

# HAWKWORKS

V 5 / ISSUE 3 July/August 1997

## DESTINATION UTAH!

Day 1. 75,561 miles. I'm late. My '91 hawk never got her oil leak resolved or the valve adjustment she deserved. I know I've forgotten something as I pack. I count on Scott and Kristy to be later than me. Another hour, they arrive. It's noon, and it's warm, particularly for San Francisco. We wade into the midday heat, heading out 580 towards the Sierras.

Riding is boring today, until we get to Altamont Pass. I haven't been here since my 65 mph get off two years prior. The wind gusts are stronger today, but perhaps it's my imagination. The Hawk flies steady. Abruptly Zan is passing me, zigzagging through the dense traffic, her shifter dangling from her red '89 hawk. A bolt, washer and some Loctite has us back on the road. We take Highway 4 into the Sierras. Golden hills turn into pine and mountains. The river rushes alongside the fast, twisty road. At 5,000 feet my bike begins to feel ragged. Around 6,000 feet we see snow. The Hawk is really bogging down. My slightly rich jetting at sea level is a mess at the summit, 7,200+ feet.

In Bridgeport we grocery shop before heading up a short but deeply rutted dirt road to the hot springs to camp. Travertine brings back memories. My first ride with the Kooks was here. An 'anonymous tip' had us all held a gunpoint by the local law. Kooks dragged from the spring

stark naked, hands high in the air, while questioned as to 'gunshots...a man down...50 bikers.' The following year locals retold us the story, our numbers now up to 200.

Day 2. 75,897 miles. Highway 120 between 395 and Benton is an amazing road. It's best done at 90+ mph in the straights, which aren't straights at all but rather whoops for a street bike. At speed it's a roller coaster ride. At 110 mph even a heavily laden 500 lb. old bike can catch air, or at least a couple of wheelies. I love this road.

We stop in Benton to top off. Zan and I can't make it to Tonopah on our dinky Hawk tanks. Unfortunately, Benton's only little gas station is closed. A local assures us there's another within range.

John has lost his sleeping bag, Thermarest and rainsuit and heads back to search for them. High speeds suck the mileage right out of my hawk, so we cruise onward at about 65 mph, crossing the border into Nevada uneventfully. The gas station has recently changed hands and has no gas to sell us as their license hasn't yet arrived. "Can you make it to Tonopah?" the woman asks. "Yep," I reply cheerily. I'm 3 miles into reserve. She sells us the 2.5

gallons she's got for emergencies, apologetically asking \$6 for it. I would have paid \$20. About now \$675 for a Kiyo tank is starting to sound pretty darn cheap.

13 miles later Joe runs out of gas. We pull over. I pull out my little *empty* jerry can for siphoning. Then Joe complains that his shifter is 'loose.' In fact it is cracked, and, in an attempt to shore it up, it snaps off. Two vise-grips gets Joe to Tonopah. We regroup, for the most part. Tim, Brad, B, Kevin and Robin have gone on. I fill my jerry can and swear it will remain full at all times.

A flurry of errands in town; I find the brand new (and only) bike shop, Tonopah Motorcycle Warehouse. Really nice, helpful people. They're able to weld Joe's shifter so Joe and Jen stay behind. Zan, Scott, Kristy and I ride on to Rachel. It is painstaking to keep the speeds down to conserve gas when the road has only one turn in 110 miles.

Rachel is on the Extra-Terrestrial Highway, a little trailer town in the middle of the desert next to the supposedly non-existent Area 51. The Little Al's Inn's walls are plastered with amateur photos of UFOs. The entire town



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Robert Pandya - Editor

Melissa Shimmin - Art Director/Graphic Designer

Contributing writers:

Pam Gilman

Melissa Shimmin

Hawkworks is a bimonthly newsletter intended for fans of the Honda Hawk. Hawkworks is in no way endorsed by or representative of the Honda Motor Corporation. Their loss. Any modifications undertaken on your own bike should be done under the supervision of a qualified motorcycle mechanic.

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Hawkworks  
PO Box 8052,  
Austin, TX  
78713-8052 USA

Ever lose a bet? I'm not a gambler usually, but I do find myself going against the odds on occasion - such as in turn one at Texas World Speedway a couple months ago. As the rubber slipped on the paint stripe, I bet everything I had that they would stick if I just stayed on the gas and kept looking up the track. Lost that one.

It was not my bike, that made it worse. The team endurance bike was not, uh...pretty after my little 100 mph shunt. I volunteered my Hawk for the endurance race. At least I had the foresight to crash in practice - not that I WANTED to practice crashing mind you. So two hours into the race, as I was returning with a new helmet, my bike was crashed into when it ran out of gas in the horseshoe. The guy whose bike I had crashed not three hours earlier was on it when he was hit by a ZX-7 and a TL 1000. Some sort of strange justice. Lost that bet too.

Lost another one in turn four at Oak Hill Raceway a month ago. This was on the Aprilia RS 50 we run in the YSR 50 endurance series. Schmucked up my ankle on that one. Two crashed race weekends in a row is bad luck - three and you're labled a crasher for the rest of your racing career. I bet that I could return to TWS and keep the dirty side of my bike down. Well I was slow - but the trusty Hawk held her line despite my tuchus pucker and forearm lock when I entered dreaded turn one a little faster than I had all weekend. Good race bike, good race bike...

I bet my girlfriend that Hawkworks would be in the black pretty quick. Won that one. Hawkworks is doing well as far as the bill collectors are concerned. We can now expand our stories. I want to have more Hawk specific equipment and stuff reviewed each issue. I need your help on this. When you buy a Hawkworks reviewed product from a vendor - mention our name - it makes copping the swag much easier the next time around.

Were not planning any trips to the Alps to see how a new fly screen works on a Bros 650 in the Euro-twisties. Not yet. However, we will be able to start producing t-shirts and other paraphenalia that announces you as a loyal Hawkworks subscriber and lover of the Honda Hawk. No koozies. No gold medallions. No dainty napkin holders. New shirts are being produced by Kathie Lee's child slaves now. They will be \$15.00 shipped to any address in the US. \$15.00 plus shipping to addresses outside the US. Please indicate size (S, M, L, or XL) and color choice (red & white on black, or blue & black on white)when ordering.I'll run a photo in the next issue. Promise. I can't promise a Supermodel though.

Another bet I won will reward all Hawkworks subscribers. When I took this little publication from the previous editor I wanted to get some rewards to spread around. How does a cost plus 20% discount on ALL Honda OEM parts for Hawkworks subscribers sound? Now you have to know that the normal markup on motorcycle parts makes the average Air Force One toilet seat seem like a bargain. Rich Bebenroth, the manager, Hawk rider, and former Hawk racer at Plaza Honda in Brooklyn NY, has agreed to extend this killer discount to you folks. He's stocking more Hawk parts to stay ahead of demand. You can save some shipping by buying stuff you might not need right away - like oil filters, those aluminum crush washers for the drain bolt, new plastic radiator covers to replace those that you...modified. Compare prices yourself by calling 1-800-4-U-CYCLE. Your name must appear on the Hawkworks subscribers list to receive the discount. Impatient for an example? Hawk service manuals will cost you \$35.00. Cha-ching! That's money in your pocket.

Some bets are easier than others. Anybody want to bet whether or not our mailing list will grow? Sucker bet - we all win.

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is decorated with alien images. Over lunch, a local shows me a photo of his latest conquest, a UFO that hovered over him just last month. The image, applied to a coffee mug, looks like orange blobs on a blue field to me. "Cool," I reply. Wouldn't want to upset the natives.

100 miles later we arrive at Cathedral Gorge. I enjoy a hot shower before drifting to sleep under a big sky filled with a gazillion stars.

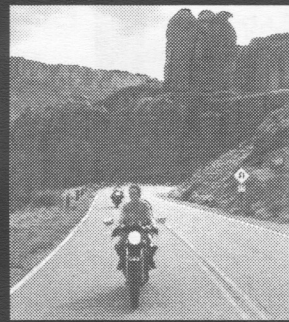
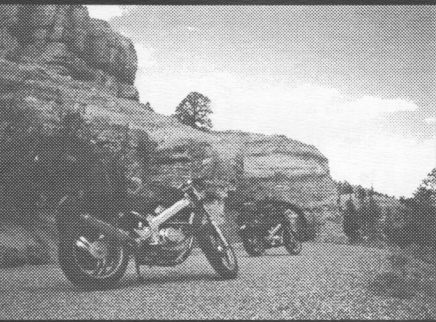
Day 3. 76,269 miles. John arrives in the morning. Unable to find his sleeping bag etc., he spent the night in Caliente on a park bench, wrapped in his tent, out of gas. Jen and Joe are still missing. We

fast, green winding paved mountain roads ahead. This time the Hawk is happier at altitude. She's still huffing and puffing at 7,000 feet but I no longer feel that she's gonna just cough, sputter and die. Power is back too. At the summit a marmot flings his little furry body out in front of me in a poor attempt at suicide.

Zan and I arrive in Hanksville at sunset. The buttes have turned from red to a dull yellow. In the waning light they take on pink and lilac tones. Patsy Cline songs play in my head. We don't linger. Another 30 miles and we'll be in Goblin Valley. But not 'til we find it's 7 miles of dirt to camp. Zan looks distressed. Her two lowspeed drops at

The route for the next couple of days will be entirely highway 50. Straight road, low mountain pass, repeat. All day it goes like this. The clouds continue to group but somehow I miss most of the rain. I am not surprised by now at how green the desert is. The sage is dense and lush and the air is incredibly fragrant. Brad runs out of gas and I offer the jerry can. It has proved itself invaluable.

In Ely we hear of hail and flash floods in the mountains ahead. John dons his newly purchased neon orange rainsuit and is dubbed 'Roadcone.' We debate, the skies blackening, and decide to press on.



## DESTINATION UTAH! cont.

continue east, crossing into Utah. In Cedar City we grocery shop before heading over the mountains.

Utah's Highway 14 winds up and up. Desert gives way to pines which in turn give way to aspens, their translucent green leaves tell that spring has just arrived here. At 6,000 feet my bike begins to bog again. At 7,000 feet, snow under the pines, the air is crisp and cold. I'm certain my bike will stall at any moment and I will be forced to do some roadside jetting. Amazingly, I crest the summit. I can coast down now if need be.

We pass through Red Canyon and by Bryce. Along the way I catch up to a KLR and a CBR1000. As park traffic wanes, they open it up. Woohoo! I have someone really fast to chase through the canyons.

We turn onto the Burr Trail and head down to Deer Creek to camp, an oasis here among the red rock. I strip down and romp towards the creek only to be eaten alive by mosquitos. I race back to my saddlebags, the contents flying as I search for the Skin-So-Soft. It does little good. I am dinner.

Sun sets. A fire is built. The mosquitos sleep with full bellies. Kooks eat well too: BBQ chicken, salad, potatoes, watered-down 3.2 Utah beer.

Day 4. 76,546 miles. Jen arrives, Joe left behind. He and his bike are hitching a ride back to SF. Today I don't even start the bike. We wade in the creek, hike, lounge, read, cook, fix things, sun, explore, nap. Bees hum. Birds chirrup. It is good to be out of the city.

Day 5. 76,546 miles. I pull my Hawk apart to fiddle with the jetting. The midday sun makes me lazy and I compromise by removing the airbox cover. A quick ride to town and seat-o'th'-pants-dyno tells me I've got increased horsepower.

At 5 pm Geoff leaves for the city. Tim, Scott, Kristy and Jen depart via the Burr Trail and 40 miles of dirt. I've done that and this day look forward to the

Travertine have unnerved her. It is completely dark now, but the road is wide and well graded. I nearly lose it in some sand, but the past year's dirtbiking has paid off. Up on the pegs, give it a little gas, she comes back to me.

Day 6. 76,691 miles. A quick trip into Goblin Valley before the sun gets too high, then the 7 miles of dirt back out to the highway. Today is nearly all interstate to Moab. The wind here is fierce. For the first time I envy Zan's fairing.

Moab is a motorbikers town. There are LOTS of bikes. The expected Harleys and Goldwings are here, but so are tons of dual-sports and beemers, a sprinkling of sportbikes and even two hawks. We set up our tents under the trees right alongside the swollen Colorado river.

Day 7. 76,811 miles. Tim leaves for the east coast. In the afternoon, we visit Arches. The scenery is amazing, but I realize this place deserves more than a few hours to do it justice. The evening's entertainment is the local rodeo, a slice of Americana that I rarely experience. Folks are amused at the 10 bikes in their parking lot. My leathers get more than one comment. "You ready to ride them steer in those!" I smile and quickly move away.

Day 8. 76,911 miles. We get up early to go rafting down the Colorado (sans bikes - try as we might, they just wouldn't fit.) In the afternoon I return to Arches before heading west. We've got over 200 miles to do. The sun begins to set and clouds, well, cloud. We see lightning in the distance. One exit before our destination, B and Zan opt for a hotel room. Kevin, Robin and I soldier on.

We arrive at 1 am after a 5 mile dirt ride in the dark. I am so exhausted I just want to lay my sleeping bag next to the bike and crash. I don't care if it rains.

Day 9. 77,211 miles. The next morning finds us in the middle of a cow field. The springs, however, have made it all worthwhile. A deep crevice forms a crystal clear pool, perhaps 30 feet deep. Mountains loom in the distance, a pale blue in the grey, overcast sky. I soak for an hour before facing 5 miles of gravel again.

In Eureka, NV we catch up to B and Zan. Seems they've seen some adventures. At Pancake Pass, B rounds a corner to see a car wildly flashing its headlights. It's raining. They're soaked. The road has an inch of water on it, then a river gushing across it ahead. Flash flood! No time to brake. Just gas it and pray. Whoosh! the muddy water flies up over B's head. He dodges branches and rocks, the water up to his cases. Zan's right behind, feet swung up and back to avoid the rush of slime. Amazingly they ride the 75 feet of flooded road without incident. Thinking it couldn't possibly get worse, it begins to hail. The hail begins to stick. I'm riding on ice, B remarks to himself. They arrive in Eureka, check themselves into a motel and proceed directly to the bar across the street. By the time the story is told it's pouring outside. So the rest of us check in and then enjoy a big steak dinner.

Day 10. 77,498 miles. Midday a coyote attempts to cross the road in front of me. I grab a fistful of brakes, get the bike to shudder and shove my heart into my throat all at the same time. The coyote takes off running directly in front of me, then dodges across at the last second. I imagine the aftermath of a collision with a coyote on the highway. Not pretty.

We stop in Virginia City. Over lunch it begins to rain again. From the balcony we watch a rare Nevada twister touch down from whence we came. Kooks find a hotel in this quaint historic landmark. I take my leave and head home in the drizzling rain. As I ride over the pass I can see Lake Tahoe reflecting the snowy mountains in its mirror like finish. No traffic and a dry twisty road. I am grinning in my helmet.

Three hours later I'm rolling the bike in the garage. 10 days on the road and I'm a new person. I climb into bed, exhausted but happy. Guess I should do that valve adjustment soon. Maybe fix the oil leak too. The Hawk makes a good touring partner - as long as you have a little jerry can with you!

BY MELISSA SHIMMIN

# VENTURA LUGGAGE SYSTEM



The box arrived and I was very disappointed. I was told I would be reviewing hard luggage for the hawk. Imagine my horror to discover a honkin' big ugly sissy-bar looking rack and two misshapen smoothed soft bags. I shoved the box in the corner of the garage and there it hibernated for two months until the night before my departure to Utah.

Around 10:30 pm I dragged myself down to the garage to put that ugly rack on. Around 11:00 I was pleasantly surprised to find that I had completely finished the job. Though the diagrams with the directions suck, the rack itself goes on in about 15 minutes, even if you're a slug mechanic like myself. The extra time meant I could start packing right then.

I discovered packing was a whiz when one didn't have to use the 6-8 bungee net method. The Ventura Luggage System is a rack and bag system that allows for lots of flexibility. I used it in conjunction with my Rev-Pack saddlebags, but it could obviously be used alone. Since it's near impossible to take a passenger and saddlebags on a Hawk at the same time, it would provide a great solution for two-up non-campers. Oh yeah, it holds alot of stuff.

Around Day 6 of the roadtrip I had finally worked out where I wanted everything. The 30 litre Aero Delta bag held my tent (sans poles, which got bungeed to the rack), two tarps, a 1 gallon jerry can filled with gas, 1st aid kit, and whatever small items I'd forgotten to pack in the saddle bags that day. The 44 litre Aero Spada bag held my sleeping bag, Thermarest, rainsuit, sweater when it was hot, sandals and the day's grocery shopping. Its outside pocket held a camera, film, mini tripod, sunscreen, maps and postcards.

Unpacking was also a breeze. Four buckles and a zipper and the two bags separate, then slide off the rack. Comfy handles make it easy to haul your stuff up to a hotel room or campsite.

Constructed of top quality 450 x 450 denier-fabric with a laminated .2 mm PVC backing, I found the Ventura Luggage System to be an exceptional product. What I had really wanted to hate, I found myself loving. It is well crafted with an eye for detail. In a brief thundershower my gear stayed perfectly dry, though after an hour+ of downpour the zippers began to leak. I understand there are storm covers available. My only complaint is the need to have one's key cut down to unlock the seat (the rack gets in the way.) Ventura provided directions, which I promptly ignored. Get the key cut down before you go. OK so they missed ONE detail.

The Ventura Luggage System is definitely a system. You buy what pieces you want and customize it to suit your personal needs. I used the L-Brackets, part # H076 - \$89.95, the Packrack, part # PR13 \$44.95, the P38 Aero Delta Pack, (recently replaced by the P-45 Aero Spada II, \$124.95) and the P37 Aero Spada Pack (also upgraded, to the P-34 Aero Delta II). Also available is a handy, around town Sportrack, part # SR13 \$39.95, shoulder straps to turn either bag into a back pack, part # PS-11 \$10.95 each, and the SC50 Storm Cover for \$16.95. You can order direct from Headgear Specialties, Inc., 405 Howell Way Edmonds, Wa 98020, 800-668-6439 or 452-672-3774 or [www.ventura-bike.co.nz](http://www.ventura-bike.co.nz)

Rev-Pack deluxe saddlebags (\$144.95) can be ordered by calling Rev-Pack at 1-800-766-2461. Also highly recommended is their tool pack which holds everything but that 27mm socket for \$20.

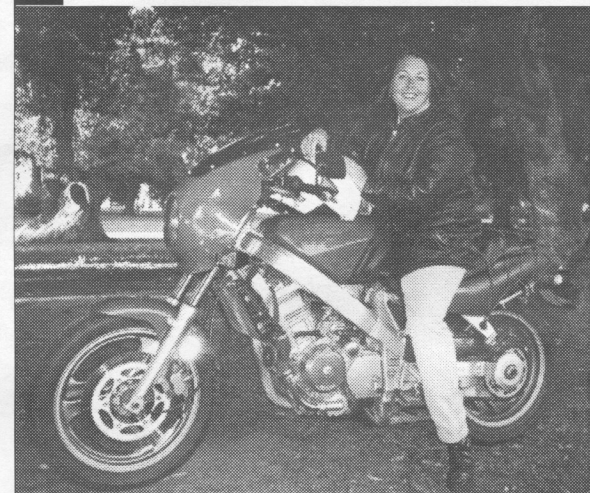
According to a survey conducted by the AMA, one in twelve motorcycles is owned by a woman. As of 1989 (the most recent figures available), more than one-half million women owned motorcycles.<sup>1</sup> That's not including women worldwide. Do any of these women ride Hawks? You bet your fork springs they do!

The HawkGT is often called the "poor man's Ducati," but it could just as well be called "the wise woman's bike." The Hawk has everything to recommend it to women: light weight, low seat height, good looks, great handling, and reasonable price. Okay, so it's a little down on power, but we can live with that—or modify!

I contacted as many women Hawksters as I could, sending out a questionnaire of "twenty questions." I received back responses from twenty women. It would be interesting to know how many Hawk riding women there really are, but since I don't have access to all the motor vehicle department records of every state in the U.S., we can't know that now. However, based on the replies I received, I can share a few "statistics" with you.

- The average years riding a motorcycles is 9.
- The average time of Hawk ownership is 2 ½ years.
- 55% of the sample belong to a riding group of some type.
- 75% have taken some kind of safety class, mostly the MSF.
- 25% belong to the AMA.

One of the questions I asked, of course, was, "What made you want to learn to ride a



Lisa Brasieal has over 50,000 miles on her hawk

# DON'T CALL US "HAWKIES"

BY PAM GILMAN

motorcycle?" Not surprisingly, a lot of women were influenced by husbands, boyfriends, fathers, and brothers. Ellen Carrico: "I took the MSF as a birthday gift for my husband who hated taking passengers on his bike. The idea was that I would learn to ride, and then he would never again have to carry me. I wasn't particularly anxious to learn how to ride a motorcycle. I found, however, that, as with cars, I am much more comfortable when I'm the driver. I don't have the husband anymore, but I still have the joy of riding he instilled in me." Kathryn Wainwright: "My sister's boyfriend gave me a ride on the back of his F2. I was hooked. My thinking was, if riding pillion is this fun, how much more fun riding would be. I was right."

Women Hawksters, just like their male counterparts, run the gamut from keeping the Hawk stock to doing all-out mods. Suzanne's bike would probably be the envy of most Hawksters, irregardless of gender. It's got an F2 front end with dual discs, Fox shock, 700cc motor, AT cams, HRC ignition box, 2 Bros S2 carbon exhaust, Corbin seat, and Sportmax II tires. I'd like to know where she got the cams, myself. Melissa Shimmin, infamous layout editor of Hawkworks, has braided steel lines, Maguras, 900RR shock, Progressive fork springs, 120 chain conversion, TBR pipe, and jet kit on her Hawk. Thirty percent of all surveyed have plans to modify their Hawks in the near future with new rear shocks, clip-ons, pipes, VFR wheel, and custom paint jobs.

Perhaps the biggest difference between women and men Hawk riders is the amount of maintenance performed on their bikes. Fully 45% of the women surveyed did no

maintenance but relied on husbands, boyfriends ("isn't that why we keep the testosterone giants around," one asked), and dealers. Another 45% percent performed minor chores such as changing oil, adjusting and lubing the chain, and checking the tire pressures. Only 10% did most of their own maintenance. [Women, let's not fall behind here! Get a Honda Hawk manual, buy tools, get on the Hawk list (HawkGT-L@mail.nymanj.com) if you have Internet access, ask questions, and most of all, get your hands dirty! If you can read, you can wrench.]

Interestingly, in answer to the question, "have you every encountered any sexism, subtle or otherwise, as a woman motorcyclist?", a goodly 65% said that they had not, the most common answer being "not really." Twenty percent felt there was some discrimination but mostly from dealers or non-riders. Those that said yes (15%) also felt like it was no big deal. Most women echoed Edith's sentiments: "Other cyclists have been extremely helpful/supportive," and Ellen's: "I find that other riders are always welcoming. I'm forever being encouraged to test my skills and stretch my abilities by other riders male and female." Some of us can identify with Suzanne's comment: "Only until they try to keep up with me. Then by some miracle, I become 'one of the boys.'"

One who has really stretched her abilities (and maybe her Hawk's too with 79,000+ miles) is Melissa. Melissa has attended California Superbike School (as have a few others in the survey), CLASS, Doc Wong Clinics, and has bought a Hawk racebike recently. She started racing this year. (Go, Speedracer, go!)

Lucy Trumbull has also raced but now enjoys riding with her husband: "I used to ride with all sorts of people, but got fed up having to deal with the maniac-I-must-go-as-fast-as-physically-possible-on-the-street-and-end-up-a-hood-ornament guys, coupled with the gosh-aren't-I-the-rebel? types. I found it cut into my enjoyment, so now I mostly ride with Patrick, my husband, who I met

on a ride to Lake Berryessa three years ago. He's my best friend, and the person I love to ride with most. I have nothing to prove to him and can ride at whatever speed I like. We go off and ride all over California, up into the mountains, across to the coastal range. Sometimes at warp speed, sometimes at trickle speed."

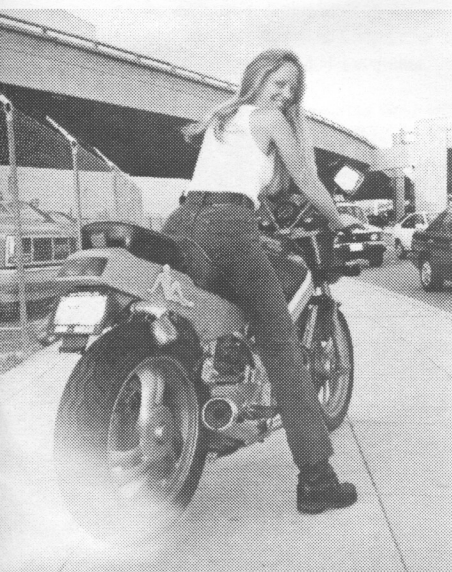
Most women bikers I know do enjoy touring, and this group was no exception. Forty percent stated that they had plans to do more touring this year and wanted to do short weekend trips as well. Some of the groups these women belong to are the Hawk Connection, Motorradfreund Selb, and the Motorrad Maedels in Europe (where Manuela Schmidt states that "almost every 10th motorcyclist is female"). A special international, elite group is the Nasty Girlie Gang (see <http://www.ziplink.net/~holm/ngg/ngg.html> !!). Others in the U.S. belong to WetLeather, Sunday Old Fat Speed Freaks, Bay Area Hawk Group and Plano Shadow Riders.

Bike of choice as a stable mate for the Hawk was—are we surprised—the Ducati M900. Runner-ups were several BMWs, followed by Buell, the Aprilia 250, the new Super Hawk, and, of course, another Hawk or two!

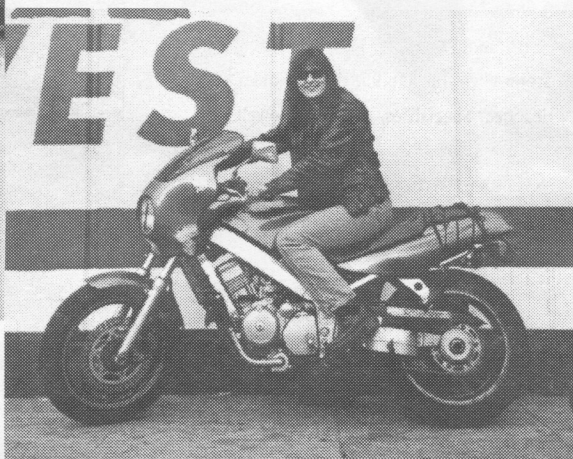
Virtually every woman said they would recommend the Hawk to other women bikers, and most added they would recommend it to everybody.

To sum up, there seems to be no great differences between Hawk riding women and Hawk riding men (wrenching aside). What is significant is that the Hawk is an especially user-friendly bike, one that appeals to either sex. As Heather Howard stated so well, "I just wish Honda still made them."

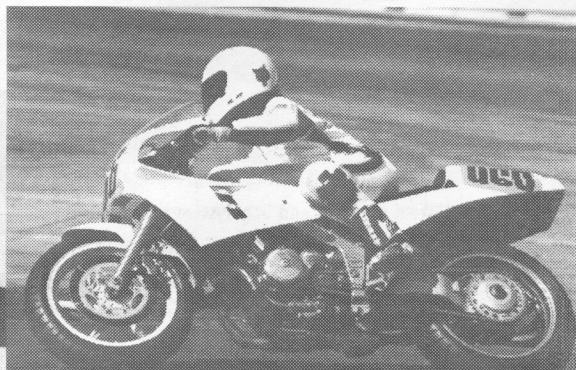
<sup>1</sup> *Women in Motorcycling*, American Motorcyclist Association membership survey, 1989.



Zan Sterling



Nina Moore



Melissa Shimmin at Sears Point. Photo: Gary Rather

# HOME SPUN SUBFRAME

# AD HAWK

Since my rude introduction to the expert ranks at the first CMRA race in February, I have been modifying my Hawk to turn it into a 100% race bike. One thing on the project list was a new rear subframe. I had been putting it off—till I realized that the stock subframe I had on the bike was heavy and worth a healthy chunk of change. I hoofed it down to the local metal supply company and picked up some .250" and some .125" plate aluminum for about \$22.00.

The first step was to decide on a design. After stripping off all non-essential stuff from the back of the bike, I noticed that there was a long thin bolt above the upper shock mount. Its primary purpose is to hold a spacer that keeps the frame from binding on the shock mount directly below it. It also holds up a phenomenally complicated little chunk of steel that is a perch for the fuel overflow drain and the wiring harness.

I intended the subframe to be more strong than light. More adaptable than custom. Less expensive than stock—and cheaper too. I tried several configurations in foam core and decided on a cantilevered design with a wide flat plate to keep my ever-expanding backside off the rear tire. The dangling of the subframe with no lower mounts has become a design theme on many show and custom sport bikes. I thought that it would help keep my Hawk from looking like every other racer out there. Besides, it's cool.

Having two long plates come straight off the forward mounting points did worry me at first. I thought that the holes might stretch and the aluminum weaken under racing conditions. I decided to press on in denial—it's worked for me so far. This design, along

with the long flat plate on top would allow me plenty of flexibility when I had a design screw up...err, I mean design conflict. It would also potentially work for a Hawk owner who wants to build a lightweight solo street bike.

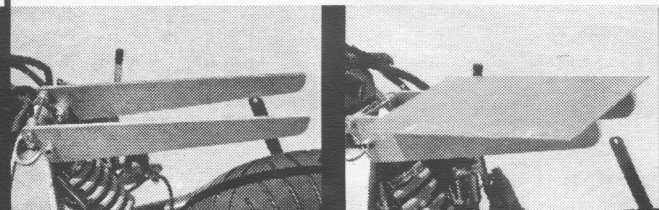
I traced the foam core models onto the 6061 and begged a favor at the local metal shop to cut it out. You might have noticed that the frame off sits approx. 3/4 inch to the left. I cut some spacers and bought some longer bolts to run through them to keep the subframe spars cantilevered over the whole bike. A little test fitting session located where the fuel tank mount plate needed to be, which was drawn on the aluminum. I cut the plate for the fuel tank mount and thinned it carefully to pull the frame together a tiny bit.

The design of the top plate was a simple rounded rectangle. I thought this would give me more flexibility throughout construction and could be easily trimmed if need be. The whole bike with the plates taped in position was dropped off at the welder. Several dollars and days later the basic subframe was done. The body mounts, the battery box, the regulator rectifier, and the fuel pump would all be hung from this subframe. I'm not ready for the constant loss hassle yet.

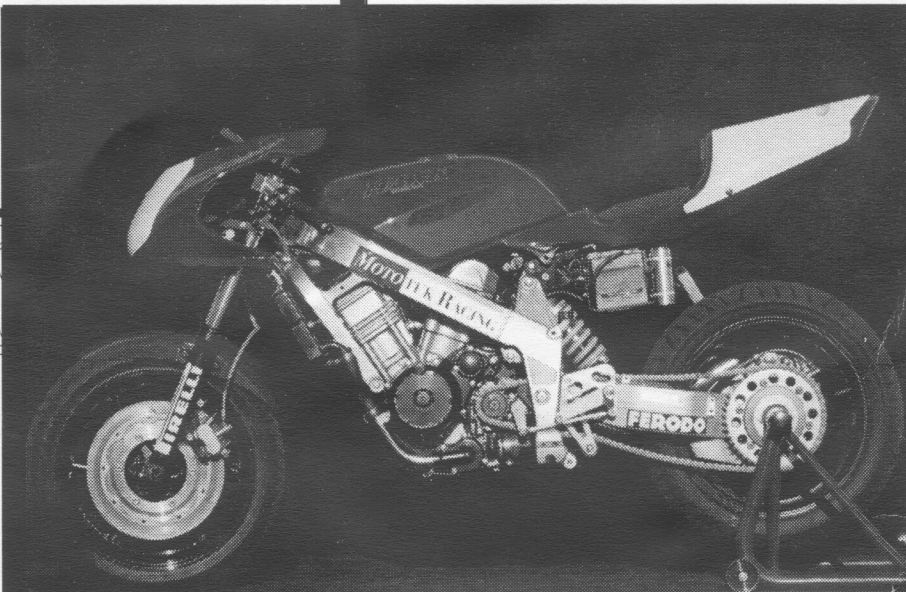
That's the state of the affair right now. As usual, time ran out between races, and I had to go back to the stock based set-up. So far it's cost me about \$70.00 in materials and welding. Don't want to count how many hours it's cost me. The subframe and new bodywork will be on the bike for the next race at Texas World Speedway. TWS features a long front straight that will be a good test of this set-up. Stay tuned for part two.

Doug Napier has some trick chain sliders for sale. He writes: "They're made from high-density polyethylene, and bolt into the stock lower slider holder. It is taller than the stock slider, too, which is cool because it takes most of the slack the slack out of the chain. It does not touch the chain when the countershaft sprocket, swingarm pivot and spindle are in line (as in suspension compressed). It makes the transition from brakes to throttle when cornering much, much smoother. No moving parts, fat free, microwave safe. In use, they show almost zero wear. The chain grooves the block initially, and then wear seems to stop. I think this might be a lifetime chain slider. One of the sliders I've made has over 700 miles on it, with no wear beyond the initial 'groove in' It might even keep the chain off of your TBR left exit pipe, but I haven't checked (mine got wonked in a crash). This slider is made to work with the common 900RR shock mod, or if your Shock has the ride height jacked up to steepen the steering." Doug's asking \$15.00 plus shipping and can be reached at: [barf@POSTOFFICE.SYSPAC.COM](mailto:barf@POSTOFFICE.SYSPAC.COM)

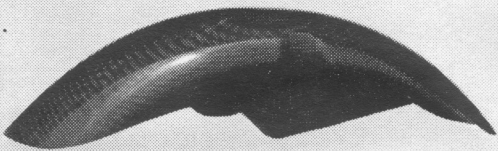
You know how some things you take for granted? Like breathing, electricity, bovine flatulence creating a big enough hole in the ozone layer to drive a fully loaded Goldwing (including the stuffed bear) through etc? Well a big constant in the Hawk world is Jim Davis and his Haus o' Hawks. To those of you who are uninitiated, he's got over 10 Hawks in his garage, and enough parts to make ten more. F2 forks, wheels, parts part parts. You can contact Hawkmeister Jim in Novato California at Home (415) 893-9359.



# HAWK



# LIGHT IS RIGHT



Carbon Fiber has nothing to do with the stuff you scrape off your morning wheat toast. It is in many ways a miracle product. Light, strong, flexible, and moldable. Oliver Stone and residents of Roswell might have you believe that it's alien technology adapted to allow the human race to experience all the glory of high horsepower and low weight on two wheels. They might be right. LightSpeed Motorcycle Components has licensed the alien technology and adapted it for the Hawk.

LightSpeed is selling Hawk OEM copy front fenders and simplified chain guards. Photos don't do this stuff justice. This is 100% pure perfect Carbon. The weave is straight, the resin is glossy, the edges are smooth and symmetrical, and the weight is low - 5 oz. for the fender without hardware compares to three tons for the OEM piece. OK so I'm taking some liberties, but really, this stuff is way light and less weight equals more speed, and better suspension compliance. The mold plug that appears between the forks on the stock piece has been sanded flush to allow the

reflection of the clouds above to gently caress the surface of the fender as you tear through the atmosphere reveling in the fourth gear power wheelies now available due to the loss of the forged steel stock fender.

The fender does away with the stock fender brace, replacing that heavy unit with simple flange nuts. I'd suggest a dab of Loctite or a split ring washer to keep things tight. I track abused...err - tested - this fender on a very bumpy track and had one nut eject itself into weeds, while another was found rolling along the trailer floor upon our return to the Hawkworks mansion.

The 2.1 oz. chain guard is nowhere near stock shape. That's a good thing in this case. The guard bolts on the same way as the plastic stocker. However the rear brake line must be routed through or under the swing arm, as the LightSpeed part has no provision for brake line mounting. While you're at it why not flip the eccentric and mount the rear caliper under the swingarm? A Marvic wheel would look nice too. But I digress.

If any Funkus Spoogilitus dare sprinkle it's ugly mess across you new stealth bodywork, Paul Romain, carbon guru suggests Honda Polish, or Plexus to maintain the gloss. Paul expect no problems with fade due to UV exposure "unless we're talking about a bike that's left outside with no protection from the sun , you might see a yellowing of the epoxy." Now we wouldn't do that to our beloved Hawks would we?

LightSpeed is taking orders on the fender, part # LHCF-230 \$164.95, the chain guard part # LHCF-220 \$99.95, and would like to hear from you whether or not you would like to see a carbon version of the front sprocket cover. As an added Hawkworks Perk, Paul has extended a 5% discount for ordering both the fender and the chain guard at the same time. LightSpeed can ship UPS Ground 2 day or next day for those of you who ate too many Co-co Puffs and must have one (or both) of these items before the sugar high wears off.

Contact Paul at LightSpeed Motorcycle Components as soon as possible, I hear there might be a run on wheat toast as the competition tries to accelerate to pass LightSpeed. Not likely.

LightSpeed Motorcycle Components  
13219 Peach Hill Road  
Moorpark, CA 93021  
(805)523-0395

## HAWK BITS

Two Brothers Racing has discontinued selling it's own fiberglass, deciding to distribute Sharkskinz bodywork instead. When asked if TBR will continue to sell aftermarket Hawk parts Craig Erion's response was a simple "Of course." Airtech continues to sell the RC 30 solo seat section for \$197.00, you still need to come up with your own mounting bracket. Contact Two Brothers at (714) 550-6070, Airtech at (760) 598-3366.

Gevin Greer, inventor of the "Greer Rear" solo tail section featured in the last issue, has decided to sell copies of his work. The GSXR influenced solo section well made, very heavy duty and should last as long as your average boat hull. Kevin said that he can have them made with fewer layers of glass for racers. Mounting is up to the buyer, but the snug fit around the tank and the durability of the 'glass should make fabricating a simple mount a snap. For you street types, the outline of the stock taillight is scribed into the mold so as to be a slightly raised line on the final

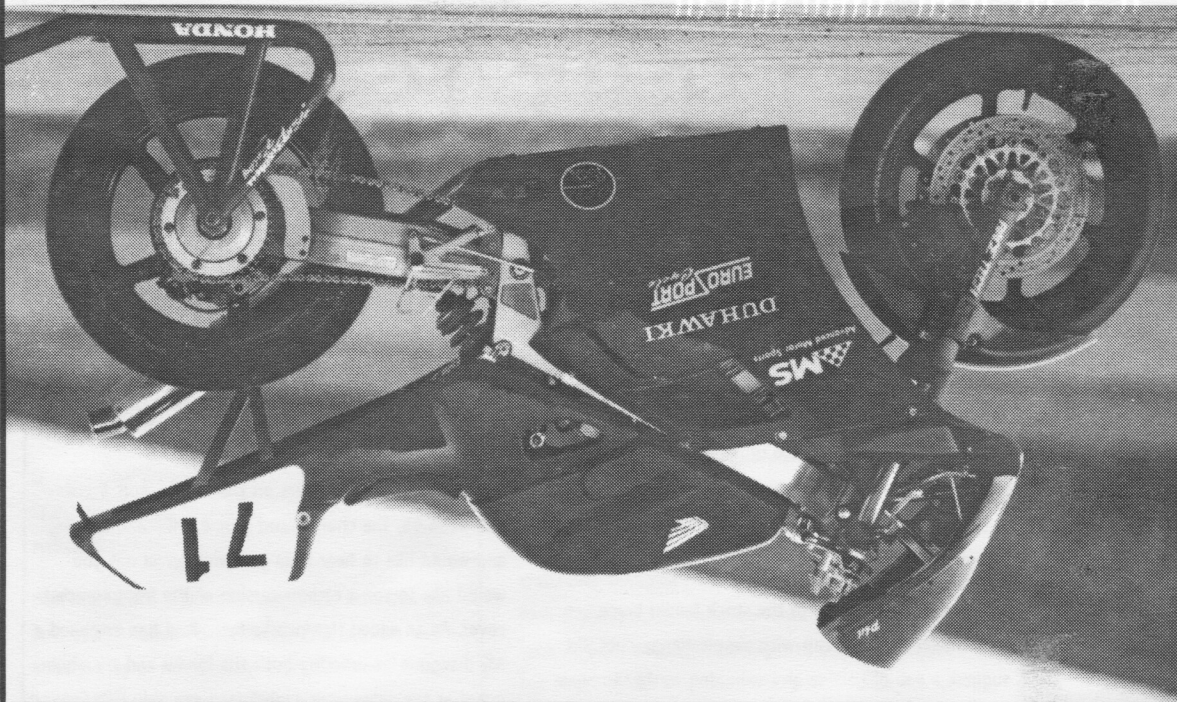
piece. A Dremel tool can be used to remove the unnecessary material and slip in the stock tail light. Alternatively the scribed line can be sanded off for racing. Kevin's already sold several, and is taking orders at (918) 665-7948 or 2714 S.115th E. Ave, Tulsa, OK 742129. \$225.00 plus shipping will land a unique solo tail on your doorstep. A nice alternative to the stale RC 30 look. Ohhh, did I say that....

The Dutch motorcycle magazine "Weekblad Motor" featured a story on the Bakker Honda Hawk. Aprilia RS 250 bodywork wrapped a Bakker aluminum (that's alumin-eum-partner) perimeter frame, a single sided arm and under the seat exhausts. Despite the similarities on paper the stock and the Bakker Hawk share little else but motor. The very trick Bakker Hawk can be your for \$19,000.00. A frame kit will set you back \$12-13K. Contact: Jeroen Oudeman at Nico Bakker, Framebouw, Donkereweg 1, 1704DV Heerhugowaard, The Netherlands. Tel. 072-571-4642. Spell check that, Pal.

Did you know that if you mangle a SuperTrapp front header for your Hawk (unlikely) the stock front header can be made to fit by cutting off about four inches from the back end? I know 'cuz I did it. Don't ask why.

Seen at the track: A Pit Bull single arm stand. Very simple, very good looking, very nice quality, affordable price - \$135.00. Contact Pit Bull directly at (205) 533-1977.

Mike Aguilar went digging through piles of old bike bones to come up with a set of fork boots for his Hawk. He spied some from a 70's model Suzuki and hightailed it to the local Suzuki dealer to check parts #'s. The boots from a 1973 or 74 Suzuki, Hustler, GT250L look like the versions spied in the junk pile...err I mean potential goldmine. The part number for the boots is 51571-33030, and yes they can still be ordered. The bad part is that they list for \$24.38 a piece. You might do better at your local breaker - and they will come encrusted with cow dung for free!



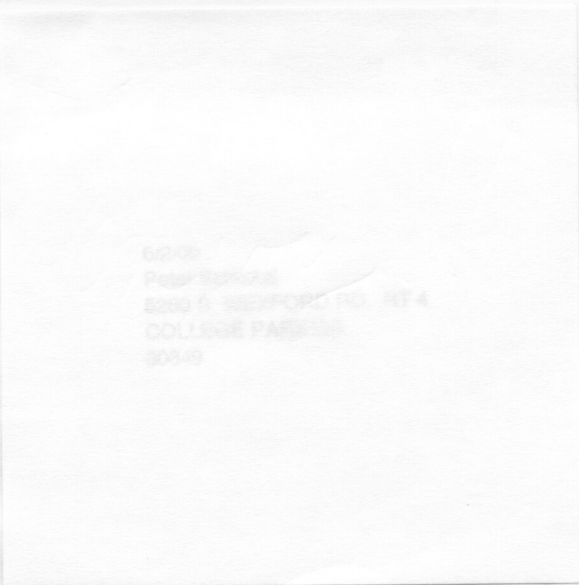
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P.O. Box 8052  
Austin, TX 78713



6206  
Peter Hawkins  
5250 S. BEDFORD RD. RT 4  
COLLEGE PARK, MD  
20740

6991+69202

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