



BMX
ACTION
OFFICIAL
test



AT THIS PRICE? PURE INSANITY

MT The Fox Special Edition

Surf styles. Whether it's carving waves of dirt or hangin' ten on the beachfront, Capt. Kirk knows no other way to go than WIDE OPEN! The MT performed admirably through it all.

Knock, knock, knock.
"Come in. Ah, Mr. Chrisco, I've been expecting you. Anything I can get you?"

"Nothing, Dr. Schwartz. Nothing at all." Kirk looked around uneasily. Not this place again. Every month he'd come here and spend an hour laying on the couch while the good doctor would sit behind the desk scribbling notes on a legal pad. Every plaque on the wall had been scrutinized a thousand times, and Kirk knew every square inch of the ceiling.

Today the office was completely

dark except for the small lamp that lit Schwartz's desk. There, sitting in a high-back leather chair, the doctor was hunched over his pad, lurking like a vulture ready to pick the bones of a carcass. It sent a shiver up Kirk's spine.

"Care to lay down, Mr. Chrisco?"

"Uh . . . I think I'll stand."

"As you wish."

He wasn't going to trap me this time, Kirk thought. Play it cool and everything would be okay.

"Well, Mr. Chrisco, shall we begin?"

"I guess."

“How are you?”
 “Fine.”
 “I’d say something’s troubling you.”
 “Go ahead and say it, because nothing is.”

Silence. Schwartz tapped his pencil against the legal pad. Nervous habit, Kirk thought, probably the result of deep emotional trauma. Paranoia maybe. He ought to see himself sometime.

“Let’s start at the beginning, Mr. Chrisco.”

“Oh, you want to know more about my childhood, huh?”

“We’ve covered that already. I’d really like to know what’s on your mind.”

“Well, it all started with this month’s bike test. You see there was this U.F.O. in the warehouse . . .”

“A U.F.O. in the warehouse?” Schwartz’s pen was going a mile a minute.

“WAIT! Let me explain. A U.F.O. BIKE by MT Racing.”

“Ah ha.”
 “Anyway, we were going to test it when one day it disappeared.”

“So the U.F.O. vanished?”
 “Got it.”

“Very interesting.” Another page of the legal pad filled up quickly.

“Well, the very next day another bike from MT Racing appeared in its

“Great. It was cool. The Fox handled a lot better than my race bike, which is way more expensive. The MT’s made in Taiwan, but the quality surprised me. It had this school bus yellow paint job on the front triangle, and a chromed rear section and forks — looked like they’d taken a few cues from Red Line. It also had a chrome-moly frame and fork, chro-mo handlebar, Sumo rims, Chang Star calipers and levers . . .”

“Hold on . . .” Schwartz was scribbling furiously now.

“Don’t wear yourself out, Doc. Here . . .” Kirk pulled a folded and crumpled spec sheet from his back pocket. “Check this out. Everything about the bike is on this.”

Schwartz examined the paper carefully. “Interesting color selection: chrome, pink and chrome, turquoise and chrome, gray and chrome . . .”

“Cool, huh? And the complete bike weight is right in there: 24 pounds, 6 ounces. Taiwanese components are everywhere, which aren’t exactly the epitome of zootness, but they held up fine. And you can’t expect much more for the price.”

“Anything wrong with the bike?”

“The only probs were the front caliper and one of the pedals. The caliper had the cable arm on the right side, which is opposite of most arms. I’d turn the front end for a hectic mid-air cross-up, and the arm would smack the down tube. As for the pedal, the end broke off after I landed HARD off a jump. Not real major deals.”

A long pause. Schwartz set his pen down. He leaned forward even more.

“Mr. Chrisco, I think today’s session is complete. It sounds like everything is going very well for you.”

Kirk broke down. “That’s just the problem, Doc. Everything went great. It just isn’t fair. Every month, I pound test bikes into the dirt . . . bikes priced twice as much as The Fox. What happens this month? Nothing. I tried and tried and tried, but nothing. I don’t understand it. You know, each month after testing, the BMXA editors send me here to get my head straightened out, because I’m so insane. This time they’re wondering if I’ve lost it completely. Maybe I have. I didn’t even put a dent in the rims. If that isn’t bad enough, my mother doesn’t love me anymore and my Pinto blew up.”

“Now there, there, Mr. Chrisco, here’s some Kleenex.” Schwartz picked up the pen and jotted a few more notes.

“You don’t understand, Doc. My reputation is on the line. What will my fans think? My girlfriends? My dog? I CAN’T TAKE IT ANYMORE . . .” Kirk fell to the floor in spastic convulsions.

Schwartz stopped writing, turned over the pad, and punched the inter-

com. “Bertha, please send in Brutus and Clyde right away.”

“NO, NOT THEM! I’m okay, Doc, really! HEY, KNOCK THAT OFF, YOU GUYS! PUT ME DOWN! DON’T PUT ME IN THAT THING! I KNOW KARATE! YOU’RE IN FOR IT NOW! Doctor Schwartz, DO SOMETHING!”

“Take him away.”
 “I’LL GET YOU FOR THIS! JUST WAIT!”

And with that, the henchmen carried Kirk kicking and thrashing out the door.

“See you next month, Mr. Chrisco.”

continued



The Fox Special Edition held up great with the exception of the left pedal. Kirk wasted the nylon end after an extremely harsh landing at Lucky’s in Huntington Beach. No other tweakage reported. To clear up a couple of things, the bike doesn’t come with the number plate or Flite’s Pad-Lock pads (we put ‘em on for the test, but couldn’t get ‘em off without the key, which we’d left at the office). Also, disregard the U.F.O. decal on the forks; the new Special Edition logos weren’t ready yet for our test vehicle.

“Well, that’s your job, ain’t it?”
 Kirk smiled. He loved this. A battle of wits. Schwartz had to be getting frustrated.

“How’s everything going at BMX ACTION?”

Kirk felt his stomach tighten.

“Okay, I guess.”

“What’s up? Tell me about it.”
 There was time to escape. Kirk eyed the door. Nah, not a good idea — Schwartz’s henchmen were probably out there. He remembered the last time. Just make the best of it, and humor the good doctor.

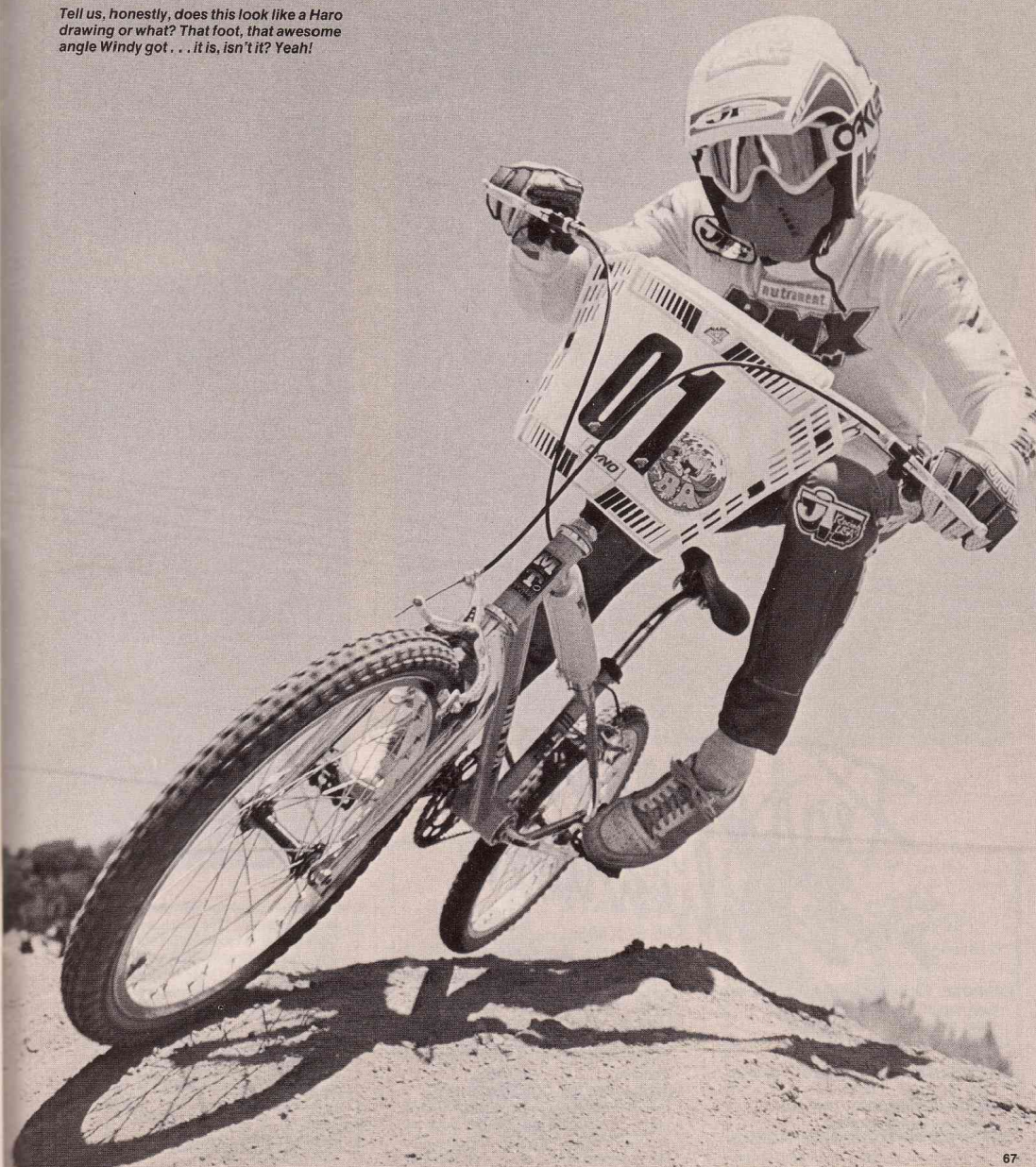
place — The Fox Special Edition — so we went ahead and tested that one.”

“Did you ever find out what happened to the U.F.O.?”

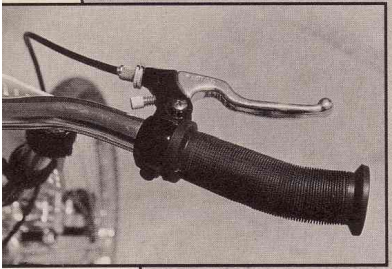
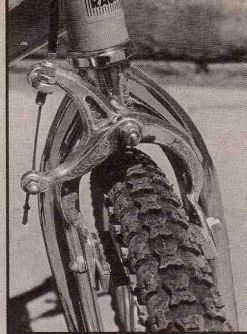
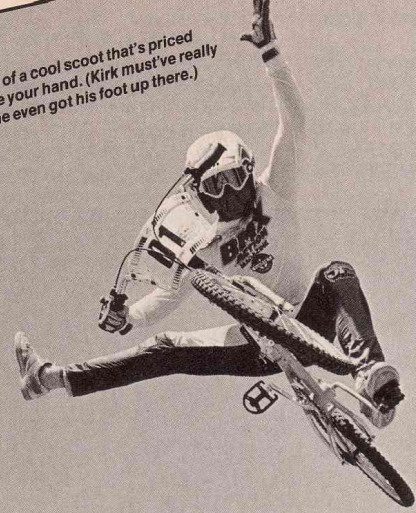
“Oh yeah. You see, The Fox Special Edition is basically a U.F.O. — equipped almost exactly the same — but it’s only 190 bucks. That’s 40 smackers less than the U.F.O. Come to find out, MT came by one day and switched bikes while no one was looking.”

“Okay. So how did the test turn out?”

Tell us, honestly, does this look like a Haro drawing or what? That foot, that awesome angle Windy got . . . it is, isn’t it? Yeah!



All in favor of a cool scooter that's priced right, raise your hand. (Kirk must've really dug it—he even got his foot up there.)



Performance Evaluation

PURPOSE: Racing (up to and including low level expert), incredibly economical street machinery.
AGE RANGE: 12 and up racing, 11 and up street.
QUALITY OF FINISH: Very good. Probably a 7 1/2 on a 1 to 10 scale.
QUALITY OF WELDING: Very good to excellent. Amazingly clean.
QUALITY OF COMPONENTRY: Fair to very good. Most of it is steel and from Taiwan —

definite cost-cutting measures here. But everything, with the exception of a tweaked pedal, survived intact.
GEOMETRY: Very good.
HANDLING: Excellent. Kirk raved about its capabilities in the air and on Mother Earth. Check the photos if you need more evidence.
MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS: "190 bucks? You've got to be kidding? That's hot!" . . . "With the half-and-half paint job and the Forklifter-type stem, this bike looks like a generic Red Line." . . . "It handles

Price & Specs

COMPLETE BIKE PRICE: \$189.95.
FINISHES AVAILABLE: Chrome, pink/chrome, blue/chrome, gray/chrome, yellow/chrome, and turquoise/chrome, with black and silver components.
COMPLETE BIKE WEIGHT (without pads or plate): 24 pounds, 6 ounces.
FRAME WEIGHT: 4 pounds, 12 1/2 ounces.
FORK WEIGHT: 2 pounds, 1/2 ounce.
HANDLEBAR RISE (C/L of stem clamp area to C/L of grip area): 9 inches.
HANDLEBAR WIDTH: 28 inches.
TOP TUBE O.D.: 1 1/8 inches.
DOWN TUBE O.D.: 1 1/4 inches.
FORK LEG O.D.: 1 1/8 inches, tapered to 7/8 inches.
STEERING HEAD ANGLE: 72 degrees.
SEAT TUBE ANGLE: 70 degrees.
BOTTOM BRACKET HEIGHT: 10 1/8 inches.
WHEELBASE: 36 to 36 3/4 inches.

Components

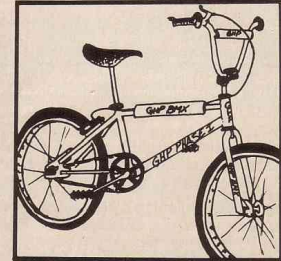
FRAME: MT Racing, chrome-moly.
FORK: MT Racing, chrome-moly.
HANDLEBAR: MT Racing, T-type, chrome-moly.
HANDLEBAR STEM: Hsin Lung, aluminum and chrome-moly.
GRIPS: CoUnion, rubber.
HEADSET: YST.
RIMS: Sumo 7X, aluminum.
SPOKES: 36, .080, with copper nipples.
HUBS: Sin Yuen, small flange, aluminum.
TIRES: Cheng Shin, skinside, 20 X 1.75.
BRAKES: Chang Star MX 910, front and rear.
BRAKE PADS: Chang Star.
BRAKE LEVER: Chang Star, Tech 5 type.
CRANK: Lien Fa, heat-treated, 175mm.
PEDAL: Victor, nylon bodies, chrome-moly spindles.
BOTTOM BRACKET SET: YST.
FRONT SPROCKET: Anlun aluminum chainwheel, 44 teeth.
SPIDER: Anlun, chrome-plated steel.
REAR SPROCKET: SunTour freewheel, 16 teeth.
CHAIN: KMC, 1/8 inch.
SEAT: Viscount Dominator.
SEAT POST: MT Racing, fluted chrome-moly, extra long (13 3/4 inches).
SEAT POST CLAMP: Lee Chi, hinged aluminum.
ACCESSORIES: MT Racing pad set, and 5mm and 6mm hexagon wrench key.

way better than my race bike. Definitely likes to fly." . . . "The cable arm on the front calliper is mounted on the wrong side and keeps hitting the down tube when I do cross-ups." . . . "Those curved bar ends are okay, but they'd feel better if they were straight." . . . "At this price, MT can't go wrong."
TEST INPUT: Capt. Kirk Chrisco, Windy, Gork, A.J., Dian, Bru, R.L., Dr. Schwartz, and Don-Boy.
MANUFACTURER: Ming Tien Hang Corp. 12F-1, N. 33 Sin Yi Road, Sec. 2, Taipei, Taiwan (02) 396-5234. ■

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