# Notes on Spokes

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- Tid Bits and More

Kevin Heslee leads Kreg Simons and Terry Brumley at the OMTRA Christmas Party 20002

# TID BITS

OMTRA meeting

January 23

**Fuddruckers** 

Lone Pine and Battlefield

Springfield, MO

First off, I need to thank Shawn Hall and Karl Harris for their contribution to this month's newsletter. I am trying to get things back on schedule. Hopefully this issue will go out before the end of the month.

Don't forget the clean-up day at Chadwick is coming up on January 1st. As I write this there is 7 inches of snow on the ground, and it's worse at Chadwick. Keep an eye on www.Hillbillygp.com for any changes in schedule.

Allen Haynes didn't know about the

OMTRA Christmas party when his brother Casey mentioned it. Casey said it was in Notes on Spokes. Allen was worried that he hadn't sent in his renewal until he found his copy in 6-year-old son Kaleb's bedroom. Now, the house rules are that Kaleb can't have the newsletter until daddy's done with it.

I've been working the computers/scoring at the Hillbilly GP races this fall. It's been interesting. We seem to have helped smooth things out. It has been challenging. The Missouri Hare Scramble Championship series let us use their scoring program. The MHSC runs one race per day. The bikes and ATVs are run separately and are on separate computers. The

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Lebanon Suzuki-Kawasaki, Inc. 1-888-898-3014 E-Mail: Suzuki@jobe.net HBGP folks run two races for the bikes and two races for the ATVs. Spud had to go out and buy two computers. Then, I wrote some special programs that merged two races (moto 1 and moto 2) together and figured out the overall winners by class for the day. *Unfortunately, this didn't work at the last* 

race! I had a major brain fart. I told the ATV computer it was the motorcycle computer and told the motorcycle computer it was the ATV computer. Since the classes don't match, it could'nt determine the overall winner by class. It took all of 5 seconds to fix each computer. Major bummer. Hopefully, that won't happen again.

Anyhow, the scoring is going much quicker. Which is a good thing since the days are getting shorter. Lesa and the other scoring folks are learning how to use the computers. Of course, by the time I get all the bugs worked out of the system and get everyone trained on how to use the programs, the season will be over. Maybe I need to make up some notes so next season we won't have to start this process all over.

At the last race, I got a lot of questions on how overall winner is determined from the two races and how ties are broken. So let me give this a try.

First off, you check the number of motos scored. The racer who finished last in both motos is going to beat the racer who won the first moto but was unable to start the second moto. Then you simply add up the finishing positions. A first and a (Continued on page 9)

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# Cross Timbers

By Bob Fuerst

The Okie Dirt Riders put on the last enduro of the 2002 season at their traditional location of Draper Lake outside Oklahoma City November 3rd. Saturday morning greeted us with rain. It was still raining Saturday afternoon, when we arrived at the race site. The route sheet had the short course riders going approximately 50 miles and long course continued for another 10.

It was still drizzling Sunday morning when the riders took off. The drizzle wasn't very heavy. It was enough to constantly mess up your goggles.

I picked the earliest row that was open, row 14. I figured with all the rain, ruts would get to be a problem. It turns out they weren't as big a problem as the Leadbelt National Enduro in May. If you are familiar with the Draper Lake riding area, the course started out on "the other side of the road." They started us out at 15 mph. The start counted as a check. Hopefully, nobody dropped any points at that check. But it was possible. We had to push our bikes across the public road. And if you had any thoughts about riding your bike across the road, the Oklahoma City police were there to convince you not to. Then there was this big water hole that definitely could suck a bike in. It gave us a sign of things to come.

The next check was the check-in to a special test. I think the test was 6 or 6.5 miles long. All the big dogs made it through without dropping any points. The rest of us dropped one or more. This put us back to the start area for gas and an opportunity to get some new gloves or goggles. I needed both, after taking a soil sample after the check out. If you're gonna wreck, I picked the best time to do it.

The route sheet showed 6.4 miles before the next reset. The check out of the special test was a tie-breaker. www.blackjackenduro.com comes in real handy when writing these articles. 8 out of the top ten riders didn't drop any points at this check, and two riders, Michael Wilson and Darryl Smith, came in with a perfect 30.

If I remember correctly, the next section didn't have a check in. It was an eleven mile section at 18 mph, with check 6 being the check out. Only Steve Leivan and Michael Wilson managed to zero the check. This check was followed by 18 minutes free at 36.9. Here's where it helped to know your enduro rules. Checks must be at least three miles apart. The last check was 1.3 miles back. That means the next check must be at least 1.7 miles ahead. If you're smart, you rode up the trail 1.6 miles and waited for time to catch up. That definitely was a good thing to do, 'cause most folks still dropped

points at the check-in. The speed average bumped up to 24 mph, making everyone drop points. Of course, Steve Leivan and Michael Wilson had to drop a lot less then everyone else, with both dropping 4 points.

This test was followed by a 6 mile reset, but not all riders were able to get back on time. There was one more test on the short course. The first part was pretty much like everything else, muddy woods trails. But the last part was grass track, yuck. Boy, was it slimy.

Long course riders got to ride the first ten-mile special test again, only this time at 24 mph. Yeah, they dropped a bunch of points. Steve Leivan ended up winning on tie-breakers. This also cinched his sixth Black Jack Enduro Circuit Championship. Way to go, Steve.



# OMTRA Christmas Party: Pizza, Racing and Fun

By: Shawn Hall

The OMTRA Christmas party was held on December 6 at Incredible Pizza in Springfield. The arrangements were made by our outstanding social chairman, Mel Gere. Having the party at the new entertainment complex was a different approach than in years past, but the family atmosphere was perfect for the make-up of the club. I counted about 15 children present at the party.

We started out by sampling the pizza and other foods available at the buffet. Next, Chairman Kevin

Henslee announced the first inductees into the OMTRA Hall of Fame. The new inductees were Mel and Carol Gere, Jerry and



Mel and Carol Gere accepting their OMTRA Plaque

Elle Sharp, Aggie St. Clair, Rusty Reynaud, Wayne Biendorf, Jim Moon and Glen Gambill. A nice plaque was prepared for each inductee, and they will also have their names permanently inscribed at the pavilion in Chadwick.

Next up was the indoor electric go-cart track. Brian Sharp and his son Dalton lead off the night by taking a first place in a Dads and kids race. This was the beginning of about 10 races in a row that an OMTRA member came home with the blue ribbon that is given to the

winner. Next up was an all OMTRA race with the cars set too fast. Steve Underwood had the pole and took the lead at the start and never looked back for an easy win. The real racing action was in the back of the pack, where a few members were warned repeatedly to settle down and quit running into each other. Go figure...

(Continued on page 5)



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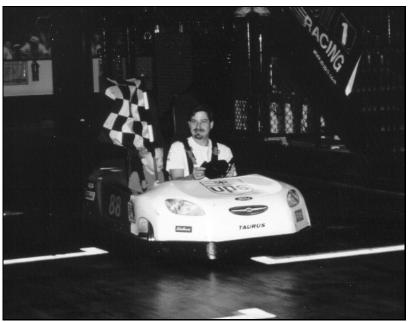
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I don't really remember the order of the rest of the races, but the highlights included Shane Roberts going airborne and then headfirst into the wall. He knocked himself a little silly, but that is pretty normal for the young man. I did not see it myself, but I was told he broke up the car pretty good. Kevin Henslee turned in the fastest lap times of the night in the #43 Cherios car. He fought his way through traffic and then just ran away with one of the 10lap races. After the race he looked like he had been working harder than he does at most enduros.



Brian and Dalton Sharp winning the Dads and Kids race.

kids' races with Cole Henslee and Chris Underwood showing why they ride motorcycles and not cars. Kevin promised to take the Henslee clan home for some driving instructions.

There were a number of

All in all it was a real enjoyable evening. The club continues to evolve into more of a family-oriented group and I, for one, think that is a real good thing.

On a personal note: I just wanted to say thanks to all of the OMTRA club members for their sup-

port during my recovery. I am up on crutches now and am planning my return to riding motorcycles. My prognosis is good for a full recovery. I still have a long way to go, but I have all of you to thank for the inspiration to keep working hard to get back to being a rider and racer.

The night was finished by Bob Fuerst trying to continue his winning streak that he started at the Oklahoma City Enduro. (Guys, that's how you get published in this newsletter.) He folded himself into one of the cars and got off the line first. He had a big lead when a yellow flag came out. Bob followed the direction of the track official, but the woman driver in the second-place car did not and moved around Bob. He ended up finishing second in a controversial finish.

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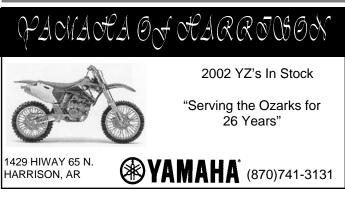
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Notes on Spokes, December 2002, Page 6

# HBGP - Cassville

By Karl Harris

I know I missed the first two rounds, but I really do love racing in the Hillbilly GP series. The race format is good for testing speed and not at all forgiving of mistakes, unlike longer races on both counts. The pace is usually up a notch in all the classes, and although 45 minutes is a pretty long time to push at race speed, it can sure seem like the shortest 45 minutes of your life when things are heated. The venues are great. The courses are shorter than most hare scrambles, so they don't require near the amount of land. Which means we get to ride on some really cool locations. So far Spud has put together some really cool courses, the kind that seem to make almost everyone happy with a good mix of technical, fast, tight and wide.

Most of the Southwest regulars show up to play, and it's the off season, so we get to race with riders from a bunch of different series. The guys and gals from MHSC, BJEC, AHSC and Kansas hare scrambles show up from time to time to hone their skills and mix it up with a number of motocross regulars. The series is aimed at getting beginners interested in the sport, so most of the racers from other series respect that purpose and move themselves up a class or two. Although that doesn't always result in another trophy, it keeps the slower riders from getting discouraged and has the added benefit of getting to ride with a faster group and gaining speed and confidence.

The last race at the Dunfee ranch in Cassville, MO, is one of my personal favorites. I love the terrain, BIG hills, lots of tight off-camber in the trees, a couple of fast rocky creek bottoms, a ledge rock gully and a whooped out MX section—in all an amazing variety of terrain all packed into 5 or 6 miles. Somehow we were able to carry a 14 mph average on this stuff. Believe me there ain't an inch of that place I'd want to hit 14 mph! Those hills want nothing more than to throw you down, and they won more than one battle on this day. Fortunately, most of the battles were fought on the uphills. Spud kept us away from the gnarliest downhills. I rode a race here in 98 that had a down hill that just plain scared me!

My reporting of the first moto is fairly uneventful. I moved up a class, as I have for the last few years, and rode the Intermediate class. Usually this means I get my butt kicked as most of these guys are much faster than I. Somehow things just went my way this time. The start wasn't looking too promising. As usual, I messed around and spent the whole morning BS'ing with all my seldom-seen friends in the pits, and when I finally did make it to the line, I realized I had forgotten to affix my number to the side of my helmet! So I scurried back to the super Ranger and slapped a sticky on my right jaw. When I finally did get back to the line, the experts were getting ready to launch. The start was very short and almost instantly funneled into a hard narrow-apexed right hander. Gate

(Continued on page 7)

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pick seemed to be crucial, and I wasn't liking what pick I had. Gary Pilant and I were stuck way off the right side. Everyone else had about a 90-degree first turn; Gary and I were staring at a 120-degree plus off-camber nightmare. As is often the case, race luck intervened and changed every thing. Just a hair after the board dropped, I found myself following Gary to the front of the pack! I followed Gary's XR for a mile or so until he left me a small gap and allowed me to spur Ol' Bessie and sneak by for the lead. Once up front I settled into a comfortable pace and waited for the guys to catch me. This lasted for most of the first lap. Then about three quarters of the way through the lap I made a dumb mistake. I tried to split a pair of small trees. The tree on the left was wide enough at the handle bars but far too narrow at the base. Suffice to say folding shift levers will only take so much, and I pushed mine over the limit! The result was a shifter positioned parallel with the front edge of the foot peg and about an inch in front of it. All at once my pace went from energy-saving smooth to fearridden frantic! I began to feel like a one-legged escaped con being chased through the swamp by a pack of flesh-eating blood hounds. Every time I set my left foot on the peg Ol' Bessie would kick down a gear and try to throw me. I was desperate; I began kicking the shifter as hard as I could, trying to break it. All of a sudden that little twig of a shifter became stiffer than a 97 CR 250 frame! As easy as it was to downshift, it was nearly impossible to upshift. I struggled to get Bessie into third gear, twisted the throttle and squared up with the first tree I saw through my left eye. Voila! no more sudden downshifts-no more shifter for that matter, it was all third

and all good. I'm very lucky in that Steve Underwood at Surdyke's hooked me up with the best third-gear bike you could ever imagine! Bessie was on a roll, and I just hung on for the remaining 3 laps. God's sweet graces kept those flesheating dogs at bay. I think this was my first win in the Intermediate class, and I was pumped. I happened to be pitted next to Lindsay Cox, who is the unofficial KTM 520 parts depot for the Southwest Mo. area. He had new and used shifters to choose from. I chose the used one, bolted it on and spent the remaining between moto break walking around the pits bragging to any one who even looked the slightest bit interested.

When the second moto rolled around I was ready to show everyone just how fast I really was! After all, I had made so many mistakes the first moto and still came out on top. Surely I was destined to dominate. I found a great start position, settled in and began formulating my strategy. At this point my only hurdle was trying to find a way to pass the AA guys without embarrassing them. Shoot, I really do respect those guys, but hey, if they start holding up my shot at the overall, they are gonna have to move it or lose it. I decided to take a break from my strategy session stretch and mingle with some of my adoring fans. The first guy I talked to asked me why I had switched helmets between motos. I was flattered that he had noticed the level of my professionalism, and I immediately launched into some long-winded explanation about not liking the feeling of a wet helmet blah blah blah. Then I realized what this dude was really asking was Karl, how could you be so darn stupid as to show up on the line without a

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

number AGAIN! So off Bessie and I went to the scoring trailer, where I begged Judy Willis for another number. Judy had pity on my ignorant soul, but God had seen enough. I made it back to the line just before the AA's left again, where I went through my pre-start drill. Rev the motor about quarter throttle, slip the clutch in second gear, pull it clean and kill the motor. Bump her just past TDC, position my body just so. Elbows up at the 15 second board, dangle thumb ever so gently over the start button, board drops, push the button for a split second, roll on the throttle and gently feed the clutch. Everything always works just perfect UNLESS your head has swelled so badly that your misguided brain waves interfere with the electrical operation of the starter button, causing its operation to cease! When this does happen, I can tell you what not to do. Do not stab the button several more times and if you do, do not roll the throttle every single time; this will only succeed in dumping gallons of fuel in your non-responsive engine. I could almost hear the laughs from heaven as I fumbled around for that kicky thingy and began flailing on it! Luckily starting a KTM is, as advertised, idiot proof and Bessie fired up on the third or fourth kick. I didn't spend any time looking around, but Chili Roberts says he started behind even me. Nevertheless, I felt dead last. I had that flesh-eating dog feeling again, but this time it wasn't even my class worrying me. Fortunately some of the other guys were having some bad luck also. I got lucky and passed 3 on the first big uphill. Then I snuck past a few more in the creek beds before catching up with Elston Moore. Elston was on the gas and had several riders stacked up in front of him. I had reached the lead pack! I threw away my AA pass strategies and started to try and find a way to pass someone who is just as fast as me and happens to be carrying a pace that is just a little more than I can handle. Elston gave me an answer when he took a slightly slower line on an offcamber downhill and let me by. I was starting to feel good—I had just passed one of the class contenders and was starting to fall into a rhythm. Then to celebrate I totally blew the next uphill and let Elston AND Chili by. When I say these races don't let you make mistakes, I mean it; a 1 second bobble just cost me 2 positions. I have to admit I didn't think Chili getting by would turn out to be any big deal. I mean, I had just ridden with him a few weeks earlier pulling arrows after the Chadwick enduro; heck, if I had passed him once, I passed him a hundred times. Let's just say you can't judge somebody by their arrow-pulling speed alone. If I thought I was being chased by a pack of dogs, Chili must have been envisioning a pack of half starved timber wolves cuz that boy was checking out! He immediately went to work using his front tire to try and saw the swingarm off of Elston's YZ 250. This action must have inspired Elston to try

and do the same to Zac Bryant's RM125. Zac picked up quick, but he had a harder time because he had to choose between Kreg Simons and Adam Bieschke, who were swapping positions in front of him. With all the buzz-saw action going on, Chris Vogt thought it best to stay out of it and by the second lap he had just plain checked out on us. Through the he led second-place Kreg by 29 seconds on the second lap, at that time the margin from second to seventh was a paltry 13 seconds! That's wheel to wheel action, folks. Before our third lap had ended, Elston had slipped on another off-camber down hill and let Chili and me by. Then Zac highsided into a brush pile and Chili and I ended up behind Adam. I put my verbal harassment strategy into high gear at this point. Usually this gets the guys in front of me very nervous, and they start to make position-costing mistakes. On this day it only made them ride faster. I started to feel like an annoying little brother trying to keep up with big bro and his buddies on a bicycle ride. Finally Chili felt sorry for me and let me by. It was, however, pointless—I couldn't ride any faster than Kreg, Adam, Chris (who we had reeled in after his little break-away stunt) or Chili for that matter. The pace was all I could handle, so I settled for fourth and skipped the ride to the hospital. The final trip through scoring found first through fifth literally banging tires, with only 12 seconds separating all of us. Zac and Elston had also charged back and were right on us. Seven riders on everything from a 125 2-stroke to a 520 four banger all within a minute after fifty plus minutes on the course—well it just doesn't get much better than that. We all pulled through the boards, huddled up and began replaying the entire race from seven different viewpoints. I can only hope the rest of these races play out like this; I would gladly settle for tenth place if only I could have a group of guys like this around me. Making friends and memories riding motorcycles is what makes the world go round.

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## The January OMTRA Meeting: Fuddruckers, Battlefield and Lone Pine, Springfield, MO January 23 7 pm

(Continued from page 2) third gives you 4 points.

Then you've got to do tie breakers. The better finish in the second moto breaks the tie. For example, let's say we have three racers. The first one won the first moto and got third in the second. The second racer got second in both motos and the third racer got third in the first moto and won the second moto. All the racers would have four points. But the third racer would win the day because of his second moto results. I hope I made this understandable.

I got my January issue of Trail Rider Magazine, and I'm looking at the results of the ISDT reunion ride, and guess who won the thing? None other than Rusty Reynaud. Way to go, Rusty! If you are not familiar with the reunion ride, the Missouri Mudders have promoted it for the last two years at the St. Joe State Park on Oct. 25-27. About 150 riders rode the event. If you are a past ISDT/ E rider, you can ride modern equipment. However, if you're like the rest of us and don't have a skunk stripe, you must have a vintage ride. I've been wanting to go to this event for the past couple of years, but like this year, I've been on schedule overload. It was the weekend between the BJEC events at Chadwick and Oklahoma City.



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# Mark Your Calendar

#### **OMTRA**

1/23/03 – January Meeting. Fuddruckers, Lone Pine and Battlefield, Springfield, MO - 7 PM

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OMTRA Hare Scramble 1/26/03 – Highlandville

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### 2003 BJEC Schedule

#### **Tentative**

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3/23/03 – White Rock, AR

4/20/03 – Gruber, OK

5/4/03 – Nacogdoches, TX

5/18/03 – Park Hills, MO (National)

**6/8/03** – Bismark, AR

6/22/03 – Stillwater, OK

9/28/03 – Gruber, OK

**10/12/03** – Oklahoma City, OK

10/26/03 - Chadwick, MO

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