Always a pragmatist, Dobeck finally ordered his chief engineer to doctor the math so that the Dynojet 100 measured 120 horsepower for a stock VMax. And that was that: For once and forever, the power of everything else in the world would be relative to a 1985 Yamaha VMax and a fudged imaginary number that was close to the "agreement reality" of the average of some other imaginary numbers.

Dobeck's engineering staff was dismayed by the decision. But the Dynojet 100 measured surplus power available to accelerate the vehicle's mass—no more, no less—and that was true even if the power modification was a low-inertia flywheel or lightweight wheels. As long as the inertial dyno's numbers were repeatable, the critical question of whether a particular mod makes the engine accelerate faster or slower would be answered correctly.

Selling Fear

Dobeck turned his attention to providing the new bullshit meter to motorcycle shops across the country. His first 20 dealers were early adopters of Dynojet technology, experienced front-line troops who had defeated the replace-your-CV-carbs drumbeat seven years earlier. "These guys believed in what we were doing," says Dobeck. "I called, said I've got this dyno and it costs $6,500. And they said, 'Send it.'"

When a small network of the most important dealers had dynos, Dobeck took to the road to change the world with a mobile bike dyno mounted in a trailer. He would ask performance shops, "Aren't you sick and tired of being the scapegoat for stuff that doesn't work as advertised?"

Dobeck remembers a lineman for the Chicago Bears who had bought a turnkey 4-valve conversion package for his Harley. The guy had paid a lot for the kit and installation, and then been beaten racing a friend with a stock Harley. He was complaining that the shop that installed the kit had ruined his bike. He was an NFL lineman and he was pissed: Who was going to tell him differently?

Dobeck arrived to work on the bike, which the portable dyno found made two horsepower more than stock, and at least 50 less than advertised. He tried stuffing a rag in one of the carbs to lean out the engine. The rag picked up six horsepower, so he re-jetted the other carb leaner until he'd found 15 or so horsepower. Nothing to write home about, but enough to preserve the reputation of the shop for competent engine building. For the owner, the experience was enough; he wrote a check and ordered a new Dynojet 100 dyno.

In subsequent years, Dobeck would demonstrate the Dynojet 100 bike dyno everywhere from Montana to New York and Paris to China. He racked up uncounted road and air miles, tested uncounted vehicles and found massive amounts of "free power." A new term was entering the lexicon of American hot-rodding: wheel horsepower.

Wonder if that aftermarket exhaust pipe really gets you an extra 12 horsepower? Now you can find out.

The Big Big Time

Meanwhile, Dobeck had new worlds to conquer. The pre-Dynojet world of hot-rod cars circa 1993 was a vast swamp of information, misinformation and disinformation. No one can feel a five or ten horsepower boost on a car, so most engine modifications were faith-based efforts made with a screwdriver and a prayer. Hot-rodding had left more than a few hapless victims with unfulfilled dreams and empty pockets.

The wholesale movement of automakers to computerized engine controls in the 1980s made increasing engine output even more complicated, escalating the opportunities for the unscrupulous or incompetent to fleece those with the need for speed: *Install this PROM, double your power.* Car guys needed a cost-effective, repeatable bullshit meter every bit as much as bikers

"I remember the afternoon in '93," says Dobeck. "I drove a Mazda Miata onto this humongous World War II chassis dyno we'd modified and rigged up as a test mule with the bike dyno electronics. I made a few runs, but numbers were inconsistent. As soon as I remembered to turn off the frickin' A/C, it started repeating perfectly. For me personally, there was a definite excitement again: I can do this. So I started gearing up."