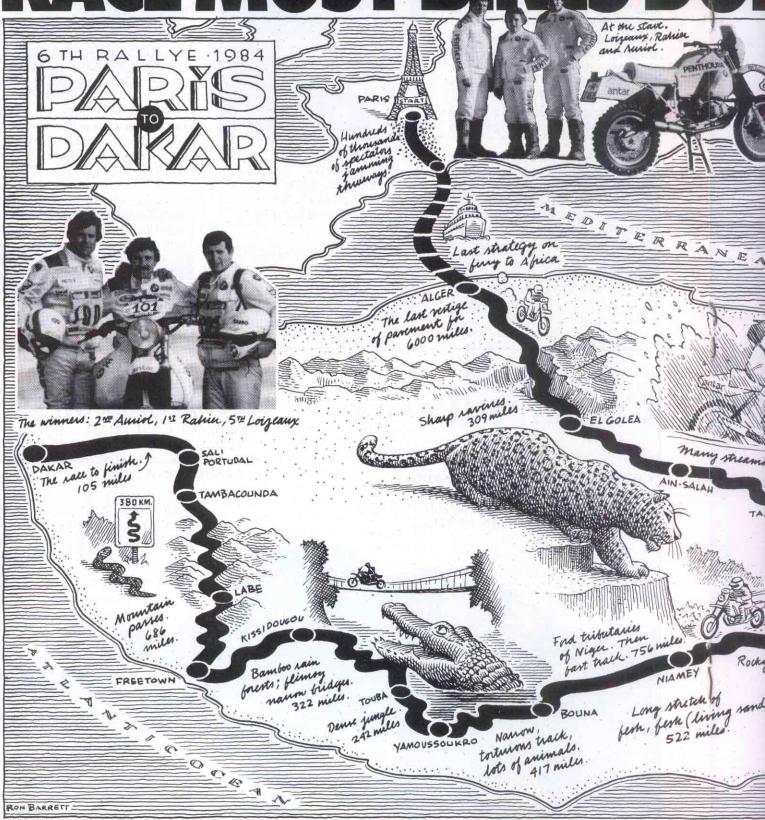
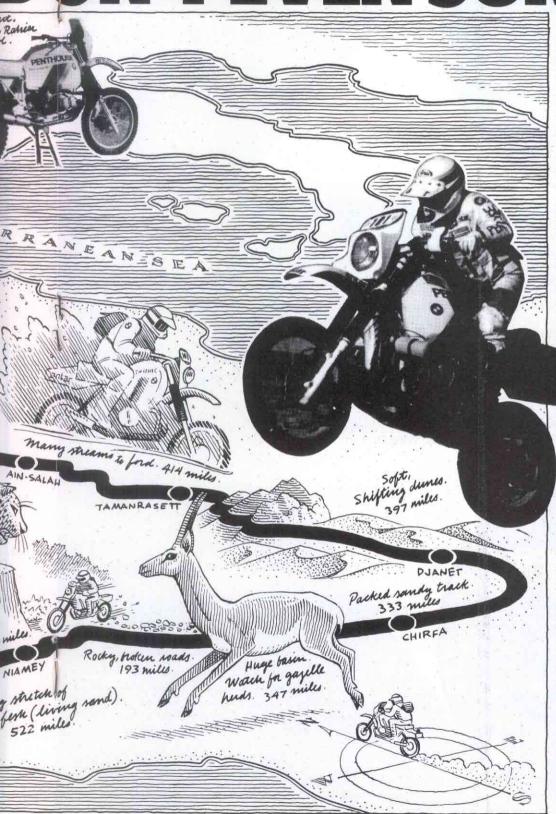
## ONCE AGAIN, BMW RACE MOST BIKES DO



## WWHAS WON THE DON'T EVEN SURVIVE.



It spans more than 7,000 miles.

Down the four-lane highways of southern France. Across the Mediterranean by ferry. And into the narrow ravines of the Algerian mountains.

Over the "desert of deserts," the lifeless Tenere. And through jungles teeming with more kinds of life than a lone rider cares to see.

Then it's into "fesh-fesh" territory, the vast dust basins that choke the airflow from machines and men alike. Through the dense rain forests of Touba. And finally, for a fortunate few, out into the clear sea breezes of the West African coastline for the final run to the finish.

This is Paris-Dakar, motorcycling's greatest melodrama. The all-out charge from the City of Light to the Dark Continent that each year claims more motorcycles than any course yet devised.

The race always begins on January 1.

And, twenty days later, nearly always ends
the same way: with the familiar horizontally-opposed-twin silhouette of a BMW

roaring over the horizon long before any other machine.

This year, the race results once again read more like a survivor list. Gaston Rahier rode his BMW to first. Two-time winner, Hubert Auriol, rode his BMW to second. Another BMW ridden by Raymond Loizeaux finished fifth. And 74 out of the original 125 starters didn't finish at all.

Strikingly short of moving parts, BMW's 1000cc opposed-twin engines showed their innate ability to keep on moving. To outrun smaller bore bikes on the flatlands. And, because of their lower center of gravity, to outmaneuver other bikes through ravines and cutbacks alike.

Inspiring the competition to once again go back to the drawing boards. So that they can return with newer, bigger, faster engines next year.

Which, of course, is what they did last year. And the year before that. And the year before that....

THE LEGENDARY MOTORCYCLES OF GERMANY.

