

# 48 HRS. ON THE SKYWAY 300TA

**BMX**  
ACTION  
EXCLUSIVE  
*test*

Two days.  
One cameraman.  
One driver.  
Two test riders.  
All caucasian.  
One white van.  
Seven bikes.  
All kinds.  
Two skateboards.  
One Shell credit card.  
One hundred dollars.  
No shampoo.  
**One mission:**  
To Test the new  
Skyway 300 T/A.

**Right:**

Tim "Fuzzy" Hall  
Rick Palmer's unit  
Red Line Flights  
Fox leathers  
Dyno soles

**Left:**

Chris "Mad Dog" Moeller  
300 T/A test bike  
Tioga Max-Flo Cranks  
Dyno pants  
Airwalk shoes

The rest remains  
identical







*Slick Rick has the grace and finesse of a . . . duck-billed platypus (heh heh). Besides being a full-dedicatee to BMX, Palmer's the guy who had major input on the design of the 300 TA.*

ALL PHOTOS BY SPIKE  
STORY BY ALL

**1:00 AM SATURDAY MORNING:**

**GORK:** I, rapidly becoming known as the "Marathon Driver," drove the whole time while the other three bums slept and stunk up the van. Our assignment was simple—to cruise up north,

meet up with Rick Palmer, abuse Skyway's new bike, have fun, and do it all with less than a hundred dollars . . . AND within 48 hours. A basic task for mere mortals such as us.

**MAD DOG:** I hadn't told anybody yet, but I only had two dollars. The trip was only going to last 48 hours, so I figured I could survive. All I needed was a place to go to the bathroom and a Carl's Jr. cup (free refills). Soon, we would be riding and I would convince a local to buy me a burger. Or I could sell my jersey or my helmet or my goggles or my shoes or my pants or my bike or the Skyway test bike or my Jofa or my gear bag or my . . .

**FUZZY:** "There sure are a lot of call

boxes on the side of the freeway."

**SPIKE:** I brought my camera. And to top that off, I brought film. I even brought lenses. I also drove for a whole hour and a half. Then I had to retire to a comfortable sleep. I woke up and the clock said 6:43 and there was a good radio station on. The clock wasn't an ordinary clock because it was outside the window on a bank—the kind with money. That's when we were there. San Francisco.

**1:00 PM SATURDAY AFTERNOON:**

**MAD DOG:** Once at Red Devil, we saw the multitudes of little kids and

*Gork was impressed with how light the 300 was. Rick's in love with the sharp handling. Fuzzy dug on the decals. Mad Dog thought the roominess was the Skyway's fine point.*



*One foot on, one foot off. Fuzzy at "The Plunge."*



local hessians suddenly focus on our van and yell "ATTACK!" To bad I didn't have more change or I could have made more money on stickers. Fuzzy oozed out of the van and instantly began his onslaught of the jumps. The Skyway seemed easy for Fuzz to get used to. After escaping from my customers, I stole a ride on it. The first

jump I hit was real big with a hellacious drop-off. The wheelbase was long enough to keep me from looping out. The 990 brakes stopped so good that I decided to loosen them up a hair.

**3:00 SATURDAY AFTERNOON:**

**GORK:** After floggin' Red . . . and after Mad Dog bailed for the fifth or

tenth time, everyone piled in Rick Palmer's red, fully clean show truck, known as the "Turbo Courier." We ended up at "The Plunge"—another famous Bay Area jumpin' zone which used to be frequented by the Patterson Bros. The bike got a real workout there—flying at high speeds, launching ten feet up, five feet out, and



*This is Mad Dog's latest accomplishment. To him, it's nothing . . . just another limbless variation. To us, it's also a "nothing."*

landing on flat ground. Everything held up fine and I did a one-footed table-top on my cruiser.

**SPIKE:** This was the first day I had met a friend. He didn't have a name. He was a paper snowman. We hung him from the rear view mirror. Then we went jumping. I BMX'ed twice.

**MAD DOG:** Soon after another Carl's Jr. lunch (on Gork's tab), we went to Demon's Drop or whatever the heck they called it. The wide bars on the Skyway made it easy to go down the cliff without getting squirrely. This was the first time I had ever liked big bars. Gork was making a monkey of himself while most just watched. I had a meal in my belly so I was happy.

**6:00 PM SATURDAY NIGHT**

**GORK:** I was zonked, zoinked, twanged, and fadabbled. Immediately upon entering the hotel room, I collapsed on the bed to take a nap, only to be awakened by Mad Dog, who was cheering on some guy on TV who was trying to make it to the North Pole first. Around 11:00, Fuzzy and Spike came back from their venture and began racing around the hotel halls on the F-1 bike we brought along.

**SPIKE:** Gork and Mad Dog were bums. They slept. Fuzzy and I rode around the hotel for a while . . . until we got kicked out. We took Gork's wallet. Hopped in the Astro van. Ran a stop light. Went the wrong way down a one-way street. Got thoroughly confused and lost. Ended up in China Town. Almost ran out of gas. And ate at Taco Bell.

**MAD DOG:** Spike crashed my bike. That's all I want to say . . . and also, "Race to the North Pole" was a good movie. And that's all I got to say. Oh, and there was no shampoo. THAT is all I got to say . . . WAIT! One more thing—I didn't eat dinner that night.

**FUZZY:** I couldn't believe that place. We sat down, looked around, and noticed there were two guys at each table. We got out of there QUICK!

**6:00 AM SUNDAY MORNING**

**GORK:** I've gotta tell the truth. We told the front desk to give us two wake-up calls. One at 5:45. Another at 6:00. We had made plans to meet with Skyway employee, factory Skyway 'styler, street user, and San Fran homeboy, Maurice Meyer. At seven, we arranged to meet him at Embarcadero. Well, Mad Dog answered the first wake-up call and made no effort to get us up. Spike answered the second



*36 hours into the test, the wandering vagrants ended up at Embarcadero—home of countless skaters and plenty of sessionable terrain. Fuzz-head took the Skyway to new heights on the "loadstool wall."*



call . . . or should I say, just took the phone off the hook. What can we say . . . Sorry, Maurice—Spike dogged you big time.

**SPIKE:** NO WAY! Gork is an idiot. He originally wanted to lie and say we didn't even get a wake-up call!

**MAD DOG:** I don't know the guy. You can blame it on me.

**FUZZY:** I can't believe we were going to meet Maurice Meyer!! He's in the magazines.

#### 10:30 AM SUNDAY MORNING

**MAD DOG:** Spike's feet really do smell baaaaaad.

**GORK:** Seriously bummed about missing Maurice, we scarfed at IHOP and met some headbangers from a Christian speed metal band—but I can't think of the name. They were cool and we gave them a mag. Right when we were leaving, Spike got real obnoxious and was balled out by the guy sitting in the booth next to us. It was pretty hilarious.

**SPIKE:** He wasn't a nice man.

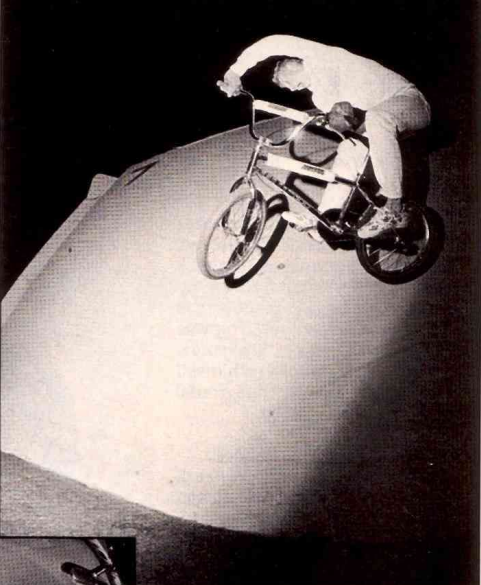
**FUZZY:** I ordered a Rooty Tooty Fresh 'n Fruity.

#### 1:00 PM SUNDAY AFTERNOON

**MAD DOG:** We ended up at Embarcadero. For street stylin', the Skyway's brakes worked hot. Under the intense stress of five foot acid drops and wall rides, the stem held up. American quality still stands true in today's modern society. Yeah, yeah, no doubt.

**GORK:** So far, the 300 TA held up better. No probs what-so-ever, very few complaints. The Dog whined about the 44 gearing—which did seem odd since most bikes now-a-days come stock with a 43. And I thought it should've had an extra-long DK stem, which I understand Skyway may change

*'Twas two in the morning, all of Torrance was asleep. 'Cept for some thrashers riding a wall by 190th street. The newest craze in freestyle and racing is wall riding. Fuzzy was carving for eight to ten feet and then exiting with one-footers and helis. Yup, the BMXA test team is pretty insane, if we do say so ourselves.*



*All who have ever travelled to a race know what goes on within 6 1/2 hours of monotonous driving. Need we say more?*

anyway. The Tioga cranks were something I was concerned about, but they held up fine.

**SPIKE:** I took pictures and didn't ride the Skyway. No comment.

**FUZZY:** Golly, all these people everywhere and we don't even know them. Back home, I go to the mall and everyone knows each other. Little kids recognize me.

#### 4:45 PM SUNDAY EVENING

**GORK:** We couldn't leave Nor. Cal. without paying one more visit to Red Devil. The place is awesome. We only had about fifteen minutes of dusk left, but made the best of it.

**MAD DOG:** Pure soul, bro.

**SPIKE:** I rode the Skyway here. It's a very nice bike.

#### 9:00 PM SUNDAY EVENING

**MAD DOG:** I had nothing to do with the killing of Spike's snowman and I deny all accusations of tossing Spike's left shoe out of the van.

**GORK:** The snowman wanted to leave. He was mad at Spike for kidnapping him. Dangling from the mirror,

Mad Dog was using the fluffy white paper ball as a speed bag and it kept falling off and I was trying to drive in the fog . . . so, I threw him out the window.

**SPIKE:** He was my friend. I lost my best friend. I'll never see him again. Gork killed my friend. I didn't talk to him for the rest of the trip. Gork will regret it someday. Revenge is mine.

**FUZZY:** The snowman was my friend, too.

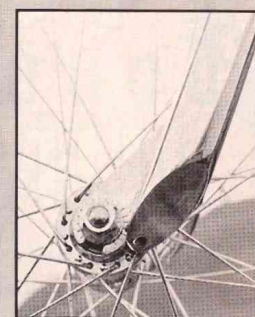
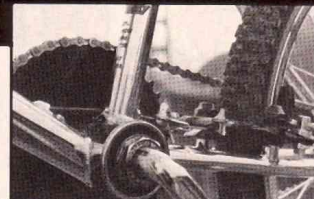
#### 1:00 AM MONDAY MORNING

**GORK:** I exited off the 405 onto Hawthorne Blvd. at 1:00—exactly 48 hours from when we left, to the minute. Call it luck or superior driving skills. We were so amped that heading straight home to go to sleep was out of the question. The bank-to-wall on 190th street was sessionable and put to good use 'til two in the morning.

**MAD DOG:** The Comp III tires have the ultimate dual-purpose tread. They stuck to the walls as good as they stuck to the soil at Red Devil. Since the cranks or bars didn't bend after me and Fuzzy's eight foot wall-carves, they won't bend under anything. Overall, it's a pure race bike that can be ridden joyously in urban terrain.

**FUZZY:** I like the bike. Mission accomplished.

# S P E C S



**COMPLETE BIKE PRICE:** \$429.00.  
**FINISHES AVAILABLE:** Chrome only.  
**COMPLETE BIKE WEIGHT:** 24 1/4 pounds.  
**FRAME WEIGHT:** 4 pounds, 5 ounces.  
**FORK WEIGHT:** 1 pound, 12 ounces.  
**HANDLEBAR RISE:** 9 inches.  
**HANDLEBAR WIDTH:** 28 1/2 inches.  
**TOP TUBE O.D.:** 1 1/8 inch.  
**BOTTOM TUBE O.D.:** 1 1/4 inch.  
**HEAD TUBE O.D.:** 1 1/8 inch.  
**HEAD TUBE ANGLE:** 71 degrees.  
**SEAT TUBE ANGLE:** 71.5 degrees.  
**BOTTOM BRACKET HEIGHT:** 11 1/2 inches.  
**WHEELBASE:** 36 1/2 inches to 37 3/4 inches.  
**REAR END LENGTH:** 14 inches to 15 1/4 inches.

### COMPONENTS

**FRAME:** Skyway 300 TA, full 4130 chrome-moly.  
**FORK:** Skyway 300 TA, full 4130 chrome-moly.  
**HANDLEBARS:** Skyway, 4130 chrome-moly.  
**HANDLEBAR STEM:** DK, aluminum head, chrome-moly shaft.  
**GRIPS:** A'me Tri.  
**HEADSET:** YST.  
**RIMS:** Araya 20 X 1.75, chrome.  
**HUBS:** Suzue, sealed bearing, aluminum body, low flange.  
**SPOKES:** 36, chrome, 14 gauge.  
**TIRES:** Mitsubishi Comp III's, 20 X 1.75 front and rear.

**BRAKES:** Dia-Compe AD 990 (rear only).  
**BRAKE PADS:** Dia-Compe.  
**BRAKE LEVERS:** Dia-Compe Tech 6.  
**BRAKE CABLES:** Dia-Compe.  
**PEDALS:** Victor beartraps.  
**CRANKS:** Tioga Max-Flo, 175mm, chrome-moly one piece.  
**BOTTOM BRACKET BEARINGS:** Tioga, sealed.  
**FRONT SPROCKET:** Skyway Swirling disc, one piece, 44 tooth.  
**REAR SPROCKET:** Suntour, 16 tooth.  
**SEAT:** Skyway, by Viscount.  
**SEAT POST:** Chrome-moly, straight, 18 inches long.  
**SEAT POST CLAMP:** Tioga, aluminum.  
**EXTRAS:** Skyway pad set.

### PERFORMANCE EVALUATION

**PURPOSE:** Pure racer from novice to hardcore, with street capabilities.  
**AGE RANGE:** Easily 14 years and up.  
**QUALITY OF FINISH:** Excellent. Skyways have always had killer chrome jobs. Totally qual.  
**QUALITY OF WELDING:** Okay. Not quite the smoothest, cleanest beads, but good enough.  
**QUALITY OF COMPONENTRY:** Great. Rims,

tires, hubs, brake, bars, and neck are DIALED! Though it maybe could've used a DK Extra Long instead . . .  
**GEOMETRY:** Bitchen. Full-on Patterson-like geo. Enough clearance, enough leg room, enough said.  
**HANDLING:** Perfect. Not too slow. Not too fast. Both wheels slide together on pavement, which is a good sign.  
**MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS:** "I LOVE the rear dropouts. Nice 'n THICK! The way all dropouts should be." . . . "The brake cable routing is done cleanly. My only complaint was that it could've used an adjusting barrel—the left arm tip came awfully close to rubbing the sprocket." . . . "I kind of liked the old Skyway decals better." . . . "A 43 tooth sprocket would've been nicer—44's are kinda out dated." . . . "Surprised that it came with pads. That's really rare." . . . Overall summary? I'd give it four out of five stars."  
**TEST AREAS:** All of Nor. Cal., featuring stops at Red Devil, The Plunge, Embarcadero, and Golden Gate Park. Then some mild abuse in Torrance at the 190th bank-to-wall.  
**TEST INPUT:** Rosey, Upset Puppy, Fuzz-head, Jon Raudman, Rhino Ron, Spoke, KroG.  
**MANUFACTURER:** Skyway Recreation  
 4451 Caterpillar Rd.  
 Redding, California.  
 96003  
 (916) 243-5151 ■



*Sparring partners Charlie and Rick. These two just started doing a "Hill & Blaser"—practicing and working out together. And it's already showing in Rick. Also note Palmer's Don Serrano painted helmet . . .*