

# MISSOURI / NORTHERN ARKANSAS / KANSAS

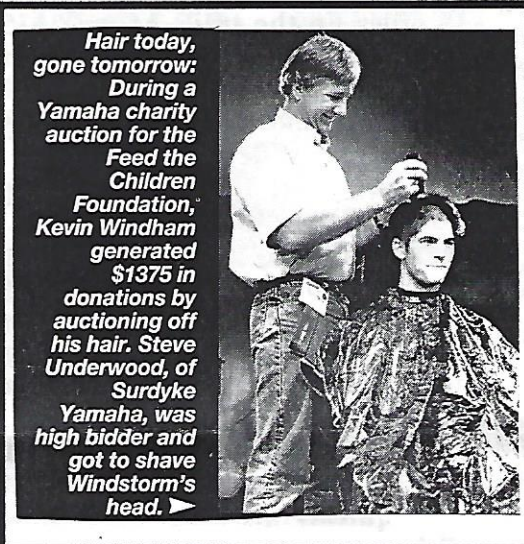


# NEWSLETTER

## 28TH ISSUE LOCAL DIRT BIKE NEWS JAN '97

### LOCAL "GUY" MAKES HEADLINES!

I was turning pages the most recent issue of *Dirt Bike Magazine* when I noticed Steve Underwood's picture. I couldn't help but think, how neat!



Hair today, gone tomorrow: During a Yamaha charity auction for the Feed the Children Foundation, Kevin Windham generated \$1375 in donations by auctioning off his hair. Steve Underwood, of Surdyke Yamaha, was high bidder and got to shave Windstorm's head. ▶

We've had local guy's make national magazines before, primarily Vince Davis, Steve Leivan, and Rusty Reynaud . . . but it's always COOL! Here's Steve Underwood, owner of Surdyke Yamaha/KTM in Marionville giving a truly "fast motocrosser," a haircut. Okay so it's not some insane action photo . . . but still very cool.

If you don't think it's cool . . . when's the last time "your" picture was in a magazine with that kind of circulation? If you're like me . . . never!

Way to go Steve!

### Insanity?

This is going to be an old story . . . but still worth telling.

It starts in '85 and a spur of the moment plan for my brothers and I to get together. One lived in Iowa, one in Illinois, and me in Missouri. Neither of these guy's ride dirt bikes and don't have a clue what I do.

The PLAN! (I cooked this up.) Two of us would meet in Illinois at the third brothers place and

"do a road trip" overnight to Michigan for the Jack Pine National Enduro. Sounds stupid already doesn't it? The meeting goes off as planned and the bike (a state of the art air hammer, Husky 500 WR) is loaded into the back of the Iowa brothers new Chevy P-up. We all pile in . . . and off we go at eighty miles an hour. We drive most of the night up around Chicago before realizing that this thing is w-a-y up in Michigan!

The next morning finds us at the site trying to set up a tent. Complete confusion! None of us had ever seen the tent before. All of us were whiney. This little deal takes a couple of hours in which time we have all disowned each other at least three times.

The next bit of excitement was at sign-up. A guy hands me the route sheet which shows 189 miles actual and includes a map for your crew to catch you at the few resets that existed as you made your way around the course. I calmly explained to the man that he must have given me the wrong route sheet as I was a C-rider. "He" quietly explained that everyone went the same distance before mumbling something about my lack of back bone. HmMMM. Problem #1-I didn't have a crew, and I damn sure didn't want to ride 189 miles!

I went back to my "crew" who were professionally attacking, and had pretty well destroyed, a case of beer already, quickly becoming the talk of the camp as they bickered good naturedly and tossed empty beer cans at a growing pile of aluminum "near" the trash bag. I explained the problem of the support map and need for a gas crew and instantly got a slurred "no problem!" My sense of uneasyness at that response would turn out to be well founded the next day.

After getting less than two hours sleep (the bickering went on well into the night) I found myself at the starting line on row 23.

Problem # 2-I noticed "unusual" faces around me. Dick Burleson, Mark Hyde, Cunningham, in fact the entire Husky factory team was on rows 24, 25, and 26, along with some little guy on a Can-Am with a milk crate at the start line, Hmmm!

No problem . . . I'll just go! That didn't last long as I left into a black hole in the tree line that was really an entrance into a fern filled jungle. Within about 2 minutes at least four guy's went by so fast I didn't even realize that two had knicked me! Hmmm.

It turned out to really be . . . a problem as the trail left the woods and got into this silt, sand trail along side of fields filled with what looked like Christmas trees complete with two and three foot deep whoops! A half mile of that had my arms felling like putty wrestling my softly suspended LARGE . . .HEAVY air hammer as I slogged through the whoops! After ONLY about 4 miles of this we dropped into our first reset at 41 miles. I learned resets were only placed at distances predetermined by gas tank volume. None of that foo-foo, get back on time stuff! At least time keeping was easy . . . I was never on time!

The first gas went pretty good. Everyone came out on a gravel road lined with vans and pick-ups with their crews standing by. The trick was to blast down the road trying to miss people until you spied your crew. Slam on the brakes, get off and eat a sandwich while they gased the bike, get back on and leave, never going down the road more than a half mile before turning back onto trail.

By the third reset at mile 112 my strategy had changed. I now refused to leave ANY reset before rows 24, 25, and 26 had already left! I had grown tired of experiencing this piercing scream from the first rider to catch me, my only warning that four or five guy's were going to hit me (or try) on their way by! Cunningham was by far the most exciting. He had to have passed me at least four times that day and not once did he have his feet on the pegs! Once as he hit a big log while passing . . . the only thing touching his Husky was his hands! . . . but the sound of the motor screaming never changed pitch. I eventually figured out that he simply never let off!

My crew had a new strategy by the third check also. As I screamed down the gravel road between carefully parked vans and pick-ups of

crew members anxiously awaiting their rider, I noticed this big gap in the line. Everyone else had about one foot between bumpers. This black Chevy Pick-up had 20 feet behind it! As I got closer I noticed it had Iowa plates at about the same time as I recognized "my crew" sitting in lawn chairs behind the pick-up with heads rolled back, a nice healthy layer of empty beer cans around each chair . . . sound asleep! How professional! I'm sure the guy's in the factory vans were impressed! This time I got my own gas . . . and sandwich, while apologizing for waking them up.

It didn't surprise me and shouldn't surprise you that "my crew" never made it to reset #4 about 45 miles up the trail. At mile 135 in deep woods I noticed that we had been climbing gradually for about three miles. This realization came to me as I broke out into blue sky! Slam on the brakes and slide to a stop. The trail went off a cliff! As I sat there . . . three guy's came by riding off it without hesitation . . . Hmmm. Low gear, cautiously creeping forward over the crest and immediatly accelerated to about 30 mph with both brakes on! This thing got steeper the farther you went until you were going straight down! To give you the appropriate feel for this, I noticed these little square things w . . . a . . . y down there. About halfway down I realized they were motorhomes complete with people who were quickly growing from ant sized to normal, all huddled around a set of red and white flags! My entrance into the check was spectacular! It turned out the bottom of that hill was all deep sand! I felt the back fender on that old Husky hit my butt as we "speared in" at about 40 mph! Hmmm!

I left thinking about how nice the check crew was for helping me up like that once they all quit laughing. These thoughts quickly changed to a couple of new problems; 1.-I had sand in every conceivable body crack that was growing increasingly more uncomfortable at each bump. 2.-There was a new sound coming from my "air hammer" . . . a distinct metallic "pinging." Problem #2 quickly overshadowed problem #1 with one especially loud clank as I motored down a sand filled creek bed in third gear . . . followed by complete and utter silence as I sailed through the air before doing a big face plant in the sand. I remember thinking about the bike following me in . . . I needn't have worried. The motor had simply locked up and everything stopped . . . cold!

I was ecstatic! Thank You God! I get to QUIT! !!!!! Yes, I was a happy man as I sat in



# More "Tid-Bit's" **IS CHADWICK RUINED?**

Colorado? How many people liked the Colorado camp-out last summer? If you did it's probably time to start telling the new BJEC Chairman and see if a date can be set up. Mike Shown of Flatland Racing set it up, and I as Chairman, just went along with it. It was cool! Don't know if Mike's up to it again this year or not . . . maybe YOU need to step up and organize it for this year? Jack Shoalmire is the new Chairman, he can be reached at 918 252-5817, or FAX: 918 461-8007, or Email: JSHOALMIRE@AOL.COM

1996 National Forest Off-Road Vehicle Guide. If you're like me you've noticed an ad in the AMA magazine, and several other publications advertising this guide. I bought one and just finished looking through it. It's neat. It is not all-encompassing and the writer readily admits that in the forward. It is a good overview of nearly every National Forest riding opportunity in the United States. Maybe the best thing it does is provide phone numbers and address's of all the various places. A bonus is a donation per book to "Ride for Life." That in itself . . . is a good deal. Check it out.

Chadwick Permits? Spoke with Rick Moon, Chadwick Forestry Rep., who informed me that due to slow-moving governmental processing . . . the permits to ride at Chadwick will not be ready by 1 Jan. '97. Look for them to be ready by the 1st of Feb.'97. We'll keep you posted!

More on Chadwick. We also talked about Chadwick trails and the plan (or hopefully no plan) to clear the deadfalls. There will be some clearing as a priority at the Ranger Office is to keep the trail between camps open to 4-wheelers to eliminate the necessity to ride out near the black-top. Good plan. We do not need exposure right along side the black-top. Don't look for a lot of clearing in other places. Tree's fall naturally. The trail, to stay natural, will go around most of the treefall. COOL!

"Let me pick your class!" I noticed a new concept in class sign-up at The Toy's for Tot's thing. Jamie Jennings was handling the sign-up. If he thought you were too fast for the class you entered . . . He'd scratch out your name and put it in the class he thought was right, and then tell you about it! I like it!!!!

I've had several people tell me how bad Chadwick is in the aftermath of a major ice storm. Trees down, trails impassable, . . . the worst. I'm not going to tell you they're wrong because I don't know when they went down and rode it.

I slipped down there by myself on the 12th of December, and had a BLAST! I go to Chadwick to ride the trails. That means in tight woods . . . go as fast as I can. On open trails (like the bottom trails, 101 and 102) I generally go slow. The main reason is that I'm chicken. I really don't want to meet anyone at high speed. Another reason is that I've done that and trails that allow me to get in high gear simply mean if I crash . . . I will, pay a heavy price. So what did the ice storm do? It knocked over tree's and lots of them. Many are in the trails. It's cool! Trails that were very high speed or had deep whoops in them are now broken up by a series of "go-arounds." People had been riding by the time I got there and in the 100 or so tree's that did block the trails that I rode . . . all had "go-arounds." In almost every instance making the trail better than it was. Very few appeared to be erosion prone. Many actually made the trail better in some way.

It is my sincere hope that no one cuts any of the tree's that are down. In two months you won't really even notice them other than the trails have gotten tighter . . . and therefore, slower and more technical. How can that be bad?

I went there expecting to ride 20-30 miles by myself and ended up doing about 70. Around every corner was something new! It was kind of like exploring. Very, very COOL! The last 10 miles or so was spent hooked up with a couple of good guy's (Mike and Jeff) from the Kansas City area.

After meeting in camp, we all headed down to the 104 area to show them the trail there. About halfway through the really tight stuff, Jeff, on his '85 or '86 CR-250 Husky . . . yes you heard me right, a old, cool, MX oriented HUSKY ran out of gas. Not the kind of run out you can fix by turning the fuel petcock to reserve. We're talking bone dry. My KTM gets ridden up on this boulder. Jeff's Husky gets laid down nearly on its side so the fuel would run from my petcock into the top of his fuel tank via his overflow hose. It took time. Everyone talked. We sat in the creek, new friends enjoying our sport. Yes . . . . . Chadwick is OKAY!

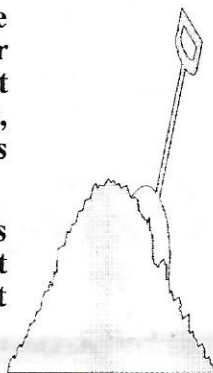
# CHADWICK BUILDERS?

The Pavilion at the Kansas City Campground is on it's way! Mover-and-shaker of this deal; Jim Moon, and Rick Moon (Chadwick Forest Ranger) along with Kevin Hensley, Shawn Hall, Stewart Hall, Bob Fuerst, Donna & Elston Moore, Mike Edwards, Aggie StClair, and me all turned out to watch Rick run his backhoe and chipped in to build some cement forms for the footings.

Special "Thanks" has to go to Mike "Duck" Edwards for showing up with most of the tools and knowledge to make this thing go! Aggie is another who deserves special recognition as she cooked hot dogs and coffee for the crew!

Could there have been more help? Sure. I doubt if there's ever too much help. If your name isn't on this list . . . don't despair, there will be more opportunities for you to pitch in and help!

Keep an eye out in this Newsletter and we'll do our best to let you know when the next work day is.



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# Toy's for Tot's

The Toy's for Tot's event sponsored by Surdyke Yamaha/KTM and held at Possum Hollow MX park west of Springfield on the 15th of December . . . . was very good!

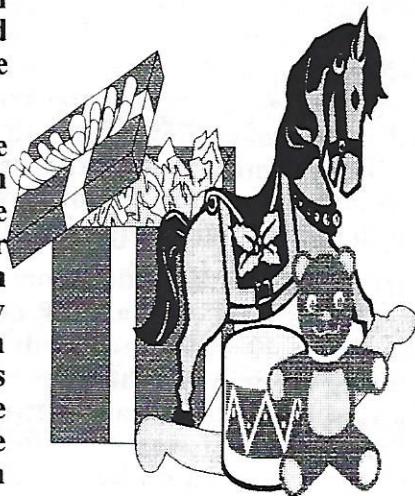
A record turn out of riders (try 100 or so) all with toys for an entry fee enjoyed reasonable temperatures (around the 40's) and some slick, tight trails up through the woods. Ron Turner (ex Pro-MXer) led the first two laps on his Yamaha with Rusty Reynaud and Steve Leivan in close pursuit. Things changed abruptly after lap two as Turner came around in fifth place holding his hand up (we later heard the comment from Ron; now I know why they all run those funny looking things (brushguards) on their handlebars as he showed us his rapidly swelling hand.) Leivan also suffered problems in the way of mechanical gremlins on his WR 250 handing the lead to Rusty Reynaud on his KTM 360.

A 30 minute break at the halfway point had everyone back on the start line to run the course backwards. Leivan was the suprise re-entry on Koonta Man's YZ-125. Leivan chased Reynaud for a couple of laps before assuming the lead on the 125 which was much more suited to the tight trails and never looked back. Rusty Reynaud won the Overall with his combined times of both one hour scrambles.

116 toys were collected and given to the Marine Corp, Toy's for Tot's effort in Springfield. Jerry Sharp of Possum Hollow Awards provided the plaques for the winners in each class.

The real winners were any and all who showed up to support this annual effort. All went home winners! To each and every participant . . . a sincere THANK YOU!

Cool things  
for kids who  
need them!



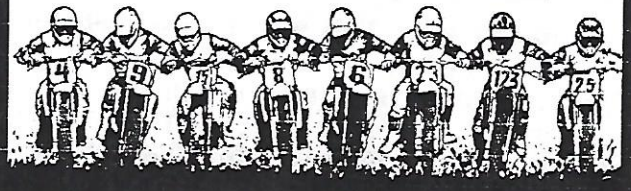
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# "RIVERFRONT GRAND PRIX"

Alrighty then! Here we go! The final event of the Arkansas Hare Scramble Championship was December 1st, the Riverfront Grand Prix in Ft. Smith. There was also supposed to be a race at Lu's place but due to a big ole pile of moistness, it was wisely postponed. So like a 10 rider contingent of Missouri off-roaders headed south to warmer and drier (?) conditions. Our group consisted of team leader Steve Underwood, Ron Shreve, Kevin Hensley, Jamie Jennings, Allen Haynes, Dwight Maggard (*editors note: That's the "dangerous Haggard Maggard!"*) Jon "Spuds" Simons, Moto-thrashers Lance Jones and Ben Lamb, and myself (*Steve Leivan.*) Kevin Rix was nominated as our crew chief since he was the only one without a bike.

The trip started off without the Maggard-Spud duo. Something about "no-power" in the Dumplin home? (*editors note: Maggard has numerous names, and even several we can print in this newsletter, "Dumplin" is the same as "Haggard Maggard!"*) Ya know Dwight, they do make battery back-up alarm clocks. Within 20 miles or so, the late bloomers had flagged us down, we reloaded, and went about our way. This was my first trip with these guy's and I hope that this was a fluke deal, but there seemed to be a certain amount of "unpreparedness." Between all of us we had about 7.5 inches of duct tape, total which was far less than we needed. We had about one quart of drinking water, no rear brake pads for Underwoods Yamaha, and not one piece of the biggest "must have" of all, toilet paper. We did however, seem to own every container of vaseline in an eight state region! Hey guy's, why don't you just stand up instead of lubing up?

The real story here is Mr. Haynes. He had just picked up his new KTM 250SX a week or so before the event and had decided to go to the race the night before. Supposedly he wanted to ride the buddy class with someone so he could "break-in" the new scoot. Maybe he was planning to re-torque his engine fasteners, change tranny oil, and adjust his sag between laps. Well, no teammate was found and he sucked it up and entered the AA class. Before practice I noticed that Allen had mounted up a real quality Underwood/Reynaud reject of tire . . . what was once a Dunlop 752. This thing looked like it had been used for a Daytona 200 tire test, then strapped onto a nitro burning 600 Berg-crosser for a fun day of gravel road drag competition! The tire had maybe 7 half decent knobs and where the other knobs used to be, I imagined that I could see a Mousse tube peeking through! Allen said: "it'll be alright."

So the race started and "Dumplin" Maggard had his new Suzuki in front for two laps before getting caught in 63 yards of some sort of electric cable. Maybe it was TV cable, since a few days later he mysteriously started to get many new channels on the boob tube. Any how, the race became more of a survival run than a race. Finding your way through the tank deep water holes, rutted woods, mud-bogged fields, and trails littered with broken down and stuck bikes, became the number one priority. After one lap, I was absolutely amazed that the race kept going. The promoters, spectators, and broken down racers did an outstanding job of directing us around the worst of the bad spots and thanks to them, the race kept right on rolling.

After Maggard disappeared from contention, I battled with an AA rider from Texas, Todd Tarver. We raced for three laps or so and Todd was more willing to hang it out than I was. This eventually proved to be his downfall however as he did a 40 mph "butt-slide" through one of the holes. The problem was that while his butt was guiding the way, his hands were providing balance. When he finally stopped, his gloves were so muddy that he couldn't hardly twist the throttle and he lost lots of time trying to make it to the pits for fresh gloves. I was impressed with his speed and aggression and hope that we have the opportunity to go at it again under better conditions.

Arkansas Champion, Jeff Fischer caught me next, but immediately had problems with his brakes something like a broken rotor! It sounded like he removed the caliper and continued on! Bet that was exciting! This left ole "Knob-less," break-in boy Haynes to claim second. Two comments that he made stick in my mind; (1) "I don't think it's broke in yet . . . . .!" (2) "I have never wanted a good tire so bad in my life! ! ! ! ! ! !" By the way that he rode with no knobs, I think I am glad he didn't have a good tire. Allen did win some cash while he was down there so hopefully he'll

strap on some new rubber before the next run. Tarver ended up a very respectable third overall, followed by Yamaha returnee Jamie Jennings who overcame some early flips and flops . . . and Fischer.

"Spudman" had a bitchin' ride to come within 15 seconds or so of taking Overall B. Good thing it wasn't an enduro though because as late as he was meeting us, he woulda damned near hoored out at the start! Underwood took his new long-rodded, Marzocchi forked, Koonta stickered, Impala spark arrested, super tuned and tricked YZ-250 weapon to the Senior Class win on it's maiden voyage. Ron took third in the Senior class win after deciding to go to the race at 10PM the night before. He performed most of his weekly maintenance on Sunday morning, you know; toppin off the fuel tank and stuff. Kevin finished 6th on his still fresh KTM 250, also in the Senior Division. Our "moto boys" had kind of a tough time at their first woods event. Lance seized his 125 on the third lap I think and Ben dropped out on that lap as well. I hope that they will come back and give it another try.

All in all, we had a fun successful day at the races. Seven out of the ten of us made it to the finish line and those seven all took home a trophy or cash . . . or both. The race was tough and nasty but also very well run and organized and an absolute blast! We'll be back next year! Wonder if Allen will use the same tire? I hope so!

*Thanks to Steve Leivan (the Overall Winner of the event) for sending this in to us!*

*Interestingly enough, I spoke with SAM LORENZ from Ft. Smith who also rode the event on a new Husaburg 400 electric start. Seems Sams day did not go as well as he forgot to waterproof the start button and got shocked in the wet muddy conditions every time he tried to start it! Now Sam . . . if you're mad at that Husaberg . . . I could ride it for you? I doubt that will happen! ! !*

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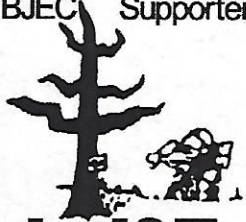
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