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WALKABOUT

BY JON BENTMAN PHOTOS: JB

DON'T GO ON a long adventure ride. It'll do you no good and when you come back you will not be ready for anything of a day-to-day nature, least of all work.

This is me, right now. Just three weeks riding in the outback of Australia has me ruined. It's four days since I got back, but mentally I'm still out there on the tracks heading up to Coober Pedy: chuntering along in the dry heat, kilometer after kilometer, singing the few words of Elvis's 'Suspicious Minds'

that I know on an endless loop, while thinking meaning of life thoughts on another endless loop (with no conclusions or resolutions in sight), while the Oodnadatta track endlessly blurs under the Husqvarna's tyres.

Actually I was glad to return from the outback, its kind of mind altering. Left too long out there you start to think mad ideas like mining for opals are proper life options. I miss the big desert skies though, especially during the twilight when the orange hues burn like wildfire on the horizon as the sky immediately above darkens from blue to indigo to black in the most transcendent manner. Skies so huge I could feel my brain explode while trying to grapple with the magnitude. 'Pop' – that was the sound of my brain exploding, it's not so big – as nothing is when the outback sky offers up the universe in such huge, endless glories.

The motorcycle feels to be the only way to enjoy such a land, though. You need to feel the heat, to wear the weather (as someone said to me), to connect so immediately with the environment. And the dirt track makes that connection all the more intimate. Turning back onto seal (*Tarmac*) after a section of dirt was like jumping into a car, the road insulates you – separates you – from the land. No, if this trip taught me one thing (in fact it taught me hundreds) then it's that dirt bikes on dirt tracks is THE way I like to explore a country.

Obviously we'll have the full story of the Australian Outback ride in a coming issue. But for now you'll have to excuse me, I'm still on walkabout...









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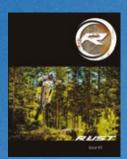
ISSUE #1

Introduction to RUST Magazine. 2015 KTM 250EXC vs 2015 Yamaha WR250F shootout. Trail test of the Chinese made WK400 Trail and columns from Chris Evans, David Knight and Gary Freeman...



ISSUE #2

The 2016 Beta and KTM model ranges tested. Warren visits the 2016 Motocross of Nations. Pitigirl rounds up the 2015 EWC Season, plus columns from Si Melber and Rick Kemp...



ISSUE #3

THE 2016 Husqvarna model launch. The KTM 250XC-F tested. The Suzuki V-Strom 650 and Pitgirl's analysis of the 2015 EWC Season. Columns from Chris Evans, Gary Freeman and Si Melber...



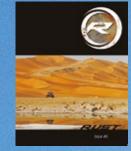
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ISSUE #7

Interview with David Knight OBE. What happened to the KTM 690 Adventure? Dispatches – In praise of the Honda CRF250L. The Michelin Anakee Wild adventure tyre. Chris Evans...



ISSUE #8

Yamaha's 'new' WR250 tested, the Royal Enfield Himalayan adventure bike, Iron Men – 3000 miles off-road on Harleys! The Adventure Motorcycling Handbook – 7th Edition.



ISSUE #9

Duel – Two riders, two KTMs, one title, Ivan Cervantes and Matt Phillips battle it out. The Yamaha IT490, 40 years on. Tested – Kit reviewed by Josh Snowden...



ISSUE #10

700KM on a KTM450EXC. Looking for Mexico with Thomas Wielecki. Tested – Warren and JB on the latest kit, plus a column by Chris Evans...



ISSUE #11

2017 KTM model range tested. EnduroGP the new face of World Enduro by Pitgirl. Gary Freeman with more MX insight...



ISSUE #12

Heritage – The BMW R nineT tested. Dispatches – Too light, too fast, too good looking? Travelling across the Alentejo region of Portugal on a KTM



ISSUE #13

SWM returns! 10 reasons why you should buy a SuperTénéré. RUST do the Welsh – Part 1. Scott Prospect goggles, Chris Evans column and the first part of the Honda TLR project...



ISSUE #14

Yamaha WR450F finally tamed. SWM RS650R ridden and rated. RUST do the Welsh – Part 2. Knighter column - finally. July Behl adventure column. Alpinestars SX-1 knee guards...



ISSUE #15

2016 EnduroGP Round-Up, RUST did the Welsh! Finally... 2000km on the Road of Bones, Honda TLR 250 Project – Part 2, Gallery and Dispatches...



ISSUE #16

BMW R nineT Scrambler, Touratech's Adventure Country Tracks, Tom Sagar Profile, plus new models from Honda, KTM and Suzuki plus Galleries...



ISSUE #17

2016 ISDE from Spain, two new superlight trail-enduros from Fantic. Chris Evans In praise of the new CCM GP450 adventure bike plus products from Pirelli and Polisport...



ISSUE #18

2016 EICMAshow from Milan, all the new models previewed, the Athens/Gibraltar Rally, A brief history of Acerbis and first report from Andy Dukes as he prepares for his RTW trip in 2017...



THE 2016 EDITION of the Dakar Rally was thrown wide open with the departure of Marc Coma. The legendary KTM rider and his long-standing rival Cyril Despres had 'locked out' the winner's spot for 10 years between 2005 and 2015. With both riders hanging up their boots, the race was thrown wide open. The hero of the year turned out to be Toby Price, the Aussie tasting glory on only his second attempt at this technical and relentless race.

But if you thought the 2016 Dakar had it all, think again, 2017 is set to be even closer, faster, crueler, and more thrilling than ever before. As the race draws ever nearer, let's have a look at the main stories and main contenders, as well as checking in on the latest developments



Pick a map...







in the war of the manufacturers, the Dakar debutants, and just what to expect from the epically long route.

THE GREAT DIVIDE

KTM orange has become as synonymous with the Dakar as camel grass and fesh-fesh, the Austrian brand dominating the race for no fewer than 15 years. It's an astonishing statistic, made all the more impressive when you take into consideration the rule changes on capacity over the years and the switch from one continent to another.







KTM won for the first time in 2001 with the late great Fabrizio Meoni on the somewhat beastly LC8 950 R, followed by numerous successes with their LC4 660 R, ridden by the likes of Nani Roma and Richard Sainct. Cyril and Marc then took over, originally taking the top spot with the 690 Rally. When the rule changes – aimed at slowing the terrifying pace of the bike class - came into play, KTM were ready. There was no way they were going to let another brand muscle-in on their incredible winning streak. And so they arrived with a fully prepared 450 Rally, the model which has run like clockwork and scarcely suffered more than a flat tyre in its six years at the head of the field. The pressure is not really on KTM to keep winning, but on the other manufacturers to up their game and try to topple the Dakar giant. Clearly, the



A key factor for ensuring longevity of the engines in desert conditions is good filtration...





Matthias Walkner

first brand to achieve this feat will be able to milk the publicity for all it's worth, and laud it over every other brand.

There is an argument that everything is temporary, of course. After all, before the rise of KTM, BMW enjoyed some years of success. Yamaha dominated in the late nineties, and Honda in the late 80s. Throw in the odd win by Cagiva (who could forget the Elefant?!) and that just about takes you back to 1979.

In recent years more and more manufacturers have been willing to pour money into development to take on this uniquely prestigious race. If you can prove that your bike can not only keep going for two weeks, but keep going quickly, then this 'stage' viewed by one billion people across 170 countries is the perfect platform for promotion. Even relatively small brands such as Sherco and Beta have been quietly plugging away to make their RTR 450 and RR Atacama bikes competitive. And China's gargantuan Zongsheng (who produce one million bikes a year) would appear to have limitless funds to pump into the Dakar – however it's fair to say their five riders this year will probably be a long way off the podium. But the mere fact that these manufacturers are willing to put their efforts into this race, with all the expense and logistics involved, is a positive sign.







Honda's pain

Of all those who have been trying to topple KTM, it's perhaps Honda who have tried the hardest. The Japanese factory always races to win, with innumerable titles in superbikes, grand prix, and road racing. And lately they've been pushing their motocross and enduro projects with promising results; Gajser taking gold in MXGP and Redondi in EnduroGP EJ. Since returning to the Dakar, and rallying, in 2014 they've employed wise and experienced heads like Paulo Goncalves, and wild fast youngsters like Joan Barreda, and while Honda have racked-up the stage wins, overall success has eluded them. In 2014 their best efforts with the CRF

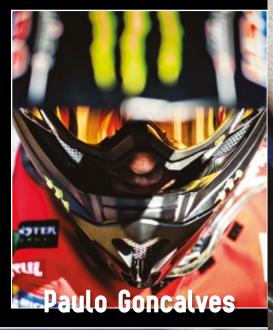
In 2014 their best efforts with the CRF 450 Rally crashed and, quite literally, burned. One of the most iconic images



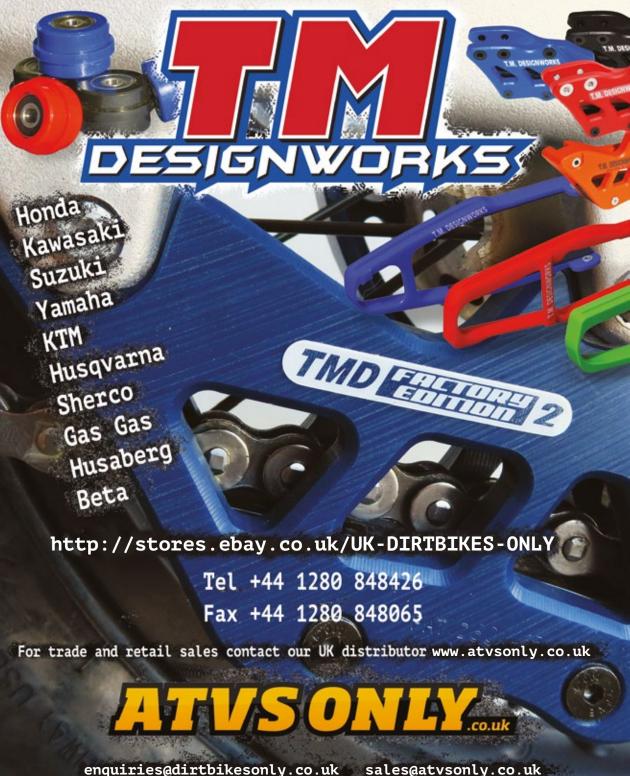


of recent years was that of Goncalves desperately throwing sand on his burning bike on Stage 5, before breaking down in tears as it became clear he was fighting a losing battle. The problem was found to be a design flaw on the radiator/sump guard – dry grass was becoming wedged before catching fire from the heat of the engine. And unfortunately more than one bike went up in flames before the end of the event.

In 2015 the red team kept their strong lineup and began the rally on blistering form with Spaniard Joan Barreda setting the pace for the first half of the race,







before bending his bars in a huge crash. But it was Bolivia's destructive salt flat stage in Uyuni which wrecked the engines for a large portion of the field. Sadly for Honda, this included their two team leaders. A double engine change was required and subsequent penalties ruled them out of winning contention.

Honda then went into overdrive with testing and development, determined to make the most reliable engine possible, but the 2016 rally saw even more woes for the team. While Paulo Goncalves' calm and collected riding style saw him bringing the CRF 450 Rally ever closer to the #1 plate, a damaged radiator and piston were remedied to keep him in the running, but a huge crash just two days before the end of the race saw his and Honda's hopes dashed once again.





The others

While all this has been going on, fellow Japanese giants Yamaha have been paying very close attention. It's 18 years since they won the Dakar and their latest WR450F has been put through its paces. The team are boasting of a 'nimble and agile machine' which has been made 'bulletproof' for the rally (hopefully that claim will not be tested!).

Yamaha have really impressed in enduro this year, with their superb WR250F and WR450F, and there's every chance they'll be able to make similar headway in the Dakar. Their stellar line-up, which saw two riders finish in the top six last year, is ready to make it happen for the blue team.

However, early indications show that the only team which KTM might tolerate being beaten by is.....Husqvarna. The Swedish brand, owned of course by none other than KTM, have enjoyed a superb year with two of the most promising stars of Dakar riding for the factory squad. Pablo Quintanilla brought them the top prize in the FIM Cross Country Rallies Championship this year, and there's a strong chance that he and the FR 450 could be victorious come the end of the Dakar. So after all the efforts of the other brands, will we finally see



KTM beaten by themselves? It looks like it could be a win-win for Austria, but maybe Japan is ready to really spring a surprise.

And to add another spark of excitement into the competition, KTM changed very few engines last year. This gave their riders an extra edge as they were penalty- free come the finish line (1st change; 15min penalty. Subsequent change; 45min penalty). So the manufacturers not only have to up their reliability and their pace, but also their longevity. The pressure is on!

SOUTH AMERICAN FIESTA

2017 will mark the Dakar's ninth year in South America. While the Atlas Mountains and the Sahara Desert feel like distant memories, the feelings of despair as this peaceful, charitable, and legendary race was cancelled in December 2007 are still very fresh in the mind. Many thought this last minute cancellation due to terrorist threats would be the death of the Paris-Dakar – if it wasn't in Africa it simply wasn't the Dakar. But the organisers, the ASO, persevered and found a new home some 7000km away. Since arriving on the South American continent we've







seen stops in Argentina, Chile, Peru, Bolivia and, for 2017, Paraguay.

While we'll always miss the weepingly beautiful Lac Rose, the terrifying Tenere sandstorms, and the Bamako bivouacs, we can't help but fall in love with carnival atmosphere offered across Argentina and beyond. The numbers of spectators is astounding: around one million turned out for the first couple of editions of the rally, and now close to five million fans line the stages in the populated areas over the course of the event.

The race is safer, and logistically easier with better facilities and the



infrastructure available to assist the organisers. The scenery and landscapes are on a par with Africa, and we've witnessed wonders such as the Nasca Lines and Macchu Picchu. And stops such as the legendary Iquique bivouac in Chile, where the competitors arrived after descending a huge dune has helped to make the Atacama and the Andes as familiar as Nouakchott and Ouarzazate.

The competitors all agree that South America has been just as tough as Africa, and sometimes more so. And far from being all sand dunes and heat, high altitudes, snow, and fast narrow rally tracks have all been brought into the mix.

Although calls have been made by some, including the Senegalese government, to change the name of the race, the legend and the spirit of the original remains strong enough for everyone to pay homage to it.

This 'proof of the pudding' can also be seen with the wealth of South American competitors entering the fray, and young stars such as Benavides and Lacunza (the youngest rider in the race) have practically grown up with the race on their doorstep. The Quad class



has been won by South Americans eight times out of a possible 10 since it was recognised as a category in its own right. And 2017 could even see the first South American winner in the bike class.

NEXT ISSUE

RUST looks at the runners and riders in this year's Dakar Rally and asks if there are any surefire winners, or will it be wide-open (like the riders' throttles)?







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HUSQVARNA 701 ENDURO/SM SPECIAL EDITION

Test of the new Husqvarna 701 Enduro and 701 Supermoto



YAMAHA WR450F SPECIAL EDITION

RUST tests the all-new Yamaha WR450F in the hills of Andalusia, Southern Spain...



2016 BMW GS TROPHY SPECIAL EDITION

RUST joins the GS Trophy riding across Northern Thailand on board the latest BMW R1200GS



2017 BETA RANGE SPECIAL EDITION

JB braved the heat and went to Beta's home town just outside Florence to test ride all the latest 2017 models...



MADAGASCAR SPECIAL EDITION

JB joins the Touratech United People of Adventure expedition to the island of Madagascar...



2017 HUSQVARNA SPECIAL EDITION

Full test of the 2017 Husqvarna model range, with New for 2017, some history and the final conclusions on JB's favourites...



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RUST

BMW R nineT, Scrambler, Cafe Racer The BMW R nineT seems to be the flavour of the month at the 2016 EICMA Show... The range of bolt-on accessories, and modified bikes on show is truly mind-boggling..



www.youtube.com/watch?v=1gL9oTh6LN0

2017 BETA Range Launch

Stephano Fantigini tells us about the continuing development of the Beta range and the secret of their recent success...



MOTORCYCLE SHOW MILAN 2016 RUST Magazine takes you for a walk around the Milan EICMA show with all the new models and a whole load more interesting stuff...



2017 KTM Range Launch

Warren Malschinger and Josh Snowden go to Portugal to ride the extensively redesigned 2017 KTM enduro range...



www.youtube.com/watch?v=xH0E2Ra1TL4

THE MOVIE - RUST rode the Welsh and lived to

tell the tale... just. The trials and the tribulations all

2016 Welsh Two Day Enduro

here, in glorious colour. Enjoy..

STILLWELL PERFORMANCE Alan from Stillwell Performance explains their A-Kit

tuned forks for RUST Magazine's long term Husgvarna TE300 and KTM 200EXC test bikes.



www.youtube.com/watch?v=7_EGuentg3s

2017 HUSQVARNA Range Launch

The 2017 Husqvarna enduro bikes, ridden and

rated by RUST's Jon Bentman... Check out the

2017 Husqvarna Special Edition at rustsports.com.

2016 BMW GS TROPHY THAILAND

Montage of scenes from the South-East Asia GS Trophy featuring comments from Kurt Yaeger, Tom Wolf and our man Jon Bentman...



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2017 BETA Range Launch

The 2017 Beta enduro bikes, ridden and rated by

the 2017 Beta Special Edition at rustsports.com.

RUST's Jon Bentman... Check out the full review in

JONNY WALKER INTERVIEW

JB asks the extreme enduro specialist some pertinent questions about his rivals Graham Jarvis, David Knight and in-race hydration...



Beta works rider Steve Holcombe FIM EnduroGP World Championship contender

Steve Holcombe talks to RUST editor Jon Bentman about going pro and the challenges ahead...



www.youtube.com/watch?v=HQBr

THE TRAIL RIDERS FELLOWSHIP Read the story behnd the ethos of the Trail Riders

Fellowship in RUST Magazine Issue 5 available FREE on the website www.rustsports.com



www.youtube.com/watch?v=_L8ePyI2E4

2016 V-STROM 650XT

Seve Hacket explains the revisions to the Suzuki 650 V-Strom in order to make it more suitable for all-out adventure riding...



2016 YAMAHA WR450F

JB tests the new Yamaha WR450F in the hills of Andalusia and finds that it's packing some heat and demands a good deal of respect...



2016 HUSQVARNA 701

Testing the new Husky 701 Enduro and the 701 Supermoto on the road and on the track...



2016 HONDA AFRICA TWIN

Exclusve first test of the new Honda CRF1000L Africa Twin... Read the story in the RUST Magazine Special Edition at www.rustsports.com



www.youtube.com/watch?v=mLpIT6Z-ACC

2016 HONDA AFRICA TWIN

Jon Bentman discusses the finer points of the new Honda CRF1000L Africa Twin with Tom Myers of Touratech USA



www.youtube.com/watch?v=ntK07I63tu/

HONDA CB500X ADVENTURE

Jon gets an exclusive ride on the Rally Raid Products latest adaptation of the CB500X for the adventure riders out there...





2017: ASEASON WIPE

BY CHRIS EVANS,

Chris Evans puts another trail guiding season to bed – and questions whether he can follow through on his 2016 new year resolution of starting each year with a new bike...

WELL, I'VE JUST finished my last trip of 2016 and like every year for the last 27 years (yes, that long...) I like to take a little time out and reflect on how it all went. The short answer would be 'quickly'. In the riding season – between March and June and September to November – we did a trip every other week and I was kept pretty busy cleaning bikes, changing tyres, washing riding kit in between... People ask me what I do the rest of the time and while it is true that the road book enduro tours aren't my only activity, they keep me a very busy bunny. You need to count on at least two days preparation beforehand (printing road books, packing bags and van) and two days afterwards sorting everything and repairing everything that broke.

One thing that definitely helped in that department this year is having a brand new bike. It has already done 250 hours since I brought it in mid-March (don't worry it won't be for sale in the UK) but it has required considerably less maintenance than my 2013 350 EXC that is knocking on the door of 550 hours. In that time the 'new' bike got 10 oil changes, a set of



pads, lots of air filters, a chain and sprocket and four sets of tyres. Incredibly it hasn't had one wheel bearing go, though I did have to get the forks serviced. The problem now is what to do bike-wise next year. I should really sell the 2013 bike but it is worth nothing and is a handy back-up to have. Instead I should probably sell the 2016 bike while it is still worth something. Ideally I should buy two new bikes a year but the idea of advertising the old ones and having people coming round kicking tyres depresses me too much. And then there's the problem of what to replace them with I have no tie up

And then there's the problem of what to replace them with. I have no tie up of any kind with KTM so trust me when I say that in my experience they are a very complete package. They are reliable and easy to work on and for me



that's mega important. Their 350 is also very well suited to my needs. It might not get round some of my more technical routes as easily as a 300cc two-stroke and something a little bigger would have been more comfortable on the Le Havre – St Tropez but it does everything you ask of it. Plus I have a good stock of spares for them. It is just that every time I get on another brand of bike I prefer the way it handles. I've spent quite a bit of time on the Sherco 300 four-stroke and it is a real pleasure to ride. But the stand out bike for me this year was Yamaha's 250cc back sloping four-stroke (the WR250F). It is too tall for me and the engine isn't exactly torquey but boy is it comfy and surefooted. At the end of the day I noticed I just wasn't looking where I was putting the front wheel and I can never do that on a KTM – although apparently the new frame and front fork (on the 2017s) are much better. Decisions, decisions...

As far as routes are concerned we had two new ones this year, the long but not at all technical Le Havre – St Tropez and the much more technical Cantal. I was really surprised by the amount of people who wanted to do the St Tropez – I'd only intended to do one and ended up doing three. Which was probably one too many for me. It is a great way to see France and

putting it together has always been a dream of mine but, in a decision that defies all commercial logic, I've decided to rest it for 2017 and think about how I might do it slightly (or very) differently in the future. The Cantal, which I discovered while making the Le Havre – St Tropez, I've only run once so far but am really pleased with it. I rushed to get it finished for the Sudbury and Suffolk MC, as they wanted to do a new route, and they seemed to like it as much as me. It needs a bit more work to be perfect but I'll make sure that gets sorted before I run the next one in April.

The other big change as far as routes is concerned is that I ran the September Pyrenees with GPS rather than my beloved road books. It wasn't an easy decision to make but it was either that or knock the route on the head altogether. The problem with the Pyrenees is that there's a lot of open hilly grassland and the tracks can be very indistinct in places. This in turn means that it is very difficult to 'describe' on a road book, which means punters get lost and then upset the locals. The GPS got round this problem and didn't seem to impinge too much on the participants' enjoyment, though they all said they'd have preferred to use a road book...



Road-book Enduro Tours in France

DATES FOR 2017

22/23/24 March 19/20/21 April 7/8/9 June 21/22/23 June 6/7/8 Sept 20/21/22 Sept 4/5/6 Oct 18/19/20 Oct 8/9/10 Nov 15/16/17 Nov Massif du Morvan
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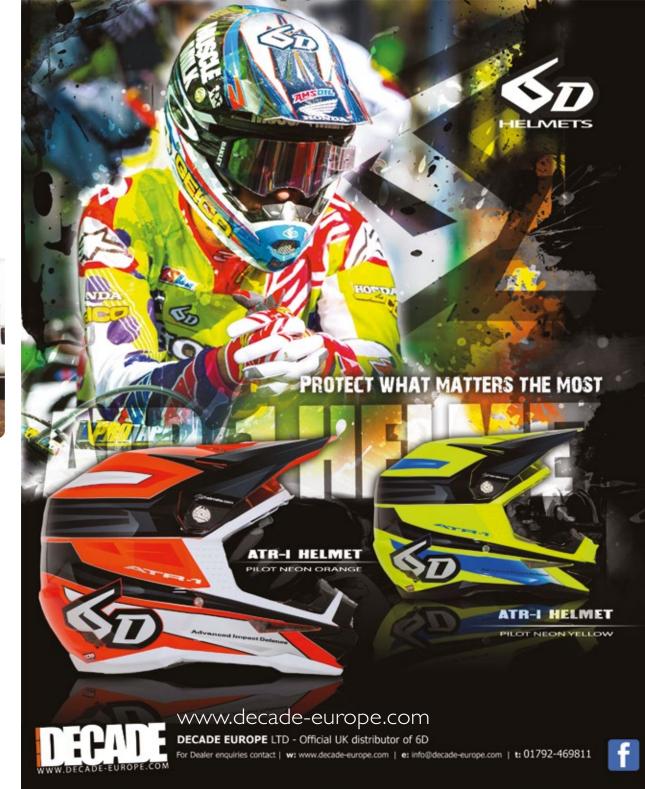
Chris Evans, Sport Adventure,
44 Rue des Gravilliers,
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chris-evans@sport-adventure.com
www.sport-adventure.com







But off-road riding isn't just about bikes and tracks, it is also about people and the revelation in that department this year has been my neighbour, Ruud. Last year somebody who was supposed to be driving the assistance van blew me out at the last moment and so I went to see a Dutch nodding acquaintance in the tiny village where I live to see if he would be a last minute stand-in. His laconic Dutch reply was 'I wondered when you would ask me'. And he took to it like a duck to water. Before taking early retirement he used to be responsible for maintenance in an oil refinery so he is the perfect combination of calm efficiency and organisation. The whole van / picking people up / refuelling them / generally sorting the customers out-side things runs like clockwork now and frankly I don't know how I managed without him. In an area where the population density is a mere 13 people per square kilometre what's the chances of having someone with such a perfect profile on your doorstep? He might not be as attractive as some of the previous 'van bunnies' but his efficiency outweighs all other considerations!

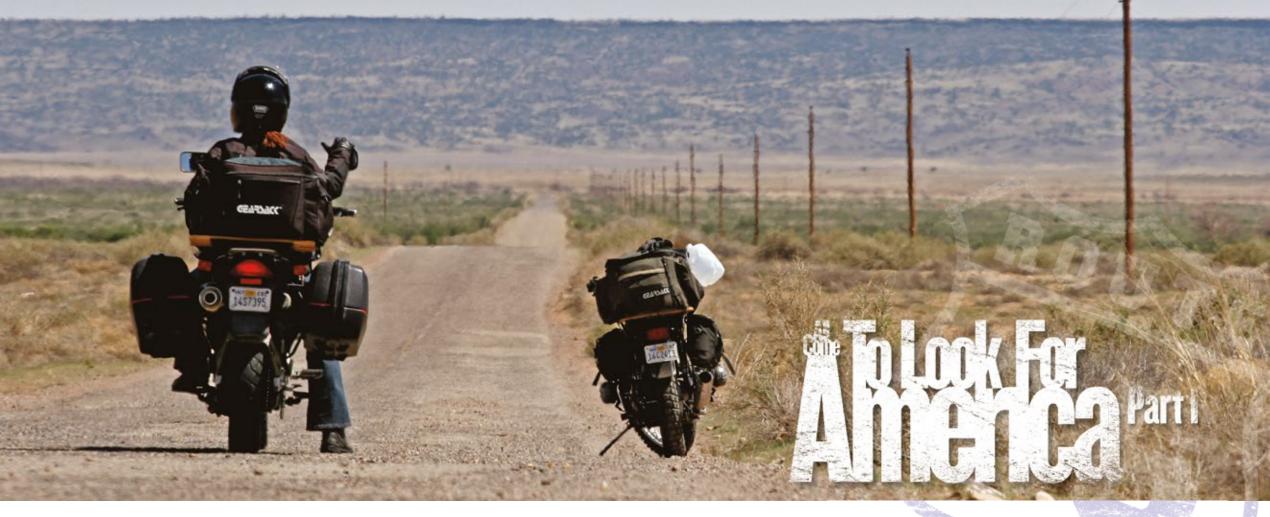




Having travelled the length and breadth of Baja (see RUST 10),
Thomas and Jane Wielecki were ready for a bigger undertaking –
the USA: there and back again, upside and down.

BMW 600 and 650s at the ready...

Words and photography: Thomas Wielecki





EUST Adventure

YOU NOTICE TWO things immediately upon entering the United States from Mexico: countless American flags flapping in the breeze and a lack of dust. On the US side the dust extends only as far as tyres can carry it in from Central America. We count no less than six flags in the first few hundred metres on US soil. They don't include the one on the border guard's sleeve. Yes, we know, we're in America.

It feels good to twist our way through fresh green hills. Tourists and souvenir shops don't bother us in quaint little Julian. On the contrary, it puts Baja into perspective and gives Jane a chance to babble uncontrollably. Because she spoke no Spanish, the weeks in Mexico left her mute.

That evening we discover that the perspective we welcomed so gladly wears itself out when the snooty old woman at the campground charges \$22 for a tent site. The office stinks of potpourri, and while she tells us that the shower requires quarters (25 cent coins) and that our tent spot is under the large X she marked on the map of the park, the sun goes out. It's not a cloud. It's the arrival of a giant motor home the size of a battleship. The white-headed couple walks in and asks for a spot. "That'll be \$22."

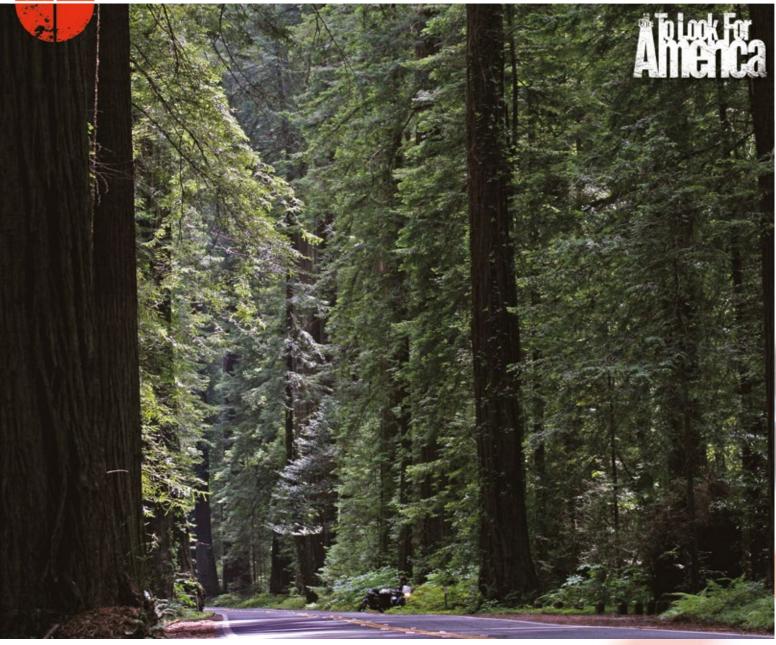








ST Adventure





My main preoccupation is to give Matilda (a BMW R60/5) new tyres, she's riding on the bare soles of her feet. I'm also reminded by a siren-wailing cop along a mountain pass of my missing license plate. We head to the nearest dot on the map, Anza.

The whole town looks like a trailer park. Everyone here lives in a movable home of some kind. It's common in America to live in a house that can be loaded on a truck and taken somewhere else. Usually these places will be set in uninteresting places: at a crossroads, as a satellite community, and sometimes on their own with no apparent reason for being. Ten years ago, 1 in 16 Americans lived in homes that were not attached to the ground. Now, the figure is closer to 10%.

California is a state Californians say has it all. It's true. In one day you can go from a beach up to the snow high in the mountains, then come down into a desert for lunch from where you can travel an hour or two and lose yourself in a forest of giant trees and spend the evening fishing in an alpine lake. Our lunchtime descent takes us to a distant pimple just visible from up high in the Santa Rosa Mountains.



RJST Adventure

Palm Springs is possibly the closest thing to utopia in existence. It's a place of perfection and delight that oozes soft music heard inside elevators. Every lawn is the same shade of emerald green, palm trees are all the same height and faux waterfalls contain just the right volume of water to compliment the delicate rustling of foliage in the breeze that in itself feels controlled by an old guy dressed in white inside a white control room with white buttons and white doors that slide with a gentle hiss. Everyone is immaculately dressed in fresh clothes. They all drive shiny new cars along clean smooth streets. Immense car lots and colourful shopping malls bake under the sun as snow capped peaks rest in the distance. It's easy to forget we're in the middle of the desert.

The only camping we can find is a very extravagant RV park. This too is a large community of mobile dwellings, only here they are palatial and finished with chrome highlights and fresh paint. No demented goats here. Instead little groomed dogs bark at anyone who doesn't smell of toiletries. The friendly camp host takes us to our patch of lawn by a lily pond. This is the sort of exclusive camping where they don't know how much to charge us because they'd never had tent people before.

















DESERT DAYS

Joshua Tree National Park was going to be exciting. Etched deep inside my brain is a black and white sci-fi film I watched when I was a kid: 'It Came From Outer Space'. I remember old American cars being driven along straight roads in the desert coming to a stop in clouds of dust, a screaming woman, an alien wearing a silver rubber suit, and a thin plot where the only suspense lay in the monster taking his helmet off to reveal a grotesque face. But that never happened of course. It was the only way to keep the audience from walking out. We go for a hike in search of Hollywood. What we find is a delicate world inhabited by strange trees and mesmerised tourists. This outlandish movie set is a day away from Los Angeles.

Interstate 10 is the quickest way east in the failing light. Five lanes of sparse traffic and a speed limit of 65mph induces a tunnel-visioned trance that's difficult to break. It feels like you're shaving years off your life. No more Interstates unless absolutely essential.

Phoenix sprawls over an area of 2000 square miles of desert. Cheap housing increases in density the closer we get.

The baking sun and skeletal rainfall allow no significant vegetation. Downtown Phoenix is flat and windy and as drab as everything around it. We give it a day and continue on southeast to Tucson.





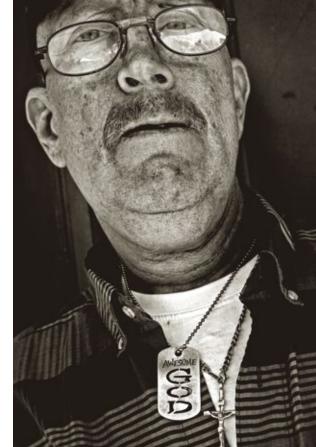
One thing that's always fascinated me was America's unequalled capacity to spawn military aircraft as if they were hamburgers. They'll chew them for a while, digest them, then dump them when a new flavour comes out. One such place is the boneyard in Tucson where over 5000 aircraft are laid to rest. Because of the desert climate, these flightless birds are stored outdoors for decades. Sadly since 9-11 you're not allowed to just wander around them anymore. There are larger graveyards like this all over the southwestern deserts.

On our last day in Tucson we have a run-in with a bad cop who stops us on account of being motorcyclists and for my beard. He tells us how he caught a terrorist on this very freeway recently and says, "you never know what a terrorist might look like, especially if they have a black beard". The next morning I shave and do an oil change on the girls. We leave Tucson with a slightly bitter taste. To add to the drama, Jane comes off her bike on a cattle grid.



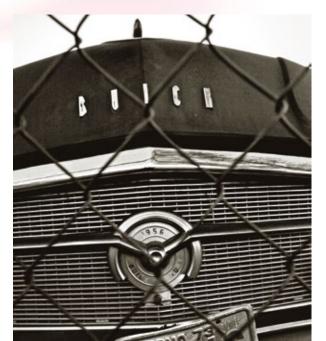






We get to Globe a few days later, where nothing happens. To relieve ourselves of any chores we go to 'Jerry's' the next morning, a classic old diner with an equally classic slogan: "Where there's always something special".

The waitress is a no-nonsense woman who's obviously been in this line of work all her life, possibly even in this diner where the only thing of interest is the huge mountain of dirt dug up by the copper mine. Our expectations of a real American meal ride high. We're in a town untouched by tourism where real Americans can only eat real American food. 'Special', cheap, honest American food. My three strips of bacon look and taste like something that's been scraped off Arizona Highway 77 last week and Jane's eggs could only have been laid by a midget quail. Turns out the biggest problem with eating cheaply in America is the food.



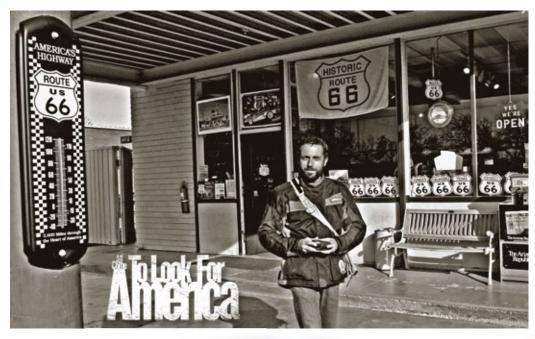






ST Adventure





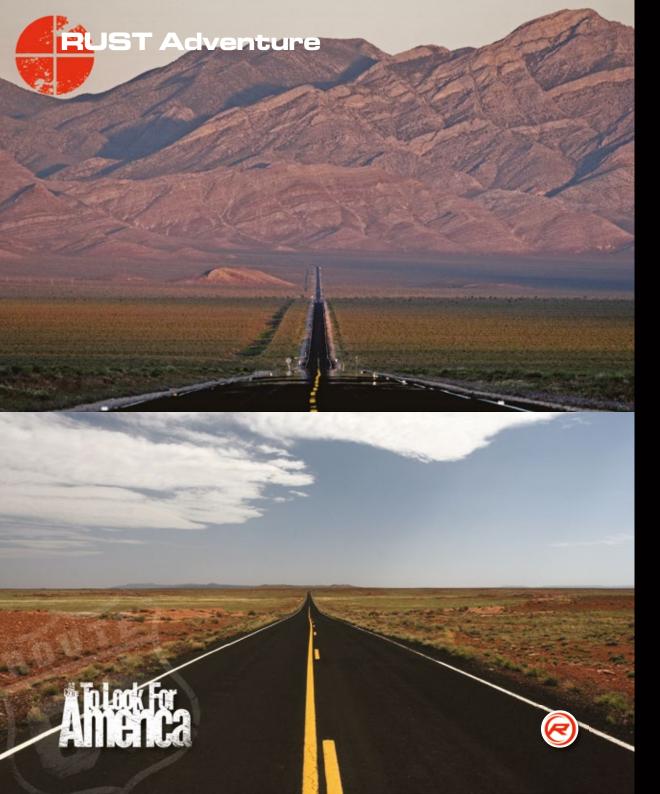
66, OF COURSE

To get to Flagstaff from the west you have to take the high road across some red mountains. From here it's only 50 miles to the Grand Canyon. As often happens with us, we'll get chatting with a stranger at a gas station and our plans change on the spot. Bill and Jack convince us the Carlsbad Caverns – in the south east of New Mexico – are the eighth wonder of the world and if we don't see them we'll never forgive ourselves. This detour will bring us back to the Grand Canyon – but it will be one month and 2500 miles later.

Flagstaff's main road used to be Route 66. But Route 66 does not officially exist any more. All the '66' shields along this road have been taken down and a broad river of grey concrete now flows over the top of it: Interstate 40.

The only way to ride the small pieces of old Route 66 to Albuquerque is to take Interstate 40 and keep a sharp eye. Mostly they are a turn off the freeway through little places with exciting names like Two Guns, Church Rock, Bluewater and Casa Blanca. But they're either dead or dying. Only a handful of actual towns still hang on by a thread.











Holbrook's main street, old 66, is slow. You can stand on a corner and watch life fizzle out, like a bottle of Coca Cola that's been left open overnight. The logo will still be there in the morning, and so will be the unmistakable bottle, but it'll be flat and tasteless. Holbrook's bubbles have nearly gone. Nearly. A few of the old motels still operate. And if you look hard enough you'll find some of the 50s and 60s American cars, mostly overgrown with weeds, behind wire fences or standing as props in driveways.

We pull into Holbrook Inn, a motel of no particular distinction except that it looks better than the Golden Inn across the road, which has been abandoned for as many years as it takes small trees to grow through cracks in the car park. Here we discover another handy American peculiarity: that cheap motels are run by Indians (*from India*) and that bargaining is not an offence. For \$28 we get a room with cable TV, a kitchenette and breakfast which we discover in the morning consists of an old dry doughnut and warm instant coffee.

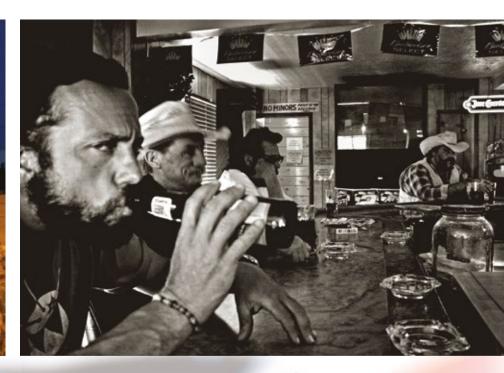






ST Adventure









At times we're able to ride up to 20 miles of the '66' at a stretch before having to re-join I 40. Sometimes it'll end in someone's driveway in a place called lyanbito or Mesita. Other times it will turn from a pleasant quiet road running parallel to the distant freeway, to a deteriorating track full of potholes with a fence running across it in the middle of a flat dry void. A big 'No Trespassing' sign will be attached to the barbed wire. On the other side whatever remains of the '66' will disappear into an Indian reservation as we discovered at the Wild Horse Bar where natives regard us with suspicious looks and the fat sweaty man behind the bar tells us that there was a stabbing here last Thursday.

Jane's F650 Funduro is beginning to cough and splutter and die again. The virus returns in Albuquerque. Every morning there's a large puddle of gasoline under the bike, even if the fuel tap is in the 'off' position. I can't find the problem so we decide to go to the only BMW specialist in town. Today is Saturday and Monday is a public holiday. We'll be here for a few days.



ST Adventure









What used to be Route 66 is now called Central Avenue. For miles it's full of empty car lots, cheap thrift shops and fast-foods. We stroll to Wal-Mart for something to do and stock up with regular provisions: a large bag of potato chips, beer, canned soup and Sandie's pecan choc-chip cookies. Jane wants shampoo, so we ask a person wearing a large How-May-I-Help-You slogan for the appropriate aisle. She points to the toiletries section at the opposite end of the store, about two miles away. An old woman in pink whizzes past us aboard one of those electric three-wheelers with a basket in the front. It doesn't seem like a bad idea.

The BMW expert charges \$83 and confirms that the bike is absolutely fine. "I found nothing wrong with it." Not exactly what I wanted to hear. That afternoon, we take a small shortcut across the Manzano Range in hope of getting some twisties. But we're warned not to stop in any township along this road. "Locals take law into their own hands. They will shoot you." These hill settlements are inhabited by descendants of Spanish conquistadores. Anyone who can prove their relation is entitled to a land grant in this area. There are no shops, no life. Rusting cars and battered houses make up Escabosa, Chilili, Tajique and Manzano. Every town has its own rough sign: 'This is a sovereign self governing entity. No trespassing, picture taking, video cameras, sketching.' We slow down, but never stop in these grey sad places. We never see anyone either.



JST Adventure

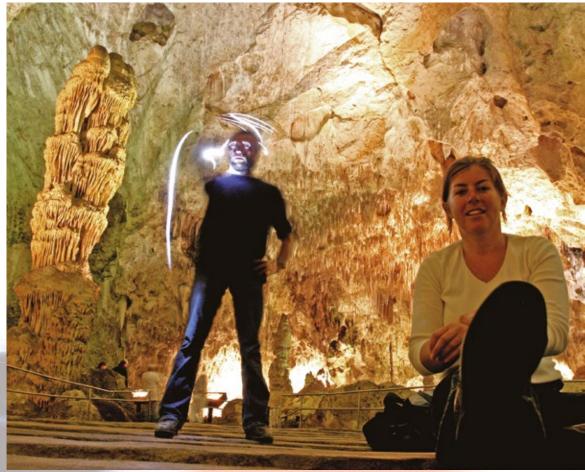








Once down from the hills we plunge deeper into New Mexico and south towards Carlsbad where those caverns are to be found. The emptiness of this road and ever-expanding horizon is intoxicating. We ride separately a lot, to feel this scant world, to experience our own insignificance even more deeply. Twenty miles outside Alamogordo we come to a curious sign and a set of traffic lights in the middle of nowhere. 'STOP WHEN LIGHTS FLASH-ING – MISSILE TEST IN PROGRESS'. Highway 70 cuts directly through the



White Sands Missile Range. Nice of them to inform you a hydrogen bomb is about to go off somewhere up ahead. A few times we catch jet fighters chasing each other across the sky. If it's not military aircraft playing war games it's a criss-cross of vapour trails high up. There's always stuff happening up there, as opposed to down here.

We make it to Carlsbad just in time to squeeze into the last tour of the day. The bowels of the earth are riddled with haemorrhoids. More than anything, the excursion to Carlsbad Caverns allows us to see a bigger America.







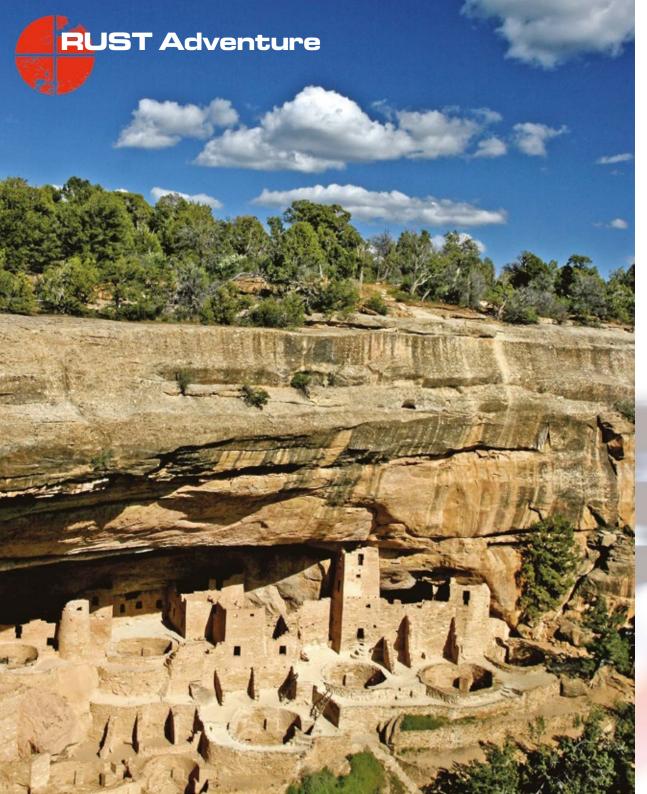




Roswell is nothing like we expected. Considering a UFO crashed at a ranch just out of town in 1947 and that debris and alien bodies were scattered all over. it's a disturbingly ordinary place. Trapped between the town hall and a shop selling vacuum cleaners is the UFO Museum showcasing everything except pieces of the flying saucer. Mostly it's news clippings of the event and a whole lot of blurry photographs depicting hubcaps being flung across a selection of landscapes. A few depressing souvenir shops along the main street sell all kinds of other-worldly stuff: blow-up aliens, crash-site snow domes, glow-in-the-dark alien balls, and a large variety of uselessness you'd buy impulsively and probably never look at again.

New Mexico is one of the few states where we can comfortably lose ourselves and not have to come across travellers at every fuel stop. We ride into its capital, Santa Fe, and out even faster. It's all art galleries full of art salespeople, crisply dressed tourists and admittedly, a pleasant atmosphere. But the shock is a bit sudden and we happily retreat back to where we can fart without being heard. We hit snow a couple of times across the Sangre de Christo Mountains then ride west to Dulce for fuel. What a disagreeable little shit hole this is. Cold and colourless and crippled by poverty. It's an Apache Indian reservation town. The only aliens here are us.







NOTHING IS FOR FREE (ALMOST)

We scrape the south western corner of Colorado. It's unbelievable how revived you can feel riding only seven miles of perfectly twisty road after days of infinite straights. At the end is Mesa Verde, a collection of cliff dwellings that were inhabited almost a thousand years ago.

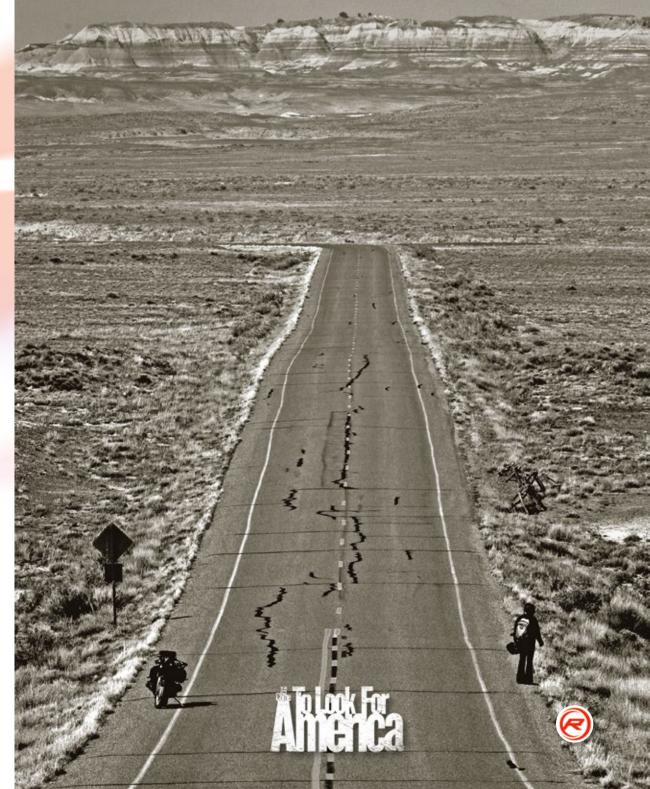
We slide back onto a tightly stretched road carrying us across country pressed flat by the immensity of the sky. As it takes an undeserved turn through a low spot and re-emerges with a swing in the other direction, a sign to Four Corners materialises and sucks us in. This is the only spot in America where four states – Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico – meet. For three dollars you can place each limb in a separate state all at once. Fifty make-shift souvenir stands of delaminating plywood and peeling paint surround it in a semi-circle.





People flock to this particular spot just to get their photo taken in a silly position. After sniffing around the thinly stocked trinket booths manned by sleepy Navajo women, they climb back into their RVs with sour looks and drive off into the same heat haze in which they came. We do all those things and leave unsatisfied complaining about the six dollars and how monumentally boring it all was. But we do it because we're here. And to not do it – just ride past the sign – would've hurt more than to go through this process.

It seems the natives have been handed the most useless land in America. Even if some reservations are the size of a small European country, they're just a whole bunch of dirt baking under a punishing sun. And when something of any significance, even as trivial as Four Corners happens to nest inside their boundary, it gives them reason to cash in. Let me point out that milking money is an Americanism and the natives are simply doing it not to be left behind. Nothing is ever free in America.



RJST Adventure

Unfortunately for the Indians, Monument Valley is something you can see from miles away - for free. But that's about all you can do here for nothing. The campground is squeezed between two immense monoliths of solid red rock with sheer walls as high as skyscrapers. Crawling out of the tent in the morning only to fall backwards from cranking your head so high is worth the steep camping fee. You could spend hours sitting at the supermarket car park admiring the characteristically jagged horizon. I spent an entire evening there and was pleasantly surprised that no one else found it as appealing as I did. I still feel guilty about telling Jane I was only going to get milk. Even the gas station has a magnificent view.

A dirt road leads to the Monument Valley Visitors Centre from the highway. Strings of large buses drive in and out like long trains. No one is allowed beyond this point without handing over some cash. Every little dirt track branching off the access road is gated with a 'No Trespassing – Private Property' sign. For the adventurous types, a 'self guided' tour is available for \$5 per vehicle. The native woman selling us the passes warns that trespassing outside the designated loop can lead to some kind of punishment. Like getting clobbered over the head and being tossed into the desert for the vultures to rip you apart.









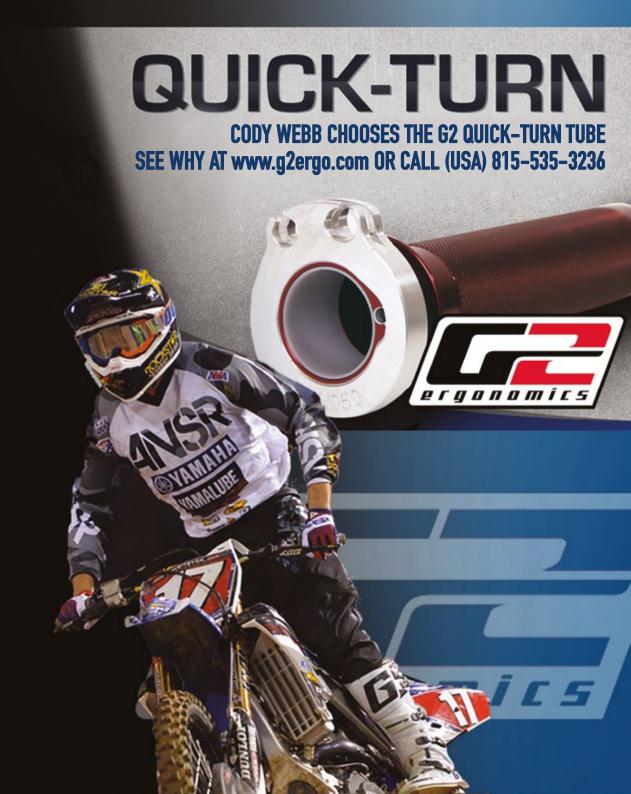


At every viewing area throughout the loop, there's an army of Indians selling the same trinkets and jewellery. There's always a man with a bored looking horse charging a dollar a photo and a crippled van advertising food with a woman telling you that they just ran out of cooking gas. I'm even pressed by an Indian tour guide for a dollar when he walks into my photo. But all this only adds to the experience of the Wild West. In all honesty, the ten dollars we pay to ride the fifteen miles through the Valley, is the best spent ten bucks of the entire trip.

NEXT ISSUE...

Counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike. Part two of the Wielecki's grand tour of the USofA...







RUST

BMW R nineT, Scrambler, Cafe Racer The BMW R nineT seems to be the flavour of the month at the 2016 EICMA Show... The range of bolt-on accessories, and modified bikes on show is truly mind-boggling...



www.youtube.com/watch?v=1gL9oTh6LN0

2017 BETA Range Launch

Stephano Fantigini tells us about the continuing development of the Beta range and the secret of their recent success...



www.youtube.com/watch?v=_L8ePyI2E4

2016 V-STROM 650XT

Seve Hacket explains the revisions to the Suzuki 650 V-Strom in order to make it more suitable for all-out adventure riding...



RUSTSPORTS.COM: THE EICMA MOTORCYCLE SHOW MILAN 2016

RUST Magazine takes you for a walk around the Milan EICMA show with all the new models and a whole load more interesting stuff...



2017 KTM Range Launch

Warren Malschinger and Josh Snowden go to Portugal to ride the extensively redesigned 2017 KTM enduro range...



www.youtube.com/watch?v=xH0E2Ra1TL4

THE MOVIE - RUST rode the Welsh and lived to

tell the tale... just. The trials and the tribulations all

2016 Welsh Two Day Enduro

here, in glorious colour. Enjoy..

STILLWELL PERFORMANCE

Alan from Stillwell Performance explains their A-Kit tuned forks for RUST Magazine's long term Husgvarna TE300 and KTM 200EXC test bikes.





www.youtube.com/watch?v=7_EGuentg3s

2017 HUSQVARNA Range Launch

The 2017 Husqvarna enduro bikes, ridden and

rated by RUST's Jon Bentman... Check out the

2017 Husqvarna Special Edition at rustsports.com.

2016 BMW GS TROPHY THAILAND

Montage of scenes from the South-East Asia GS Trophy featuring comments from Kurt Yaeger, Tom Wolf and our man Jon Bentman...



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2017 BETA Range Launch

The 2017 Beta enduro bikes, ridden and rated by

the 2017 Beta Special Edition at rustsports.com.

RUST's Jon Bentman... Check out the full review in

JONNY WALKER INTERVIEW

JB asks the extreme enduro specialist some pertinent questions about his rivals Graham Jarvis, David Knight and in-race hydration...



Beta works rider Steve Holcombe

FIM EnduroGP World Championship contender Steve Holcombe talks to RUST editor Jon Bentman about going pro and the challenges ahead...



www.youtube.com/watch?v=HQBr

THE TRAIL RIDERS FELLOWSHIP

Read the story behnd the ethos of the Trail Riders Fellowship in RUST Magazine Issue 5 available FREE on the website www.rustsports.com



2016 HONDA AFRICA TWIN

Exclusve first test of the new Honda CRF1000L Africa Twin... Read the story in the RUST Magazine Special Edition at www.rustsports.com



www.youtube.com/watch?v=mLpIT6Z-ACC

2016 HONDA AFRICA TWIN

Jon Bentman discusses the finer points of the new Honda CRF1000L Africa Twin with Tom Myers of Touratech USA



www.youtube.com/watch?v=ntK07I63tu/

HONDA CB500X ADVENTURE

Jon gets an exclusive ride on the Rally Raid Products latest adaptation of the CB500X for the adventure riders out there...



2016 YAMAHA WR450F

JB tests the new Yamaha WR450F in the hills of Andalusia and finds that it's packing some heat and demands a good deal of respect...



2016 HUSQVARNA 701

Testing the new Husky 701 Enduro and the 701 Supermoto on the road and on the track...



JST Adventure

You see, for years I've been bombarded with images of huge, fully-loaded, built-forpurpose overland bikes drifting effortlessly across inhospitable landscapes kicking up dust trails, their riders up on the pegs, elbows out, eyes scanning the horizon for an even more challenging rocky track to conquer, or a raging river to plough through, just because they can. As you've guessed by now, that's not how I picture myself at all. My version is of a visibly tense rider, wideeyed, hands gripping the 'bars far too tightly and the body stiff as a board - basically everything an off-road instructor would tell you not to do (note to self: book a course NOW). I'd be bumbling along in the gutter, dodging errant but sacred cows, being chased by rabid dogs and frequently run off the road by overloaded trucks monopolising the highway. I figure that if I'm going to be spending a fair amount of time on my arse, I'd be better off having a small bike that I can pick up easily?

This train of thought led to me spending an unhealthy amount of time (according to my wife anyway) in my basement, pulling apart a certain road-legal 250cc 'dual-purpose' single that I'd bought on a whim a couple of years ago for a bit of fun in the woods — thanks to a glowing review from none other than RUST editor JB.







I considered the near 80mpg fuel economy, proven reliability, cheap and widely available spares and started to wonder if I had an adventure-bike-in-the-making right there in the back of the garage. Sure I'd have to do something with the sorry excuse for a seat, the tiny fuel tank and diddy rear shock, but having recently watched Mondo Enduro again I can't deny that a lightweight single has its appeal.

I have so much respect for people who are going around the world on bikes like these (or even smaller) and as I delved deeper into some of their amazing stories, it inspired me to go out for a long ride – well, 200 miles anyway – which was about all I could muster on a windy, grey, late October drizzle-fest. After 50 of those miles, I already knew there was no way I would be going around the world on that little bike – even with an aftermarket seat, big tank, large screen and uprated suspension fitted. It just wasn't for me. I'm a gangly 6'2" tall and so it felt like a toy.





signature races than all others combined



So I thought about a mid-size compromise, something smaller than a litre or 1200cc bike, but one with high levels of rider comfort, the longest possible tank range and a proven performer to boot. It would also need to have great fuel efficiency. I'm no whiz at maths but worked out on the back of a beer mat that a bike that does around 65mpg will need approximately 50% less fuel than one that does around 45mpg. On a journey of, say, 40,000 miles, the difference could be over 300 gallons of petrol, which in today's prices equates to around £1,800. That's a significant slice of my travel budget that could otherwise be literally going up in smoke.

The obvious fit for me is the BMW F 800 GS Adventure. I've dropped one of them in the past so I know that I can pick it up without getting a hernia. I can vouch for its comfort, it has most of the bits I need fitted as standard and the fuel tank holds a massive 24 litres, which will be vital in the Australian outback and other arse-end-of-nowhere places, where you can still get caught out.

Faizal Sukree

After four years, six continents, 72 countries and 171,080 kilometres, Faizal Sukree dropped his F 800 GS off at a shipping company in Manchester and headed home to Malaysia, a changed man thanks to his love of adventure bikes.

While travelling the world Faizal managed to qualify for



and compete in the International GS Trophy for Team Southeast Asia, qualify as an approved off-road instructor and even attain his International Tour Guide status. Next on his agenda is to build an official Enduro Park in Malaysia, set-up an approved off-road academy and also establish a touring centre with a fleet of BMW bikes for rental.

"I used to say that travelling has changed my life but now I say it's the GS that has changed my life – and the way I am planning my whole future. Never fear travelling, just go for it, take that trip and see what's out there. It'll change your whole outlook on life and change you forever as a person, but just make sure you don't stay away from home for as long as I did!"





The problem is that I don't know anyone going around the world on the Adventure right now, so I asked a couple of people who have been riding considerable distances on the standard F 800 GS, for their views and advice. One was Malaysian rider Faizal Sukree (see boxout) and the other was Prasit Aphiphunya from Thailand, who I wrote a story on in 2015, when he was riding his 800 GS from Bangkok to Europe. It turns out that he flew home after the trip and left his bike in France – and it's still there. The thing is, I know just the guy to ride it back for him – so we've done a deal!

So, that's a bike sorted – a 'standard' F800 GS, to Bangkok. From there, who knows? The next step is to get myself sorted with some rider training, so I can give myself a fighting chance to return Prasit's bike to him in one piece. Watch this space.





ADVENTURE BIKE WAREHOUSE Manchester M27 8WA. 0161 736 80
THE KTM CENTRE Hemel Hempstead HP3 4TP. 01442 255272
THE ADVENTURE BIKE SHOP Sudbury CO10 08B. 01787 372901
FREESTYLE BIKES Newtown SY16 3AJ. 01686 807888
FREESTYLE BIKES East Sussex TN6 3PD. 01892 782288
FREESTYLE BIKES Chichester PO19 8ET. 01243 859655
CRESCENT MOTORCYCLES Verwood BH31 6AX. 01202 820170
TORQUE RACING Bassingbourne SG8 5NT. 01763 853275
CUSTOM LIDS Newcastle NE4 6AH. 0191 232 6454
MANCHESTER XTREME Stockport SK7 4RD. 0161 483 5559
SPORTS BIKE SHOP Boston PE20 1QL. 01205 360009
SPORTOURING LTD. Abercynon CF45 4RB. 01443 742421
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ADVENTURE SPEC.COM 01422 88299



YKK'



RUST Classic

Part 3

HOPE FOR THE BEST PLAN FOR THE WORST Sometimes you just have to be realistic, left 13 years in a garage unused – some things are going to suffer...

PROJECT TLR The story so far

Editor JB shipped his old Honda TLR250 back to the UK after it lying dormant in a New Zealand garage for over 13 years. It hadn't been prepped for storage, yet once released from its shipping crate and given a splash of old fuel it started fourth kick. Suitably emboldened, JB decided to recommission the TLR, and see if he can rekindle an affection (love would be too strong a word) for trials riding. So far just about everything he's touch has broken or crumbled. Check out RUST 13 and 15 for previous installments.

Words & images: JB







AT THE BEGINNING of this project I wrote down a worse case scenario. I listed all the things that I thought might just have succumbed to over a decade of non-use — and next to them I wrote the current price of replacement. I figured if I couldn't stomach that outlay then I shouldn't even consider starting this job. Of course in the forefront of my mind was that eternal hope, that everything would turn out better than that. That the bike would come back to roaring life with little more than a wipe of an oily rag.

Well, sometimes reality is just what it is, to fool yourself otherwise is indeed to be a fool. Yes, despite my optimism the poor wee TLR250 re-

ally is going to need some serious TLC – and parts replacement – if it's to come back to life. There can be no shortcuts. Hey ho...

Anyway, here's progress since our last update:

1: OUT WITH THE CREDIT CARD

Some people hate to spend money. I seem to have something of my mother's genes, shopping — and bike parts shopping particularly — is something I can embrace. Helping me to spend were two excellent parts suppliers. Trail & Trials UK (www.tytrials.co.uk) and In Motion Twinshock Trials (www.inmotiontrials.com), both have

excellent web-shops which list a fair few parts for my TLR with photos and descriptions to make parts identification real easy. John Cane at Trail & Trials is a good bloke and very much an enthusiast and very good on advice as clearly he's dealing with guys restoring these old trials bikes on a daily basis. I like In Motion as its owned by Dave Renham who rode in the same trials events I rode as a kid (he was an expert, me a no-hope). he was a good kid then and I don't doubt he's a good bloke today and I like that Dave's still here, still involved all these years later.

So first spend has been on consumables – an obvious

immediate need. These things are in a constant need of replacement on a modern bike in use, so are long needing replacement on the TLR. New chain and sprockets, new tyres and new brake shoes were all a no-quibble purchase. Add to that a new gasket set for the (leaking) carb and a new air filter – again these were must haves.

Then you add the small things that you might overlook, like a new fuel filter and hoses and new spring clips. No big deal, but its always a mild surprise as to how they add to the final bill. All in all, though, good fun in making up a list and exciting parcels to receive (and yes, maybe I do need to get out more).

2: CHAIN & SPROCKETS

No big deal here. I liked that the countershaft sprocket is retained by a circlip not some nut tightened to some megadeath torque settings – makes for easy removal, and fitting a new circlip to go with the new sprocket makes for peace of mind. I'd noticed the bolts and self-locking nuts on the rear sprocket looked worn and rounded and was relieved that with some penetrating oil they came off easy. With new bolts costing under £10 I figured a set of these, with new self-locking nuts was another no-brainer.

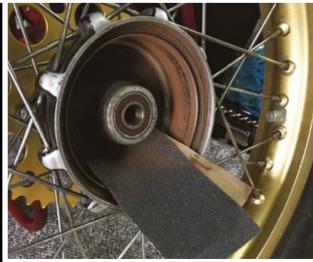




3: SORTING THE BRAKES

Finding time to do the work is never the easiest. I've had too many overseas trips this year and after family and other commitments it's a matter of stealing a few hours here and there to get some jobs started. So working on a sub-assembly like the brakes is another nice first job.

The hubs look in reasonable nick. I rubbed the drums with wet and dry to remove any muck build-up and have thrown away the old shoes









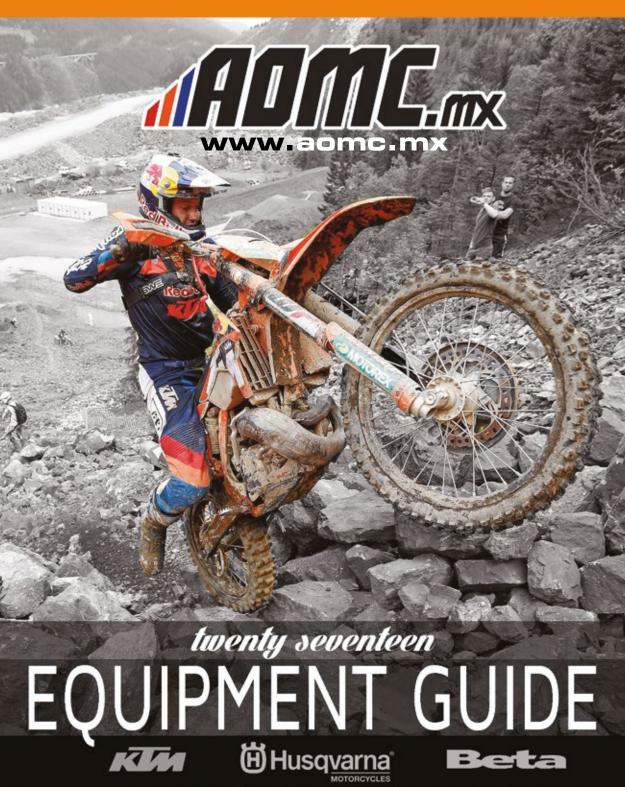
which are both glazed and rock hard. Dismantling the brake assembly is ABC-simple. Cleaning up the pivots and re-greasing is super-satisfying while refitting new shoes (grooved – the hot ticket for trials brakes back in the mid-80s) was only a little tricky. Re-assembled and now smooth and almost friction free in action, this was a nice job.

4: THE BEARINGS THOUGH...

In sorting the brakes I took another feel of the wheel bearings. Not good,

I think these will have to come out. Fortunately they're pretty cheap to replace. I've just got to hope they drift out nice and easy...







6: AND SO...

The rims reminded me that the exhaust is in a similar condition. To look at, quickly, it's whole and ready to go, but it withers under a hard stare. Somehow I just know it's going to need replacing too. Darn. And of course when you start replacing such key parts with new stuff it makes the other old stuff, like the mudguards, the frame, the tank and seat, look even worse. This is, of course, how complete nut-and-bolt rebuilds begin.

A full restoration – am I ready for that?



5: HOLY CRAP...

While contemplating the wheel bearings I thought I'd get on with the job of tyre changing – something I look forward to as I have a real nifty set of Motion Pro levers that make this job all joy.

All joy on a new bike with new tyres, that is. The old Dunlops are of course stiff as the proverbial old boots, so I was taking it real easy, using rim savers even, when levering them off. Only when they came off there was plenty of dust flying around (not a good sign) and when the dust settled I could see what the dust was about – disintegrating rims.

The original rims look healthy enough externally – and up 'till now I've thought they just might survive – but inside those tyres, under the rim tape the inner surface has clearly been degrading fast over these past 13 years. I took a wire brush to them with a slim hope it would be just a surface thing, but no, with each stroke of the brush more rim turned to powder – the chances of these rims dealing with the shocks of trials riding are extremely slim.

So it's looking like a new set of rims for the TLR. That's at least £200 before I start to consider the rebuild and hey, new spokes – why not, no point doing half a job.





WHAT'S NEXT?

So far I've spent just over £250 on bits and pieces. That was just a warm-up, evidently. Now things could get very serious. Say £300 on wheels, £200+ on an exhaust. Having done that do I then strip the whole thing and get the frame powder coated? Do I get the dents removed from the tank and get it resprayed? Of course that'll make the engine look tatty...

No, I'll not panic yet. I'll get the wheels done, get some weld splattered over the rust of the exhaust and get riding, yeah, that's the idea...

PROJECT TLR

Total

The mounting costs Valve stem seals £16.56 Carburetor gasket kit £12.04 Float bowl drain screw £ 2.99 Spark Plug £ 2.99 £ 7.93 Air filter Chain & sprockets £61.26 £ 6.08 Sprocket circlip Exhaust gasket £ 3.90 £ 9.60 Rear sprocket bolts £31.00 Brake shoes £ 1.25 Fuel filter Pirelli MT43 front £38.00 Pirelli MT43 rear £58.00

£251.60





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