

The Gazette

- What's a POG? (see below)
- A duel over dual-pivot brakes
- An all-wood bicycle
- The biggest BOBCat yet

FLIP-UP MILK CAPS ARE ALL THE RAGE IN HAWAII

It won't be long before POGs are loved by everyone—especially BOBs.

Milk caps, those round cardboard milk bottle plugs that used to plug milk bottles, have taken Hawaii by storm.

They're usually called "POGs," short for Passion Orange Guava™, a popular juice made by a Hawaiian dairy (juice dairy?). I think the connection is that you can buy POG-the-juice in a milk-capped bottle. I'll use the terms interchangeably here, just as everybody else does, which infuriates the Passion Orange Guava™ folks. They don't like to see POG used generically.

An intermediate school teacher whose name I couldn't get is responsible for making POGs popular. She wanted her students to get interested in something that was fun and required reading. Since POGs have writing on them (for the most part), she thought this would be a good way.

POGs are a game, too. One player stacks five POGs on the ground, print-side up. The opponent takes one of his POGs and throws it down onto the POG stack in such a way to flip some of the stacked POGs so that they land print-side

down. The POG-thrower gets to keep the flipped POGs.

Jarrel (a BOB) of McCully Bike demonstrated for me, and as luck would have it,

A stack o' POGs makes a fun, challenging game for BOBs.

he flipped over the entire stack. The stack even stayed stacked! Usually, he said, even the best of throws leaves the bottom POG heads up. It reminded me of the first time I ever pitched a penny and got a "leaner."

It is really hard to flip over a single POG lying flat, and you can ruin your shoulder tendons for baseball throwing trying. That's a fact, because I've done it.

POGs are collected and traded, too, like baseball cards, and some POG fans divide their POGs into "playing" POGs and "collecting" POGs. The unofficial POG-carrier is a clear plastic tube, available in various lengths to accommodate small or large collections.

POGs sell for anything from a nickel to 25 dollars each. Businesses are in on the POG action, too, in fact, it's hard to find a business that hasn't capitalized on POG mania. We saw them in travel agencies, fast-food restaurants, sports shops, gift shops, sit-down restaurants, to name a few. Sometimes a restaurant will toss in a couple of POGs with the bill. There are even *Jurassic Park* POGs. (So far, none for

Poetic Justice, thank goodness, although a simple, tasteful Janet Jackson, if possible, would be okay.)

Will POGs and POG-ing become popular on the mainland? Time will tell. But as a BOB, you'll be in on it from the start: We'll try to have BOB-pog sometime this winter. Don't worry—this is the weirdest thing we'll ever do, and once done, we'll back off. It is not, in other words, a direction.

Memberships rise to 55 percent of year-end goal

We want 3000 BOBs by December 31, and we have more than 1700 now. It kills us to know that if each of you convinced just one other Bridgestone owner to join, we'd be sitting fat and relaxed right now. But we also know it's awkward and difficult to sell memberships to your friends (and still keep them as friends), which is why we've been offering prizes (which, by the way, haven't been working). It's okay. The new owners manuals and the new catalogue have BOB applications in them. That'll help a lot.

This is the first issue of the *Gazette* in three months. Since this is supposed to be a bi-monthly, that means we are a bit late in producing this issue. We wish BOB were our full-time job, but it's not, and to compound matters, August and September are very busy for us, with a catalogue and trade shows. We apologize and thank you for your patience and understanding.



You might recognize POGs as the milk caps they started as. But they're fun to collect and play with.

WHAT'S NEW

DUAL-PIVOT BRAKES: NEWER, BETTER

It takes two pivots to deliver the most powerful, responsive braking.

by BOB Jr.

Adding an extra pivot is the best thing anybody ever did to a sidepull brake. One extra pivot gives you so much in return! I'd take a dual-pivot Shimano RX100 sidepull over Campy Super Record single-pivot sidepulls in a fraction of a second any day of the week. They work better.

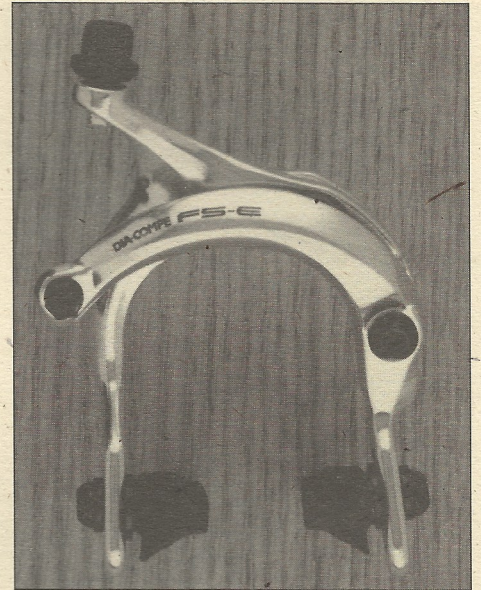
More sensitivity
means more
positive control

Dual pivots deliver more power, because there's more mechanical advantage. Maybe you don't need more power most of the time, but sometimes you do—and

you get it with dual sidepulls, because the pivot has been moved to a place where it provides more mechanical advantage. You can use these new dual-pivots on tandems, instead of cantilevers; or while touring with 55 pounds on wet descents. That's how powerful they are.

They're more sensitive, too. It takes almost no muscle at all to bring them into contact with the rim, and you can—what's that word?—*modulate* your braking better than you can with single pivots. That's probably because your hands aren't clenched already when the shoes contact the rim. More sensitivity means more control; more control means fewer face-scraping crashes; more dates.

I also like that I can set my brake shoes farther apart than with single-pivot sidepulls. That means if I break a spoke and the wheel starts to wobble, it has farther to wobble before it rubs against the brake shoe. It's hard not to like that, but



The extra pivot on a dual-pivot brake contributes to more powerful stops and smoother braking action.

BOB Sr. will probably find a way.

Dual-pivot sidepulls weigh more than single-pivot sidepulls, but I can go faster with them. Now, if they can add a third pivot, I'll be in hog heaven, wherever that is (apologies to vegan-BOBs everywhere).

THE BOB WIRE: NAMES AND PLACES

Girltalk. Where's Karen? Our '93 catalogue covergirl was going to be on the '94 cover, too, until she got a modern haircut that didn't look old-fashioned enough. Not a big deal, but it wouldn't have worked. We are still close, still friends, and she's way too normal to be disappointed. Karen recently returned from a long tour of Montana and British Columbia. She did it on an XO-1, and carried up to 50 lb. Now she's coaching volleyball and back in school . . . Kim, our '94 cover girl, is a bike mechanic in a non-Bridgestone dealer in Arizona. We went in there one day, hoping to find cheap parts to fix a Campy Nuovo Record rear derailleur (found the parts, not cheap enough), and somehow hooked up with her. We got lots of good photos for the

cover—too bad we could use only one. The only cover requirement: It had to show a baseball glove and a chunk of beeswax (the big round, 15-pound cheesy-looking thing). Kim also helped edit the catalogue, but the missed typos are all Grant's fault. (The proofreaders are in hog heaven, wherever that is; further apologies to vegan-BOBs.) And it was she who suggested that somehow, somewhere, we find a place for the word "august." End girltalk.

More catalogue talk: We planned to offer framesets for sale, and there was going to be a two-page spread in the catalogue, but we did not receive final confirmation regarding some of the details in time. So, at the last minute we had to fill up two

pages with an updated version of the '92 catalogue story on how we spec our bikes. . . . We'd planned to print the catalogue on paper made from hemp (marijuana), not because we're dopers (we aren't), but because hemp has all the qualities of a superior paper, doesn't require trees, and could have saved us \$20,000 or so. But the source couldn't supply paper to our spec in time—this was to be by far its largest order, and it was just overwhelmed—so for them it's back to selling notepads in hippie shops. Dang!

This year the bikes in the catalogue are photographed, not illustrated, because George the Illustrator didn't have time—mainly because we kept him busy with so

BRIDGESTONE

WHAT'S OLD

ONE PIVOT, ONE GOOD REASON: IT WORKS

Compared to dual-pivot overkill, simple sidepulls make good sense.

by BOB Sr.

Dual-pivot sidepulls represent half of what's wrong with bikes these days. They are designed and marketed to appeal to born-again cyclists who don't know better. Sure, they're more powerful. But every-

**You want brakes
to attenuate,
not accentuate.**

body knows that a single-pivot design is powerful enough already. Most crashes are caused by panicking and applying the brakes too hard and locking up the wheel. How does adding more power help?

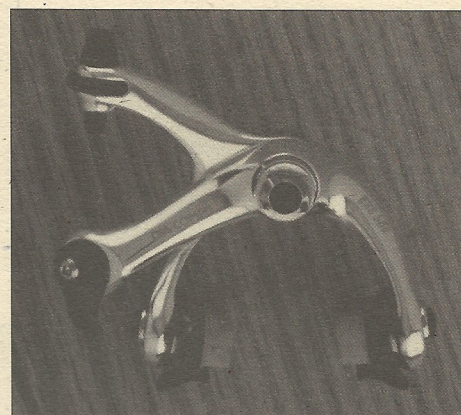
Dual-pivot proponents claim more sen-

sitivity, but it's a ruse. Sure, these brakes have a light touch, but you can get the same light touch in a single-pivot design (and I'm not convinced that a light touch is all that good. It is, for sure, an easy sell, though). Once brake shoes have contacted the rim, the light touch is out the window, and you're into the braking. And the thing about braking is that most people over-brake; they squeeze too hard.

Especially in a panic situation. The last thing you want is a disproportionate amount of braking force to hand pressure. You want the brakes to attenuate, not accentuate, your adrenaline rush.

Dual pivots are as much as three-quarters of a pound heavier than single-pivots. That is way too much! Who needs heavy brakes when so little of your riding time is actually braking? Do you want to haul the brakes up hills? Why? Just so they can be worse when you really need them?

It is rather stupid of Bob Jr. to play up



The way it ought to be: Single-pivot sidepulls are lighter, prettier and more than powerful enough.

the clearance issue, since good single-pivot sidepulls have an operation quick-release right on the caliper, and there's not that much difference in lever travel, anyway. And how often does one ride with a really whopped wheel? The born-again who like dual-pivots are probably riding tight-clearance frames anyway, so the tire will hit something. It should be clear to anybody that dual-pivot brakes are a perfect example of a solution in search of a problem; change for the sake of it.

many other illustrations and couldn't deliver drawable samples in time. Bob Schenker, the same guy who took the calendar photographs, did the work.

In our '92 catalogue ad, we promised four issues of an as-yet-unnamed newsletter to the first 999 people who sent in \$4 for a '92 catalogue—the blue one, not the green one. Well, we were late with that, and since we have only one newsletter (this one), you've been receiving the *Gazette*. This is your last free issue. You will continue to receive this only if you join BOB. Just thought we'd throw that out there.

Calendar update: We've sold 41 calendars sight unseen. That's more than we'd expected, so we're going ahead with the project. For those of you who have just

joined us, we're talking about a bicycle endangered-species calendar, with things like high-flange hubs and leather saddles and friction-shifting shift levers. It will be a pretty calendar, and if you like bike parts both as toys and art, you'll surely think it is worth the price: \$10. Thank you for your support—all 41 of you. Expect your calendars by November 20, but don't call until December 15, okay? Please order these; they are beautiful.

BOB Tip-of-the-Issue: The next time somebody hoodwinks you into giving a therapeutic massage, do it with a rolling pin. It's easy, fun, non-tiring, and very effective. You can flatten the muscles, squeeze out the bad stuff, and leave those legs humming—all without getting tired fingers. Colin, here in the office, points out that the handles can substitute for fin-

gers in those hard-to-reach areas. Check it out. A good roller costs less than \$6.95 from any cheap mass merchant. Get over there before they close, run out, or mark them up!

This is the first issue of the *Gazette* that is missing the Q & A columns of Dr. BOB and Pineapple Bob. We'd be lying if we didn't admit that the number of questions from out there has been underwhelming. If you have a mechanical question, ask Dr. Bob. For general riding tips, Pineapple Bob is your man. Send those letters to *The BOB Gazette*, 15021 Wicks Blvd., San Leandro, CA 94577. Who knows—maybe we'll get enough of a response to bring back the Q & As for the next issue. . . . Final question: If any of you baseball-fan BOBs taped Game 2 of this year's NLCS, please contact us.

ANOTHER RECORD RIDE FOR STAMSTAD

Itinerant marathon rider logs 278.5 miles in 24 hours on his XO-1.

July 24, Mammoth Lakes (that's the name of the town), Calif.

While the throngs were huddled in the main event area at the base of Mammoth Mountain, listening to rock music blasting over the PA while ramp-riders thrilled them between races, John Stamstad rode a different mountain bike race in a quiet and secluded area only a couple of miles away. The 28-year-old rider from Cincinnati was attempting to break his own 24-Hour Off-Road Record of 275 miles.

The ride started Saturday at 9:20 a.m. A handful of well-wishers and officials from the UMCA saw him off, and 37½ minutes later, saw him motor by for lap num-

ber two. He soon settled into a low-to-mid-forty-minute pace, churning out laps like clockwork. Stopping briefly for sustenance on lap eight, though, he surprised and worried his food crew by claiming "This is by far the hardest thing I've ever done." (This, from the mouth of a rider who already this year he has raced 3100 miles across Australia's red sands, won Iditabike in record time, and specializes in nightmare rides. He set the record on the same course last year, too, almost a year earlier to the day.)

The Ultra Marathon Cycling Association sanctioned this event and set the course requirements. Laps have to be between five and 15 miles, the course

THE BIKE HE RODE

Frame and fork: Bridgestone XO-1.

Handlebar/Stem: Moustache handlebar with special Allsop Softride aluminum stem (to fit 26.0 bars).

Crank & Pedals: Grafton. 46 x 34 x 24 chainrings.

Wheels: Ringle Hubs, Campagnolo 28° Atek rims, Wheelsmith spokes and building, Continental 26 x 2.1-inch tires.

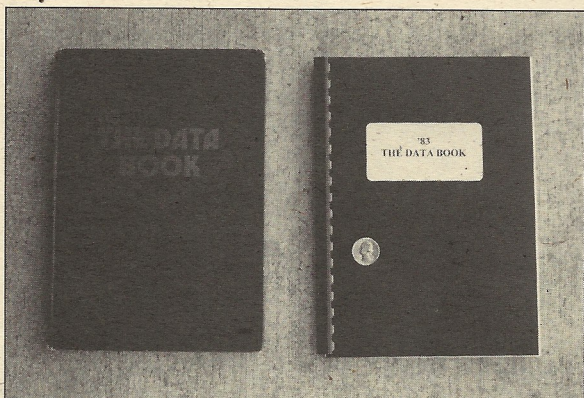
Derailluers: Shimano bar-end shifters (used friction mode) with Shimano 105 derailluers.

must be entirely off-road, and no record counts unless the total climbing is at least 12,000 feet. But there are no requirements for surface quality (this was a sloppy

RARE AND HIGHLY PRIZED BICYCLE BOOK NOW AVAILABLE TO BOBS

Listen, BOB: I don't know you personally, probably. And you don't know me personally, probably, either. But we have a lot in common. And although we may not have the same taste in lots of things, you have to trust me on this one. If you like bicycle parts and nice artwork and history and lore and are the least bit interested in the evolution of bicycle parts, then you will love this book.

It has almost no text. It is full of illustrations of bike parts dating from the late 1800s. Fifty of them were published in 1983. Twenty made it to this country.



You can't judge a book by its cover: The Secret Book, as it appeared in 1983, and as it appears in this new and highly exclusive printing.

I bought four, gave two away (one to Tom Ritchey, one to a sales rep). Gary Fisher bought three or four. We bought them from a special bike shop in Berkeley. Word spread fast—*Have you seen the book? What?—You have a copy? Can I get a copy?* And the answer was always *sorry, out of print*. Two years ago, we showed this book in the background of one of our catalogue ads, and we subsequently got calls and letters from people wanting to buy it from all over the country and even from South Africa.

For three years various people have made feeble attempts at getting it reprinted. Rumors abound—the original printing was illegal; the publishing house burned to the ground; one of the daughters of the Japanese publisher lives in Marin County but doesn't speak English and has no interest in this; or yes, she speaks English but is difficult to contact.

No matter. Somebody, we won't say who, borrowed a copy from Otis's owner, and went to a local publisher to have ten copies made. I heard about it

and thought of you, BOB.

Almost everyone I know who has seen this book would pay \$60 for it. Now, in a special one-time offer, you can buy it for just \$17.

I'd like to be able to pass it on at no profit at all, just because you're a BOB,

For years people have made feeble attempts at getting it reprinted.

but in order to get a good price we had to borrow from the Bank of BOB, and we have to justify the project with some profit—or at least cover costs. And there is some risk that I can't convince just 150 of you to buy this book. Then what? No more fun, exhilarating, risky, secret BOB projects.

So—first come, first served. Seventeen dollars, plus postage, and only while our supplies last. Order from the BOBCat.

course composed entirely of pumice) or stream crossings (there were two, totalling nearly 50 feet, up to mid-thigh) or the course's elevation (in this case, 7500 feet). The UMCA prohibits outside mechanical support in any form, and no bike changes are allowed.

A course thick with recreational riders made things difficult during the daytime, but by night most everyone else had gone home, leaving a meager crew to stand vigil, trying to stay awake through the night.

Through the night, John's pace hardly slowed at all, hovering in the low 50s (minutes per lap.) He crashed once, when one of his lights went out on the steepest descent. ("I just slowed to a stop as best I could, and sort of fell over.")

John celebrated the sunrise with a 49-minute lap (number 23?), and was well on his way to victory. The previous record was 27 laps, so there was a mild cheering

at lap 28, around 8:45 am. John could have stopped there, but he continued on, so the race official got into a car and followed him until his time was up. A group of three fit racer-types attempted to keep him in sight on this last lap, but lost sight of him for good after about 20 minutes.

Just before his 29th stream crossing, the UMCA official honked his horn, John stopped, sat down, and leaned against a tree, victorious and tired.

After 278.5 miles of riding, a shower and some spaghetti awaited him back in the condo.

Why such a tough course for a record attempt?

"Last year my mountain bike sponsor wanted me to ride at Mammoth because there was a big mountain bike race there at the same time, and he thought the publicity would help. When I started planning this year's ride, I looked around for a faster course that still met the requirements, but then it struck me that the fastest 'legal' course would probably be a

hilly loop around some cornfields in Kansas, and I didn't want the challenge to be finding the fastest legal course. A world record should be on a tough course.

"UMCA officials are considering making the Mammoth course the official world record course, though, which would make apples-to-apples comparisons a lot easier."

BOB JERSEY: ALL THE WOOL THAT'S FIT TO SHRINK

One of these years we'll order a jersey and have everything be just as we wanted. But it's not this time. Still, these are great jerseys and your price is unbeatable. The only problem is that if you launder them in machines, or with anything except cold water, they'll shrink like crazy—the XXL turns into a medium with the length of a small, and the XS shrinks to fit an eight-year old girl. (To make matters worse, here this: The vendor showed us samples from XS to XXL, and the M in this batch

of samples fit like an XXXL. We ordered everything downsized in a massive way. Now we know what the sizer knew that we didn't until now.)

However, it's not as bad as it so far sounds: A 5-foot 10-inch, 175-pound BOB can wear a shrunken XXL, if s/he doesn't mind it a little short. A fit such as

this gives the wearer a longer, leaner look, and that's okay.

We really don't want to get these back, so we encourage you to order one only if you can live with a jersey that may fit when new, or when laundered gently with cold water, but won't fit if you happen to accidentally treat it like a regular garment. Maybe you have someone you can give it to—someone who will appreciate a soft, cozy, superdrab olive green jersey. The price is \$36; order from the BOBCat.



If you mess up and treat the BOB wool jersey as a normal wash-and-wear garment, it tends to shrink.

BOBSHADES: Great sunglasses for just \$9

Good sunglasses should:

- protect your eyes from ultraviolet rays, damage from which can lead to cataracts;
- block debris;
- block some visible light, so you don't have to squint;
- be optically correct, so your eyes don't have to compensate for a bad lens;
- not break when you sit on them;
- be inexpensive enough so that losing them isn't the low point of your week.

BOBshades fulfill all these requirements and cost only \$9.

Fashion warning: Although we consider BOBshades to be as fashion-free as possible, we recognize that "fashion-free" itself constitutes a certain fashion. And we have seen aloof young women with reddish-brown hair and red lipstick and sleeveless high-collar ribbed sweaters wear *similar* sunglasses—but we suspect they come from some kind funkadelic shoppe somewhere.

We expected the side shields to come in the same tint as the lenses, but it didn't work out. So think of the side shields almost purely as debris-deflectors.

See BOBCat for ordering details.

EDITORIAL

THE SPECTER LOOMING OVER DOWNHILL RACING

In the 1960s, Bob Dylan wrote a song lamenting the fallen boxer Davey Moore, whose sudden death in the ring was both everyone's fault and no one's. Verse by verse, Dylan lets the principals in Moore's death exonerate themselves, until it becomes clear that the whole sport of boxing is responsible for Moore's tragedy. (We've decided to print the entire lyrics of Dylan's song on the op-ed page to the right.)

It is not too much of a reach to suggest that a similar kind of tragedy is in

Downhill racing is on the verge of losing control

store for the sport of downhill racing. Once a nice way for cross-country racers to fill out a weekend of mountain bike competition, "the downhill" has exploded in the last few years. Top downhill racers pull down six-figure salaries and compete for global titles, including an official World Championship. At the same time, the sport has become narrower, with its own circuit of downhill-only specialists riding downhill-only bikes. And we are told, again and again, that as the spectator-friendly face of mountain biking, downhill racing must be nurtured—coddled, even—so that cycling can become more popular.

Given these collective forces, downhill racing is under increasing pressure to be daring and dangerous. Racers push themselves to the limit of their ability, then demand equipment that will enable them to extend those limits and go even faster. Sponsors proffer that equipment but demand results (higher speeds) from the riders so they can sell the success to consumers. Race promoters devise technical sections and jumps to attract spectators; and if that's not enough, think of

ways to add "excitement" (like pitting racers head to head). Spectators—and supposedly, TV audiences—are attracted to these events, not just by the feats of high-speed athleticism but also by the ever-present risk of high-speed crashes.

No one is doing anything wrong or unreasonable, yet everyone is contributing to downhill racing's out-of-control malaise. This is not to denigrate the skills of downhill racers—whatever you think of the merits of those skills in the pantheon of bicycle racing, there's no denying that pro downhill racers are highly trained and focused. If they weren't, downhill racing would suffer a lot more carnage than it does. But when you really take a look at the accelerated direction of downhill racing, with the regular bundle of horrific crashes, you're left with the unfortunate impression that deaths are inevitable, and probably sooner than later.

This is not a call for better brakes, longer-travel suspensions, thicker helmets, or anything else in the equipment arena. While making higher speeds safer is an understandable goal, it ultimately leads to still-higher speeds. And that sets back downhill racing to exactly where it is today: On a collision course with sudden, violent injury.

Admittedly, and ironically, a certain death-defying insouciance can be one of the charms of downhill racing. One of downhill's most celebrated characters, Missy Giove, confirmed as much in an interview with *Bicycling* last year:

"What's the worst that could happen? You're gonna die. But there's another life after this one, totally." Besides, reasoned the woman known as the Missile, "America likes to see people crash."

All that may well be the case, but before the worst happens, someone needs to ask some pointed questions on downhill racing's hyper development. As Bob Dylan duly noted of boxing, however, "someone" never does, because the answers are too much to deal with.

LETTERS

XO bags

My wife and I like the Moustache bars on our XO-1 and XO-2, except we really miss our handlebar bags and map cases for touring. Have you got any suggestions for making some kind of bike bag and/or map holder work on the Moustaché bars?

Larry Hodes

Larry! One of our dealers designed and had built a handlebar bag just for Moustache Handlebars. When we get a sample, we'll report on it. And since you were the first to ask, we'll send one to you, and maybe you can review it for a future Gazette.

Classified information

Concerning the Gazette: My suggestion is to have a used-bike section where BOB members can sell their old bikes to other BOBs (so they can afford new Bridgestones).

For example, I have an MB-4 that I would like to sell to someone who would take good care of it. Then I would be able to buy an MB-1 (maybe an MB-2) and still have a clear conscience.

Geoff Bradley

We've had the same idea and are planning to implement a classifieds section in the future issues of the Gazette. If any BOBs out there have things they want to sell, send them in and we'll see what we can do.

THE BOB GAZETTE

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OP-ED

VIEW FROM LEFT FIELD

by Chris Kostman (Chrissy K.)

If making a perfect circle was simple, we wouldn't have needed a compass in geometry class, the Egyptians wouldn't have needed to discover pi, and cyclists would not be advised to take up roller riding or use a fixed gear in training. And a perfect, freehand-drawn circle wouldn't be the goal of aspiring artists everywhere, plus a perfect circle would have waylaid the inventors of oval chainrings, lever-drive bicycles, and other bio-spaced products.

There have been scores of articles on developing the perfect spin, lots of coaches, numerous products, and yet, when the dust clears, nothing is more central to our sport than The Spin. Interestingly, spinning is still viewed from a solely mechanistic point of view. This misses much of the point, though, for subconsciously our desire to improve our spin is a reflection of our quest for perfection.

Cycling is one realm of our lives where perfection seems attainable, where mastery can come to the diligent and sometimes flagellant. Interestingly, The Spin may be best understood and mastered by those who don't come to the sport with the preconceptions of traditional cyclists. The Masters of the Spin appreciate both the physical dexterity and the intrinsic meaning of The Spin. For the great metaphor of The Spin is the perfection that is the cosmos, the Wheel of Life on which we ride, the greatness of simplicity.

As I mentioned above, these Masters of the Spin are not traditional cyclists. Instead, they are wide-eyed participants in what amounts to the hottest new trend in the fitness-club scene across America. Invented by black-belt martial artist and former RAAM racer Johnny G, spinning is a total-body aerobic-fitness program that uses special fixed-gear stationary bikes, music, and the instructor's motivational efforts to eke out the best workout and best possible spin from the participants. Living by the motto, "Let Go, Get Fit, Live Life, Spin," G's athletes learn far more than just how to elevate their heart

rate or burn fat. "In Spinning, as in life, there will always be new hills to climb and new challenges to face," explains G.

Having participated in one of G's classes, I can vouch for two things: One, I've never seen any cyclist spin anywhere near as well as G and his "non-cyclists" do, and, two, I've never met cyclists with such

clear vision of What It All Means.

So my query is this: Have the egos and technology gone amuck in our sport separated the rest of us from our inborn gifts to realize perfection as we ride our bikes in this universe? I'm not sure, but I, for one, am riding fixed gear a whole lot these days, just in case.

WHO KILLED DAVEY MOORE? (A BOB POEM)

by Bob Dylan

Who killed Davey Moore
Why an' what's the reason for?

"Not I," says the referee,
"Don't point your finger at me.
I could've stopped it in the eighth
An' maybe kept him from his fate,
But the crowd would've booed, I'm sure,
At not gettin' their money's worth.
It's too bad he had to go,
But there was a pressure on me too, you know.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Who killed Davey Moore
Why an' what's the reason for?

"Not us," says the angry crowd,
Whose screams filled the arena loud.
"It's too bad he died that night
But we just like to see a fight.
We didn't mean for him t' meet his death,
We just meant to see some sweat,
There ain't nothing wrong in that.
It wasn't us that made him fall.
No, you can't blame us at all."

Who killed Davey Moore
Why an' what's the reason for?

"Not me," says his manager,
Puffing on a big cigar.
"It's hard to say, it's hard to tell,
I always thought that he was well.
It's too bad for his wife an' kids he's dead,
But if he was sick, he should've said.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Who killed Davey Moore

Why an' what's the reason for?

"Not me," says the gambling man,
With his ticket stub still in his hand.
"It wasn't me that knocked him down,
My hands never touched him none.
I didn't commit no ugly sin,
Anyway, I put money on him to win.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Who killed Davey Moore
Why an' what's the reason for?

"Not me," says the boxing writer,
Pounding print on his old typewriter,
Sayin', "Boxing ain't to blame,
There's just as much danger in a football game."
Sayin', "Fist fighting is here to stay,
It's just the old American way.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Who killed Davey Moore
Why an' what's the reason for?

"Not me," says the man whose fists
Laid him low in a cloud of mist,
Who came here from Cuba's door
Where boxing ain't allowed no more.
"I hit him, yes, it's true
But that's what I am paid to do.
Don't say "murder," don't say "kill."
It was destiny, it was God's will."

Who killed Davey Moore
Why an' what's the reason for?

Copyright 1963 Warner Chappell. Bob Dylan is the guy we always quote, so get used to it.

THE WOODEN BIKE, AND ITS RESOURCEFUL BUILDER

BOB #406, Bob King, recently sent us this photo of a 13-year-old boy and his pride-and-joy homemade bicycle. The boy lives in the mountains of Honduras and constructed his bike from wood.

The wheels are solid wood with rubber nailed on.

"The wheels are of solid wood with rubber nailed around the outer rim," writes King. Also, the brakes have rubber pads [they work on the same scissors-action principle as Campy's Delta brake].

"A closer look shows carved wood handlebars fit over a square stem, while the main frame seems to have been carved

from a tree section.

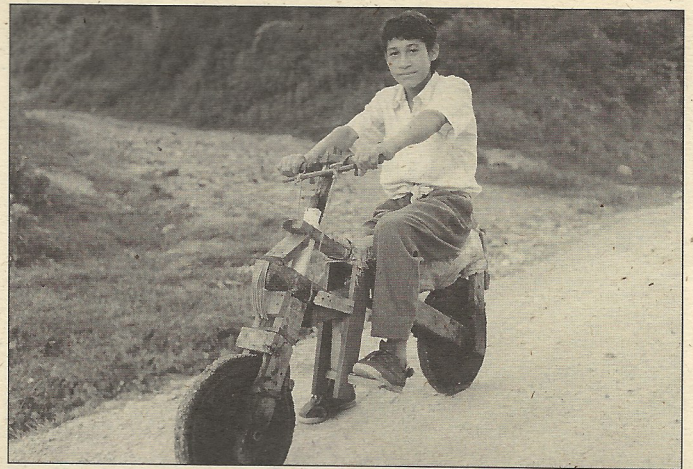
"I am almost sure of going back to Honduras to do more work and am planning to bring him a bike. Most of these people are extremely poor."

We will somehow get this boy another bike. Type? Model? We aren't sure. It seems as though a one-speed might be best. It would be a shame to have derailleurs or shifters get tangled up in green and fail to work, perhaps even making the bike unrideable.

And yes, we have considered the "spoiling" aspect; the Coke-bottle-in-the-jungle syndrome. But we've

decided that it's okay. The fun of pedaling will make up for any of that.

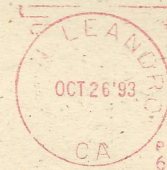
We plan to have a more detailed story on the boy and bike in our next catalogue. Right now we don't even know his name.



This 13-year-old Honduran boy rides one of the most ingenious self-made bicycles we have ever seen. It's made mostly from wood, and it has brakes.



Bridgestone Owners Bunch
15021 Wicks Blvd.
San Leandro, CA 94577



Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
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BRIDGESTONE

The



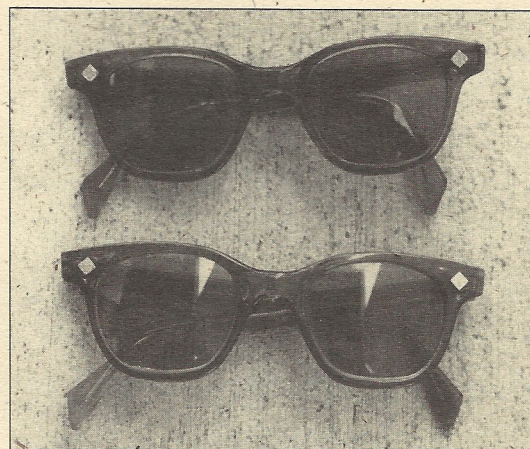
Cat

BOBSHADES

Written up on page 6 of this *Gazette*. Available in green and light grey lenses, with or without clear side shields.

Please specify lens color and side-shield preference

\$9.00



SAN MARCO SADDLE

“Professional” model. 349g (a bit lighter than a Turbo), black w/steel rails and leather cover over plastic-like base. This is a top-quality saddle in every way. Longer skinny portion than a Turbo, so if you like that, you’ll like it. Why so cheap? We bought them cheap—because nonBOBs are too cool to ride steel rails, so there’s almost no market for these. Ahhh—but these rails will never break. Should last 25 years, at least. We have 30. Made in Italy.

Black

\$8.00

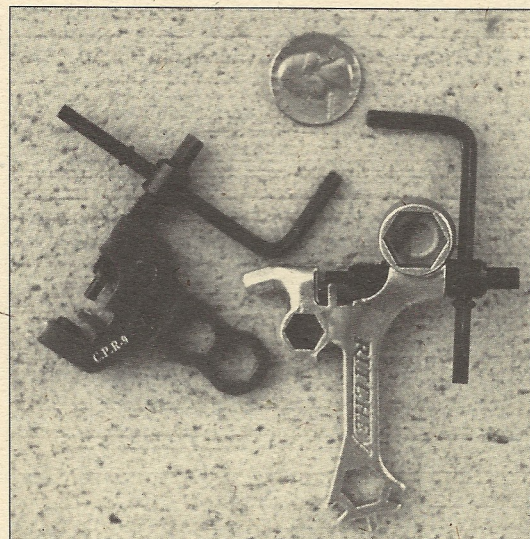


RITCHEY CPR-9 TOOL

Tom Ritchey’s new do-everything tool is called the CPR-9. It has nine tools and weighs 46g. Available in assorted colors, no choice, but you get the best price in town. The CPR-14, shown alongside the CPR-9, isn’t ready yet. It’ll weigh more and cost more, and this is the first published photograph of it.

Assorted colors

\$13.00



BOB WOOL JERSEYS

See write-up and photo on page 6 of this *Gazette*. Please read that before ordering, as it contains important sizing information.

Green. XS, S, M, L, XL, XXL

\$36.00

BRIDGESTONE JERSEYS

No, they're not wool, but don't count them out. Pineapple Bob himself designed these jerseys in the style of the old Swiss Cilo/Aufina team jerseys. We had Pearl Izumi make them and had them sublimated rather than screened, so the colors won't crack or peel. Though they are of fantastic quality, dealers can't sell them for the \$90 typical retail price of the short sleeve, so BOBs get to buy them direct. The jerseys have full-zip fronts and three pockets in back. Colors: Red and gray with black.

Short sleeve: Fieldsensor fabric. S M L. Suggested retail \$90... **\$50.00**

Long sleeve: Thermasoft fabric. S M L. Suggested retail \$130... **\$85.00**

Wind jacket: Water-resistant, no pockets. S M L. Sug. retail \$90... **\$45.00**



GENUINE BOB MERCHANDISE

BOB mug and Data Book are new. The rest of these items are from previous BobCats.

BOB mug. *Black. Made in China, not of china.* **\$7.00**

The Data Book. *Very exclusive. See page 4 for details.* **\$17.00**

RONA T-shirt: *Grey or white, depending on stock. M L XL XXL* **\$8.95**

Bridgestone Crazy T-shirt: *White with red and black. M L XL XXL* **\$9.45**

BOB T-shirt: *Grey with BOB logo. S M L XL XXL* **\$8.00**

TA water-bottle cage. *Silver* **\$8.00**

Cinelli Unicantor No. 3 saddle. *No color choice.* **\$13.00**

Silca Article No. 73 floor pump. *Orange. Presta.* **\$27.00**

Beeswax: *One good hunk, about 2 1/2 oz.* **\$2.00**

BOB water bottle **\$2.00**

BOB Quikoin coin purse **\$1.00**

BOB ORDER FORM

ORDERED BY

Call 800-328-2453 ext. 232 or fill in the appropriate information and send to:
Bridgestone Cycle (U.S.A.), Inc., 15021 Wicks Blvd., San Leandro, CA 94577

BOB # _____

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

DAYTIME PHONE _____

ITEM	SIZE	COLOR	QUANTITY	PRICE	TOTAL

SEND A FRIEND A BOB APPLICATION

NAME 1 _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME 2 _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

METHOD OF PAYMENT: CHECK MASTERCARD VISA

CARD # _____ EXPIRATION DATE _____

NAME OF BANK _____ SIGNATURE _____

SALES TAX	
SHIPPING/HANDLING	3.25
TOTAL	

*CA RESIDENTS ADD APPLICABLE SALES TAX

