9 6 GKYWAY STREET BEAT

FIRST CLASS TRANSPORTATION

WORDS BY: LEW PHOTOS BY: WINDY



The alarm buzzed and Tim gave it a sharp smack to stop the noise. He checked the time, groaned, then leaped out of bed and headed for the shower. He was going to be late for school AGAIN. After four tardies you had detention. Bogus.

After the shower, he sprinted from the bathroom, still dripping, toothbrush in mouth, to his bedroom. Rustling around in his closet, he emerged wearing plaid bermuda shorts and one sock. He grabbed a shirt off the floor, put it on, then tore it off again to put it on right-side out. It was a white shirt with red and blue Skyway logos.

Frantically, Tim pulled his shoes on and ran down the hall and through the kitchen, snagging a strawberry Pop-Tart as he went past the counter. Tim flung open the back door and walked into the garage, then pressed the button on the automatic door-opener. As the door raised up, Tim swung his leg over the seat of a white freestyle bike . . . his birthday present from Mom and Dad. Roger and Joe were gonna freak when they saw his new ride. Tim grinned at that thought, then pushed out of the garage and headed towards Lincoln Public High School.

The ride to school wasn't a worrisome trip for Tim . . . he didn't care if he got put in detention, he was too stoked with his new scoot. He couldn't believe his eyes when Dad wheeled the bike into the living room last night.

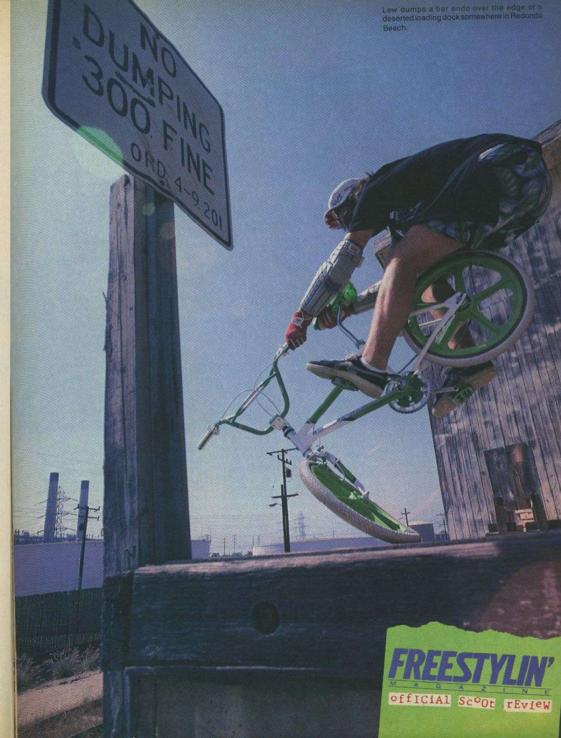
"NOWAY! . . . Yeah! A Street Beat!" Tim had said in awe. How had Dad known he wanted a Street Beat so badly? Usually his dad choked when it came to giving presents. Last year for his birthday, Tim had gotten a tie rack and a bottle of Aqua-Velva from Pop. But this year's present sure made up for that.

Tim was in ecstasy as he tore down Maple Street and turned right on Parchmount to head up the hill. The 43-16 gearing was a cinch to crank up the grade. When he got to the top, Tim felt in the back pocket of his shorts and checked to see if he had his wallet with him . . . cool, he had forgotten to take it out the last time he wore the shorts, and it was still there. He was going to have stop by the shop on the way home from school and pick up two pairs of axle pegs—about the only thing the Street Beat DIDN'T come with.

All the other rad stuff on the bike MORE than made up for the lack of pegs. He was especially stoked with the Skyway Spinmaster... no more tweaked cables.

In the final 100 yards before he reached the school grounds, Tim pulled up into a coaster wheelie. No sweat. The bike was well-balanced and had good geometry, plus it was comfortable; the size was perfect for a guy Tim's age—16. He feathered the rear brakes so he wouldn't loop out. The Skyway freestyle brake shoes gripped the Tuff Wheels great . . . the whole brake system worked as a unit, from the Spinmaster to the Odyssey calipers and levers.

Nothing feels better than snappy brakes, Tim decided as he cruised up to the school





doors and wedged his bike into the rack, then pulled the lock and chain from around his neck and locked the bike securely. Nobody had better mess with HIS machine.

Tim crept through the school lobby, hoping he could make it to his locker without getting stopped by a hall monitor or a passing teacher. He ducked down past the office windows then jogged towards his locker at the end of the hall. Just as he passed the boys' bathroom in the 100 wing, Mr. Zarkon (THE meanest assistant principal in the history of public education) stepped out of the bathroom and clamped a hand down on the nape of Tim's neck.

"Crap," Tim said, not daring to turn around.

"Timothy, I'm VERY disappointed in you... this is the THIRD day you've been late this week. I expect a stay in detention today after school will cure you of your insubordinance. You will report to ME in the office at 2:30, and do NOT bring any magazines or reading material with you. You are to sit quietly and do nothing but think of what you have done. Is that clear?"

"Yeah," mumbled Tim,
"Good, Now that we understand each

other, you may go to class. And remember . . . 2:30!"

Tim swore under his breath and jogged down the hall towards his locker. Inside, hidden under his math book, were a couple of back issues of FREESTYLIN—he would need those to make it through the long day ahead of him. He grabbed his math book just for the heck of it; after all, he WAS going to geometry class.

The second he walked through the door, everyone in the room stopped talking and stared at Tim as he slid, red-faced, into his seat. At least the teacher didn't give him any flak about being late, he thought.

Joe and Roger were trying to get his attention from across the room. Tim tried to ignore them.

"Pssst. Hey, Timbo . . . didja get it?" whispered Joe.

"What color combodidy ouget it in? Blue and grey, green and white, white and lavender, or grey and white?" Roger wanted to know.

"That's enough, boys . . . let's get back to work now, shall we?" Mr. Hansen, the math teacher, growled.

Tim hid an issue of FREESTYLIN' in his

math book and flipped through the mag to the Skyway ad. He read the info off the page and started to daydream about his bike . . .

Yeah, it was going to be so cool riding his bike home from school. After he got his axle pegs, maybe he'd head over to Joe's place and try his hand at ramp riding again. It would be the first time since the accident.

Tim shuddered at the thought of his wreck...he had gone up for a normal, everyday one-footer, and somehow his bars and stem pulled out of the headset. It wasn't a pretty sight. Joe and Roger were in tears on the ground, cracking up.

Luckily, there was no chance of a similar misfortune happening to him with his new bike . . . it was built to Skyway's stringent specifications, unlike his other bike. The Street Beat reeked of quality. Details like brazed-on cable guides, a sealed bottom bracket and headset, a Sedisport chain, beefy frame gusseting, swedged fork legs for max strength, and a built-in coaster brake bracket (even though Tim didn't intend to use a coaster) weren't the first things you'd notice on the bike, but weren't to be overlooked, either.

Then there was the standing platform

... not bulky or in the way. It was exactly the opposite . . . Tim had MORE than enough room to climb around on it.

20 x 1.9 Skyway freestyle tires were on both wheels. Tim didn't question their ability to perform—guys like Maurice Meyer, Robert Peterson, and Hugo Gonzales have proven that the tread works great for ramps OR flatland.

Another thing Tim dug on the Street Beat was the presence of Skyway logos all over the bike . . . stamped into the power disc, on the sides of the seat, on the shim of the Spinmaster, even stamped onto the bottoms of the fork legs. Fully custom looking. His dad was usually a tightwad, so Tim figured that if he went out and spent \$399.00 on a new bike, it HAD be qual to the bone.

Maybe his dad had spotted the teardropshaped down tube, or the creased teardrop-shaped top tube. His dad was pretty smart when it came to engineering and stuff. He had told Tim about how stiff the bike would be with the teardrop shaping and the 4130 chrome-moly tubing. If the ride to school was any indication, it was true the bike DID have practically zero flex.

The bell announcing second hour finally rang, and Tim daydreamed through that class, too. By lunch, he felt half-dead from starvation. Joe and Roger met him in the cafeteria and began their interrogation.

"So how's it ride?"

"Is it just like the ones in magazines?"
"How does the Spinmaster work?"

"What about the graphics—are they

"What about those bars?"

Tim answered their questions rapid-fire . . .

"Killer, one and the same, great, you know it, and they're too bitchen."

Joe picked through his lunch bag and pulled out a candy bar and a tuna sandwich.

"Both of these are all yours if you let me try it out after school."

Tim contemplated the bribe, then shook his head.

"Are you crazy? NOBODY is riding my new bike. At least not for a while."

Joe and Roger proceeded to bombard him with questions and he tried to act bored, even though he was stoked with all the attention he was getting.

After lunch, the remaining periods took forever. Finally, just when Tim was on leetering on the brink of lunacy, the last bell rang and students flowed out the classrooms and into the halls.

Just as he was slamming his locker shut, Tim realized he had to report to detention and sit for an hour before he could go riding. Lame.

He shuffled towards Zarkon's office, dreading the confrontation. Tim walked through the lobby and went down the hall towards the front office. Suddenly, a crackling noise came from the P.A. system, then the sound of some







Robert Peterson has always been a backwards-kind-of-a-guy, but isn't this taking it to the limit? A BACKWARDS tailspin.

"Attention all students scheduled to report to detention . . . Mr. Zarkon has left school ill for the day. Today's detention period is postponed until a later date. Thank you."

By the time the secretary had clicked off the mic, Tim was unlocking his bike from the rack outside and debating where to go first . . . the shop or Joe's ramp. Decisions, decisions.

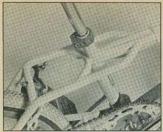








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The standing platform has enough room for three people to stand on it. Note that brakes are mounted upside down-that way you don't squish the cable when you do framestands. Pretty



At nine inches tall, the E-Z bars tend to look pretty big, but they feel killer. The twin crossbars can be put to good use.



Interesting things to note here are the little Skyway logos stamped onto the fork ends, and the way the dropout is pulled out away from the fork leg, which gives you more room to stand when you put axle pegs on.



A flatland freestyler's dream. The Spinmaster didn't bust, bend, or dismember itself during the course of our testing.



SPECIFICATIONS:

COMPLETE BIKE PRICE: \$399.00. FINISHES AVAILABLE: Grev/white, blue/grev. green/white, white/lavender. COMPLETE BIKE WEIGHT: 27 pounds, 4

FRAME WEIGHT: 5 pounds, 10 ounces. FORK WEIGHT: 1 pound, 14 ounces. STEERING HEAD TUBE LENGTH: 4 inches. HANDLEBAR RISE: 9 inches. HANDLEBAR WIDTH: 27 1/2 inches. SEAT TUBE ANGLE: 71 degrees. STEERING HEAD ANGLE: 73 degrees. **BOTTOM BRACKET HEIGHT: 12 inches.** TOP TUBE O.D.: Teardrop-shaped. DOWN TUBE O.D.: Teardrop-shaped. FORK LEG O.D.: Tapered.

COMPONENTS

FRAME: Skyway Street Beat, 4130 chrome-FORK: Skyway Street Beat, 4130 chrome-

HANDLEBAR: Skyway E-Z Bar, 4130 chrome-

HANDLEBAR STEM: Skyway, aluminum and chrome-moly.

GRIPS: A'me rubber. **HEADSET**: Sealed bearing. WHEELS: Skyway Tuff Wheel II, zytel nylon.

TIRES: Skyway 20 x 1.9. CABLE DETANGLER: Skyway Spinmaster.

BRAKES: Odyssey. BRAKE LEVERS: Odyssey BRAKE CABLES: Odyssev.

PEDALS: Alloy platform type. CRANK: SR Turbox, 4130 chrome-moly. BOTTOM BRACKET SET: Sealed bearing.

SPIDER: Skyway. FRONT SPROCKET: Skyway, 43 tooth, REAR SPROCKET: SunTour. 16 tooth. CHAIN: Sedis Sport, 3/32 inch. SEAT: Skyway Freestyle saddle. SEAT POST: Lav-back, 4130 chrome-moly. SEAT POST CLAMP: Odvssev.

OVERALL EVALUATION

QUALITY OF FINISH: Way excellent. QUALITY OF WELDING: Excellent. QUALITY OF COMPONENTS: Excellent. ASSORTED COMMENTS? "I love the rigidity in the frame . . . no flex at all. It feels really good underneath you." . . . "The frame standing platform is the easiest one to stand on by far. Nice and wide, but it's not in the way, either." . . . "The graphics look kinda heavy metal." ... "There's nothing 'fake' on it-right down the A'me grips." "The 20 skinny, but they're easy to adapt "The Tuff Wheels lived up to their legendary name.". Skyway has linked up with Odyssey-they put out some hot stuff." . . . "All the factory Skyway guys ride Street Beats. Does that tell you anything important?" . . . "The Spinmaster is a must for anybody into flatland."

"I want a pair of those bars NOW. They "Hidden details like the teardropshaped tubing, swedged fork legs, cable quides, and coaster brake bracket show that Skyway really takes pride in what they pro-

TEST INPUT: Lew, Andy, Windy, Eddie

MANUFACTURER:



SHORTS: waist OUNSILVER-Long Boardsbort \$29 print | stripe | solid | DST-Comp. Bermods \$29 | 4 color | Solid Colors | Solid Co





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