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ON THE COVER: Bret Tkacs catches some air in Sardinia, Italy, for the *Ducati's Multistrada Enduro* international press junket. Photo by *Ducati* of Italy. Artwork by

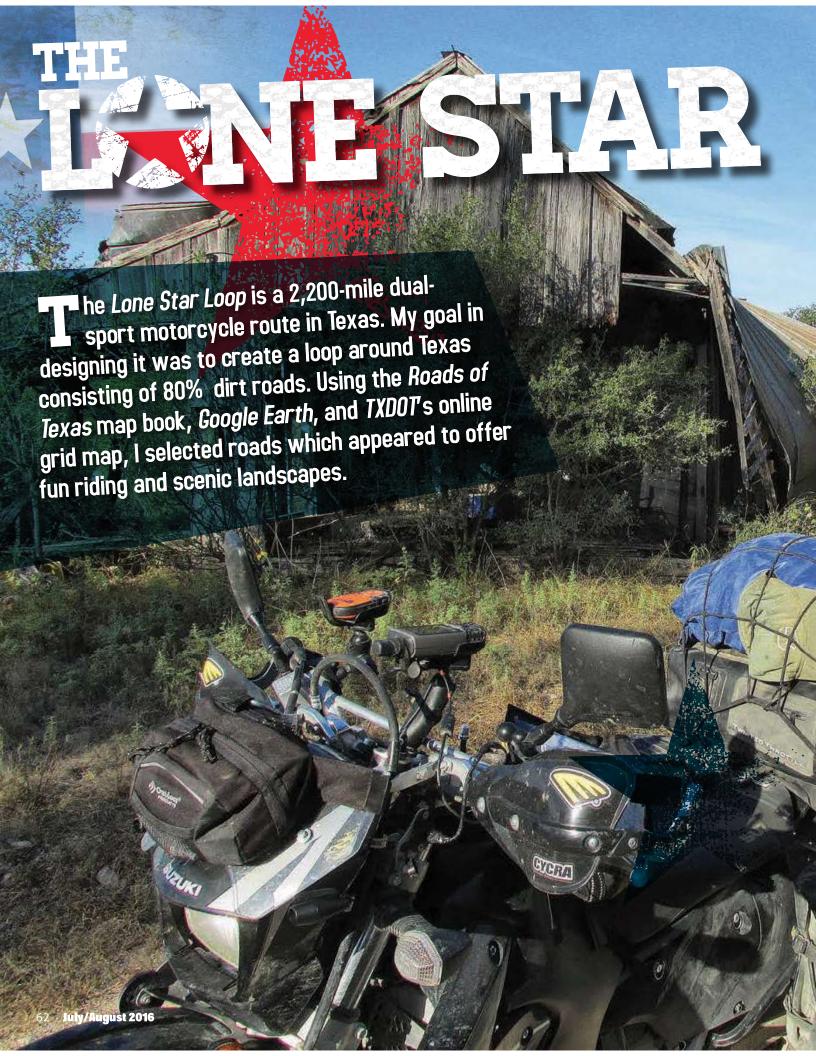
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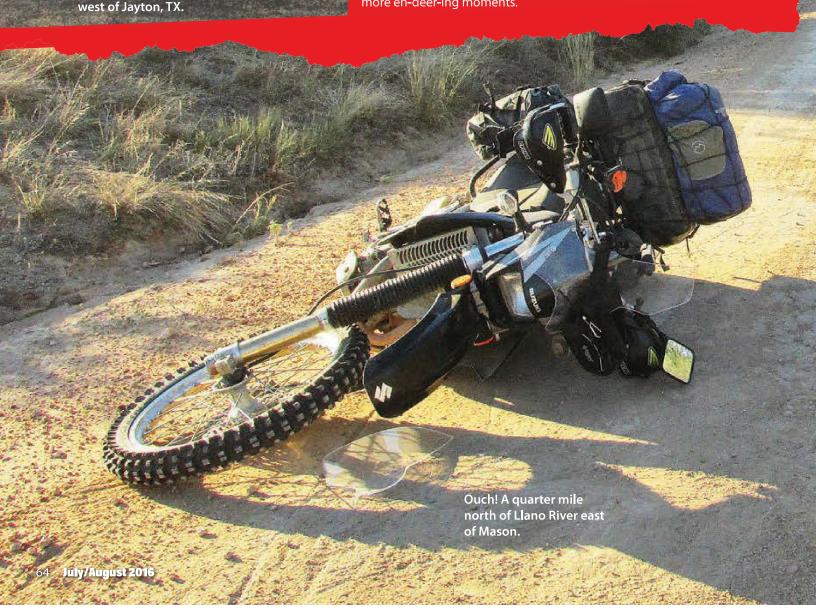


DAY THREE (DEER 1, JERRY 0)



After enjoying breakfast in a 110-year-old building, I rode east to rejoin the Loop. The road heading south to the Llano River is one lane of hard-pack dirt, covered in BB-sized gravel and closely bordered by brush. Feeling great and up on the pegs, I was doing about 40 when a deer came crashing through the brush. As the deer passed in front of my nose I grabbed too much brake and managed a low-side crash. Lying with my leg under the bike I took an inventory of body and bike parts. After a little first aid, I cut off my shattered windshield and continued my adventure. South of the tiny town of Castell I carefully crossed several creeks running over bedrock coated with slippery moss. Scaring up more deer, I discovered a few pristine 1800s German stone ranch houses on the road.

Most of the Loop roads to this point were Class 1 (improved dirt, gravel). Some of the roads east of Junction would rate as Class 2 (poorly maintained dirt, water crossings) and could be difficult for heavier adventure bikes. I crossed I-10 then rode south on CR-930 which crosses about 30 miles of great ranch country. One section had 10 "bump gates" and six "get-off gates." FYI, a bump gate is a free-swinging livestock gate with a counterweight that closes the gate. Hot and weary after 192 miles, I rolled into Rocksprings grateful for no more en-deer-ing moments.





DAY FOUR

The road south of Rocksprings had short stretches of moderate sand but soon rated a Class 2 designation. The terrain was much drier to the southwest, with thick cedar and live-oak growth. A family of feral hogs crossed my path but the deer were fewer as I passed through more gates. Before arriving in Camp Wood I had traversed numerous water crossings a foot deep and 50 to 100 yards across. County roads were scarce so I traveled RR-337 past Leakey to the Sabinal River Road. This road is mostly dirt and took me south into Utopia, home of the famous Lost Maples Café. Downing a cheeseburger and pecan fudge pie, I rode east on a mixture of dirt and bitumen roads to Bandera. The thermometer was nudging 100°F when I arrived in Devine after 195 miles.

DAYS FIVE AND SIX

Days Five and Six were uneventful after riding through the Hill Country. I traveled south of San Antonio and Austin then rode through Bastrop State Park viewing the aftermath of the 2011 forest fire. Continuing east through Sam Houston National Forest I enjoyed shady tunnels of 100-foot pine trees. Riding solo you have time to get philosophical. I lamented the amount of pavement on the Loop until I considered that my bike is a "dual-sport." Not knowing when or if the road surface will change is part of the adventure as I experience the backroad beauty and the history often concealed from the average traveler. Evening of Day Six found me in Huntsville, having covered 400 miles in two days.

DAY SEVEN

Under clear morning skies I enjoyed a variety of asphalt, gravel, dirt, and sandy two-track. The picturesque rural lanes and green pastures led me through more pine tree tunnels. Deep in the forest I watched constantly for deer but saw few. After lunch I encountered the deepest and longest stretch of sand so far and was relieved to get beyond it. After 163 miles I got a room at the Bass Buster Inn north of Jasper. Still wearing my armored jersey and helmet a lady there told me not to worry when her dog started growling at me. "It's just that the dog isn't used to seeing someone dressed up like Spiderman," she quipped.

DAY EIGHT

After another great artery-clogging breakfast I headed east into the morning sun where I experienced more deep sand. The roads through the Sabine National Forest were fun riding due to the "undulating and circuitous topography." Now on the northbound leg of the Loop, I rode excellent forest roads to the outskirts of Center, my day's destination. This was a short 100-mile day, allowing time for laundry. Wearing clean duds, I dined at Las Margaritas on the square.

DAY NINE

With the temp in the upper 50s I put on my armored coat for the first time. Dodging several dogs I suspected that every rural house in east Texas had at least three of the critters unchained. As the morning wore on, many of the roads meandering through the forest were oiled-dirt. Later in the afternoon I experienced the deepest sand yet but kept the bike upright. As I arrived in Mount Enterprise a parade was about to start. Riding by in my "Spiderman" outfit, the town folks along the curb assumed I was part of the parade and began to wave. I'm intrigued with small towns, observing the old buildings and wishing they could tell me their stories. Hot and tired from fighting the sand as I covered 230 miles (1,668 total so far), I rode off-route to Omaha to find a motel.



DAY TEN

At breakfast, an older gentleman inquired about my trip before sharing his own life story. The morning's roller-coaster roads began to level out near the Red River. The flora soon changed from pine to oak as I dodged deer and dogs. No gas stations were close so I would rely on my *RotopaX*. At 200 miles and still no petrol, I decided to push on to Sherman. With a still-full *RotopaX* and having traveled 234 miles, my 3.9-gallon tank held 3.82.



DAY ELEVEN

As I rode west from Sherman, a thin bank of clouds obscured the rising sun and kept the temps in the 60s. It was chilly south of the Red River as the hills became thickly forested with live oaks. The scenery and roads were some of the best on the Loop. I crossed several creek bridges and rode over rolling hills interspersed with beautiful pastures and tree-tunnels. I continued to run near the Red River as the landscape became mesquite-covered prairie. Passing north of Wichita Falls, most of the roads were gravel alternating with blacktop. Making good time, I began to toy with extending my day to Crowell, allowing me to finish the Loop the following day. "Smelling the barn," I chased the sun to Crowell, arriving hot, dusty, and tired and having ridden 280 miles.



DAY TWELVE

With the sun still below the horizon, I rode south on roads closely bordered by mesquite and cedar. Dropping off into what locals call the "Breaks," I crossed the Lowrance Ranch as the early sun illuminated the rugged canyons. I turned onto a knap-of-the-earth road that meanders through more canyons on the JY Masterson Ranch. Northwest of Knox City I left pavement for many miles of more rugged breaks. Climbing high along the shoulder of Kiowa Peak I paralleled the Brazos River a while before turning west for the final leg of the Loop. Skipping lunch, I came to US-380 and CR-409, where my journey began 12 days ago. I checked the stats on my GPS and found my grand total for the Lone Star Loop was 2,344 miles. After a prayer of gratitude for a safe trip, and a couple of "selfies," I mounted my trusty steed and rode the asphalt back to Lubbock, anxious to see my wife and family.

POSTSCRIPT: LONE STAR LOOP

Thinking back on the trip I considered whether I'd change the route or my ride. The roads offered a tremendous variety of scenery and ride-ability. The goal of 200 miles per day was reasonable with ample time for photos. It was an excellent adventure and I hope other riders find the time to enjoy it.



Jerry Lewis of Lubbock, Texas, started a small residential remodeling company after retiring to partly finance his motorcycle hobby. He's been riding since he bought an

All-State Moped in 1962. At 69 he still loves to ride and to tinker with his bikes and enjoys long rides with his wife, Lyn, to California, Canada, and New England. Lately, his DRZ 400S has become a real passion, and he's ridden the Continental Divide Trail and the Trans-America Trail with hopes to ride the Oklahoma Adventure Trail next fall. For anyone interested in the Lone Star Loop, the GPS routes, tracks, and other information are available on the forum, "Two Wheeled Texans." Feel free to contact Jerry (jerrybo) through TwTex.com or at ADVrider.com.

The historic Double Mountains in Stonewall County southwest of Aspermont, TX.

County southwest of Aspermont, TX.

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