

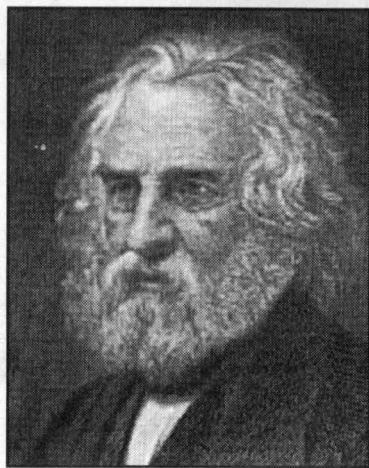


# Hiawathan Holidays II

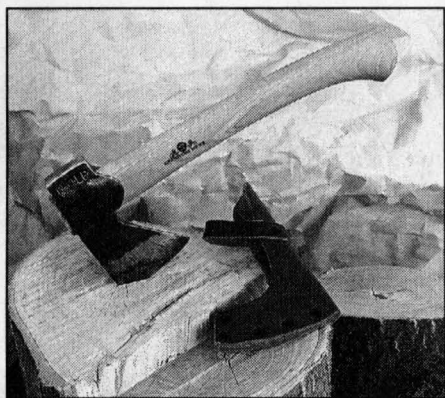
a late 2003 publication of Rivendell Bicycle Works

**T**he hirsute Henry Wadsworth Longfellow completed his most famous epic poem, *The Song of Hiawatha*, almost 150 years ago.

Four years ago we sent out *Hiawathan Holidays*, a flyer like this one, in which every item was described in the same style as the poem. *Hiawathan Holidays* wasn't up to the literary standard of the original (you have just read the greatest understatement you will ever read), but he had the luxury of being able to focus on one



thing. Longfellow wrote *Hiawatha* under the influence of *Kalevala*, a Finnish epic poem that used the same measure. (I believe “measure,” in this context, has to do with “beat,” or “rhythm,” or something of that nature.) I’m as unfamiliar with *Kalevala* as you are, but when a poet and storyteller of Longfellow’s caliber likes a poem or story that one of his competitors wrote, it’s usually pretty good. What *The Song of Hiawatha* and *Hiawathan Holidays* (original and II)—and, I’d guess, *Kalevala*—have in common, is what is known by poetry scholars as ionic octopameter—or “eight syllables or so, per line.” People can read three eight-syllable lines out loud in a single breath, which is the whole point of ionic octopameter. When you read to yourself, it’s a non-issue....*The Song of Hiawatha* is a stupendous poem. It’s book-length, and it grips you every page. The rhythm pulls you through, and the narrative is fascinating. There have been many editions over the last 150 years. The words are the same in all of them, of course, but some have cheesy illustrations, with Hiawatha being a big-eyed Disney-Indian, and others showing him almost as a sneering thug. The best is the one illustrated by Frederick Remington; but the last edition illustrated by Remington went out of print about six years ago. This spring, David Godine—a small high-brow publisher of special books—is publishing a new Remington-illustrated edition that promises the best paper, typography, layout, and binding—typical David Godine style. We’ll sell it when it’s out in February. The whole point of this flyer being in the same style is to get you jazzed about the real thing, and to buy David Godine’s version, from us or anybody else, when it comes out. You can get a crummier version any time, and no doubt it’s online, too, but when a book is that special, pop for the good one. In this case it’ll cost about \$20, which is cheap for a good book. Finally: To read these properly, it helps to have read *Hiawatha*, but a good substitute is listening to Leonard Cohen’s *Suzanne* (takes you down, to her place by the river...). That has a similar beat to it; or measure, or rhythm (seems kind of the same). But by no means should you wait to read or hear those before tackling this one. Think of it as a warm-up to the real thing, and apologies in advance.—Grant



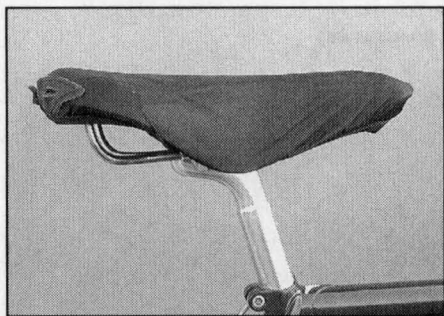
## Hatchet: \$75

31-377

When you think, "I want a hatchet"  
But you can't think of a use yet  
And you rack your brain for hours  
Wrestle with it through the night-time  
For a reason, an excuse there  
For to justify the purchase  
Since you aren't a deep-woods dweller  
Not a buckskin-clad outdoorsman  
Not a plaid-wool bearded fellow  
Not a Boone or Smith or Johnson  
Who makes rough-hewn chairs of maple  
Starting with stiff, knotted branches  
Steamed soft o'er a boiling kettle  
Till they bend as though they're willow  
(Should have used that to begin with)  
Or a similar stout fellow  
Deep of voice but kindly hearted  
Who with axe and knife and hand-plane  
With no major interruptions  
Can, by working sixteen hours  
Shaping pine, alder, and walnut  
Make a cabin so darn cozy  
That Kim Guilfoyle'd be elated!

So your brain comes up all empty  
As you lust for it, the hatchet  
Hand-sized, balanced, and proportioned  
With such limitless potential!

It is not only for woodsmen  
It is just as right for campers  
Who leave on their cycles laden  
With flashlights and tents of nylon  
With the latest Harry Potter  
Or a Nevil Shute, or Newsweek  
To read all during the night-time  
Which plays tricks when you want quiet



## Saddle Bonnet: \$15

11-014

So you've finally bought a Brooks there!  
And you read the tales of others  
Who've had theirs for twenty years now  
And have loved it every mile  
Loved the cushion it's provided  
And the miles-o-numb-free riding  
Not to mention how it looks when  
The bike's resting on the bookcase  
Next to books 'bout Holden Caulfield,  
Homer Price and one-eared Vince Van  
The warm leather, with at least ten  
Distinct shades of brown, from cocoa  
To a reddish brown not unlike  
Dried blood on the shaft of arrows!

You want to join the ranks there  
Ranks of cyclers who have ridden  
Tens of thousands miles, solo  
Or with groups of cheery fellows  
Ridden time-trials on the weekends  
Ridden through the moors and fenlands  
Secret camping in the Cotswolds  
Stopped at pubs for some refreshment  
Dark beer with a wedge of Chilton  
And you got there sitting only  
On the Brooks the UPS man  
Delivered to your doorstep Thursday!

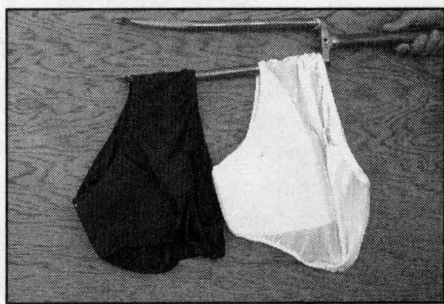
But make no mistake, keen fellow  
Though your Brooks is cut from thick-  
hide

From the choice parts in the middle  
Of the back, where sun shines hottest  
Growing fast the thick-hide cowskin  
So much better than the flanksides  
Or don't even make me laugh now,  
The translucent belly leather  
That is eerily translucent  
And in fact is good for nothing!  
Let me get back to my point here  
Listen to my words important

Cup your ear to hear them clearer  
 For to gather all the sound waves,  
 Herd them rushing, like the north wind  
 As it blows over the water  
 Over shining big-sea water  
 Making white-caps that capsize ships  
 Like the great Edmund Fitzgerald  
 That, ideally, is how my words  
 Will come rushing into your ear  
 Past the outer to the inner,  
 O'er hammer, anvil, stirrup!

One long ride on your new Brooks there  
 In a Minnesota rainstorm  
 On a metric double century  
 All day long it sits there soaking  
 As the leather fibers swell up  
 As they slip against each other  
 Lubricated by the water  
 And your Brooks will finally give up  
 Like a hammock will the back sag  
 Forcing wide the side flaps, outward  
 Not the way the brochure shows it  
 Nor the way it was last Thursday  
 When it landed on your doorstep  
 Looking fine and photogenic  
 As though smiline for the Rollei!

This sad state, you can prevent it  
 With a nylon saddle bonnet  
 Though, we do suggest, in strong squalls  
 When the rain is so relentless  
 Put a plastic bag beneath it  
 Underneath the saddle bonnet  
 Since the bonnet's strong black fabric  
 Is stout and resists abrasion  
 But 'tis no match for a droplet  
 For a molecule of water  
 That by capillary action  
 Finds its way into the fine hole  
 Between the black fine threads of nylon  
 That make up the woven fabric!



## Andiamos: \$23

**Men: M (22-301) L (22-302) XL: 22-303**

**Wom: S (22-305) M: 22-306 L (22-307)**

Though you're not an undie model  
 You've turned down a dozen offers  
 And though we're so fond of wool-things  
 Eschewing and often scoffing  
 Pointing fingers, shocked, dumfounded  
 That so many of our kind still  
 Wear clothing that's poly-something  
 We so lay our guilt trip on them  
 Making wool seem high and mighty  
 Making wool-clad folks the world 'round  
 Feel superior to others  
 Feeling peaceful, feeling holy  
 Like the old cathedral-dwellers  
 Like the bell-ringers in churches  
 Who wear robes of flowing fabric  
 Humbly woven by the townsfolk  
 Who for breakfast eat their oatmeal  
 With spoons their own hands have fash-  
 ioned!

And now these things-Andiamos  
 Weird & weightless, thin and spongelike  
 White for men and black for women  
 Worn beneath the Supplex baggies  
 Where they add a seamless cushion  
 And soak crotch-sweat so it doesn't  
 Penetrate your fine Brooks saddle!

Andiamos are for tourists  
 Who should wash their undies daily  
 So the bacteria can't grow there  
 Causing problems in the crotch zone!  
 Andiamos are for day rides  
 Those that last more than two hours  
 Since they add just enough comfort  
 Your brain shall forget about them!

But Andiamos, let's be truthful  
 Have not one strand of wool in them  
 No shropshire or merino

And no rambouillet has been shorn  
 In the making of the fabric  
 That goes into Andiamos  
 They're synthetic as all get-out  
 Which is just the stuff you want when  
 You're soaking them in crotch-sweat  
 Not to mention front-side leaking!



### Little Joe: \$90

20-080

When Banana Bag is too small  
 When you must tote food and sweaters  
 Not just you own, but maybe for  
 Other members of your family  
 Sacred cyclers of the same blood  
 Or perhaps they were adopted  
 Which of course is even better  
 Indicating as it does so  
 (Well, I shouldn't get off-track here  
 In my pitch for Little Joey  
 Who is not so little, bagwise  
 Only little when compared to  
 Hoss and Adam, his big brothers!)

Little Joe is just the right size  
 For five sandwiches, a tool kit  
 Pocket camera and a spare tube  
 And a derby tweed-sized sweater  
 Or two jerseys and a windshell  
 Mittens for chilly evenings  
 Preparations for foul weather  
 That, one look outside shall tell you  
 Is now just around the corner  
 Barrelling full-speed upon you  
 Like a trainload full of convicts  
 Heading straight for Folsom Prison!



### Pa Panniers: \$115

20-084

For commuting you don't need them  
 You may use them, we won't stop you  
 Won't point fingers, won't accuse you  
 For all cyclers have their own ways  
 Preferences, their own style  
 And if for some freaky reason  
 You eschew the British method  
 You think fools, millions of others  
 Who before you, since the thirties  
 Have discovered that the best way  
 To tote loads that aren't humongous  
 Is to cram them in a bag which  
 Lashes to the loops of saddles...

Well, who are we to mock you  
 To point out your misdirection  
 'Tis no skin off our nose if you  
 Don't model your life after ours  
 If you don't buy into all we  
 Espouse in our propaganda!

But for touring, don't be silly  
 You may search Lycos and Google  
 Take a bus or drive your Rambler  
 Or pedal your Univega  
 To REI, or to Nashbar  
 Or at home and at your leisure  
 Page by page, go through their sales  
 sheets  
 Looking for some bargain panniers  
 We've no doubt that you will find them  
 And discover ours cost double!

But look closer, sleuth-like shopper  
 Dig in deeper, bargain hunter  
 Study them like Sherlock Holmes would  
 And you'll find no wooden stick there!

No trim of cowhide leather  
 Hot-stuffed with preserving oils  
 No hardware that isn't plastic!  
 So to us, please come back, crawling  
 To our fine Pa Cartwright panniers  
 With their simple open pockets  
 That won't fail you at the zipper  
 Since they have none, and won't fail you  
 During packing, with so many  
 Darn compartments, that you can't fit  
 Bulky objects, can't pack sloppy!



## Japanese Cloth Tape \$7

Silver: 16-124 Greenish: 16-125

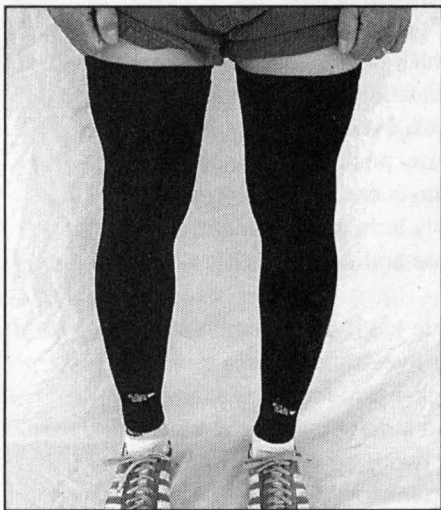
You can wrap your bars with cello  
 Mexican-made by Benotto  
 If you find some in an old shop  
 Or outbid someone on eBay  
 But in the end all you'll have  
 Is a shiny modern classic  
 That debuted here in the eighties  
 Popularized by Bernard Hinault  
 Who rode yellow, as Lemond did  
 On his blue bike made by Gitane  
 That when crashed always unraveled  
 Yellow streamers, soon discarded!

Or if you were not a cyclist  
 In those days when pros rode friction  
 And to you that's unfamiliar  
 Then to you, "bar-wrap" means cork-tape  
 Which is often barely cork-ish  
 Micro-fragments scattered sparsely  
 Like oat bran is in a Pow'r Bar  
 Even in the old days before  
 General Mills, or was it Beatrice  
 Bought that tiny Berkeley start-up  
 And changed the first ingredient  
 To the cheap sweet that perks up folks  
 Namely, high-fructose corn syrup!

A better option, I think, for you  
 One for me that time has proven

To be fine, though not as cushy  
 As the cork tape, nor as slim-jim  
 As Benotto, but more handsome  
 And because of its adhesive,  
 Is more likely to survive a  
 Crash than either of the others  
 Is fine bar tape made of cotton  
 "Fluffy ground-cloud" says the Blackfoot  
 Roaming far in the Dakotahs  
 When he sees it as he's stalking  
 Wary roe-bucks which provide him  
 Clothing; and his family dinner  
 And by others, "weevil's candy"  
 By white grannies in the old shacks  
 Those who live up in the mountains  
 Who've smoked corn-cob pipes since  
 they were  
 Eight years old, and sometimes seven!

Woven in the textile buildings  
 In Japan, land of the Sumos  
 There they go, in navy cotton  
 Walking through Narita airport  
 With hair pulled back, tight and greasy  
 On the way to the arena  
 Wearing wooden clip-clop sandals!



## Leg Warmers: \$52

S/M: 22-250 L/XL: 22-251

As you look outside your window  
 Past the Liberty-print curtains  
 Or the Levolor-blinds, off-white  
 Rolled up smart to let the light in  
 As you gaze at leaves a-swirling  
 'Neath the saplings, young and swaying  
 And the empty pop-can rolling  
 Down the street, metallic-sounding

But the frost seems to be melting  
On the Dodge parked in your driveway  
Then again, the children walking  
To the bus stop by the farm-field  
Have on britches made of wool-cloth  
That come down below their ankles  
And their torsos too, are covered  
With an ancient Scottish tartan  
On the young boys, it is Black Watch  
On the elders, Royal Stewart  
And the girls, of age regardless  
Some with hair all neat in French-braid  
All look sweet in Dress MacDonald!

Thick and warm, to keep the heat in  
Woven tight to block the west-wind  
Blowing cold across the fen-lands  
And originating far-off  
In the coastal waters, blue-green  
Home to ships, with all their sails set.

It is times like this that freeze you  
Past the bone, down to the marrow  
As you think out loud, and wonder—  
“Do I wear the shorts or tights now?  
And what if my choice is falty?  
Would I rather ride with cold knees  
Perhaps risking knee woes later—  
Or have legs so hot, so sweaty  
That my tights get heavy—sopping!?”

But we have an answer for you  
A garment you'll praise as Savior  
It is black-wool, like your tights there  
But your crotch it does not cover  
“Leg warmers” is what we call them  
And they're knit well in New Zealand  
Or sometimes (we have two vendors)  
In the pig-land named Australia  
Named for the shape the land is  
Like a pig's head wearing ball cap  
Not in sweatshops north of Beijing!



## CatEye EL200: \$25

31-364

As you venture out light shopping  
To your LBS or online  
(Let's hope you stay off eBay  
For this small and mundane purchase)  
Don't be baffled by the choices  
Confused by too much selection  
Aero, streamlined, handy-dandy  
Cheap, expensive, all fine values  
Do you get the ones your friends have?  
Or the upstart with a feature  
That seems clever, oh so clever  
But it might be just a gimmick  
That will prove to be a weak point  
Rendering your light quite useless  
As you pedal through the drug zone  
Accidentally shocking hoodlums  
Who retaliate by chasing  
You down in their stolen car Camry  
Which has trusty Japanese lights!

Fun scenario? That's doubtful.  
But it's easily avoided  
We've done your weeding for you  
We have “narrowed your selection”  
So, please focus your attention  
Try hard if you've the disorder  
Overdiagnosed? Well, maybe...  
That afflicts so many children  
And is cause for consternation  
Among teachers, friends, and parents

Get this CatEye, made in Japan  
Where they don't make junk, not ever.  
Because natural resources  
Number only rice and water  
And it's costly to import the  
Raw materials for exports  
And they know they can't compete with  
Taiwan, Vietnam, or China  
Where the labor's just a fraction  
And the main attraction's low price  
Japanese manufacturers  
Know their only hope to survive

In a low-price conscious market  
Is to make things simply better

And of all the lights from CatEye  
To us, this one makes the most sense  
You can get more candle power  
But this one's good for city riding  
It has a static mode that's good  
For general night-time riding  
And a flashing mode that always  
Warns the hoodlums of your coming



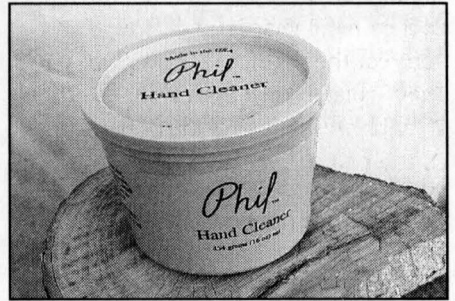
**CatEye Light Bracket: \$4**  
31-374

If you've been riding for 6 years  
Chances are you're multi-bike now  
And given that Winter's coming  
And the sun goes down much sooner  
Than it does when snow is melting  
On the high-peaks in the summer  
And the daylight temps have fallen  
Rarely climbing over fifty  
Far more common still at forty  
At which temps your toes will soon turn  
If they're long exposed, uncovered  
To the colors of the fish-flesh  
Of the salmon, outside silvery  
That bruises, with sharp claws swat at  
Or else catches as it leaps up  
Over high-steps in the river  
Over water white that falls fast  
Full of air, bright white and frothy  
With his mouth agape—then clenching  
As the eagles in their perches  
High in craggy trees are staring  
And for the bruises are cheering  
For they'll feast upon the remnants!

It is times as those described here  
When the daylight seems so short now  
You'll disheartingly discover  
That, though cycles you have many  
Only one's equipped for darkness!

You may own a single Cateye  
And though mounting and removing  
Is simple, just takes a minute  
It's a small hassle nonetheless  
And when the bracket's "off-bike"  
There's a chance that you will lose it  
And you'll be stuck with a fine light  
That has no way for you to mount it!

So you'd be advised to spring for  
A spare bracket, even two now  
That you mount on all your bikes there  
And just switch the lights among them;  
And the bracket here will do that  
But we won't stock them forever.



**Phil Hand Cleaner: \$7**  
31-038

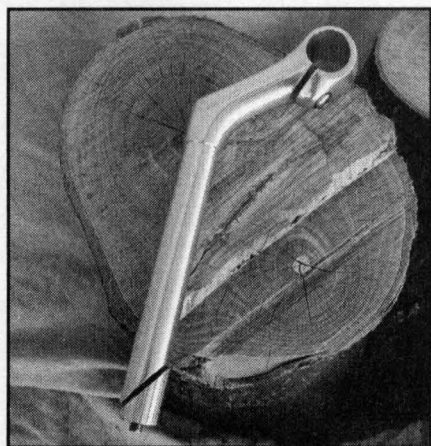
Bikes are fine and fun, but greasy  
They can get so downright grimy  
So you give them such a wide berth  
When you pass them in the hallway  
That with shoulders, hips, and elbows  
You brush up against the pictures  
Of your kinfolk going back to  
The mid-1800s, easy  
And they fall to floor, asunder  
The frames land right on the corner  
The glass shatters into pieces  
Easy this can be avoided  
But we're now getting off-topic  
Which is mainly grimy knuckles,  
Fingernails packed full with bike-grime  
Looking scary to clean women  
Who live in fine big white mansions  
In the rolling hills so verdant  
With the views of sharp church steeples  
'Piscopal and Catholic  
Mormon, Lutheran, and Baptist  
Poking up through elm and chestnuts  
Growing dense down in the lowlands  
So to see them from this distance  
From this perch, this emerald lookout  
Where the lady with the long-gloves



And the servants, whom she treats nice  
Lives, as did her ancient kinfolk  
Going back six generations  
You would never know the pavement  
The grey ribbon made of tarmac  
And fine white cement, the sidewalks  
Run beneath the dense green foliage!

And the cyclers on the roads there  
Dressed in garments plain and fancy  
Made of seersucker or woolen  
Even sometimes polyester  
With the spoon-shaped dope-fiend glasses  
Riding bikes, the women glowing  
Holding bars shaped like the ram's horn  
Cyclers in all shapes and colors  
Some of them work on their own bikes  
They replace worn bottom brackets  
They clean road-gunk from the pulleys  
Of their silver rear derailleur  
Made by folk artist Shimano  
In the shadow of Mount Fuji!

Bringing this to a conclusion  
Those intrepid ones, the pedalers  
Who maintain their bikes so shiny  
Need some stuff to clean their hands  
with  
And this brown grit from Phil Wood here  
Is by far the best we've used here  
It makes orange gunk seem pathetic  
And lava-soap it slays in contest  
For it cleans deeper and faster  
Than an ultrasonic washer!



### **DirtDrop Stem: \$42**

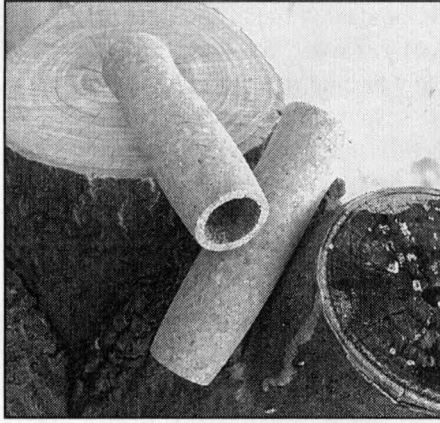
8cm: 16-007 10cm: 16-100

When your back's your source of anguish  
When it pains you in the morning

And you feel as though you're ninety  
When you walk into the kitchen  
Bent way over like a peasant  
Working for the well-to-do man  
Who lives nearby in the mansion  
And decides he wants a stone fence  
But instead of buying boulders  
At full retail from the quarry  
He hires you to find them  
In the nearby fields and ditches  
And just when you knew for certain  
Only finding more will feed you  
He says "there's two more hours of work  
Before sundown and it's freezin'  
But he tells you this while wearing  
Thick wool, covered with an oilskin  
A thousand-dollar outfit that  
Came a week ago from Filson  
And you're sweating, though it's cold out  
With the frost already forming  
On your thread-bare cotton t-shirt  
That you bought with last week's wages  
From the thrift-store on the corner

But he hired you to work here  
And you've never quit a job yet  
Though your only satisfaction  
Will be knowing this for certain:  
The fence you build will outlast him  
And his kin, for generations  
But it leaves you with a bad back  
And you want to ride a bike now  
So you need a stem that lifts bars  
Raises them as high as nimbus  
Holds them up so proud and stately  
That you'll wake up in the morning  
Just so full of vim and vigor  
That your house or your apartment  
Seems to you a workout station  
As you leap up from your mattress  
Launching into calisthenics  
Starting first with ten toe-touches  
Followed close by six-count burpees  
Before lying down for leg lifts  
Don't forget the arm rotations!  
All made possible by this stem  
This cold-forged beauty made by Nitto  
The one we call the DirtDrop  
A new lease on life it gives you  
And you'll find yourself, in public  
Going up to friendly strangers  
Couples with their babes in strollers  
Young unmarrieds shyly courting  
Older couples inching slowly  
Down the pathway using walkers

After getting their attention  
 You'll point to your lumbar region  
 Wink, and flash the A-OK sign  
 As you smile Cheshire cat-like  
 And in that solitary moment  
 They'll realize they've found a soulmate  
 Who is weathered and well-muscled  
 And a Grand Communicator!



## Cork Grips: \$15

16-103

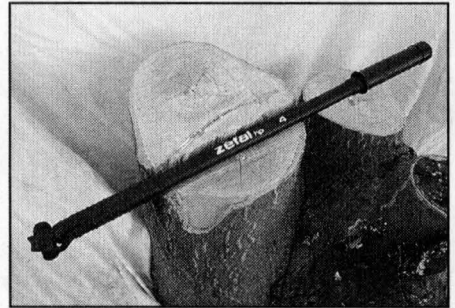
In this land of ours, so bounteous  
 You may gaze o'er vale and mountain  
 You may travel like the salmon  
 Upstream, leaping through the white-  
 froth

Like the albatross you may fly  
 Under thick fog, over whitecaps  
 Skimming on for miles, for hours  
 As you make your way, ne'er tiring  
 To the archipelago which  
 You were born on with your brothers!

But no matter where you travel  
 To the bazaars in famed Europe  
 Where the sandals-wearing women  
 Flow across the streets so dreamlike  
 In their garments light and flowing  
 Wearing sunglasses so stylish  
 With barely a hint of lipstick  
 Or to the old French boutiques  
 Where the new-old-stock caches are  
 Boxes in the back rooms dusty  
 Cardboard waxy, seams a-bursting  
 With brakes by guys like Mafac  
 Lights by JOS and hammered fenders  
 But you'll ask the guy who owns it  
 Who has owned it since the forties  
 When from racing he retired  
 And then, with no education

And for bikes, a brewing passion  
 Oe'r the door he hung his shingle  
 And has seen so much come through  
 there  
 That no question can't he answer  
 And no part you bought on eBay  
 Will get his heart a-beating  
 Make him scratch his head in wonder  
 Make him stop what he is doing  
 And raise up his bushy eyebrow!

That is, until you show him  
 This fine cork grip that you bought here  
 One whole pair for fifteen dollars  
 Though it doesn't come with stickum  
 So you're on your own for that stuff  
 But we do include instructions  
 And once you ride with these grips  
 You will worship at the altar  
 Of your friend, the giving cork-tree



## Zefal HPX: \$30

No. 3 (fits 46-52cm): 28-013

No. 4 (fits most med + frames): 28-014

We can hear the shouts already—  
 “It is black, and French, and heavy!  
 It won't look fine on my Rivvy  
 It won't complement my Ti-bike  
 Never will it find a home on  
 My old race bike which has carried  
 Only Silca, since the '60s!”

That is fine, you are a stylist  
 So are we in many matters  
 We don't like the heavy black-look  
 We're suspicious of things French-made  
 But this pump is an exception  
 Superior by such a margin  
 To all others that we've pumped with  
 And so strong and so long-lasting  
 That to not have one is crazy!



## Banana Bag: \$78

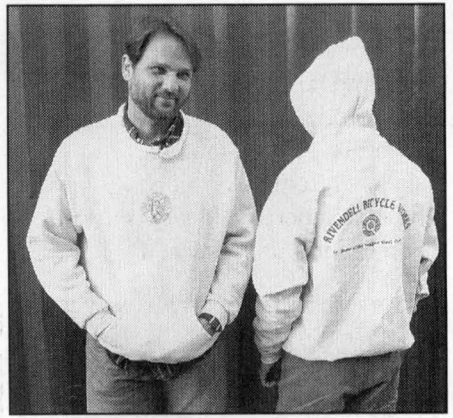
20-082

If you should chance to ask us  
 By email, send us a query  
 Better yet, give us a phone call  
 Because you know, it's so much faster  
 Which, of all the bags we offer  
 Which of them we use most often  
 On our rides of short duration  
 When our load is not so heavy  
 We will answer, to a person  
 "Do not ask me such a question!  
 We have told you many times now  
 And the answer should have sunk in  
 Even squirrel and chipmunk know it  
 Even pollywog and blue-jay  
 It is this, the bag Banana!"  
 Shaped and sized perfect for day rides  
 And it fits even on saddles  
 That foolishly lack the bag loops!  
 This, our favorite smallish day bag  
 Holds gear gently, like a mother  
 Never crushing, never cinching  
 Like bags with the straps of nylon  
 And the space-age Fastex buckle!

## Hozan Y-Wrench: \$13

19-023

If you go to mount a fender  
 Or adjust the straddle wire  
 Or work on brakes that were made  
 Before allen nuts took over  
 And you don't have this tool with you  
 None's the sympathy you'll find here  
 Cause it's only thirteen dollars  
 And will last a lifetime, easy  
 Imitations, there are plenty  
 Made in Taiwan, with red handles  
 But most everybody knows that  
 The original's this Hozan

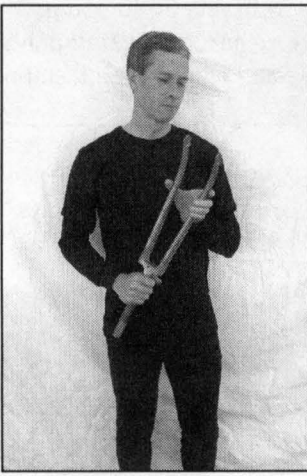


## SweatShirt: \$45

M: 22-384; L: 22-385; XL: 22-386  
XXL: 22-387; XXXL: 22-388

Though it is a promo item  
 It by no means is a cheap one  
 And though it costs twice as much as  
 Sweatshirts sold on college campus  
 When you read the label closely  
 You'll see how ours is different  
 How the cotton content's nearly  
 Twice that of the cheap-light sweatshirts  
 And you feel the fabric's thickness  
 Feel the heavy cotton plushness  
 And imagine being outthere  
 On the seashore or the mountain  
 When the east-wind blows so chilly  
 Where the west-wind, with its gale-force  
 Penetrates the cheaper fabric  
 But is blocked fast by our sweatshirt  
 The most costly promo sweatshirt  
 You'll find anywhere on earth now!

It has hood, but cut it off, pal  
 Because it's basically useless  
 Unless you're truly desperate  
 And forgot to bring your wool-hat  
 Don't you fear that the raw edge will  
 Unravel, 'cause we have done this  
 And through washings by the dozen  
 It stays cut clean and looks dapper!



## Blacky Wool: \$48

S: 22-266; M: 22-267; L: 22-268  
XL: 22-269; XXL: 22-270

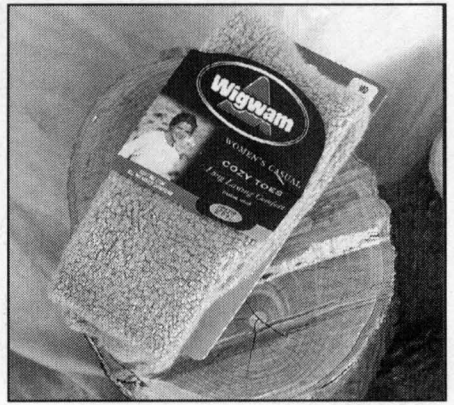
If someone comes into your life  
And points at you a gun or knife  
And says "I know you'll think it's odd  
But, by the way, my name is Todd  
And, hating work, I've been called "Lazy"  
But mainly I guess I'm just crazy"  
And makes you pick one shirt forever  
A garment to suit every weather  
One you won't sweat like a pig in  
During Summer, and in Winter  
One that'll always keep you cozy  
Or at least prevent your freezing  
And he don't even give a reason  
But makes you choose your garment  
quick

Choose this black shirt from Australia  
You know us—we wouldn't sell ya  
A wool shirt that'll scratch or stink  
Or one that's a bad color, like pink  
This black one here knows how to flatter  
It won't make you look any fatter

## Eldi No. 61 Pedal Wrench: \$15

19-051

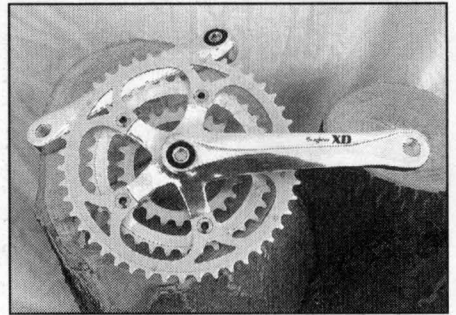
Some say sixty-one's a highway  
Mostly, they are fans of Dylan  
Others say it's a prime number  
Generally, mathematicians  
But to any bike mechanic  
From Homer to Sao Paulo  
It's the finest pedal wrench made  
And you're nuts if you don't have one.



## Women's Socks: \$12

22-299

If Wigwam made these socks for men  
We'd wear them Monday, and again  
On Tuesday, but they make them just  
For women of the upper crust  
To lounge in, or to stroll along  
A garden path, nothing too long  
Munching on chocolate as they walk  
With friends who've never owned a sock  
So fine and soft, thick and furry  
Neither cashmere nor Burberry  
Can match this humble Wigwam here  
It should be called "Sock of the Year."



## Sugino XD Crank: \$100

165: 12-231; 170: 12-167; 175: 12-190

Sometimes lightening strikes a geyser  
At the moment of eruption  
Thought it happens, few folks see it  
Since they're miles away and sleeping

Sometimes wild geese on their journey  
To the warm south where they winter  
Rest their overtired breast muscles  
By trick flying, belly-upward

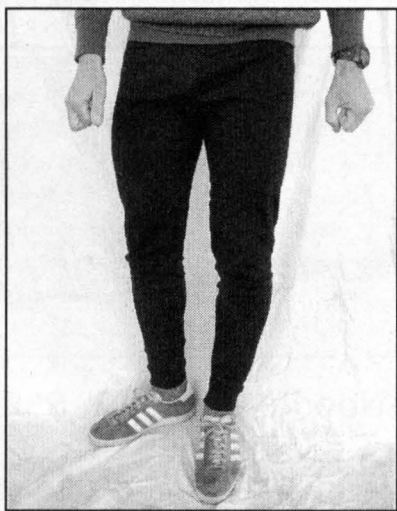
Sometimes grizzly bears, while fishing  
In the wild Alaskan rivers

Open wide their mouths in yawning  
 And a leaping fish, surprising  
 Lands right in it, but escapes when  
 The shocked bruin, rearward stumbles  
 And preoccupies himself with  
 Getting balanced in the torrent

Just as rare, but right before you  
 Is a crank of such a value  
 That it seems it can't exist in  
 Wacky times, so slick and silly  
 When bad designs, highly promoted  
 In the register, get run up  
 As though lemonade, they're cups of  
 Being offered on the sidewalk  
 By young children, just 5 years old  
 Entrepreneurial and charming

Look around and study hard, you—  
 Take notes and make an Excel spread-  
 sheet  
 With weights and Q factors listed  
 And the price, and chainring options.

This crank made fine by Sugino  
 Cold forged of strong light alloy  
 Blows the doors of any we've seen  
 That costs twice as much in dollars!

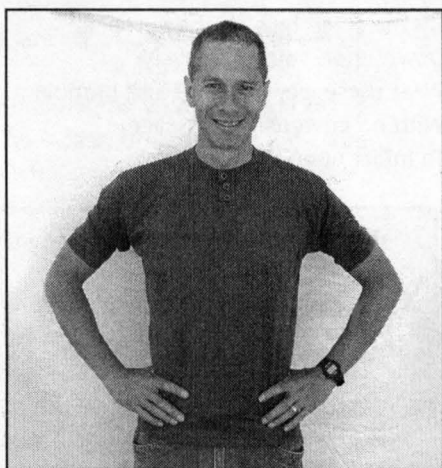


### **Tights: \$48**

**M: 22-271; L: 22-272; XL: 22-273**

Once we thought, "Tights? Just for  
 dancers!"  
 But then we started riding bikes  
 And found they're just the thing for  
 Riding late Fall through the Springtime  
 Ours are all wool, from Australia

And they have a fly, for p-ing  
 So they're just as good for undies  
 When your blankets aren't sufficient



### **Jerseys: \$75**

**Mark's Blue:**

**S: 22-315; M: 22-316 L: 22-317;**

**XL: 22-318; XXL 22-319**

**Light Blue: S: 22-349; M: 22-350**

**L: 22-351; XL: 22-352; XXL 22-353**

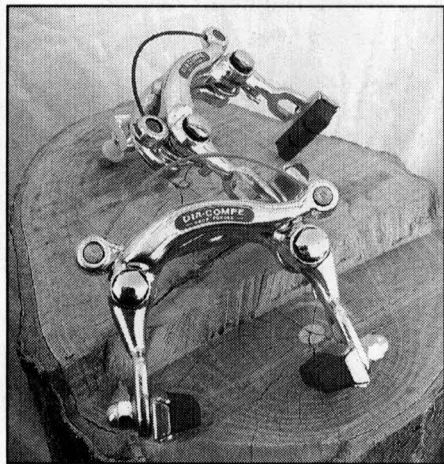
**John's Green:**

**M: 22-311; L: 22-312 XL: 22-313**

Take three hundred sixty-five days  
 And subtract those you can't ride on  
 And you're left with what, two hundred?  
 You are lucky if it's that high  
 If you're like the other cyclers  
 Then your riding days will number  
 Closer to, perhaps, one fifty  
 Which is not quite every other  
 So those riding days are precious  
 None's worth wasting, all are special  
 Don't besmirch them with bad clothing  
 Tight and garish polyester  
 Silkscreened, sometimes sublimated  
 With designs, patterns, and logos  
 That you'd never wear when shopping  
 Or while munching healthy snacks while  
 Sitting on the white sand beaches  
 Of Trinidad and Tobago  
 Land of beauty contest entrants  
 Nor when hiking in the forest  
 In the green and brown fine forest  
 Where the colors, every one is  
 Strong and pure, distinctly muted.

Wear instead, fine clothing made of  
 Wool grown by the sheep Merino

Soft and smooth and never scratchy  
 Never smelly, even days old  
 Having accumulated old sweat  
 That you bled out as you grunted  
 Up the steep hills, as the sun beat  
 Down upon you mercilessly  
 Wear these jerseys, plain and humble  
 With no advertising message  
 To inflict upon your fellows!



### 610 Centerpulls: \$45

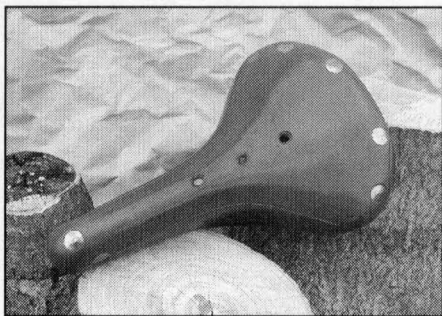
15-111

You'll not find these at Performance  
 Nor at Nashbar or Excel Sports  
 Nor will you find them, either  
 Displayed proudly in a pro shop  
 But if the bike you have will fit them  
 And you like these vintage bike parts  
 You'll not likely find them elsewhere  
 So strike while the iron's hot, eh?

### MKS Sneaker Pedal: \$20

14-047

Pedals with built-in reflectors  
 Can save you from a rear-ending  
 Can prevent a sudden smacking  
 When it's dark and you've forgotten  
 Left at home your flashing red light  
 Alas, lost your ankle doo-dad  
 Not to mention how they feel when  
 You are wearing soft-soled sneakers  
 There's no pedal you can pedal  
 That gives you so much protection  
 And for merely twenty dollars  
 Holy moly, buy two pair now!



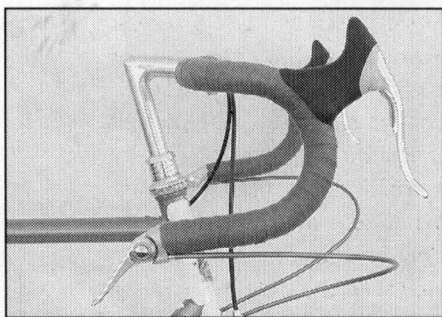
### Brooks B.17: \$90-\$140

Honey w/copper steel rails: 11-006: \$90

Grey w/ti rails: 11-007: \$140

Finesse, Honey/Ti: 11-050: \$140

Do not listen to the folks who  
 Regale you with horror stories  
 How it took them months or years to  
 Brake in finally their saddle  
 If the saddle is shaped rightly  
 From the start, and made of leather  
 And you bring to the equation  
 Not a preexisting ailment  
 No wounds from another saddle  
 Or from unhygienic crotch care  
 Then most likely (though not always)  
 This B.17 Brooks model  
 Or the Finesse, if you're a woman  
 Will be all you ride from now on.



### Noodle Bar: \$42, \$52

41cm: 16-111; \$42

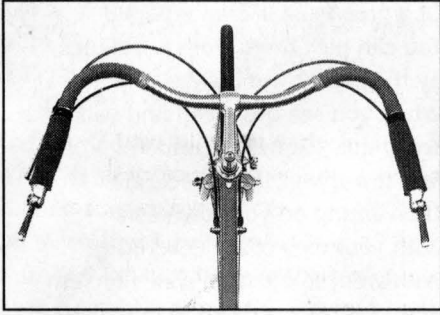
44cm: 16-112; \$42

46cm: 16-113; \$52

48cm: 16-128; \$52

Though the name sounds kind of funny  
 Not like bars named by Cinelli—  
 Giro d'Italia and  
 Campionato del Mundo  
 To us, those sound high-falutin  
 And regardless, this bar's better  
 Since it's made by Yoshikawa  
 Who is president of Nitto

And the shape is so supportive,  
 Comfortable and ergonomic  
 So that when your hands are on it  
 And you're starting on your sojourn  
 You will signal to your neighbors  
 As you ride by, as they mow lawns  
 You'll scream above the clamor  
 Of Briggs & Straton and of Toro  
 "Hey, fine neighbor, let me tell you—  
 I have died and gone to heaven!"



### **Albatross Bar: \$32, \$50**

**Aluminum, 54cm: 16-127, \$50**

**CrMo, 56cm: 16-122, \$32**

The old sea captain, grizzled  
 With his meerschaum pipe and pea-coat  
 Mumbling to himself like Popeye  
 Looking just like Robin Williams  
 Will look when he's eighty years old  
 Sits on deck and gazes seaward  
 Scans from ship to the horizon  
 Searching with his eyes, still Zeiss-like  
 For the bird he's been enthralled with  
 Since the summer of his childhood  
 Just before his thirteenth birthday  
 When to prove to his proud parents  
 That he was a man already  
 He sailed the boat his hands made  
 Out to sea, but then the storm came.

And though taught-well by his father  
 Local legend, what a sailor!  
 This young boy from Hiroshima  
 Though, among his pals, the strongest  
 The most brave, the most respected  
 Was no match for mother nature  
 His boat's main mast snapped in minutes  
 And the boat flipped upside down then  
 As habitually the boy screamed  
 For his father to come help him  
 But the old man, he was napping  
 In a hammock in the back yard

Having finished eating breakfast  
 Salt mackerel and ten raw oysters  
 Two ripe onions from the garden  
 Washed down with a hot broth made of  
 Clam broth thickened with oat crackers!

So alone the young boy struggled  
 Till at last, from out the fog came  
 Flying just above the wavetops  
 A large bird he'd never seen on  
 Any journeys with his father

Widespread wings did this new bird have  
 Tip to tip, as tall as he was  
 Stiff wings with such short firm feathers  
 And a beak shaped for fish-grabbing  
 Mostly white, with grey here, black there  
 Not a cute bird, like a puffin  
 Not majestic like a raptor  
 Nor was this strange new bird here  
 Photogenic like a robin.

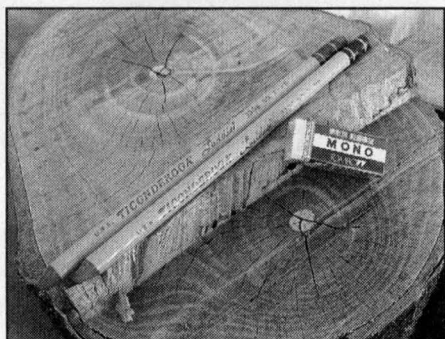
But around the boy it hovered  
 Holding fast its air position  
 Against gusts that reached near forty  
 Offering some living comfort  
 To the boy, still clinging, frozen  
 To what remained of the mast he'd  
 Carved from scrap his dad discarded  
 When he made his own fine vessel!

The hours passed by so slowly  
 With each terrifying minute  
 Numbness spread through the boy's  
 body  
 Even though he, clad in woolens  
 Which had kept him live until then  
 At last started to feel nothing  
 And no longer did he struggle  
 Against cold, against his hunger

Then this bird, sensing the danger  
 Dropped down closer, not to scare him  
 But to jolt him into action  
 To bring back the circulation  
 And he did this by wing flapping  
 In the boy's face, so disturbing  
 That the boy jerked into action  
 Swinging left hand, then a right fist  
 Epithets came out like thunder  
 Just as you'd be or as I'd be  
 If there was a #\* @! sea bird  
 Flapping fishy-smelling feathers  
 In our face as we were dieing.

So enraged was he, so angry  
That his blood boiled hot inside him  
Till no longer was he frozen  
And then the bird stopped flapping  
Ceased attacking him with feathers  
Drifted off, but seemed to signal  
The cold soggy boy to follow.

And now its time we fast forward  
Eighty-nine years, to the present  
Where the grandson of the young boy  
Now makes bike parts out of alloy  
“Finely made and heavy duty”  
Is his company’s proud motto  
And the best bar of all is named  
For the bird that saved his grampa  
And you’ll never find another  
That’s so beautiful an upright.



## Dynamic Duo

Laddie, 2-pack: \$1: 31-372

Tombow eraser: \$2: 31-043

In your quiver you have pencils  
Fine Dixon Ticonderogas  
With their number 1 through 4 leads  
And their corresponding letters  
Like the ones Christopher Robin  
Gave to Pooh Bear, not to Eeyore  
To his chagrin, not to Eeyore  
Frankly, he did not deserve it  
It was Pooh for whom the prize was  
But the cherished pencils Pooh won  
Could not match the one we have here  
The Ticonderoga Laddie  
The king of all Ticonderogas  
Stout and nearly everlasting  
Never to a stub will it shrink  
Nor will it break in your pocket  
For it’s thicker round the middle  
And inside the lead is thicker  
Than the pencils won by Winnie  
And the ones no doubt you’re used to!

Classic pencils, clad in yellow  
Are the famed Ticonderogas  
Not a bright canary yellow  
Not a yellow like a lemon  
Sour, like the ones we all ate  
Like the ones we dipped in sugar  
Licked like sweet and sour candy  
In the early nineteen sixties;  
But a warm one, like the schoolbus  
Like a dinosaur-sized schoolbus!  
And the letters on the pencil  
Of a green just like an emerald  
You can pick them from a distance  
By the color combination  
When you see the green and yellow  
You think, “Grand! Ticonderoga!”  
And few things in life feel finer  
Than sitting on your own sofa  
With your toes cozily covered  
With wool sox and no shoes on ‘em  
With a blank note pad in one hand  
And a Laddie in the other  
Laddie, King of all the Dixons!

The Dixon Ticonderoga  
Was my father’s favorite pencil  
At age four, I still remember  
Back when I was a small rascal  
Sucking water out of gutters  
That we used to race the twigs in  
On the day after a deluge;  
That, to the Ticonderoga  
To that pencil, that one only  
Was he loyal, and he told me  
That he’d never use another  
For his drawings of machine parts  
With the complicated movements  
That is how he made his living—  
With Ticonderoga pencils!  
Bought my baseballs, bats, and fly rods  
Took us on those fine vacations  
Where he taught me how to catch fish  
In the stream by White Wolf camp-  
ground;  
And bought me a Murray sting-ray  
That I crashed while riding downhill  
Foolish, with my arms akimbo  
But enough of this digression  
Let me talk more of that pencil  
Let me harp a little longer  
On Dixon Ticonderogas  
And the king of all, the Laddie!



Well, in truth it has a weakness  
 Alas, it be that pink eraser  
 Even if Eberhard Faber  
 It is still a pink eraser  
 A coarse, stubby little smudger  
 That you dare not even hope to  
 Use on fine onionskin paper  
 As you make notes in your Bible  
 Or you Talumad or Koran  
 Or perhaps a dimestore novel  
 Lest you tear the paper, fleshlike  
 Like an eagle tearing trout-flesh  
 From the silver fish, it pluketh  
 In flight from the crystal river!

And my father found out early  
 Which is why, I might imagine  
 That erasers on his pencils  
 On those fine Ticonderogas  
 Were still full-height when the pencils  
 Were as stubby as an inch-worm—  
 That methodical, intrepid  
 Sojourner across the green leaves  
 On the yew-tree Hiawatha  
 Makes so handily his bow with  
 That shoot true, the oaken arrows  
 Silently and laser beam-like  
 Till they find their destination  
 In the heart of mighty roe-buck  
 Or golden elk while grazing  
 (Apologies to all you vegans)  
 Which will feed his hungry family  
 And supply to Minnehaha  
 To his squaw, his Laughing Water  
 Enough hide to make a dress with  
 And leftover, for a papoose  
 With bones, shells, and feathers  
 Proudly she will decorate it  
 And with help from Hiawatha  
 In the springtime she will fill it!

The eraser on the pencil  
 On the fine Ticonderoga  
 Holds no candle to the one here  
 To the Japanese white Tombow  
 Which erases, palimpsest-free  
 Even fine onion-skin paper  
 Or thin papyrus from Egypt  
 That your granny, the Egyptian  
 In her last will and testament  
 Left for you, to write fine prose on!

Surely there's no gift any finer  
 Though there are some more expensive

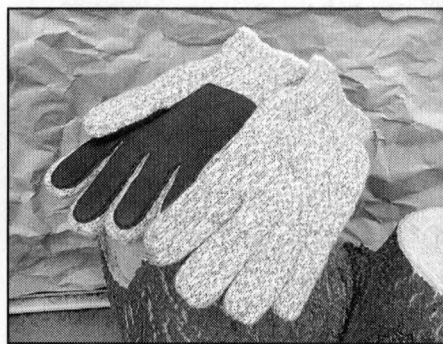
Than a brace of Laddie pencils  
 And a white Tombow eraser  
 Certainly, at least consider  
 They'll be classy stocking stuffers!



### Tech Deluxe stem: \$42

7cm: 16-044; 8cm: 16-045; 9cm 16-046  
 10cm:16-040; 11cm:16-041;12cm: 16-042

If we were to pick one item  
 Out of hundreds that we offer  
 And keep it, forsaking others  
 This would easily be the one  
 It will get your bars up higher  
 It will make your riding pain-free  
 It will make your bike look better  
 It will change your whole damn outlook.



### Super Warm Glove: \$30

S: 22-379; M: 22-380; L: 22-381

When you need to use your fingers  
 Even though it's bitter cold out  
 Perhaps to snap a stunning photo  
 With your new R2 Voigtlander  
 Of the swans walking on frozen  
 Lakes and huddled in the rushes  
 Then the best thing for your fingers

And they work as well for cyclists  
 Who descend could mountains when the  
 Temperature is below freezing  
 Are the four-layer gloves knit where  
 There is ne'er a need to don them  
 But make no mistake, fine cyclist  
 If you're looking for protection  
 You'll find no deal out there  
 Find no mitts for this cheap price here  
 That will warm your fingers as much  
 As these thickies sewn in Haiti.



### Ultra Warm Mitts: \$13

XS: 22-375; S: 22-376

M: 22-377; L: 22-378

Not so here in California  
 But up in the boundary waters  
 Where the campers in their white tents  
 Made of canvas, and the square stoves  
 Fueled with wood cut with a hatchet  
 Or a folding Swedish Sven-saw  
 Need protection from the cold air  
 Or else risk the scourge of frostbite  
 Black-tipped fingers with no feeling!  
 They need digital protection  
 And these mitts here will provide it  
 Long live wool knit down in Haiti!

### Rivendell Lug: \$15

70-294

There is no desktop doodle-thing  
 No executive-type gizmo  
 That soothes a desk-bound boy or girl  
 And doubles as box-opener  
 As stylishly as this lug here  
 Investment-cast from spring-like steel  
 But in an angle we don't use  
 Except on the odd mountain bike

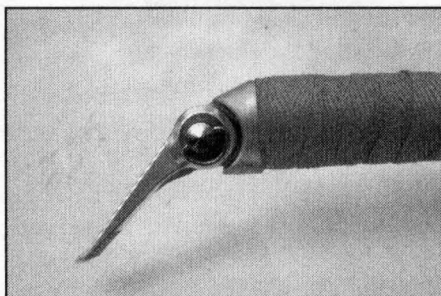


### Beanie

\$15

22-103

A watch cap is too thick, you know  
 It's just the thing for mountain snow  
 But for a cyclist it's too thick  
 I found out from a guy I know  
 Who rides a lot: Fictitious Rick  
 Anyway, we here all wear one  
 And this is the one we all wear  
 It's not only perfect for riding in  
 But to cover up messy hair.



### Silver Shifters: \$38, \$75

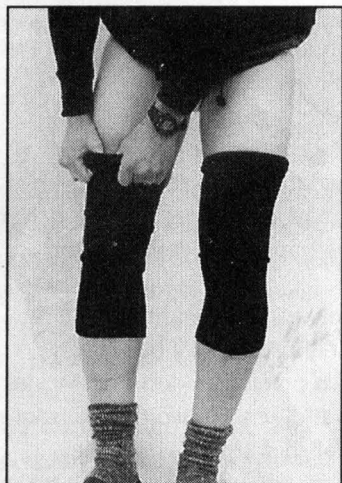
Downtube only: \$38..17-101

Bar End Kit, complete: \$75..17-089

The most ancient part we offer  
 Is this shifter we call "silver"  
 It fits either on the downtube  
 Where some cyclists still prefer it  
 Even tho it's less convenient  
 Makes it harder to shift often  
 But that to us, please believe it  
 Is not even such a bad thing  
 Because down there it's not distracting  
 Doesn't call out to us "shift now!"  
 Shift now that the wind has picked up  
 Even just by two miles an hour  
 Shift because the slope has steepened  
 Ever slightly, hard to tell it

Don't pedal any harder now  
 Heavens, that would almost kill you  
 Let's all laugh hard at the folks who  
 Still ride bikes with downtube shifters!"

Or it fits into the bar-end  
 And of this type is the best one  
 With its power-ratchet action  
 That feels smooth as buffalo fat  
 Smooth as fish-skin, smooth as birch  
 bark  
 So that children shift it easy  
 No white knuckles will you suffer  
 Just a light click and a swift shift.

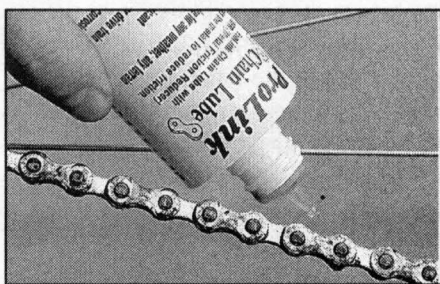


### Knee Warmers

\$38

S/M: 22-308; L/XL: 22-309

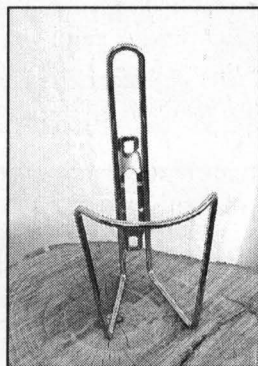
Our most popular wool item  
 When we have them, like we do now  
 Are these knee warmers of black wool  
 Perfect for those chilly mornings  
 When you dare not ride with bare knees  
 Or else risk a long-term ailment  
 That will have you sitting home, bored  
 Washing fruitcake down with eggnog  
 Till before you know it you have  
 Outgrown clothes you got last Christmas!  
 But relax, you can prevent that  
 With these WoolyWarm knee warmers.



### ProLink (chainlube): \$6

13-051

No doubt you've tried many chain lubes  
 Spray-ons, drip-ons, and the soak-ins  
 Each one promising to shed dirt  
 Promising a cleaner planet  
 Regardless of what it's made from  
 Petrochemicals and poisons  
 Jojoba oil and of beeswax  
 But this stuff we have called ProLink  
 Makes the others cower in shame  
 Jealous then, the other makers  
 Voo-Doo dolls and secret witchcraft  
 Do they use to combat ProLink  
 Ancient rituals passed down from  
 Spirit fathers, from the ancients  
 But invulnerable ProLink  
 In the battles, still it slays them  
 Like the long-haired blond George Custer  
 They are slayed by big chief ProLink.



### ALE Bottle Cage: \$10

29-001

When the angry Hiawatha  
 Seized his bow, of sturdy ash-tree  
 Grabbed his japer-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 boggy lowlands  
Left behind his sacred fenlands  
Traveled past the whispering forests  
Past the jewel-lakes blue and teeming  
With the spotted trout, with smart eyes  
And the colors of the rainbow

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  
Hang them on hooks like dried salmon!  
Where they're lifted off and purchased  
By the unassuming rookie  
Who finds out later when it's too late  
That aluminum wrecks bottles  
Turns them black and makes them ugly  
Makes the bike look cheap and mournful  
Ultimately breaks and bounces  
Your full bottle into traffic!

It is time you learned the truth now  
Learned that steel when it's chrome-plated  
Will not ever mar your bottle  
Will not fail you o'er the miles  
Holds fast your full water bottle  
As you roll along the tarmac  
Over potholes, unseen at night  
As you pedal through the forest  
Over tree-roots and hard boulders  
Steel holds tight your precious liquid  
Like the Great One, Charles Atlas!



### **Pasela (wire): \$25, \$30**

700x35: 10-028...\$25

700x37: 10-050...\$30

26x1.25: 10-032...\$25

When you prepare for your journey  
Through the slums, with bottles broken  
Through the glistening mats of chard-  
glass

That looks to a fool like diamonds  
Over mountain passes on roads  
Poorly maintained, wrecked by snow-  
plows  
Across deserts where the water's  
Scarce and sold to you at small bars  
Where all the seats are taken  
By uneducated locals  
Who dislike you for no reason  
But are offended by your clothing  
And swat you hard upon the helmet  
Like your joking older brother  
Did on your eighth Christmas morning  
When you put on your new helmet  
And became a Green Bay Packer!

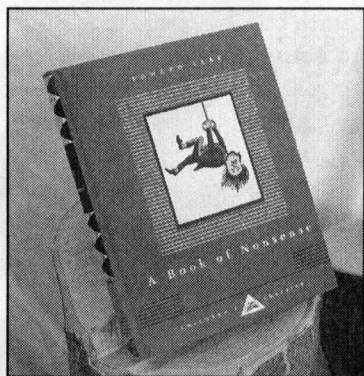
When one asks how much your bike cost  
Ever ear in the bar listens  
Every eye is gazing at you  
Every face, with two-day stubble  
And the ladies with thick make-up  
Think mayhap they've found a rich man  
Who perhaps owes them a favor

You look up, and lie and tell them  
Your Atlantis cost five hundred  
At which point the hoots and cackles  
Come, and western words of wisdom  
"Hey, for that amount of money  
Don't you know, a car could be yours!  
You won't even have to pedal  
The big back seat's good for lovin'"  
So they say, as they all jab you  
As they laugh and leer right at you  
Then a woman there with war-paint  
Smelling like a glass of bourbon  
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  
And he takes it as an insult  
Like you've spat upon the family  
Denigrated and besmirched them!

When you finally get your water  
Seven dollars for twelve ounces  
Because the change, it doesn't matter  
You just want to leave there pronto  
And lord help you, if you escape  
If no louts have trashed your bike which  
Has been parked out front, unguarded

Finally you're off and pedaling

Thanking everything that's holy  
 That your tires are Paseslas  
 Flat resistant, fast yet robust  
 Made by big chief Panaracer!



## Book of Nonsense: \$14

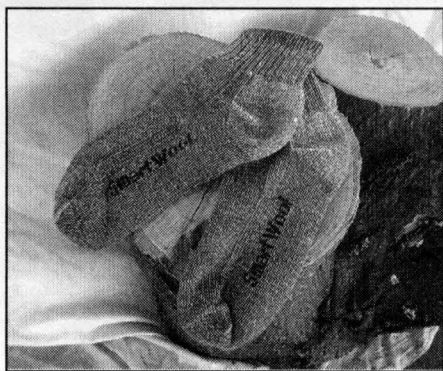
23-004

Edward Lear was once an artist  
 Scientific illustrator  
 Who drew birds as well as any  
 Better than more well-known others  
 But he later changed to landscapes  
 When his eyes began to fail him  
 And he traveled the world over  
 To lands scary and exotic  
 To the steaming fjords of Norway  
 Where below the fog roars seaward  
 Tossing boulders big as small cars  
 Tumbling white, the Alta River!  
 To the verdant hills of China  
 Where the panda and her family  
 Chew on bamboo leaves like some folks  
 Wash down Oreos with Pepsi!

But his biggest contribution  
 Is this book he wrote for children  
 Written almost at the same time  
 Longfellow wrote Hiawatha  
 And that swift clipper, the Flying Cloud  
 Sailed from New York around Cape Horn  
 To the San Francisco harbor  
 Navigated by a woman!

The edition that we offer  
 Is cloth-bound, with letters golden  
 With a book mark of green ribbon  
 That can't get lost; it is sewn in!  
 This is such a fine edition  
 A page turner, and so funny  
 With strange drawings of odd people,  
 Poems and stories to delight you

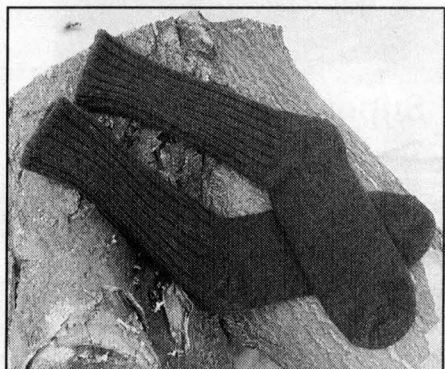
It is fun to read with children  
 They'll remember it forever!



## Cycle Sox: \$12

M: 22-152; L: 22-153; XL: 22-154

The best sox we've worn while cycling  
 That is, when the weather's normal  
 Not like Russia in the Winter  
 Are these woolies, made by SmartWool  
 And our only reservation  
 Is that they're not made by Wigwam!



## Men's Sox: \$12

Large only

Dark Olive: 22-382

Lieutenant Grey: 22-383

When at night you turn the lights out  
 Do you ask yourself this question?—  
 Is there room in my sock quiver  
 Which is currently stuffed full of  
 Socks made for a special purpose  
 Be it cycling or woods roaming  
 For a perfectly delightful  
 Pair of sox that on the surface  
 Are good just for business meetings  
 Good for wearing in the board room  
 Just for indoor wear on carpets  
 Only sissified life styles

When the weather's always pleasant  
 And the temperature's maintained by  
 Electronic air conditioners?  
 But don't be so quick to shun these  
 They are my/Grant's daily favorite  
 Light enough for summer wearing  
 Thick enough for west-coast winters  
 Long enough to stuff your pants in  
 When you ride while wearing trousers  
 And in colors that won't jump out  
 When you're hiding from the rangers.  
 Eighty-seven percent woolen  
 Made in Iowa, they tell us  
 Land of RAGBRAI, land of cornfields!



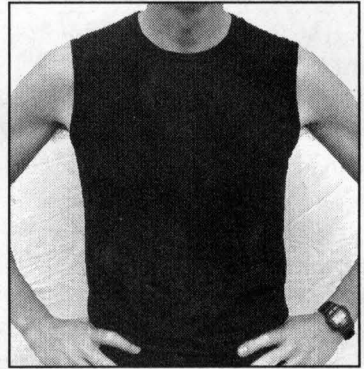
**Super Thick Sox: \$12**  
 M: 22-140; L: 22-141

When your dad was wearing knickers  
 Playing stickball with a Spalding  
 And a skinny old broom handle  
 On the streets of New York City  
 To find sox so warm and cozy  
 Was a cause for celebration  
 Made the children stop their playing  
 Made the batter stop in mid-swing  
 To kneel on a manhole cover  
 With the sewage rushing 'neath him  
 Silently but surely stinking  
 It rushed toward the Hudson River  
 And look up high to the heavens  
 And whisper soft a prayer to Jesus  
 Or to Allah, or whomever  
 It was quite a diverse group there  
 On the streets of New York City  
 Where warm socks were rare & precious!

Most children so wanted warm socks  
 That they'd work during the school year  
 Selling produce after homework  
 Pulling weeds and mending fences  
 In the mornings and on weekends

And when school let out in mid-June  
 To prepare for the cold winters  
 They'd travel by horse and buggy  
 Go upstate for two hundred miles  
 To find odd jobs on the farms there  
 Sometimes milking goats, or heiffers  
 To earn money for fine wool socks  
 So their toes, like fat pink maggots  
 Wouldn't freeze in Gotham's winter!

But the socks their money bought them  
 Were not half the socks that these are  
 And these come to you so easy  
 It seems criminal, how easy  
 Such fine wool socks can become yours  
 You can order them on line or  
 Call, and charge them on your plastic!



**Sleeveless T: \$28**  
 S: 22-343 M: 22-344 L: 22-345  
 XL: 22-346 XXL 22-347

Of all the wool togs that we sell  
 None is more versatile than this  
 You'll wear it thirty days a month  
 From October through April fifth  
 Made just for us, don't look for it  
 In Campmor's bargain basement book  
 Nor on the rack at REI  
 Where clothing hang tags often lie  
 "Wick wick wick" is all they say  
 Synthetic stuff, just go away!  
 To me you feel like marshmallows  
 That's not the right way to make clothes!  
 This sleeveless T here is all wool  
 It comes from sheep for heaven's sake  
 Who roam the bluffs and crags and  
 range  
 In Australia, land of boomerangs  
 Where kangaroos will bound away  
 When didgeridoos start to play!



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