okay for a race in December, and together with the possibility of another park opening up to us, this is very encouraging. We have a budding off-road scene that has semi-official approval. Pictures of riders, along with listings of group rides and races will be included in the state parks activities guide put out by the DNR. Thanks are due to Tom Yarlborough for his encouragement, to Donald Humphries for letting us do a lot of work on company time, and to John Karel, Debbie Schnack, Bill Bonnel and Jim Bush of the DNR for having open minds. Thanks to them, the future of trail access in Missouri is bright indeed. 



MARIN'S MOUNTAIN BIKE HEADQUARTERS

Village Peddler

featuring:
**RITCHEY ASCENT
CANNONDALE
ROSS ★ SEKA
SPECIALIZED
CYCLE PRO ★ K.H.S.
DIAMOND BACK
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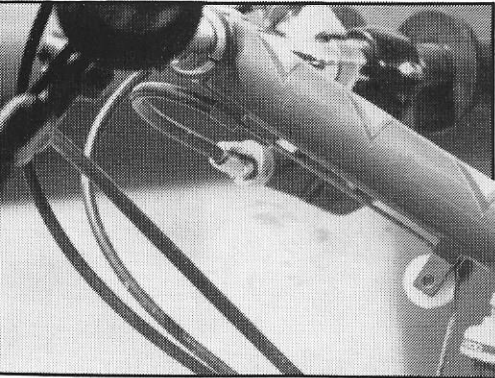
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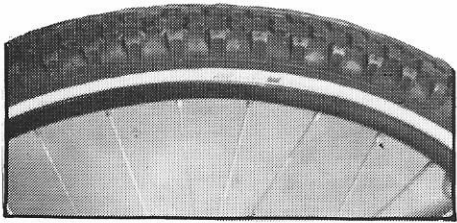
NEW PRODUCTS

Salsa Stem with Pulley



Check this little pulley cable guide on the stem by Salsa of Petaluma. The no-friction design is also very light.

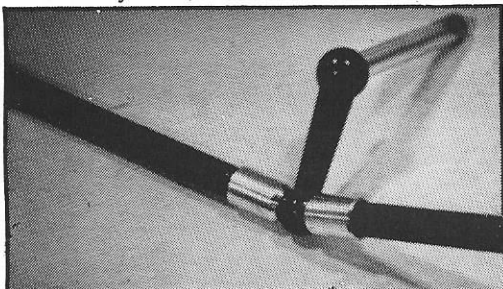
Newest Ritchey Quad



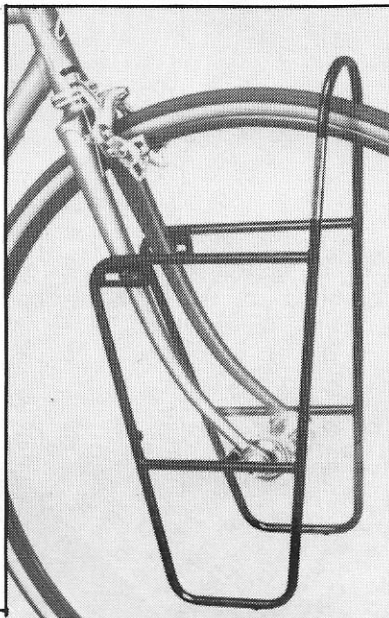
This is the re-release of the fairly new Ritchey Quad 1.9 tire. This edition features a different latex, an improved rubber compound and better distribution of the latex on the sidewall fabric. The new unit weighs in at somewhere near 100 grams lighter than the old.

Cook Brothers "Sushi Bars"

Only in California could a product like this exist. Sushi Bars are the latest in lightweight fiber/composite handlebar technology. Hey, wow, they look way cool, too.

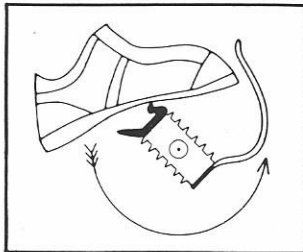


Bruce Gordon Racks



The Bruce Gordon front rack rides a little higher than the more popular aluminum model, and is so solid you can stand on it. The advantage to the brazed steel construction is that it is more resistant to fatigue than a similar diameter of aluminum tubing, and the disadvantage is that these hand made racks are not cheap or as easily available.

Toe Flips



Like the ad next door says, these items get the pedal turned around for easy entry into the clips. If you've ridden off-dirt bikes with built-in flip tabs, you know the principle. Toe Flips work just as well, if not better. Sorry we have no photo; but the photog was down at the ol' f-stop, well into his fixer bath when we went to press. This illustration's probably worth 1250 words, anyway.

Olympic "Lube Wax"



From Olympic Mountain and Marine Products comes this wax-based lubricant for bike chains and cables. According to the press release, Lube-Wax is applied in a liquid state and dries to a thin film within a few minutes. The manufacturer says that it has a high load-bearing capacity, provides protection against corrosion, resists dirt and hangs in there under tough conditions. Sounds a little like my grandmother.

Olympic also says they have a non-flammable and non-toxic degreaser. Wonder if it works on cheap burgers.

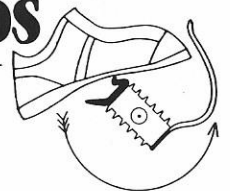
IRC All Terrain Tire



A nice addition to the selection of 1.5 sized tires on the market comes from IRC. This one features an all terrain tread for general take-it-anywhere, thinnest-of-the-fat riding.

NO HANDS

TOE FLIPS rotate your pedal for easy toe clip entry, every time. Installs in seconds. Durable spring steel.



Designed by and available only from WTB. Send \$9.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling to: Toe Flips, Mountain Transport, Inc. P.O. Box 362, Point Reyes, CA 94956

RATIO BANALITY

by SeeKay
(with assistance from
Mike Flanagan)

$\frac{P}{C} \left(\frac{C^2}{P^2} \right) = \frac{1 \times \text{UNITY} \times 1 \text{ Joe}}{\text{ASTPME Reggie}}$

Maybe it's
COP/SAT x 904/9.1M
or maybe it's
SAT/9.1M x 904

RIDERS WITH EXTREME
PERFORMANCE VALUES TO
950, BUT NO ONE HAS EX-
CEEDED UNITY AND LIVED.

$\frac{\text{CRED}}{\text{SAT}} = 20.949$

65.4 RV UNITS?
or was it R/V?

RATIO
BANALITY

$\frac{\text{FRIC}}{\text{TRAC}} = ?$
 $\frac{\text{COMF}}{\text{PERF}} = ?$



Ratios are everywhere in the bike world, starting with the basic "Miles-per-Hour," Percent of Body Fat and Pounds per Square Inch. One of the buzzwords associated with framebuilding is the mysterious "strength-to-weight" ratio cited by everybody to prove that his frames are better than everybody else's, although this in any fashion that can be advertised by the consumer. Speaking of unquantifiable features a better "comfort-to-performance" ratio. Honest, it's understood by the manufacturer X that the tire in their mountain bike performs a better "comfort-to-performance" ratio. Here's another whole area of mountain bike performance to consider. Although the task once looked impossible, it looks as though we can now describe performance by developing ratios that explain everything.

Ratios explain every trade-off, from speed/comfort to control/sanity, gonads/gray matter or Average Crash Per Mile Index. All you have to do to pick out the perfect bike for you is define what kind of performance you want and look for the government ratios. Perhaps the bureaucracy can set up a bureau to ensure the standardization and accuracy rendering of important ratios. Then when you go into a bike shop, instead of listening to some boring sales pitch, you can just glance at the stickers listing in order Strength-to-Weight Ratio, Rolling Friction-to-Volume (65.4 RV units), Front/Rear Weight Ratio, Comfort-to-Performance (.860), Reflectivity-to-Satire Ratio (.475), and select the bike that is right for you, as long as your Credibility-to-Satire Ratio is above average.

First, what is "performance-to-comfort," or is it the other way around. I never know which part of the fraction to put on top. For "comfort," perhaps rider picks a number from one to five, signifying Very Comfortable, Comfortable, Average, Uncomfortable, and Take This Back. This number is either divided or multiplied by the reciprocal of the Performance Factor, which is derived from Average Sideways Travel Per Mile, giving in most cases a figure of .850 or less. Riders with extreme performance values can push this close to .950, but no one has exceeded Unity and lived. Life has not been detected in anyone whose Comfort-to-Performance ratio is less than Reggie Jackson's batting average.

Ratios explain every trade-off, from speed/comfort to control/sanity, gonads/gray matter or Average Crash Per Mile Index. All you have to do to pick out the perfect bike for you is define what kind of performance you want and look for the government ratios. Perhaps the bureaucracy can set up a bureau to ensure the standardization and accuracy rendering of important ratios. Then when you go into a bike shop, instead of listening to some boring sales pitch, you can just glance at the stickers listing in order Strength-to-Weight Ratio, Rolling Friction-to-Volume (65.4 RV units), Front/Rear Weight Ratio, Comfort-to-Performance (.860), Reflectivity-to-Satire Ratio (.475), and select the bike that is right for you, as long as your Credibility-to-Satire Ratio is above average.

WHICH IS DERIVED
FROM THE AVERAGE
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MILE.

FTF > MBM

PERHAPS THE GOVERN-
MENT CAN SET UP A
BUREAU TO ENSURE
THE STANDARDIZ-
ATION AND ACCURATE-
RENDERING OF RATIOS

Ed.
 Note:
 We don't necessarily recommend the activity that takes place in the following narrative, but we would be remiss in our journalistic duties if we didn't run it by our readers. After all, as the universal copout goes, we don't make the news, we just report it.

THE FASTEST FAT CHANCES IN THE WORLD

by Mark Forman

Mountain bikers are crazy. One of the most dangerous things they do is downhill bombing, especially when that hill drops 4700 vertical feet in a little over seven and a half miles on the side of Mount Washington in New

"A long straight. 50, 55, 60 mph, Star Wars!"

Hampshire. Mount Washington has the worst weather on earth! The highest winds ever recorded were at the summit, 231 mph. The temperature can be below freezing any time of the year, and fog covers

the peak about 300 days of the year. Fortunately, on the day of our ride, conditions were perfect.

The auto road, which is open during the summer months, is about twenty feet wide and surfaced with anything from dirt and gravel to a few good stretches of asphalt at the most critically steep sections. A single section at the summit is closed to tourists. This 24 percent section was our start.

To eliminate the possibility of any altercations with other vehicles or being blown over into the valley, we got an early morning start. At 7:00 a.m. on Sunday, August 11, 1985, Two Fat Chances prepared for the mission: bombing Mount Washington. Brakes adjusted, checked and rechecked. Tights on, helmets on, goggles on. Some slow riding at first. Better check my Roller Cams. Okay, let's do it.

Stopwatch on, over onto the first 24 percent slope. Brakes feel good. A left onto the first dirt section. Feels good, let's up the speed to 40 or so. Here comes the first corner, down to twenty, instant 50 mph, lots of corners coming up. Lucky there is no wind, otherwise, forget it.

Pavement! My hands hurt! Oh well, gotta hang on, only six miles to go. Something's buzzing. It goes away if I keep my front brake lever slightly on. I wonder what's causing it.

A long straight. 50, 55, 60 mph, Star Wars! Very loud buzzing, can't hear, ears popping multiple times. Vibration throws my chain, can't look down! A corner! Another corner, this time pavement and dirt. A car! Slide, missed it, whew. My hands hurt. Got-

ta change position. Gravel! Didn't even feel it. Almost terminal velocity now. I can see the bottom, about a mile to go, beginning to slow, the bottom stopwatch! Shake hands, Dan, made it. "Unbelievable, how fast?"

"Fourteen minutes, forty-six seconds."

"Unbelievable."

As it turned out, both brakes and tires wore heavily. The rims on Dan Eisenberg's bike heated to boiling and his Aztec pads burned into

"As it turned out, both brakes and tires wore heavily."

uselessness on his rear wheel. My Tricross front tire expanded in diameter and caused the loud buzz as the knobs struck the Roller Cam plate. It was quite a ride, 14:46 of living on the edge of sanity.

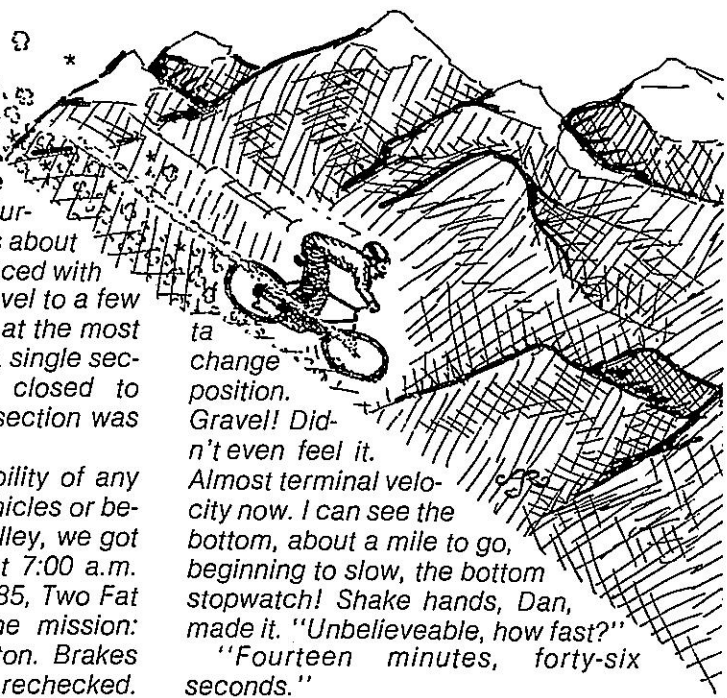
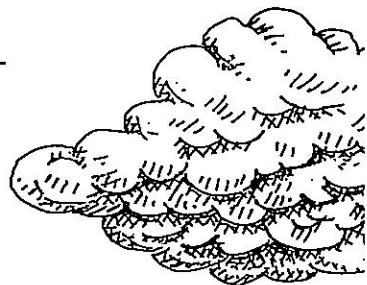
Mount Washington is not to be taken lightly. There have been many deaths on this mountain. Road bikes are not allowed, and generally it is impossible to ride down due to weather conditions. The cyclist here is always at his own risk.



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WHO NEEDS A HELMET WHEN YOU'RE ON FAT TIRES?

THE DANCE OF THE DOWNHILL. TIMING YOUR LEANS... FEELING THE KNOBBIE'S CONTACT WITH THE TRACK, AS IF YOU WERE NEGOTIATING THE COURSE BAREFOOT... DIGGING IN THE BIG TOE JUST BEFORE THE APEX OF THE TURN... AMBIDEXTROUS EXECUTION - INSIDE CURVES ENVELOPED BY A CRUMBLING ROCK WALL, OUTSIDE TURNS PULLING YOUR MASS TOWARD A THOUSAND FOOT CHASM.

THE BACK TIRE KICKS-OUT A FEW INCHES AS YOU FEEL FOR YOUR 'LEAN-LIMIT' ON THE RIGHT-HAND SWITCHES - A MISCALCULATION HERE WILL BE MET INSTANTANEOUSLY BY A SLIDE INTO A SHOULDER OF SCREE AND BROKEN BOULDERS.

THIRTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR THROUGH TURNS THAT WOULD FLIP A 4-WHEEL VEHICLE AT THE SAME SPEED. THE POSSIBILITY OF UPHILL TRAFFIC INTERMITTANTLY FLASHES ACROSS YOUR BRAIN SCREEN - ESCAPE ROUTES? THERE ARE NONE... ALL THE SCENARIOS ARE DIRE... THEN, OH SHIT! OFF TRACK! THE CRUSHED ROCK - THE WALL - TOO LATE FOR BRAKES! JUMP! "C'MON BIKE - JUMP OUT OF THIS FRIGGIN DITCH!"

OF COURSE, YOU SHOULD NEVER BRAG ABOUT YOUR DOWNHILL TECHNIQUE. IF YOU GET TO THE BOTTOM BEFORE EVERYONE ELSE LIFT YOUR CHIN TOWARD THE CLOUDS, RELAX YOUR EYES AND DRAW A DEEP BREATH - YOUR GUARDIAN ANGEL WAS WITH YOU.

IN FIFTEEN YEARS OF ADULT CYCLING I'VE "LOST IT" THREE TIMES ON HIGH SPEED DOWNHILLS. I OWE A LOT TO WATERSKIING - THIS WAS "MY SPORT" AS A KID IN MICHIGAN. BALANCE AND BODY-ENGLISH, AS WELL AS ANTICIPATING THE WAVES AND RIFFLES AHEAD, ARE THE MAIN INGREDIENTS TO SUCCESSFUL SKIING - BUT THEN, IT HELPS TO KNOW THAT A MISCU IS MOST OFTEN MET BY A PLUNGE IN COOL, FORGIVING WATER. EVEN THOUGH, YOU'LL BE WISE TO LEARN THE 'TUCK AND ROLL' CRASH TECHNIQUE. YOU CAN'T BE DANGLING LIMBS OR TENSING THE SPINE WHEN YOU HIT ANY SURFACE AT 35 MPH.

SHOULD YOU WEAR A HELMET WHILE RIDING YOUR FAT TIRES? ON WATER, NO. ON LAND...

... IT WAS A DITCH WITH NO EXPERIENCE, NO PERSONALITY - A FRESH DITCH THAT HADN'T YET SEEN THE RAINY SEASON - A CLUTTER OF SHARP ROCKS, ALL SIZES... A REAL MESS. WE JUST GRAZED THE FIRST COUPLE OF BIG ONES WHILE CRUNCHING OVER

THE 6 INCH AND UNDER STUFF. I JERKED AT THE BULLMOOSE BARS AND PASSED OVER AN ANGULAR ONE-FOOT-ACROSS BLOCK OF GRANITE BUT, THE BACK WHEEL MADE A DIRECT HIT AND THE WHOLE RIG STOPPED.

NEATLY LEAVING MY TOE CLIPS AT 30 MILES AN HOUR, I CONTINUED TO SCAN AHEAD FOR THE BIG STUFF THEN TUCKED... THE TOP OF MY BELL HELMET ZEROED-IN ON THE NEXT LARGE ROCK. I ROLLED AT LEAST TWICE BUT SOMEHOW TOUCHED VERY LITTLE EARTH BEFORE LIGHTING ON MY FEET, ARMS SPREAD WIDE AND FACING UPHILL... A TWO AND ONE-HALF GAINER WITH A TWIST, I SUPPOSE. JESUS, WAS I LUCKY! I RAN BACK UP TO MY BIKE (MY BODY SEEMED TO BE WORKING RIGHT) AND YANKED IT TO ITS FEET, BOUNCED IT TWICE... AMAZING, THE PUMP, WATER BOTTLE AND CHAIN WERE IN PLACE, THE HANDLEBARS HADN'T TURNED - THE HELMET WAS BROKEN, BUT NOT BLOODY.

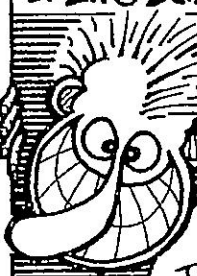
"NEATLY LEAVING MY TOE CLIPS AT 30 MILES AN HOUR I CONTINUED TO SCAN AHEAD FOR THE BIG STUFF THEN TUCKED..."

I DON'T BELIEVE THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A GRACEFUL BIKE CRASH. I'VE SEEN A FEW DOZEN AND BEEN INVOLVED IN A HANDFUL AND CAN'T RECALL A SINGLE MOMENT OF GRACE OR SYMMETRY IN THEIR EXECUTION (YET, MY STUMP-JUMPING SWAN DIVE IN A LOCAL PARK IN FRONT OF 30 BIKE CLUBBIES HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS HAVING A PICTURESQUE BEGINNING... HOWEVER, LANDING ON THE CHEST AND CHIN WITH A THUD AND LOUD MOAN WAS UNDERSTANDINGLY GIVEN LOW POINTS).

THE BARE TRUTH IS - IF YOU'RE GOING TO RIDE, YOU ARE GOING TO FALL, ON OCCASION AND YOU'LL HAVE LITTLE TO SAY ABOUT YOUR ROUTE THROUGH THE OBSTACLES BEFORE YOU. WEARING A HELMET IS A PERSONAL DECISION - A DECISION THAT YOU ARE STILL CAPABLE OF MAKING.



F. Ewe Bailout say:



...OFF ROAD? SHUCKS, I'LL RIDE ACROSS YER CHEST, ON MY BRAND NEW FLIRT WITH THE DIRT® T-SHIRT, FROM THE ALLEGED MIND OF ArtRead

ALL COTTON
SHORT SLEEVE
SEND \$ 13.00
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SIZE TO:
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CYCLING THE CALIFORNIA OUTBACK

WITH BODFISH VOL. 1 SUPERIOR CA.

NEW

20 MAPS AND DIRT TOURS FROM THE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA BACKCOUNTRY!



JACQUIE'S GENEROUS GESTURE

As part of her loot from the Pacific States Series, Jacquie Phelan collected a plane ticket to Reno for the Interbike Trade Show. Since the show coincided with the NORBA Observed Trails Nationals, Jacquie motored up to Reno and donated her ticket to an East Coast rider, Nancy Earley from Somerville, Massachusetts. Ms. Earley represents Fat City Cycles.

BYTES ON BIKES

Although bikes are our subject, we use a computer to crank out all the info, so we are necessarily tied to that instrument here at Flyer HQ. For any other bikies who are similarly equipped with a computer and modem for telecommunications, there is a computerized bicycle bulletin board service operated by Bicycle Forum in Missoula, Montana. Let me hear you say bicycle bulletin board ten times fast. Membership is free, although there is a reference library online that is available for a \$20 a year subscription fee.

The system now has a mountain bike section, thanks to our online 300 baud input. If you want to check out the BBS, have your computer call 406-549-1318. If a person answers, hang up.

GOING UP?

We're not really economical, as most of our friends will also point out, but we know the economy when we see it. Here's a hot scoop known only to us and everybody on Wall Street. The dollar is sagging. What does this mean to you, the bicycle consumer? It means that the yen is as high as a thirty-foot Buddha's eye, which will drive up costs in the USA on imported consumer products from Japan such as your favorite flavor of off-road, fat tire rolling stock. Now that you know, get out there and prop up that dollar instead of wasting time reading.

ILL MANNERED BOORS

We peruse the other bicycle magazines to save you the trouble. In the "Letters" column of a mainstream

magazine we came across a complaint from a reader who had recently attended the Rockhopper, a popular off-road race in Santa Rosa, California.

The reader complained that although his experience with road cyclists was all positive, he found the majority of off-roaders to be "...so stuck on themselves that the only thing that compared to their egos were their swelled heads. Let me not forget the foul language or their urinating out in the open. I'm not talking about behind a bush, either! They ... weren't the kind of people I'd care to have my 12-year-old around."

Well. Did you get that? I know he doesn't mean us, because we missed that race. We suggest that this reader attend a major European road race, because those guys don't use the bushes either. "Excuse me, ma'am. You better move your kid, 'cause he's getting wet."

BOYER TO BE SUBJECT OF NEW RUMOR

He goes by either Jacques, Jonathan, or Jock, but we'll use the initial to cut the confusion. J. Boyer, who cuts a wide swath with skinny tires, may be thinking about considering trying his hand as well as his legs at mountain bike racing. Fans of real racing know that Boyer was the first American to ride in the Tour de France, and his most recent accomplishment on the road was a win with a new record in the Race Across America.

Carefully orchestrated news leaks, which are one step below Informed Sources, have Boyer racing at least a few times next season for a well-known American frame builder. Perhaps he would like to add a NORBA title to his trophy shelf.

Nelson Vails, another big name in cycling, took on the fat-tire sport with a ride at the Los Angeles Coliseum, where a short fat-tire race as held on the motorcycle track between heats at the Supercross. Vails, you may recall, came from a job as a bicycle delivery rider in New York to take the silver medal in the Olympic sprints.

Although his power can't be questioned, Vails proved that there still may be something to learn about mountain bikes, as he stacked on the first jump of his first practice run. Yeah, you gotta steer these things.

Actually, Nelson was not alone in taking his lumps on the track. Stu Thompson, ace BMX hotshoe main man, supernovamegastar and otherwise competent rider, also made eyeball-to-earthworm contact on the same contour line in practice and was forced to retire for shoulder realignment. One other Purple Shoulder Medal goes to Dano, who can now tie his shoes without bending over. The attrition was suitable to an arena called the Coliseum, and we ain't lion.

NATIONAL SERIES?

While we have no objection to company sponsored teams, we object to "contests" whose outcome is decided by money rather than ability. A case in point is the concept of a "national" award based on points garnered in specially designated competitions thousands of miles apart.

Mountain bike racing is as much a participant sport as a spectator sport, but the national award concept assumes that the entire racing scene is focused on the two dozen or so riders who have travel expenses picked up for them and therefore can afford to pile up Frequent Flyer coupons along with points for just showing up. To illustrate our position on this issue, let us ask the rhetorical question (do not send answers), "If athlete A beats Athlete B by twenty minutes in two races, does that make athlete B a better rider if his sponsor sends him to four more national races in order to garner enough points to make up the difference?"

CORRECTIONS

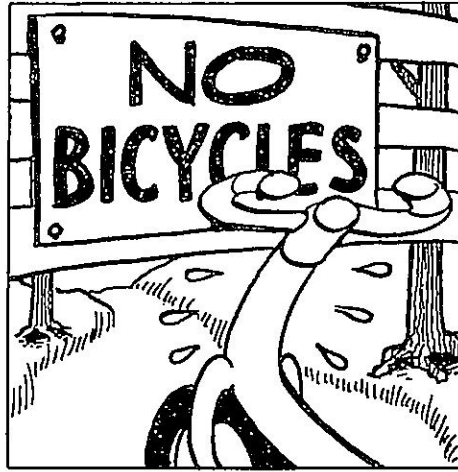
We blew a few addresses last issue. Victor Vincente of America's is actually: VVA, 1582 Pride St., Simi Valley, CA 93065. At the end of the Flume Trail article, the address should have read: Lake Tahoe State Park, Attn: Mark Kimbrough, Park Ranger, PO Box 3283, Incline Village, NV 89450. Then, from the same town, state and zip, we blew Sierra Bicycle Touring Company's PO Box. It's 5453. Honest!





HMMMM—

CLOSED TO OFF-ROAD CYCLES



NO BICYCLES



MAN, I SHOULDA STOOD IN BED!

Welcome TO ALL OF OUR WILDERNESS FRIENDS EXCEPT NO BICYCLES



THIS SUCKS

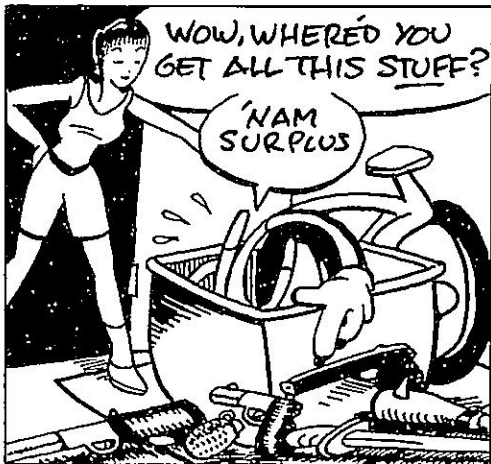


I'M GONNA SEE MY ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES IN WASHINGTON ABOUT THIS!



LATER— HEY, PUP! LET'S RIDE!

LATER, EDY, I GOTTA DATE IN D.C.!

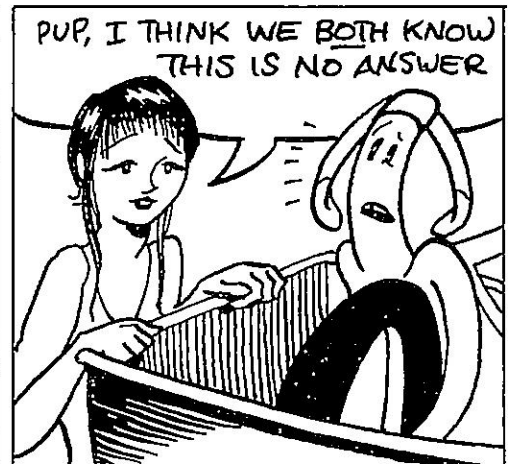


WOW, WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THIS STUFF?

'NAM SURPLUS



HEY LOOKIT! A PINEAPPLE GRENADE!



PUP, I THINK WE BOTH KNOW THIS IS NO ANSWER



YOU'VE GOT TO GO TO WASHINGTON AND SHOW 'EM WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

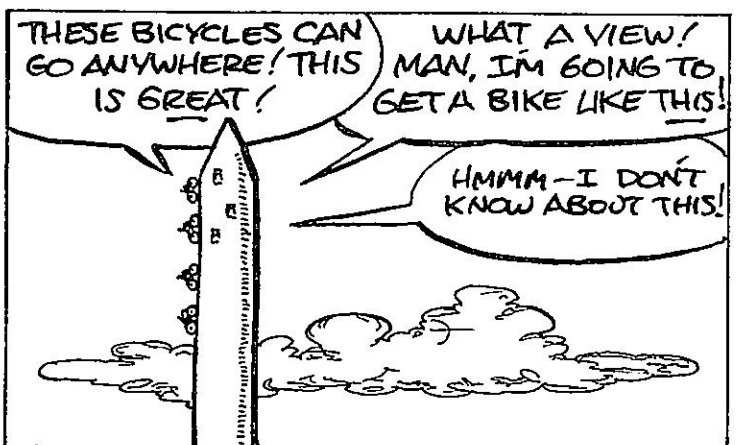
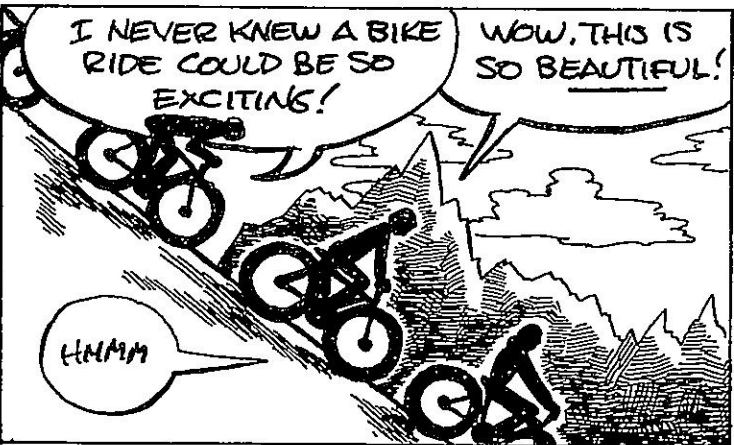
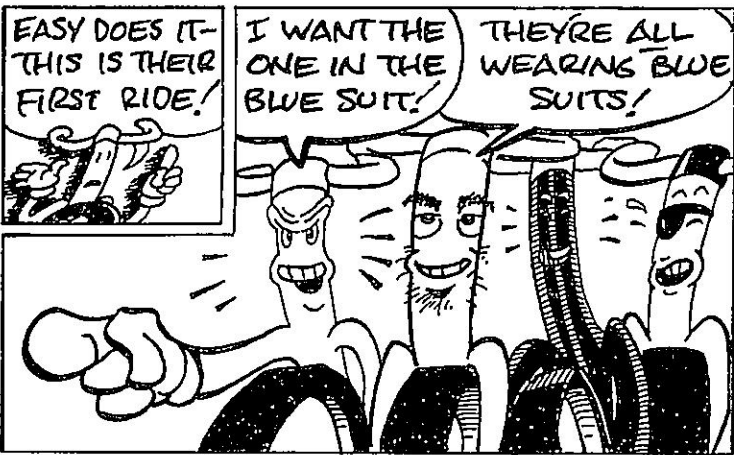
SOB SOB



TAKE THEM ON A RIDE AND LET THEM CHECK IT OUT FOR THEMSELVES!



HEY YEAH! I'LL CALL UP ALL MY FRIENDS AND TELL THEM TO MEET ME IN WASHINGTON!



SPECIAL thanks to D.M. and C.K. - Kevin Coffey

