

HOLIDAY SEASON FLIER

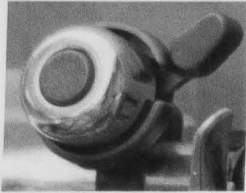
CHRISTMAS



CHANNUKAH



KWANZAA



The Double Dinger Bell

Silver: # 31-201
Gold: #31-202

Member Price \$7
Non-Member \$9

As you roll along so gracefully
Passing joggers on the shared trail
Passing mothers, pushing strollers
With their papooses inside them
Bundled up in pastel flannel
Ever drooling, sometimes sucking
On a pacifier with its
Mouthpiece colored like your gumhoods!

Past the old folks, geriatric
Bundled warmly, though the sun's out
Clutching elbows, shuffling slowly
Who so easily are startled
By the passing of your big-bike,
By its size and by its danger
And the handlebars that stick out
By its rubber, steel, and rider
And you, dressed so halloween-like
So unlike a gentle rider
Wearing psycho-delic jersey
Shouting ads so loudly at them,
Decorated with the colors
That have never been in nature
Never on the trees in autumn
Never on the aspens, quaking
Never on the deep-sea fishes
Or the ones in Gitche-Gumme
Nor on butterflies, or flowers
Colors borne in laboratories
Made up recent, by the chemists
Then silkscreened on polyester;

Wearing glasses like a hoodlum's
And a helmet, wild and raucous
With its flames, and skull and crossbones
Glaring, scaring all who come near

They know not you are a good one
That you're pleasant, kind, and gentle
That you help the little children
That you buy the girl-scout cookies
When those sash-clad ones come knocking!

It is clear, what's needed badly
Is a bell to ring, to warn them
That you're bearing down upon them
That you see them, and won't hit them
One with sound mellow and pleasant
Sound that brings back youthful memories
And reminds of summer picnics
With ice cream and water-melon
Served up smartly by your grandpa
Plopped into a bowl you still have
On a wood bench, stout and darkbrown
Covered by your mom in gingham!

This bell here, a double dinger,
Rings twice when you pull its trigger
It rings once upon the pullback
And again when you release it.
And it mounts, scratch-free, on stem quills
Or on round things less than one-inch

So it hardly takes an Einstein
Or a chap like that guy, Sherlock
Even folks like Jethro's uncle
Will find a good place to clamp it!

It is finely made in Japan
And we bring to you two models
One of shiny brass (it's golden)
Like the metal that brings the white man
From the east to California
In the conestoga wagons
Or the ships they call the Clippers
With their sails so full and puffy!

And the other bell's chrome plated
With a ring that's slightly higher
But the two rings are so similar
That when heard in isolation
Separated by ten seconds
Chibiabos, the sweet singer
With his ears so tuned, so careful
Could not tell them from each other!

As bells go, their sounds are pleasant
Not the kind that makes folks jump up
Not the kind that shocks the stranger
Or inspires hate and violence
Like the kind we feel toward Custer!



Baggins Rear Bags

item # 20-056

Member Price \$175
Non-Member Price: \$180

Simple, strong, secure, and rugged
No unnecessary features
So convenient, smart, good-looking
Built to last through years and weather.
Stitched so fine of khaki cotton
With details of brass and leather.
Nothing cheap or plastic in them
No features thought of at the keyboard
Shall come near these fine rear panniers!

In color they're sort of maize-ish
So when ere you look inside them
It does not seem much like night time
You may throw away your flashlight!
Please don't ask us, "How big are they?"
Because it's them, we have not measured
But they're big, by rear bag standards
Large enough for a week's journey
Self-contained, and supplemented
You can haul much gear and larder
To the forests, through the valleys
To the distant snowy mountains!

Made to our spec by Duluth Pack
On the shore of Gitche Gumce
By the great lakes of the Northland
In the land of the Ojibwavs!



Baggins Boxy Bag

item # 20-052

Member Price \$100
Non-Member \$105

It is like a little brother
A companion to the rear sacks
That you carry on the rear rack
But it goes up front to balance
It is like a glove compartment
And is always so dang handy
Full of food and toys and fun things
That you long forgot you put there!

And a map goes on the top flap
So you see before you get there
Where you're going as you pedal
Past the meadows, lakes, and cornfields!

And like the fine rear panniers
Stitched so straight and fine and fancy
By the masters at Duluth Pack
A bar bag to last forever!



Smartwool Sox

medium: item # 21-082
large: item # 21-081
extra-large: item # 21-083

Member Price \$9
Non-Member \$10

The best sox made for cycling
Are these woolies, youthful strange one,
And our only reservation

Is that they're not made by Wigwam!

(Medium fits Men's size 4.5-8, Women's 6-9.5)

(Large fits Men's size 8.5-11.5, Women's 10-12)

(X-large fits Men's size 12-15, Women's 13.5-16.5)



Banana Bag

item # 20-053

Member Price \$75
Non-Member \$80

If you should chance to ask us
Which of all the bags we offer,
Which of them we use most often
On our trips of short duration
We should answer, "Do not ask us!"

We have told you o'er and o'er,
Even grouse and plover know it,
Even too the wild goose, Wawa
It is this, the Bag Banana
With its curve, like empty quiver,
With its curve, like yew-bow pulled tight
Like the beak of Nawadaha
Singer in the silent valley.
It holds loads so like a mother
Gentle, never so restricting
Like the heinous wedge packs you see
With their plastic fastening systems!



Rivendell Embroidered T-shirts

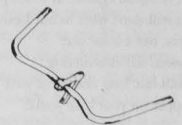
L: 24-079

XL: 24-080

XXL: 24-081

Member Price \$15
Non-Member \$18

The T-shirt we wear on hot days
And on cold ones, over woolies
Is like this one here, embroidered
With the round Rivendell logo
It is knit, like other t-shirts
On a circle, like the jerseys
Worn by racers in the old days
Who at thirty looked a score more
Who rode high gears in the mountains
And sucked water from corked bottles
Whose hair was often greasy
When attending social functions!



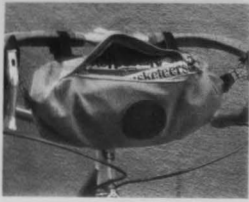
Priest Bar

item # 16-056

Member Price \$18
Non-Member \$23

Surely if you are a cyclist
You own more than one bike, don't you?
And you have one you don't ride much
Because it pains your back to do so.
But these bars, they will transform it
Like Osseo, once poor and ugly,
Laughed at by the haughty maidens,
Was transformed after his nuptials!
When you take off those old flat bars
And the long stem, low and forward
And you mount this on a tall stem,
You shall feel the instance difference!
Then you get some mountain levers
And thumbshifters, if you find some
And if not, you use downtubers,
And decide to not shift often!
It will scarcely harm your pleasure,
You will pedal tall and regal
Like Keneu, the great war eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers!





Baggins Candy Bar Bag

item # 20-060

Member Price \$35
Non-Member \$40

If you thought you knew our menu
Thought you knew, from turning pages
Of our catalogue so recent
Of our catalogue called seven
Thought you knew, perhaps from web-site
All the cycle sacks we offer
Thought you new, by name or looking
Then we have surprise just for you!

This one here is styled much like
Cheap-style bar bags of the '70s
Yes, the ones that velcroed on bars
Hung and swung so, as you pedaled

But it's made just like a Baggins
And has Baggins patch to prove it
And although you once sneered at it
And derisively scoffed at it
And put down cyclers who used it
As the classless, tasteless, heathens
Who were raised, perhaps like Remus
By wild wolves who taught them nothing,
Now, like us, you've overcome your
Snobbery and finally like it!
It is called the Candy Bar Bag
And ideal it is for smackerels
Perfect for the three deft swordsmen
Fine as well for muffled laughter
And holds too, the foreign taffy
From the land named for the big bird
That we gobble on Thanksgiving
And the jujubees, where are they?

But it holds too, your keys and wallet
And some mittens, and some clothing
And the diabetic cycler
Will not find a place more suited
For the sugar kit and poker!

But this bag has one dark secret,
One thing that we're slight ashamed of
Thing we've railed against in times past
Thing we still don't trust in our heart
It is Zipper, but a brass one
Not of nylon, self-destructing
So it should last long and serve well
As the zipper on your blue jeans!



DirtDrop Stem

8 cm: item # 16-007

Member Price \$45
Non-Member \$50

When your back is problematic
And your top tube stretched out too long
And you're tired of the leaning
And you want some relief from it
Then you get the stem that lifts bars
Higher than the others herein
Then you get the Nitto DirtDrop
And you're happy then forever.

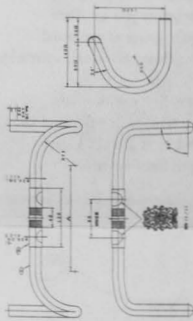


Cork Grips

item # 16-103

Member Price \$15
Non-Member \$20

In this land of ours so bounteous
You may gaze o'er vale and mountain
You may travel like Shu-shu-ga
In the land of the Dacotahs,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.
And you will not find there, sorry,
Grips of natural material
Lest you make your passage certain
Like a hen-hawk with a serpent
Clasped securely in her talons
To us here, in Creek of Walnut.
Here and only here you'll find these
Grips of cork, so tan and humble
Which feel fine while you grab on them
Like Kahgahgee, King of Ravens!



Dream Bars

42 cm: item # 16-081

44 cm: item # 16-082

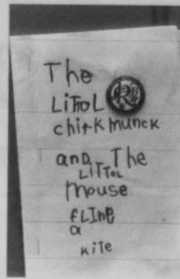
Member Price \$40
Non-Member \$45

46 cm: item # 16-097

Member Price \$50
Non-Member \$55

When you care about your handles,
When you like your grip so stable
And you like it when you glance down
At engra-ved crest, so noble,
Then the pickins are slim for you
For others, bent odd and blackened,
Or their finish, dull bead blasted
Logos acid etched or screened on
On the bar clamp, fat and bulging,
Like Kayoshk, the sated sea-gull!

Only Nitto's bars are lovely,
With their round bends, like a woman
And the silver shine familiar
To friends of the sturgeon Nahma!
Come and try these bars of slumber,
Rest your hands on here and feel them
Feel their smoothness and their roundness,
Feel the lack of grooves and corners
Then you'll know, soon as you pedal,
Why we make bad poems about them!



Refrigerator Magnets

item # 24-004

Member Price \$8
Non-Member \$12

Everyone who is a parent
Or lives in a house with children,
Crafty artists who make projects
Thick and colorful and crusted
With stiff glue and colored paper
Made at school, or on a weekend
While the other sibling's busy
Mommy's with the crossword puzzle
And dad's in bed with fever
And just needs a little downtime
Folks like those, they need a magnet
For the aforementioned projects
To hold the fast, so e'en the northwind
Flying fast, or earthquake's tumult
Cannot shake the art asunder
Will not pull it from its mooring
Shall not separate it from the
Pink door of the fine Amana!

Stacked with notes for future shopping
Lists of snacks and main-feast staples
Notes of who called late last evening
Notes of loose-ends that need tying
Lists of things to pick up next time
At the new strip mall of stucco!

They shall love these magnets dearly,
With their strength, from rare
earth minerals
As they clunk so reassuring
And clasp tight, through all materials!
And so lovely are the colors,
Tusk, like beads of wampum hanging
'Cross the chest of old Nokomis
And the silver, so reminding
Of the silver headed arrows
Shot one after the other
By Hiawatha, the swift shooter!



Baggins Key Fob

item # 24-086

Member Price \$33
Non-Member \$5

Even cyclers need a key fob
Need a keeper for their gold-keys
For their silver ones, a keeper
That secures them all in one place
Like a tribe, like the Ojibways
On the shores of Big Sea Water
Like the Seminole of Florida
Land of most confusing ballots
Keeps them, tribelike, all together
And this key fob here, of leather
Of skin from the white man's milk-cow
Tanned and brown, embossed with logo
Embossed with the 2-B logo
With its brass-like metal split ring
Costs just very little wampum
And should you wear it out
We'll repair it or replace it!



Woolly Undershirts

small: item # 21-123
medium: item # 21-124
large: item # 21-125
extra-large: item # 21-126

Member Price \$28
Non-Member \$33

Oh how dare you not believe us
When we've told you as a promise
You'll love nothing more, garmentwise
Than these wools from Nova Scotia!
They are soft, like baby chick-down
Soft as otter, mink, and ermine
And the underfur of beaver!
Gone shall be the evil plastic
With its smell of human pitsweat
Rancid as discarded fry-oil
From the kitchens of Chief Sanders!

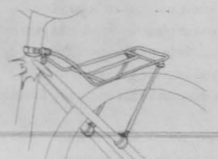


Mountain Levers

item # 15-033

Member Price \$28
Non-Member \$33

If you want a bike for short rides
Rides to town perhaps for shopping
Then you best be riding Priest Bars
Because of the hand position,
And you'll need some levers for them
Like the ones that work well for us
Like these here, from SunTour or from
Dia-Tech, there's not much difference.
They are simple, mountain style
And our price is reasonable
You can check the discount houses
But is your time worth nothing?



Mini Rear Rack

item # 20-029

Member Price \$60
Non-Member \$65

If your bike frame lacks the braze-ons
And you simply want a platform
To hold safe, with straps and tie downs
Simple loads, or as a platform
For the Carradice that elsewhere
Would drag and hum upon the tire.
This mini-rack made by Nitto
Costs more than most other big ones
But my gosh, it's so much nicer
And fits on your bike so easily!



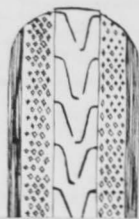
Phil Handcleaner

item #31-038

Member Price \$6
Non-Member \$11

Bikes are fine and fun, but greasy
At the chain and at the bearings
And the cables, you should grease them
And wherever metal meets metal
There's no fancy way to do it
No gloves made for just this purpose
That you slide on just for lubing
Such gloves would be just for dandies!

So your hands will show the blackness
Even red Bullshot and white Var
Turn black when they're on your fingers
For longer than eleven seconds
And the fastest way that we've found
To make your hands mouth-wat'ring clean
Is with this natural gritty brown stuff
Which costs more per pound than Swiss
cheese!



700x35 Pasela Folding Tire

item # 20-030

Member Price \$30
Non-Member \$35

When you prepare for your journey
Through the slums, with bottles broken
Over mountain passes on roads
Poorly maintained, wrecked by snowplows
Across deserts where the water's
Scarce and sold to at small bars
Where they really hate your guts there
For your frivolous adventure
For your clothing that offends them!

When they ask how much your bike costs
Every ear in the bar listens
As you lie and say five hundred
At which point the hoots and cackles
Come, and words of wisdom also
That for that amount of money
Don't you know, a car could be yours!
You wouldn't even have to pedal
And the back seat's good for lovin'
So say they all as they jab you
As they laugh and leer right at you
And a woman there with war-paint
Swaggers 'cross the bar floor to you
Expecting just the same reception
She gets daily from the locals
And her brother's mad at you when
Your rejection hurts her feelings.

When you finally get your water
And leave two dollars just for one pint
That they don't hate all about you
And it's time for you to leave now
Then the tire that you want most
Is this one here, by Panaracer!



Tombow Eraser

item # 31-043

Member Price \$2.00
Non-Member \$4.00

In your quiver you have pencils
Fine Dixon Ticonderogas
With their number one through four leads
And their corresponding letters
Like the ones Christopher Robin
Gave to Pooh Bear, not to Eeyore
To his chagrin, not to Eeyore
Classic pencils, clad in yellow
Like the schoolbus, like the mango
Printed beautifully in emerald
Are the words that tell about them!

And there, opposite the sharp end
Is the stubby pink eraser
The familiar pink eraser
Perhaps an Eberhard Faber
Perhaps the great Eberhard Faber!

The Dixon Ticonderoga
Was my father's favorite pencil
And I don't recall, in memory
From the time I was a rascal
Sucking water out of gutters
That we used to race the twigs in
On the day after a deluge
That he ever used another
For his mechanical drawings
For his drawings of machine parts
Machines that took pits out of peaches
Ones that sorted out the split pits
From the ones split-free, the "solids,"
Pencils that paid for all he gave me
Bought my baseballs, bought my fly rod
Took us on those fine vacations
Bought the heinous Murray Sting-ray
That I crashed and broke my teeth with
But enough with this digression
And back to that pink eraser!

Well, if ne'er was a good one
Even if Eberhard Faber!
Just a stubby little smudger
That you dare not even hope to
Use on fine onionskin paper
Lest you tear it quite asunder
Like the eagle tears the fresh trout
That he plucketh from the river
Plucketh deftly from the river!

And my dad he found out early
Which is why, I might imagine
That erasers on his pencils,
Were still full-length when the pencils
When his Dixon 'Conderogas
Were as stubby as an inch-worm
As if chopped-off, like the inch-worm
The methodical, intrepid
Traveller across the green leaves
Of the ash tree Hiawatha
Made so handily his bow with
That shot true, the oak-wood arrows
Arrows that slayed the mighty roe-buck
Pieced the heart of might roe-buck
To feed and clothe his Minnehaha,
Provided for his Laughing Water
On the shores of Big Sea Water!

That eraser holds no candle
To the white one here, by Tombow
Which erases, palimpsest-free
Even fine onion-skin paper
With the lightest of hand pressure!



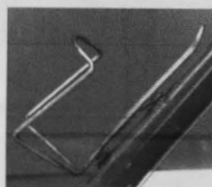
Book of Nonsense

item #23-004

Member Price \$14
Non-Member \$16

Edward Lear was once an artist
A scientific illustrator
Who later changed to landscapes
And traveled worldwide just to paint them
But his biggest contribution
Is this book he wrote for children
Published two years before the Flying Cloud
Sailed from York to San Francisco
Navigated by a woman!

The edition that we offer
Is bound in cloth, with letters golden
And has a real sewn-in bookmark
So you don't have to buy one on-line.
And the thing that's most amazing
Given all the book stores out there
Given all the crud that's published
Given all the bad books folks buy
Is that just four-hundred fifty
Books of Nonsense are sold yearly
And of those we're proud to say that
We sell about one-hundred forty



ALE Bottle Cage

item # 29-001

Member Price \$10
Non-Member \$15

When the angry Hiawatha
Seized his bow, of sturdy ash-tree,
Grabbed his jasper-headed arrows
Slipped on moccasins of roe-buck
Sewn with beads of every color
In such patterns so familiar
To his tribe for generations
And he swiftly bounded o'er land
With each stride, a mile closer
Till he reached the dreary lowlands
Left behind his favorite fenlands
Traveled past the whispering forrests
And the jewel lakes, fish-teeming
Where he courted Minnehaha
Where he wooed his Laughing Water.

All this Hiawatha passed by
On his way to the dark factories
Where they make the bottle cages
And they paint or powder-coat them,
And hang on hooks in blister packing!
Or aluminum, so silver,
Feels so light, yet blackens darkly
Any bottle it that it touches
As you ride your bike on rough ground.
It is time you knew the truth now,
Learned of wonderful things steel does
How it marks up not the bottles,
Jettisons not your precious water,
As you ride down bumpy byway
How it clasps it strong, like Kwasind,
Grips like hickory-armed Kwasind!



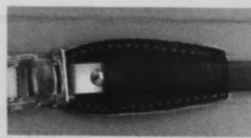
Zefal HPX Frame Pump

no. 1 (small frames) # 28-011
no. 2 (48-53) # 28-012
no. 3 (53.5 - 58.5) # 28-013
no. 4 (59 - 64) # 28-014

Member Price \$30
Non-Member \$35

We can hear the shouts already—
"But it is NOT fine, like a Silca!
Not fine like my gleaming Silca
Shimmering when a sunbeam hits it
Like a fish from Gitche Gumme
Fresh caught, flopping on its rock-beach!
The Zefal is black and horrid,
On my Singer I'll not mount it!
Neither shall it blight my Hurlow!"

But for two score plus seven
Zefal has made the HPX pump,
And they make it stout, to last long
Strong like Pezheckee, the bison!
And it moves the air with swiftness
Like Keewaydin, the Northwest wind
And is always there to serve you
It takes hard knocks, dings, and bashes
Like Puggawaugun, the war club
When the muscle dog attack you
Like a pike attacks a duckling
Accusing you of heinous mischief
When all you want is pleasant passage.



Toe Strap Buckle Pads

item # 14-007

Member Price \$6
Non-Member \$9

Even if you are a pharaoh
Emperor, King, or guy like Nero
Who boiled all his drinking water,
Boiled and cleaned his drinking water
Only to cool it down with foul ice!
You've not seen buckle pads as nice
As these here, thick and brown they are
Made in Bob Dylan's birthplace town
On the shore of shore of Big Sea Water
On the shores of Gitche Gumme
Which sunk the Edmund Fitzgerald!

