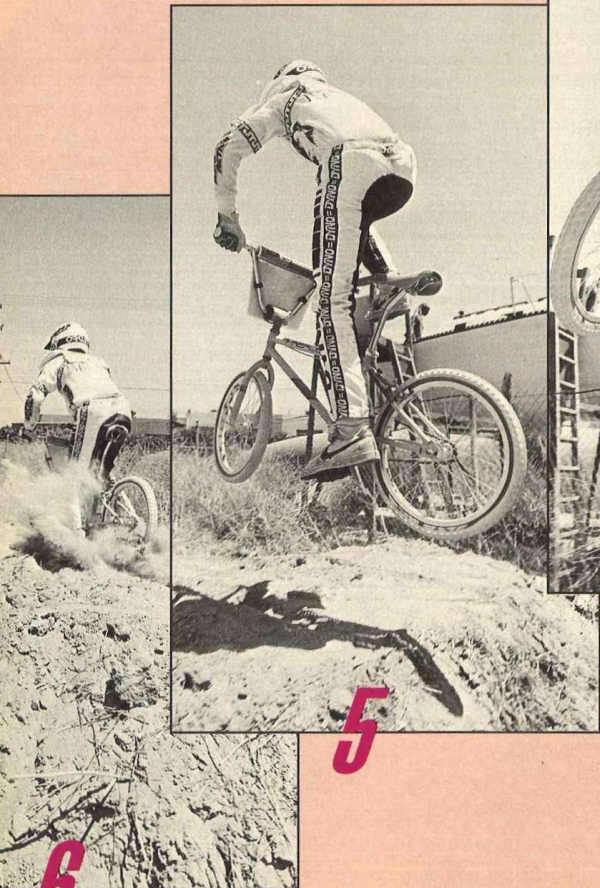


Welcome back, Raleigh

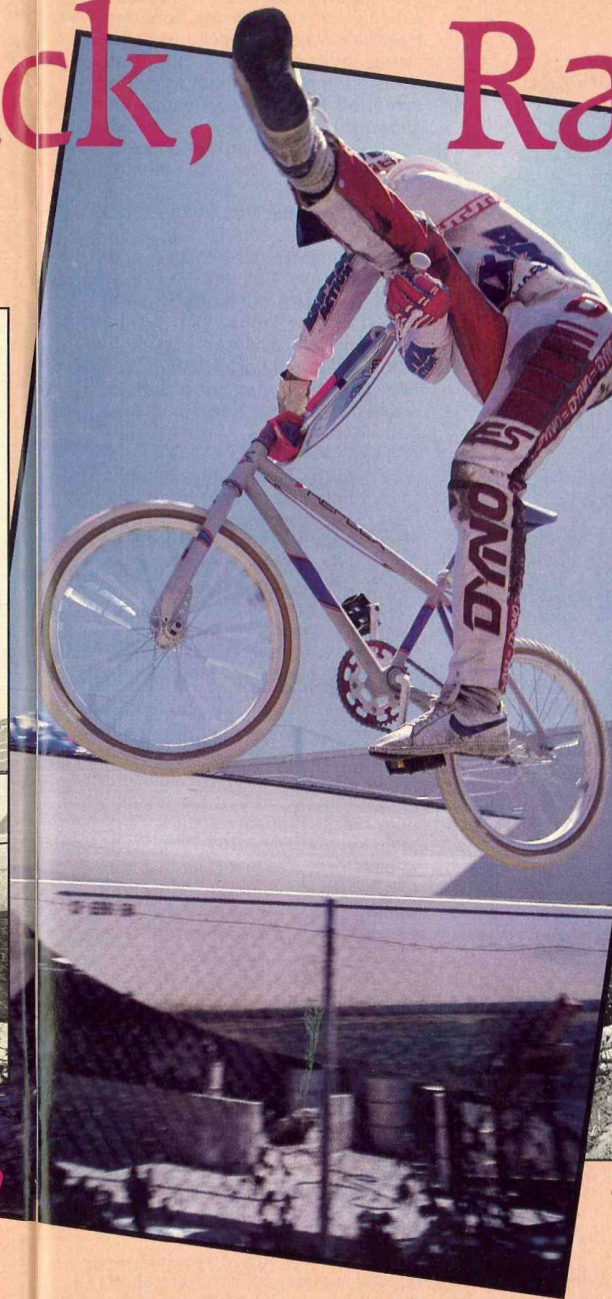
BMX ACTION
OFFICIAL
test

**EXCLUSIVE FIRST TEST OF
RALEIGH'S PRO REFLEX**

STORY BY GORK
PICS BY WINDY



Bone stock, the Raleigh Pro Reflex is a good bike. Take off the wheel covers, and it's even better. Take off the front brakes, and you'll be able to do crossed-up can-cans. BMXA's new test thrasher extraordinaire Chris Moeller, doing his "Craig Campbell at Pipeline" imitation.



BEFORE SCHOOL DISCUSSIONS

The first day of school is always the gnarliest. The freshmen are wandering around, bumping into people, and cringing with the constant fear of getting beat up by the seniors. The teachers are being extra strict to let their classes know that they're not going to put up with anything, and the social groups are already starting to form.

Underneath "the tree" are the drug addicts and burnouts, with their hideous looking orgs for girlfriends. In front of the gym doors are the jocks. They're wearing their football jerseys, arms folded, hair nice, short, and neat, scoping on the incoming freshmen gidgets. Occasionally, another one of their football pals walks up and they each give him a high five. Heads have

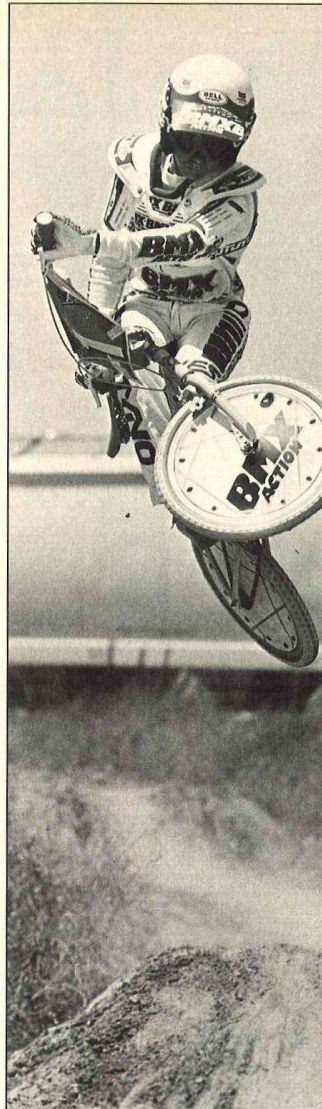


Take our word for it, Chris Moeller, seen here doing his "Dugan Face," is a killer jumper. But you NEVER want to race him. He got banned from the Orange YMCA track for a couple of months because of excessive use of the elbows. Oh well . . . he'll get smooth soon enough. Watch.

already swelled to dramatic proportions.

In the hallway, the high class chick group, consisting of songleaders and any good looking Betties, are bunched around Melissa Moonbabe's locker. Inside her locker are pictures of those two tards from Wham and a huge mirror with a plug-in for her curling iron. Melissa is the head cheerleader. Highly scorable.

We pass by all of those typical high school groups in the halls—Dungeons and Dragons club members, the "bit-chen Camaro" fanatics, the punks with their weird haircuts, the Spicoli replica surfer types—and cruise up to the bike rack. There they are. The



Left calls this "expert style." I call it classic, good ol' down-to-earth, radically bonzaical, cool and clean jumpin'. What do you call it?

coolest guys at school. The BMX group.

Just as the jocks are made up of football players, b-ball players, and over age, oversized, and over-popular flunkies, the BMX gang has their own types.

Some of them are freestylers. Some of them are racers. Some do neither,

they just own a bike. Some racers are experts, some are novices. Some are freestylers who ride locally, basically street styling, while a couple of freestylers might be factory sponsored, tour during the summer, and do shows on weekends. It doesn't matter how each guy rides his bike. It just matters that he has one. The common bond.

In the bike racks, around ten kids are gathered around Tommy Torque, the school's fastest racer. He is the owner of a brand new Raleigh Pro Reflex, which he claims is the newest, most dialed in, up-to-date bike on the market. He simply says, "It's rad."

Tommy says he paid \$215 for it. A bike shop on the other side of the town wanted \$235 for one. Either price is not bad for what you get. And of course, it makes it worth the bucks right now when all of his friends are admiring it. Mike Moola, the rich kid whose dad buys him a new bike every month but still doesn't know how to jump, claims that his bike is better. He always does, though. Everyone there knows that Mikey, not to be outdone, will have a Pro Reflex by next week.

Situating himself on the Dominator seat, clenching the Mushroom replica grips is Willie Munchit, the typical geeky novice racer and general BMX trivia master. Ol' Willie is stoked about the bike, telling everyone how the Pro Reflex is part of Raleigh's big comeback attempt, and that if everything goes well, they might start up a full-on team like they had in '83. He goes on to say how Raleigh knows that they blew it by not producing a BMX line for the last two years, and that "Uncle George" Antill, the scourge of the 31 and over cruiser class, had major say-so in the building of this bike.

Everyone is tuning Willie out. They don't care about the background of the bike. They want to know how it rides. Handles. Jumps. Races. Willie is still jabbering away with trivia, like, "Did you know that Raleigh also has two new mountain bikes out this year that are just as trick as the Reflex line, and that their freestyle bikes are called the Shock and Ultra Shock? And betcha didn't know that Gary Laurent is the guy in the Raleigh ads!"

Up cruises Ronnie Retread, the eternal sophomore. He doesn't know anything about high tech frame design and geometry—he just cares about looks. Ronnie takes one glance at the bike and freaks. "I like the new graphics. Totally awesome! You could slap tons of stickers on those wheel



covers, too!" At first, Ronnie thinks the mid stripe is painted on. HA! Raleigh fooled him—it's a decal. In the looks department, it passes his approval.

Kneeling by the bike is "Precision Pete," or "Picky Pete" as he's more affectionately known. He's the guy who works at the local bike shop, knows everything about bikes, and usually trues everyone's wheels for five bucks.

Pete gives Tommy's bike the once over. The entire group is silent as he micro scrutinizes each part. Occasionally, Pete comments on something like, "Dia-Compe 901s . . . bitchen!" Or, "Wheel covers . . . why?" Pete is hard to satisfy. He'll tell you the whole

truth and nothing but. He takes one look at the cranks. "They'll tweak."

Richie Rollback and Stevie Styler have their own freestyle team. Richie rides ramps radically. Stevie styles on the strand. Steve hops on the Raleigh, and slowly rides it around in circles to get the feel of it. "Nice."

Then Stevie starts jammin' and whipping it through a short routine of tricks that don't require any freestyle pegs. A cherry picker, front wheels 360's, and the ever-popular Miami Hopper.

Just as "The Styler" pulls out of the Hopper, a surfer dude in pink bermudas walks by, staring in amaze-

ment. "ALL RIGHT, DUDE!" Melissa Moonbabe stops giggling, as if someone had mentioned E.F. Hutton, and glances over at the group of bicycle freaks. She exchanges stares with Tommy, and turns back around to giggle some more. Hmmm? Could this be the year of the big swoop?

Stevie ejects from the bike and ghost rides it to Richie. "See, man! All you need is front and rear brakes. You can get JUST as rad." Everyone around knows that Richie is going to ask Tommy if he can try it out on the ramp after school. "Can I?"

All of the sudden the long-hair of the bunch, Bruce Bogithalimule, speaks

Any higher and the air traffic controllers would get upset.

up. He's the resident thrasher/dirt jumper who gets totally rad at the local 'floggin' zone down the road. He wants to jump it. "That will be the true test, Tom."

The bell rings and they disperse.

AFTER SCHOOL EVALUATION

The bikes are all unlocked and the gang has gathered. One down, 247 school days to go. Tommy is able to take his bike with him to every class. The teachers let him because he always claims to have "forgotten" his lock. Maybe sometime this year he'll buy one.

The D & D group is going to hit the video arcade, the jocks are practicing getting pounded, the Camaro fanatics are holding drag races in the parking lot, and Melissa Moonbabe and her friends are still at her locker, taking turns with the curling iron.

Bruce and Richie are arguing about where to thrash Tommy's Raleigh first. Tommy decides to jump it first. He has to get used to the bike by next week's double pointer. "And then we'll take it to the ramp."

Five minutes later, they're at "The Zone." Upon arrival, the whole gang jams around the place like a pack of red ants on a donut.

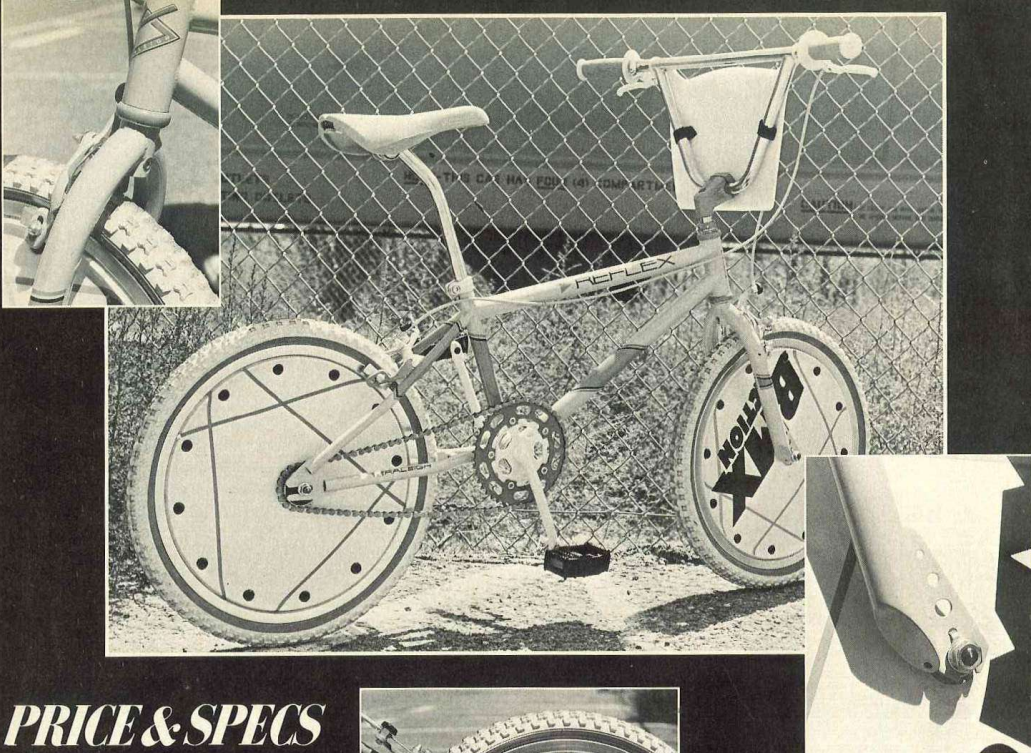
Tommy tries his bike out through the berms and turns. The first thought that comes to mind is how similar it feels to a GT. Steering is slow. It'd probably be great if the forks were raked in more or had straight legs.

Next, Bruce airs off the ten foot tabletop jump. He attempts a crossed-up can-can. After hittin' it a couple times, he turns to Tommy. "Can I?"

Bruce is known for trashin' rims, breaking bars, tweakin' cranks, and wastin' every part in between, so Tommy is a bit reluctant. If he lets Bruce ride it and it doesn't hold up, everyone will think the bike toots. If it does hold up to Bruce's bonzaical jumps, then it'll be ultimate proof that the Raleigh Pro Reflex is a hot bike. "Go for it."

Bruce pedals up to the end of the straightaway . . . the monster doubles are a hundred yards in front of him. The gang is quiet, intently watching. A one-footed start with massive torque on the

The Pro Reflex handles a lot like a GT—slow and slightly choppered. It'd be spot-on if the forks were straight legged and steeper.



PRICE & SPECS

COMPLETE BIKE PRICE: \$215.00 to \$235.00
FINISHES AVAILABLE: Frost grey.
COMPLETE BIKE WEIGHT: 26 pounds, 12 ounces.

FRAME WEIGHT: 4 pounds, 13 1/2 ounces.
FORK WEIGHT: 2 pounds, 2 ounces.

HANDLEBAR RISE (C/L of stem clamp area to C/L of grip area): 9 inches.

HANDLEBAR WIDTH: 27 1/4 inches.

TOP TUBE O.D.: 1 1/4 inches.

DOWN TUBE O.D.: 1 1/4 inches.

FORK LEG O.D.: 1 1/8 inches.

HEAD TUBE ANGLE: 73 1/2 degrees.

SEAT TUBE ANGLE: 70 degrees.

BOTTOM BRACKET HEIGHT: 11 1/2 inches.

REAR END LENGTH (from C/L of B/B to rear axle stays): 14 1/2 inches to 15 1/2 inches.

WHEELBASE: 34 3/4 to 36 inches.

COMPONENTS

FRAME: Raleigh Reflex, 4130 chrome-moly.

FORK: Raleigh Reflex, high-tensile steel.

HANDLEBAR: Raleigh, CW type, steel.

HANDLEBAR STEM: Raleigh, Forklifter

type, aluminum head, chrome-moly shaft.

GRIPS: Mushroom replicas, rubber.

HEADSET: YST, painted.

RIMS: Sumo alloy, 7X type.

SPOKES: UCP, 36, 14 gauge, chrome.

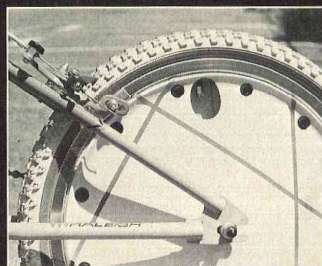
HUBS: Aluminum, sealed bearings.

TIRES: Comp-III type, skinwall, white, 20 X 1.75 front and rear.

BRAKES: Dia-Compe 901s, front and rear.

BRAKE PADS: Dia-Compe.

BRAKE LEVERS: Dia-Compe Tech 6.



BRAKE CABLES: Dia-Compe.

CRANKS: Chrome-moly, 175mm.

PEDALS: SX type, plastic, chrome-moly shaft.

BOTTOM BRACKET SET: YST.

FRONT SPROCKET: 44 tooth.

REAR SPROCKET: SunTour MF 3000, 16 tooth.

CHAIN: KMC black and silver.

SEAT: Viscount Dominator.

SEAT POST: Chrome-moly, layback.

SEAT POST CLAMP: Alloy.

ACCESSORIES: White wheel covers.

Performance Evaluation

PURPOSE: From beginner to expert racing, Joe Average street styling.

AGE RANGE: 13 to 17 year olds.

QUALITY OF FINISH: Cool. Good color.

Good paint. Trick decals.

QUALITY OF WELDING: Excellent. Either this one was welded by the top Taiwanese welder or those guys are learning how to weld right!

QUALITY OF COMPONENTRY: Killer.

Everything was HOT except for the cranks.

GEOMETRY: All right. A lot like a GT. A

minor improvement would be to make the fork legs straight, like Mongoose forks. Then it'd be perfect.

MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS: "The first thing I'd do (which we did) is take off the wheel covers. They bog." . . . "I cross up to the right, so the front brake is gettin' in the way for full hell's." . . . "The bike we had was one of only five made so far. They'll be available by the time anyone reads this." . . . "The Pro Reflex handles just like a GT. Slow to medium." . . . "When I called Raleigh to tell them about the cranks, Hugh Walton (Raleigh's public relations guy and radical 10-speed racer) said they'd check into the heat treating. I'd expect to see a crank change soon." . . . "Decals are cool. I'm surprised they put the Reflex sticker on the top tube. The pad covers it." . . . "The CW type bars could stand some improvements." . . . "I love it."

TEST AREA: Bill's Bumps.
TEST INPUT: Chris "Mad Dog" Moeller, Mike Smith, Windy, Lew, Steve Emig, and Gork.
MANUFACTURER:
 Raleigh Cycle Company
 22710 72nd Avenue South
 Kent, Washington 90832
 (206) 395-1100

44/46 gearing, and he is off. Every bump he hits sends a hollow "Boing" sound from the wheel covers. Here he comes, there he goes—clears 'em by a mile! Tommy wipes a bead of sweat from his forehead.

As Bruce rides up to the sound of a thousand sighs, the masses swarm around him to see if there is any damage. First thing he says is, "Man! These wheel covers have gotta go! Everything else is great!"

Of course, the man on the spot equipped with all the tools in his back pocket is "Precision Pete." A big allen wrench, 24 plastic bolts, and 10 minutes later, the bike is sleeked down to the non-wheel-cover look. Willie thinks it looks more like a race bike, now. Since Pete didn't bring a cluster remover, they had to rip, shred, and tear the rear wheel cover to get it off. "Oh well. They're stayin' off for good."

Some more jumpin' and a few races go by, each guy taking his turn on the bike. Conclusion? Raleigh done good. Pete wishes they would've put on better bars, and Stevie thinks it's about 50 percent better without the wheel covers. No wind drag or sailing effects. Bruce is ticked off that he couldn't tweak the wheels a tinch.

Richie wants to ride the ramps on somebody's ride right now. Melissa jumps about a foot in the air. She acts mad. He knows she loved it. "So, how was your first day of school?" It wasn't that great, she said—she couldn't do a thing with her hair.

Melissa looks at Tommy's bike and comments on the colors. No, they're not cute, Tommy explains. They're cool. She slowly walks down the sidewalk, waiting for her dog to pick out the right tree, as Tommy does some rockwalks, rollbacks, and curb endos in the street, trying to act casual.

BE HOME BEFORE DINNER CONCLUSION

On the way home, pedaling the bike like he had one leg shorter than the other, Tommy considers whether or not to get some Flight cranks for it. But then, as he rounds the corner, there she is. All thoughts of tweaked cranks are forgotten. Melissa Moonbabe, walking her dog. All by herself. It is now or never.

Tommy cruises up behind Melissa, locks up his brakes, and lays a lil' roost

on somebody's ride right now. Melissa jumps about a foot in the air. She acts mad. He knows she loved it. "So, how was your first day of school?" It wasn't that great, she said—she couldn't do a thing with her hair.

She asks a few more questions about the bike. Tommy took the cue to make convo, and starts telling Melissa that the bike handles like a GT, the cranks are bogus, the grips are nice, the brakes are the best, the rims hold up great, the gearing is sano, the hubs are loose, and that he took the wheel covers off to eliminate the sailing effect. ing effect.

She acts like she knows what he's talking about. Her poodle stops at a eucalyptus. Neither of them say a word for about a minute. Tommy's hands start sweating. Should he?

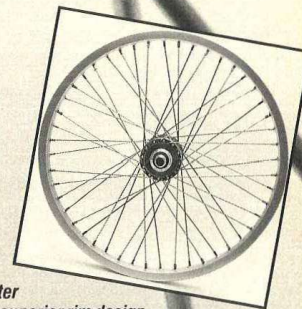
"Uhh, Missy . . . how'd ya like to jam to the races with me next weekend? It's a double pointer . . ." ■

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If you're ready for some serious quality in a lightweight freestyle wheel, we have the equipment. These complete wheels are built with only the finest components available, including 48 hole Araya 7X rims. These Araya rims are built with angled dimpled spoke holes to give you more uniform spoke torque and better

rim support. Another big plus is how the Araya's superior rim design and quality materials adds serious performance to your brakes. The rim doesn't just flex under the brake shoes like with some rims. You get the ultra-positive braking that no serious freestyler can do without.

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