

DIRT CYCLE



J. S. "Buzz" Sharra
451 Harwinton Ave. #185
Torrington, CT 06790

75 \$1.00

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A DAY AT THE RACES

A pleasant day's outing.

■ It's early in the morning. The riders have loaded trailers and vans and driven through the quiet countryside of upstate New York. The track happens to be Fishkill, but it could be anywhere. The riders are amateurs. Completely amateur.

After the hassle of signing up, they make their first practice runs. The track is dry and fast. A few overcook.

At the rider's meeting they explain the obvious. Riders listen attentively, not so much for what is being said as to keep from thinking. Then it is time.

The spectators gather several deep around the track. They've come from all over to watch the 'crazy' riders do their thing. They sit anywhere they can, pay ridiculous prices for food but have a good





Photos by Paul Rentz

A DAY AT THE RACES



time.

The racers who make it through the heats line up for the final. After the spinning dance by the flagman, they're into the first turn five abreast, dirt flying. Eventually it happens. Two bikes hit each other and the riders fly through space briefly, then make contact with the ground. One takes an ambulance ride, the other gets up and re-enters the race.

After seven bone jarring laps, a rider

who has been doing all right finds something wrong with his bike. He dismounts and checks it out. But slowly the realization that he is through racing for the day comes to him.

Soon the racing for the day is over. You leave the track slowly. And it seems quiet. In your mind the shadow of the rider who ran every lap almost out of control, but still managing to stay up, drifts across your mind. It has been a good day. ●



