

- The final Gazette
- Thrown together
- Under stress
- But that's alright

The Journal of Cooperative Cycling

BOB? No mas

Si, es verdad. But BOB isn't just the acronym. BOB is a way of looking at bikelife, rooting for diversity and choice rather than monopoly, cheering for artistry rather than pure economics and industrialism and evaluating everything by negagrams per dollar, and stiffness per pound. BOB is about not kicking the old Eskimos (apologies to Inuit BOBs) out onto the ice just because they're old. BOB acknowledges that a bicycle ride doesn't have to increase your aerobic capacity or burn fat to be valuable.

Here in the office business is slow and spirits are as low, and so is our inventory. . You're bound to be frustrated as you find us out of your size or model or favorite item you always wanted but didn't get around to ordering yet. Sorry.

You have until September 12 to order. Hey—you know those special Brooks-for-BOB saddles? We sold too many too fast, and we're trying to up our order from 75 to 125. Somewhere in this issue we'll tell you whether or not we got the additions in on time. As I write this, I still don't know.

And we're happy to announce that the Beeswax Fund, with Roadmaster's help, is buying more than 20 first-bicycles for children who otherwise would have none. Good job, BOBs.

Greg Lemond Wins Pacific Grove Criterium



April, 1978. Pacific Grove, CA.

Junior rider Greg Lemond continued his near total domination of the Sr 1/2 category as he notched yet another victory in his trademark style: letting the break go, hanging out in the peloton, then bridging solo and riding through the break to victory just in the nick of time.

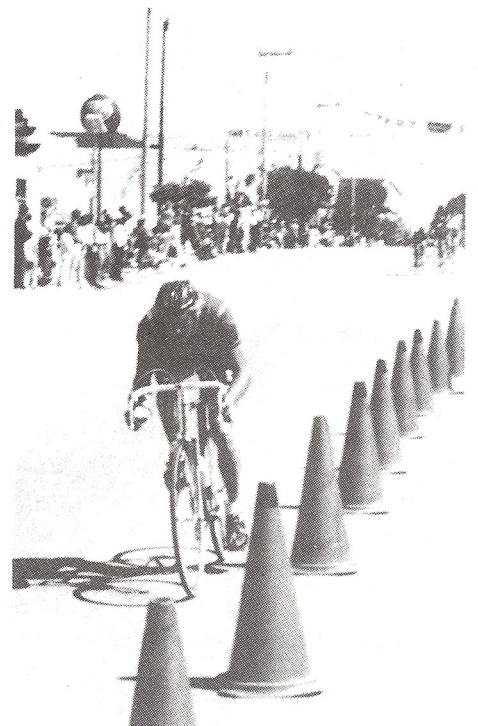
The Pacific Grove race attracted the top riders from NorCal, and a few from SoCal as well. The Gregless break included Rick Baldwin, who earlier beat Greg in a rare sprint finish in the Berkeley Criterium, Kent Bostick, Eric Allen, probably Paul Deem (from down south), and maybe a Stetina or two. Wayne, maybe. I don't think Dale was there, and Joel

was too young. Anyway, Greg wins another race, and when will this kid stop? His future is bright.

Equipment fanatics will note he uses nothing but the best: His favorite lugged, steel Della Santa frame equipped with regular toe clips and straps, standard (non-aero) cable routing, a six-speed cluster with a top gear of 15t, tubular tires, downtube-mounted friction shifters, and a nice Campy Super Record, low Q-Factor crank. It's a wonder such antiquated gear hasn't discouraged young Greg.

Nobody in the pack was caught wearing full-wrap, space-age, aerodynamic, featherweight, overpriced eyewear technology. You could actually see their faces. That's one thing neat about bike racing.

The end.



WHAT'S OLD

by Bob Sr.

Anybody who doesn't prefer bananas is

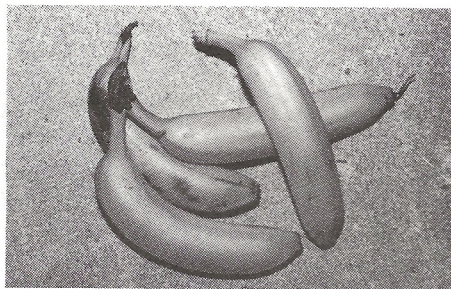
The original BOB-bar is still the best cycling food on earth.

NASA bars cost \$15 per pound. The first fresh figs of the season don't cost more than \$5 a pound, and only people-o-bucks buy them.

Bananas cost \$0.89/lb max—and that's in the Iowan 7-Elevens—but the Mild Yellow Fruit has other advantages beyond price. Imagine what something as delicious and smooth and creamy and big as a banana would cost if it were made by people and had to support advertising. Five bucks a piece? Probably.

Good old bananas. You don't have to drink lots of water with them to aid digestion, because they come with their own water. You can eat one during the most strenuous part of a ride without gagging for air. You can't even do that with a dried fig, for BOB's sake! And when you're finished, you can just throw

the peel away. (Ed. note: What about the possibility that a discarded edible may encourage innocent, wandering animals to form bad, human-dependent habits?) What does one do with a used NASA-bar wrapper? Don't say save it for tire-boot-



ing material. If you booted a tire for every NASA bar you ate you'd quit riding; and each wrapper will boot three tires, at least.

Not enough protein in bananas? And

you need to eat protein to build muscle? Listen, have a pull-up contest with the next money you see, or arm wrestle the next gorilla. Oh, right—it's mostly mental. I love it when an athlete says that about something that requires brute strength or practised technique, as though there's so much more to them than meets the eye. But I digress.

I'm not saying NASA bars shouldn't exist. They're a fine alternative to candy bars, and they're great snacks for children and other people who would otherwise eat brown & chewy junk. And let's face it, sometimes b & c is the only thing that'll satisfy.

But most of the time, go with the cheap, yellow classic. Googolplex monkeys can't be *that* wrong. Googolplex is a lot. Almost infinity, I hear. Look it up.

Winding Down Is Hard To Do

Don't take this desk away from me.

The phones still ring, but unless it's the week following a Gazette mailing, the calls are infrequent, and there are lots of hang-ups. Our inventory is down to less than \$2,500 in bikes as of this writing (Aug. 17), and so there just aren't many reasons to call.

GAZ-7 just went out, and we're getting BOBcalls, which we live for. The Bstone Memorial T-shirt is ready, many of you have yours by now, and we had to reorder more. BOB-Tim Mitoma did the artwork for it, and naturally it features the Moustache Handlebar, symbol of our doom.

Brooks is on our mind. We've got 75 saddles on order, may have another 50 saddles coming. We did it with personal money (Masa and Grant, mostly Masa), so we have to sell these. Masa wants five himself, Grant wants a few, Piaw wants four, and even though we said one per customer, if we do get in another 50, we may be able to break that rule. You're buyin' these at just a hair above our cost, by the way. FLASH: We're getting the 50+.

I (Grant) have been riding my new, rock-hard B.17 for a few weeks now, and it was terrific from the start. (Not a surprise, just

a report). I'm telling you, just sit back on the wide part and all heaven breaks loose. It's just like Bob Gordon says in his saddle story in this issue. By the way, I know it seems funny, but Bob called up and started raving about the B.17 even before we'd placed the order—he had no idea.

We had a warehouse sale on August 18th and 19th. It was for dealers only, although some non-dealers were there, too, with our blessing. Lots of stuff, really cheap, way way way below our cost. You don't even want to know, but we did save plenty of good stuff for BOBs. And one of us here snagged a mess of Campy toe clips, maybe to be sold again sometime next year. Steel and aluminum, but no large steels.

A local dealer bought up all the wool jerseys. Grant remembers, the day before the sale, telling a BOB to wait until the next GAZ to order two or three. Now they're gone, Grant feels bad. If that was you, call 1800 328-2453 x 221, and he'll try to make it up to you. Not sure how.

BRIDGESTONE

WHAT'S NEW

by Bob Jr.

Energy Bars: The Hi Tech Treat That Puts Bananas To Shame

In a multitude of flavors to suit any palate.

Energy bars are one of the best things to come out of the fitness movement. Now I can go for a long ride without loading down with four bananas and half a pack of fig newtons that I'm supposed to eat before I'm hungry because they take so long to digest. And then the blood goes to your gut instead of to your muscles, which means you go anaerobic more easily and get sick, too.

One or two energy bar has more of the essential nutrients than a mess of bananas and fig newtons, weighs a fraction as much, and takes way less space. I can go out for five hours with three bars knowing I won't bonk. In the old days when I used to load up with bananas, I'd dread carrying the load; and it would spoil the first half of the ride at least. By



the time I needed the food, it was hot and mushy, unappealing, and nearly unpeelable. It poured out in that famous banana-olive color we all hate.

Energy bars cost more, sure, but if you think of them as a meal and bonk-protection, they're cheap. An energy bar is chewy, you can eat part of it and store the rest for later. Can't do that with a banana, not without messing up your jersey, and who goes for that?

Nonbiodegradable packaging. Big deal. Hey, I'm as Green-As-My-Neighbor®, but with all the real environmental ills going on all over the place, I can't seriously worry about half a gram's worth, or whatever it weighs, of mylar, or whatever it is.

Sky's Bikepart Jewelry

Sky Yaeger, Bianchi's product manager, makes jewelry. She uses bike parts, as you can see in the photo.

For bracelets and necklaces, she threads spoke nipples, chain links, and other small parts onto cords of round, blackish leather, closing them with a pretty, silver clasp. She makes earrings, too. She'll build to spec, but if you don't know exactly what you want, tell her your preferences and she'll decide for you.

Also, if you have trashed bike parts that you'd like recycled into some durable wearable, send them to Sky. She may have to cut, file, and polish them to the point of unrecognizability. But you'll know, and that's what counts.

For a complete price list and brochure, call Sky at (415) 455-9735.



BRIDGESTONE

Hail To the B.17:

The Best-Designed, Most Comfortable Saddle In the World

by Bob Gordon, M.S., P.T., M. Ed, and BOB #3770

I was sitting on a park bench with my grandfather a few years ago when a cyclist stopped in front of us and kept wriggling uncomfortably on his saddle. "I wish they would put more padding on these things," he said, referring to his supergel seat. My grandfather was laughing. "You know," he said. "I've been sitting here on this hard wooden bench the whole day, and *my* butt feels fine."

Before we go any further, squelch that thought about this being a bad analogy because you sit more upright on a park bench. Sit upright on your bike, it's no better; lean forward on the bench, it's no worse. There's an explanation.

A saddle's comfort is determined by its width across the back, the angle or pitch of this rear portion relative to the front (when viewed from the side), the proportion of saddle "butt" to its nose, and the material's particular characteristics (ability to absorb sweat, damping qualities, surface friction).

The average adult male has about four inches between the bones that he sits on, (the ischial tuberosities); women's are farther apart. In order to sit comfortably, these two bones must be fully supported, and if they aren't, you sit on the perineal area, which isn't designed to support your weight. Do that, and all kinds of bad things can happen; the dreaded N.D. being one of the most harmless.

To find out what sort of saddle you need, take a tape measure, pull-out four inches, and lay it across the widest part of your saddle. If the edges of the tape are close to the edge of the saddle, then you're compressing your perineal region instead of sitting on your sit-bones. Prolonged compression can lead to a variety of undesirable urological and prostate problems. Prostate problems are

common enough without encouraging them.

Most saddle manufacturers tackle the problem with padding. This sells more saddles, no doubt, but makes the problem worse. Why? Because when you sit on something soft, the area under your bones is compressed, and the center rises up, compressing the perineal region.

Recessed channels and raised bumps are a step in the right direction, but they're never enough to change the overall effect.

You need something that's wide enough to support the entire pelvis *without* the padding. But what about rough terrain, you say? You don't go over bumps on a park bench? The answer is DEFLECTION. The best saddles absorb road shock by gently flexing, not by compressing.

If you want a saddle to support your sit bones, flex to dissipate shock, wick sweat, and fulfill Plato's aesthetic ideal

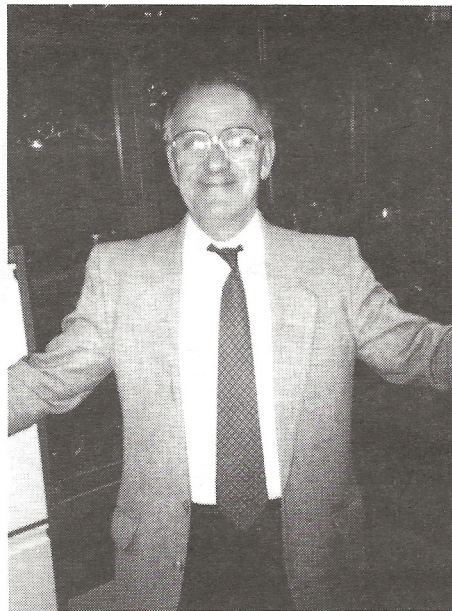
of what a saddle should look like, you have to ride leather just like a cowboy.

Now, we've all heard stories of the early Brooks Pros took forever to break in. But listen: The first models had almost no rear-end pitch. They looked flat from the side, and did not elevate the pelvis above the saddle nose, so you ended up sitting on the rear nose—exactly what you don't want to do. This has been changed, and most Brooks saddles now have the appropriate pitch. (Ideale saddles, the French counterpart to England's Brooks, always had a good pitch. But Ideale had a slightly longer nose that ended up sharing too much of the weight-bearing responsibilities.

A perfect saddle is wide enough to support your pelvis, has the appropriate pitch and fore-and-aft relationship for comfort, and is made of leather, for its deflection properties and superior perspiration wicking.

Can one saddle come even close to fulfilling all of these requirements? YES! The Brooks B.17. It is made of fine leather, has perfect pitch, vent holes, is 170mm across the back (wider by 10mm than the Pro), and supports most sitbones perfectly. And it exemplifies class and tradition.

Please don't mention weight. If you are in a fight for the district championships, setting a speed record, or just have to be "in," (in which case you probably aren't a BOB—ed.), then by all means shop with your gram scale and ride that titanium razor. But if you just want the best, most comfortable saddle so you can ride in more comfort and for a longer time (thus losing more bodyfat, if that's a concern), you should try a Brooks B.17: the park bench of racing saddles.



George T. Flegg has been production manager at Brooks for 40+ years. He knows how to make a saddle.

BRIDGESTONE

There is a saying: Never discuss politics, religion, or leather care. There are so many opinions and products, myths and legends, and protocols and techniques about leather care that you might as well get out the dart board and throw. I will try to demystify.

I'm going to talk about Brooks saddles, because that's what I know about. There aren't many other leather saddles, anyway—Ideale (France) and Leper (Holland) come to mind, but they can find their own spokesperson.

Brooks saddles are vegetable tanned, a slight misnomer because the raw hides are tanned in a solution extracted not from vegetables, but from tree bark. The process is involved, and isn't germane to leather saddle care, but you might as well know the origins. The other common way to tan leather is with chromium, a heavy metal. Eco-warriors sing the ills of chrome-tanned leather, but as usual, it's dangerous to paint every chrome-tanning factory with the same broad brush. There are ways to minimize the pollution and effluent from chrome-tanning; but that's another story.

Vegetable tanning adds bulk to leather. It also removes the leather's natural oils and lubricants, which allow the leather fibers to slide across one another without breaking, and gives the leather texture. Your saddle is ready to ride when you get it, which means the right amount of oils, lubricants, and sealants have been added to keep it going for a while. But since saddle leather is a skin without a body to rejuvenate it as needed, you have to do it. How you do it is what leather care is all about. And that's where the controversy begins. Most of the information below is from Brooks, an English company who has been making saddles for 126 years.



Taking Care of A Leather Saddle

by Bob Gordon, M.S., P.T., M. Ed, and BOB #3770

1. **DON'T ACCELERATE THE BREAK-IN** with oils, grease, or pounding. This will just shorten the saddle's life, and precludes you from achieving the individual fit leather saddles are famous for. Sometimes a new saddle is hard and uncomfortable, and these cases are always up-played in the media, in the selling of plastic-and-foam jobs.. However, in the case of the B.17, many riders find a break-in period unnecessary. I'm perfectly comfortable on a board-hard B.17 (Me too.—Ed.)

2. **Lubricate with Proofide.** A little on both sides at first, and then only to the top, every 3 to 6 months. Proofide is made of oils and waxes; the oils penetrate, the waxes seal and protect. But if your butt sweats a lot, as it may during hot weather; or if you ride in the rain, the water-soluble tannins from the vegetable tanning may still leach out, and the unprotected leather could rot and crack.

To prevent this: Apply Proofide, allow it to dry, then buff it with a soft cloth. Then again apply a leather wax to the surface, allow it to dry, and buff it until it shines. My recommendation is Renaissance wax, available through the Light Impressions Co. of Rochester, New York. It's not just for leather, so you may find it in furniture stores. Renaissance wax is the best; used by conservators worldwide for preserving all kinds of things. If you can't find it, try Johnson's or Butcher Block paste wax.

Also, keep in mind that the waxier your saddle, the longer it'll last, but the less it will wick sweat.

3. If your saddle gets soaked, don't ride it. Let it air-dry at room temperature, then apply more Proofide.

4. **Dirty saddle? DON'T USE SADDLE SOAP**, which is alkaline, and disturbs the mildly acidic quality of vegetable-tanned leather. Instead, use LEXOL leather cleaner—the only universally accepted leather care product I've come across. You don't need much, just a dime-sized spot on a wet rag. Work it in quickly to avoid saturating the leather and making spots. Then wipe it off with a rag, and put on more Proofide. With normal use, you shouldn't have to clean your saddle more than once or twice a year. True, you never have to clean plastic saddles, but a fine leather saddle, like any work of art, deserves a little care.

5. If you store your leather saddle for long periods, over winter perhaps, cover it with a cotton pillow case, or a t-shirt. Never put plastic over it, or mold might grow.

6. If, over time, your saddle begins to sag, take up the slack with a spanner wrench (look at the underside of the saddle's nose), and never go more than two turns at a time.

Some Brooks saddles have been ridden for 35 or 40 years, and the unofficial record is 60. If you take care of yours, there's a good chance it'll be the last saddle you'll ever need.

BRIDGESTONE

Losing Weight, Racing Clydesdales

by **Richard Keller**

BOB Richard Keller called up, and one thing led to another, and the next thing you know he mentions that he lost 110 lbs riding and racing. So we asked him to write about it for the Gazette, and here it is:

When I started a new job in 1988, I weighed 250 lb. (I used to be a bouncer). Then I hurt my thumb, didn't exercise, ate badly, had a bunch of operations, and within 2 years I gained 110 lbs. It was depressing.

So in early 1991, tipping the scales at 360 lbs, I bought a bike, a Trek 830, and moved to the mountains.

I changed my diet and lost 30 lbs right away. That was July, and at 330lbs. I took my first ride, a 6 mile uphill to the state park. I had to stop six times (an average of once per mile—ed.), and barely making it to the top and thankful it was all downhill back home.

By September, after 3 months of riding and 200 miles, my weight fell to 310lb. I ate right and rode the stationary bike all winter, and lost 30 more pounds, which put me at 280. One of my friends at work noticed how much weight I'd lost, so he bought a bike, too, and we rode a lot together in 1992. I kept on riding and the weight kept falling. From around March through November I rode 2,003 miles, dropping another 30lbs (to 250lb).

Then I decided to race, so I went to Eddie's in State College, PA. and bought a 1993 MB-2. The first race I entered had a Clydesdale class, for riders over 200lb. What a good idea! It was a small, mass-start race, 25 miles long, with 75 entrants, and it was the hardest thing I'd ever done. Twenty-two miles into the race I bonked, but still managed to win the Clydesdale class, and \$50. I felt great.

In July 1993 I rode my second race, the Marsh Mtn Classic in Maryland. By then I was down to 240lb, and I rode the novice class, because there was no separate race for Clydesdales. I place 46th out of 154; not too bad for a 240lb-er.

That winter I read a lot about how the pros train in the winter, so I went out and bought some Red Feathers—good for running—and started cross country skiing.

The next Spring I started modifying my bike for racing: Lighter wheels, Speedplay pedals, an Allsop stem, Carnac shoes, a heart rate monitor, the whole bit.

By the Spring of '94 I weighed 225lbs, and feet in great shape. Eddie and his crew at Eddie's Bike Shop did a terrific job setting up my bike for this year's first race, #1 of the PA State Series. I still prefer riding as a Clydesdale, but when there is no Clydesdale class, I ride sport. And since the first race had no C-class, that's what I did. Not a good race. The tab on my left shoe jammed 5 miles into it, so I rode the final 17 miles with my right leg only, but at least I didn't finish last. The next races were smoother, and I continued to do well, even in the Sport class.

Now it's mid-August, and my next race is the finals of the state championships.

I had no idea I was going to go this far with mountain bikes. Just the training is so hard, but it feels great. I wish there were more Clydesdales events...



BRIDGESTONE

BOBness in Paradise

by Steven Sheffield

Steven also wrote the backpage story in GAZ-7, about being called a Fred. We forgot his byline. It was him, though.

What is the most frustrating thing that can happen to a cyclist? I think it is being forced to walk. One recent weekend I had this experience.

Since my weekly mileage had been rather low, I felt the need to push myself, and went on an 80-miler. I left my apartment about noon, made my usual stops at Il Fornaio for paninis, and the bike shop for GU, while on my way to the Golden Gate Bridge. From there, I dropped into Sausalito and rode through Mill Valley, then climbed Camino Alto to drop into Corte Madera.

The weather warmed up, so I took off my arm and leg warmers and stuffed them into a jersey pocket. I then worked my way through Fairfax, around Nicasio Reservoir, through Samuel P. Taylor State Park, and several small towns you haven't heard of unless you live in the Bay Area. I eventually reached what is locally called the Paradise Loop.

That day, Paradise proved to be otherwise. It was almost 6 o'clock, and the fog was starting to roll back in, so I reached back and discovered that my leg warmers had disappeared.

"Not a problem," I thought. "It's a short loop. I'll finish before it gets really cold."

Climbing the first short hill on Paradise, I began to hear a "tick-tick-tick" noise coming from my rear wheel. After stopping and looking vainly for the source, I hopped back on my bike and continued on. A few miles later I was riding a flat.

"Still not a problem," I thought. I whipped out the spare tube, wrestled the tire and replaced the tube and off I rode. A mile later I had another flat.

"This could be a problem," I thought. I remove the wheel, wrestled with the tire and remove the tube. I had forgotten one of the cardinal rules of flat repair and didn't check my tire for sharp objects. This time, I found a wire embedded so deep that it had penetrated the tube twice. The "tick-tick-tick" noise was the wire hitting the calipers as the wheel turned.

I patched both holes, replaced the tube, and off I rode.

Pssssshhh.

"This is definitely a problem," I thought. Again I removed the wheel, wrestled with the tire, and removed the tube. This time I was looking at a valve stem partially torn away from the tube. I was 20 miles from home, with no spare tube and a useless patch kit, and I was at least five miles from a payphone.

I took off my shoes and socks and started walking.

Around 7 o'clock, it got foggy and windy. Fifteen or twenty minutes later, after several people passed without a second glance—even a few riding (gasp) Bridgestones—a guy on a titanium wonderbike rolled by and asked if I needed help.

"Yeah! Gotta spare tube?" I shouted back.

"No patch kit?" he asked. So I told him what happened.

"Hmm," he replied. "I only have spare sew-ups. In a pinch, you can stretch one on a clincher rim, as long as you're careful cornering. Want to try it?"

At that point, I would have tried a mountain bike tire and a Band-Aid brand adhesive bandage if there was a chance it would get me home. He gave me new sew-up, which we stretched over the rim. Sure enough, it worked it worked and off I rode.

While heading up the other side of the Tiburon Peninsula on my way back to Mill Valley, my saviour passed me going the other direction, turned around and joined me.

"How's it holding up?" he asked.

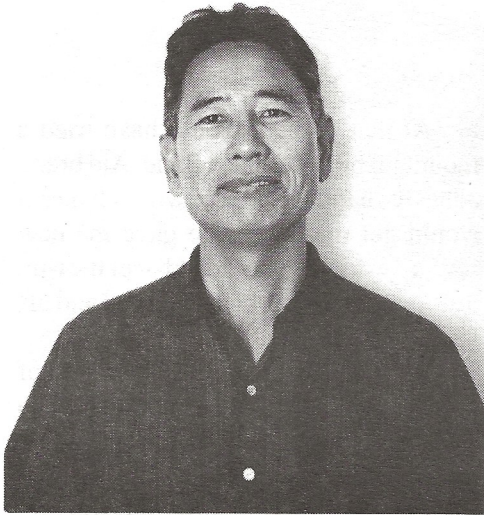
"Pretty well, so far," I replied, so we continued to ride and chat for a while. I promised to send the tire back to him, until we went our separate ways.

At this point I had been on the road for almost eight hours, had three flats, and lost a layer of clothing. The Bay's famous fog and winds were out in full force, and I couldn't face the climb back to the Bridge, so I caught the last ferry from Sausalito and went home.

Who was my benefactor? His name is Chris Cameron, an Advertising Director with Mountain Bike magazine (he rides mountain bikes, too).

I've always felt that BOBness is an attitude, not limited to cyclists, and is not acquired just by joining the Bridgestone Owner's Bunch. BOBness is part of the psyche. Among other things, it's a willingness to help a stranger without expecting any more than a thank you in return. In my opinion, Chris's actions epitomize this attitude.

BRIDGESTONE



Tadahihiro Kodama
 (“Tad”)

I started at Bridgestone in April, 1968, and I’ve been in bike business ever since. I decided to come on board Bridgestone Cycle in the middle of 1970 because I wanted to challenge myself in a more difficult business environment. At that time, Bridgestone Tire was already well established in Japan with enjoying the growth of Japanese economy, however, bicycles at that time were a small business, because it was before the bike boom, and there was no ecological movement at that time.

In January of 1971, I moved from Bridgestone Cycle, which became a subsidiary of Bridgestone Tire. I came on board at BSCA in January, 1992, and it has been a great experience, and lots of fun.

I love BOB. I had the same idea in Japan, but I could not do it. So when Grant proposed BOB, I almost immediately approved it. Customer relations are very important, and in today’s society and industrial world, the customer is very much removed from the manufacturer, and the manufacturer is so remote from the customer. So we need a bridge.....stone.

I am very sorry to say that we are closing Bridgestone. Many people ask me when Bridgestone will re-enter this market. I cannot answer that question, but as a human being, I say “History repeats...”

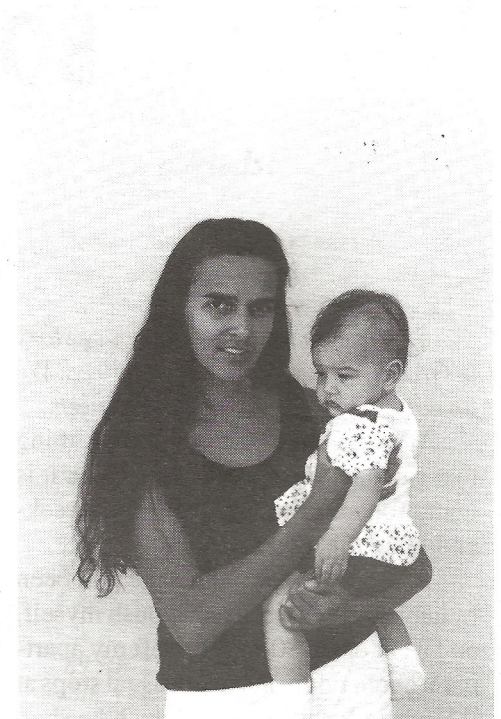


Dallas Ryman

Hi, fellow BOB members. I’m Dallas Ryman, Bridgestone’s assistant credit manager who before working for Bridgestone had not ridden a bike since coaster brakes. I’m still waiting for someone to design a comfortable seat.

I’m married with 2 grown sons. I’ve been in the finance field for 16 years, experienced in credit & collections, AP, AR, disti finance & auditing. I’m looking for a credit position in the East Bay. I would love to stay in the sports industry, but will work in other fields. I came from the field of electronics.

I’ve been employed by Bridgestone for the past 2 years and feel I’ve made some lifelong friends. Closing feels as if we are splitting up a family that worked so well together. We worked as a unit, each department respecting and working together to make something work, and having fun at the same time. I will truly miss it.



Debbie Bush

Hi, my name is Debbie Bush, and I’m 27 years old. I have a wonderful husband, Gary, and two beautiful daughters—Chelsea, 3, and Danielle, 6 months. Danielle comes to work with me (as her older sister did before her). I’m holding Danielle in the picture.

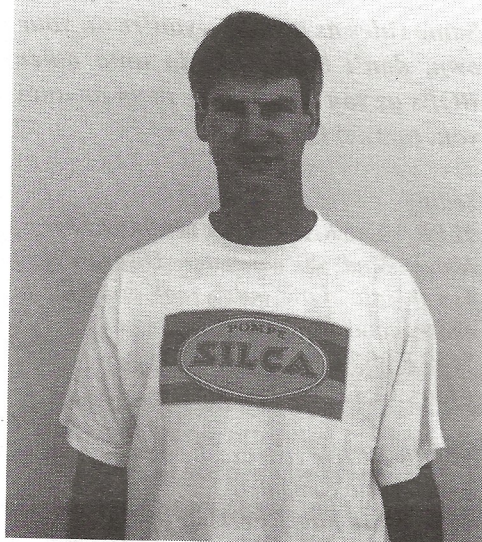
I started at Bridgestone in 1989 as the receptionist, then moved on to Accounting Clerk, and for a few years now I’ve been Office Manager. I’m here until September 30, the last day, and I’ll need a job after that, so here I am, in brief: I can do AP, AR, and GL; I process commissions, issue checks, and do bank and account reconciliations—good with numbers and detail. I keep track of all inventory, coming and going, and do mid-and end-of-the-year physical inventories. I also prepare all the documentation for our annual audits.

If you know of anybody in the Bay Area looking for someone with these qualifications, please have them call me at Bridgestone (800) 328-2453 x 217.

All the people at Bridgestone are great, and it’s sad to think that I won’t be working with my friends anymore. Bridgestone Cycle was a great place to have to come 5 days a week. I’m going to miss all of you.

BRIDGESTONE

LAST WORDS AS BRIDGESTONE EMPLOYEES



John Kluge

I'm John Kluge (Kloo-ghee), I'm 34, I have a wonderful wife, Trisha, and a 20-month old son, Jesse, who are to my right, to your left. They work here, too—Trisha in accounting, Jesse in morale. It's been nice to be able to bring Jesse here; a lot of places wouldn't allow it, I'll bet.

I started at Bridgestone in October, 1988, as a general office lackey. A year later, sensing my true worth, I was put in charge of parts, accessories, and warranty—which, despite the abuse I took, turned out to be a blessing because the law requires that a company who goes out of business keep someone around for warranty service, and it was right up my alley. For the next 3 to 5 years I'll be doing warranty and accounting for Bridgestone, but in NASHVILLE (yes, Tennessee). Trisha and Jesse and I will move there in October, and I hope I'll still be able to ride, run, fly-fish (no trout?), and play ice hockey. If you know for a fact that there is no such thing as ice hockey in Tennessee, I don't want to know about it.

I really love the people I've worked with at Bridgestone, and I've always been proud to tell people on the outside that "I work for Bridgestone Cycle."



Trisha Kluge

I started out at Bridgestone entering names and addresses into the computer for the 1992 catalogue mailing. In three months I was working in accounting full-time, until Jesse was born in December, 1992. After 2 months of paid leave, Jesse came to work here, and stayed full time until he was 8 months old.

At that point, John and I worked flex hours so one of us could be with Jesse. I tell you this because I am forever grateful to Tad and Andy for allowing this arrangement; and to Colin (now at Burley), Terri, Ernie (RockShox), Hallie, Rob, and Jonathan for bouncing a baby on their knee while talking to customers. This job was a once-in-a-lifetime experience, and I am blessed to have spent the last 4 years here.

For the future, I am looking forward to exploring our new home in Nashville (with Jesse on my XO-1), planting a garden now that we can get a house with a yard, and pursuing my music. (I hear Nashville is good for that.)

My most valued earthly possessions are my bicycles and my Martin D3-18.



Diana Torres

Hola everyone, I am Diana Torres. I came to Bridgestone in March, 1991. It was a major change for me, as I came from a 12 year retail background in clothing. But it was the **BESTEST** change I could have done.

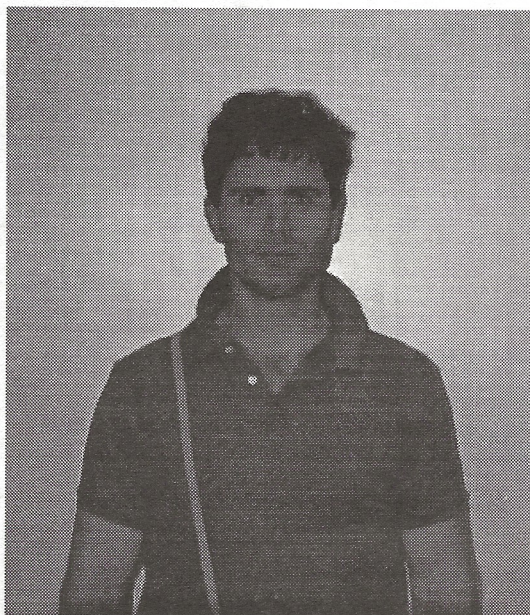
Bridgestone has been a once-in-a-lifetime job. It allowed me to become a person and not just a voice on the phone. Bridgestone has helped in ways I never thought a company would; it showed me that even though we are individuals, we can work as one.

We've been through some rough times and good times, but have weathered the storm somehow—but this storm is a doozie. Any knights in shining armor out there?

I am happy to say that I will be working for Bianchi U.S.A. on September 1, as the Time Sports coordinator. This works out great for me, as it is only 10 minutes from my home, and if I rode a bike, I could ride there.

I will always be grateful to Jim, Dennis, Tad, Larry, & Dallas for helping me grow and become a stronger person. All my Bridgestone compadres and comadres will be truly missed. If any of you hire them, you will be truly blessed as I have been.

BRIDGESTONE



Grant Petersen

Bridgestone gave me opportunities to learn and grow that I'd never have had working anywhere else, I am so grateful, and until a few years ago I thought I'd retire here. Then when I saw how the yen kept stomping on the dollar, I knew we couldn't go on forever.

People tell me all the time, "Oh, you'll get a job easily," but it's *not* easy. I have received job offers, and I am grateful for them, but the house is not in saleable condition; we'd go into instant deep debt if we sold it (long story), and my wife Mary and I are having our second child the first week of October, and we have friends in the area. It's a bad time to move.

Besides, I'm not sure where I'd fit in. My tastes in bikes have devolved, or evolved, depending. A good fit isn't easy to find, and I want to go wild.

So beginning January, 1995 I will spend every dollar I have and can get, and start Rivendell Bicycle Works. (A: In Tolkien's trilogy, Rivendell was the home of the elves. And Rivendell Mountain Works was an exemplary outdoor gear company that died in 1978. I was strongly influenced by its owner, Larry Horton. Larry, where are you now?) For better or worse, for richer or poorer, Rivendell will reflect my extreme personal taste in bikes, parts, accessories. I'll have a newsletter, probably by subscription. All BOBs will get my first mailing, and I'm hoping hard for your support, since BOBs will probably be the only ones who know about it for a while.

Classifieds:

Same rules as always—you're on your own, don't blame us, do unto other BOBs as you would have them do unto you. (a.2...) Okay—

Selling

92 RB-1 57.5 Red, ultegra, new Ritchey tires, Avocet Mod. 40 computer. Disc problem forces sale. Low miles, not crashed, in cherry condition.

\$650 FOB destination.

Franz, Ct. (203) 874-1396

'89 RB-1 62cm red, excellent, and it comes with a cyclo computer.

\$550 Mark Filbey (601) 261-9180

Italian dream bike (Bob Sr. would love it). 58cm DeRosa Pro SLX '94, all Campy: C-Record (friction), Lambda rims, Delta Brakes (Bob Sr. might not love those—ed.), Cinelli, Conti 23's. A magical steel ride in pristine condition. BVest offer, call for details.

Charlie (708) 991-1313

1993 49cm metallic blue MB-4 with Ritchey Rock 395E rims, Swiss DT spokes. Complete with all papers, ridden only a few timewe in May and June. Selling to finance an XO. \$365 OBO. Looking for a 1993 55cm XO-2 or XO-1 or 1992 55cm XO-1.

Greg, Iowa (515) 628-8488

1992 RB-1/7 59 red. Just 1400 miles, just \$500.

Bill Cullins (303) 330-8008 x 415

1991 RB-1 62cm. Cinelli, Mavic, Dia-Compe, Shimano, with extra parts. Perfect condition. \$800 OBO

Larry Kroodsma (616) 538-0920

or 531-7137



Candace

Hi! My name is Candace Barker (BOB #8), alias BOBette. I'm the one you can rarely if ever get ahold of on the BOBline. There are more than 4,000 of you, and only one of me. Thank god for all the help I've received from Grant and Ariadne. You BOBs have kept me very busy—and employed, until now. I've worked at Bridgestone for 4 1/2 years. I've made some lifelong friends and learned so much about business and life. I started as a receptionist, then moved to accounting assistant. Now I'm in the marketing department and helping run BOB. It's been so exciting to see BOB grow the mob of more than 4000 it is today. It's sad to see it go.

Now on to the boring stuff. Bridgestone has helped me gain a lot of skills over the years. I know my way around MSWord, Excel on Windows, I can type well, and I'm fast and accurate entering data. I learn fast. I'm good on the phone, but Ariadne and Grant take most of the calls these days, which is probably why I'm getting a repetitive stress injury. I've had lots of customer service/sales/phone experience, I like challenges, I insist on some variety, and I'm looking for a permanent job with a future. I want to work in Costa or Alameda County, not too far from my home in San Ramon.

A note to BOBs, especially those who have sent me notes and gifts: THANK YOU!!! It really made me feel appreciated. Now, if you can help me find a job, please call me at 800 328-2453 x 232, and I can start anytime after about September 10. Thanks so much. I'll miss you all.

Candy got a job since writing this!!!

Jerry Bernstein

Married 30 years, with a 20-year old daughter.

I've been in the bike business for 27 years, and with Bridgestone since 1980—longer than anyone else. Although the Bridgestone you know has been around only since 1983-4, Bridgestone did have another outlet before that, in beautiful Torrance, Ca., and I was there, too. Well, not actually in Torrance; I was the NorCal sales rep.

I spent 13 years in retail, 14 in wholesale as a sales rep with Bridgestone, and let me tell you, it wasn't all easy. In the early and mid-eighties it was really hard to sell Bridgestones. The bikes were alright (but not as hip as they became later on); but nobody had heard of Bridgestone bicycles, and they all thought Bridgestone just made car tires. It was like trying to sell Goodyear bikes. A big hurdle.

Then we started changing the designs around and doing some things nobody else was doing, and suddenly, in about 1986, we became the little-known cool bike. We kept taking the high road (or at least the road less traveled), and gradually it became harder to sell the bikes. "They take so much time to sell, to explain," the dealers told us. And the dollar kept falling against the yen, which just made competitive pricing difficult, and the next thing you know it's February 1994, and we're outta' here.

Jonathan

Jonathan, newest member of the nearly extinct Bridgestone team, will move five minutes down the road to Bianchi on September first. A room with a view, miles of backroads and trails, and twelve years of friends and familiarity keep me in this area. My passion for cycling in its' many forms has me excited about working at Bianchi, whose 125th birthday is this year. I welcome any BOBets (or BOB's for that matter) to stop me on the trail or road to say hello. You'll recognize me by my thumb shifters, and Castelli long sleeve jersey riding up at my forearms and down to my knees.

Isn't life great?



Anyway, I'm going to miss everyone at Bridgestone a lot. They're a great bunch...

My sales territory was all of Northern California, Northern Nevada, and Hawaii. Our Hawaii dealer, McCully, was our largest dealer.

I want to stay in the bike business, but I'm not in a hurry to get back into retail. I like bikes, though, so whatever I do will probably have been related to them.



BRIDGESTONE

Apologies For (Apologies to...)

It's come to our attention that some of you are tired of (apologies to ...). Well that's fine. Nothing is more of a shame than a good thing, if it was ever good, ruined by repetition-ition-ition (apologies to E.B. White, and a free pair of organic cotton socks, organic cotton t-shirt, and non-matching Musette Imperiale to the first two BOBs who identify the inspiration for that one).

But if you're going to criticize what you can't understand (apologies to Bob Dylan), you have to at least listen to the explanation, feeble as it may be. I wouldn't want you to think I just made up the inane (apologies to...). Well, I may have made it up, but I didn't do it in a vacuum.

A few years ago a Bridgestone rider from Palo Alto wrote or called with generally nice words which have long since been forgotten, and the recommendation that we stop using leather to cover the padding on our saddles. Or that we use vinyl, instead. For the animals. (I think many animals are killed, directly and indirectly, during the search for and processing of petroleum which is used to make vinyl and other synthetics, but that's another issue, albeit a closely related one.)

Anyway, this fellow had a point and made it without apology or viciousness. We don't put leather belts and saddles in the same category as baby seal fur coats, but it's disrespectful and a bad habit to ignore or completely discount dissenting opinions. So ever since then, whenever leather comes up in a bicycle context, I think of this fellow. The (apologies to...) is my own way of acknowledging him and others like him who care enough to write or call about things like that.

I can be faulted for not keeping this emotion private, and it occurs to me now, after thinking about it after the criticism, that maybe I've gone overboard and even made a mockery out of it. I never intended to do that, and from now on I'll play it safe and cut it out. There's a fine line between an acceptable private joke and self-indulgence, and I may have blown it.—*Grant*



Jim Died

Jim Burns worked as Bridgestone's controller until late last year, when he went on disability, as a result of HIV. On August 23 he died of AIDS.

I've known seven people whose honesty and integrity have rubbed off on me, maybe not enough, but at least enough to feel a difference, and Jim is one of those. He had a way of talking and seeing through complex and awkward situations that few people have. He was from Texas; maybe it had something to do with that. Jim could look at you and laugh in your face and tell you (well, not me) something like "You *know* that's bullshit..." and be so inoffensive about it that you wanted to thank him for it. He was one of those people I wished I could think like, and I tried to think like, but he was better at it.

We had a birthday party for Jim a couple of weeks ago. He was going to come, but he didn't feel up to it, so we sent stuff his way. He'd lost a lot of weight, of course. He was trying to keep it on, and for many months there, was eating a gallon of ice cream with chocolate syrup every night. He bought a whopping new car, I think it was a BMW, a few months ago. A few of us saw him in the hospital about a month ago, a week or so before he went home for the last time. A lot of people die from AIDS, but Jim was the first one I knew. It is hard; it's as hard as they say.—*Grant*

BRIDGESTONE



I'll Miss Ariadne

The worst part for me, about Bridgestone's doom is that I won't get to see and work with Ariadne five days a week anymore. It's such a big deal. She rubbed off on me in so many good ways, and I admire and like her so much. I've begged her to come with me to Rivendell, and she says she'd like to, and we've sort of had this pact that we'll always work together, and if we ever quit, we'd quit together, and if we ever were both out of work at the same time, we'd package ourselves as a team; and I can't stand the thought of that not happening.

She's not bailing out on me; she and her husband just want to travel, and she needs time off work to think and get her fingers into some other interests.

I hope I can be effective without her. I know I'm way better when she's there to cover for me, to organize things and follow up on loose ends. She has a magic touch. Whatever she is involved in will be successful, and whoever gets to work with her is lucky. I hope it's me again.

Ariadne

What will I do: Liquidate all my possessions and hitchhike to Mars—before I go:

-There's always Paris in the Spring and the chance to hitch another ride in a team car at one of the classics.

-Pineapple Bob needs an agent.

-I'm the curator for the Berkeley Store Gallery's Annual Bicycle Show. The theme will be transportation and the art of getting out of your car.

-Potential future Board Member for the Institute for Transportation & Development Policy (ITDP) They sponsor the Mobility Haiti Project.

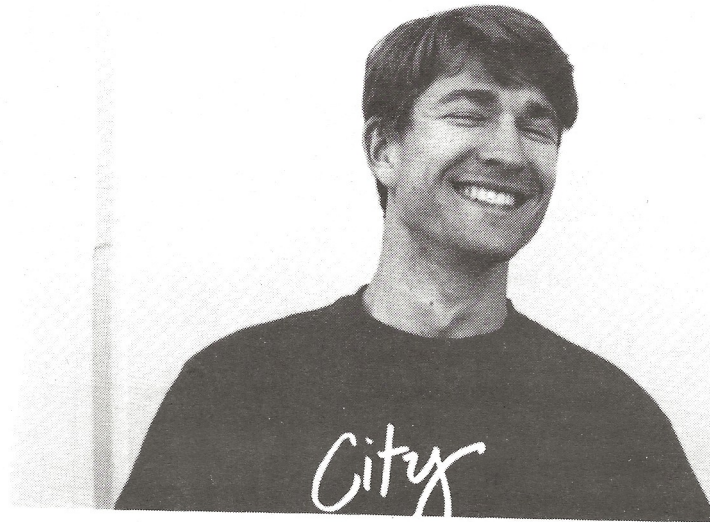
-Books to write:

1.) How to simplify your life: My 12 years carless, TVless and stress-free.

2.) The bus: How to like waiting for it.

3.) An American in Cuba.

- Send my resume to Rivendell Bicycle Works and convince Grant to hire me.



Rob Cook

I've been a customer service guy at Bridgestone, but starting September 6 or so I'll be managing a bike shop, The Bicycle Works, in the beautiful city of Napa, California. I've traded my daily commute on the fire roads of the Oakland Hills for a one-hour adventure on the Bay Area freeways. I'll miss the daily encounters with deer and bunnies, but I have to admit, I look forward to getting out from behind a desk and talking to people face to face again. If any of you BOBs out there happen through the Napa valley, stop in and we'll talk about old times.

BRIDGESTONE

Song Quiz Answers

BOB Richard Sachs was the first one to send his completed quiz in, scoring a phenomenal 185. He also mentioned that Braised On Robbery should have been Brazed On Robbery. Embarrassing? U-Bet!™ The next day Barry Rhammy (get it right) sent in a 228-er. Incredible. We expected no score higher than 170.

| PTS | SONG | ORIG. SONG | SINGER | bike ref. |
|-----|---|----------------------|---------------------|--------------------------|
| | Do You Believe In Mavic? | ...Magic | Lovin Spoonful | French parts |
| | Huret For Hazel | Huuray for... | Tommy Roe | Fr. der. maker |
| | Suspicious Hinds | ...Minds | Elvis | Clothing |
| | Miguel (these are words that...) | Michelle | Beatles | Tour Man |
| | Glove Me Do | Love Me Do | Beatles | Gloves |
| | Sunshine Superbeman | ...Superman | Donovan | SunTour group |
| | Under My Thumbshifter | ...Thumb | Rolling Stones | Top-mount |
| | "Creeque Alloy (...Saul And Denny, Workin'...)" | Creeque Alley | Mamas & Papas | metal |
| | The Mighty Zinn (Zinn The Eskimo) | ...Quinn | Bob Dylan | Lennard Z. |
| | Silver Treads And Golden Freewheels | Threads/Needles | traditional... | tires & gears |
| | Training Days And Mondays | Rainy Days... | Carpenters | hard riding |
| | Z-Leader Of The Pack | The Leader... | Shirrels (sp?) | helmets |
| | Me And Tullio Down By The School Yard | Julio!!! | Paul Simon | Signor Campagnolo |
| | Suzie Q-Factor | Suzie Q | Creedence... | crank dimensions |
| | Love Me Fender | ...Tender | Elvis | mudgards |
| | Jubilee In Magic? | Do You Believe... | Lovin Spoonful | lightest rear derailleur |
| | Spirit In The Sky | Spirit In ... | Big Norm G. | old SunTour f. der |
| | Holly Alloy (...And She Come/And I Run...) | Holly Holy | Neil Diamond | 531, 3/2.5, etc (metal) |
| | Up On The Roofrack | no rack | J. Taylor, others | Yakima & others |
| | A Boy Named Roo (Clue: Not Quintana) | ...Named Sue | Johnny Cash | Roo Trimble, designer |
| | Subtitanium Homesick Blues | Subterranean.... | Bob Dylan | that Merlin material |
| | Crystem Blue Persuasion | Crystal Blue... | T. James & S- | special Nitto stem |
| | Fairly Cross The Mersey | Ferry.... | Gerry & Pacemakers | Taiwan frame co. |
| | Slipstream Ladies (..Forward March...) | Sweet Cream Ladies | Turtles | rider's wake |
| | Get Me To The Church On Times | no "s" | Julie Andrews | hifalutin' pedals |
| | I Wish I Would Train | ...Rain | The Temptations | riding hard |
| | Big Yellow Tax (...They Paved Paradise...) | ...Taxi | Joni Mitchell | Dutch rollers, etc. |
| | Braised On Robbery | Raised... | Joni Mitchell | shouldabeen "brazed"! |
| | When I Paint My Master Lock (By A Bob) | ...Masterpiece | Bob Dylan | thief-foiler? |
| | My Beautiful Ballooner | ...Balloon | traditional | big tires |
| | Craney Night In Georgia | Rainy... | Otis Redding | Shimano's best der. ever |
| | Tangled Up In Glue | ...In Blue | Bob Dylan | tire or patch adhesive |
| | Cathy's Crown | ...Clown | Everly Brothers | fork crown |
| | I Was A Freewheel Man In Paris-Roubaix | ...Free Man In Paris | Joni Mitchell | gears, hard race |
| | Has Anybody Here Sean Kelly? | ...Here Seen Kelly? | Mitch Miller (trad) | low-tech Irish racer |
| | The Age Of Bobquarius | ...Aquarius | 5th Dimension | 3/93 through 9/94 |
| | Paper Rack Rider | Paperback Writer | Beatles | Pletscher, etc. |
| | Sentimental Tourney | ...Journey | traditional | Shimano r. der, cheapy |
| | If A Victor Paints A Thousand Words | If A Picture... | Bread | Taiwan pedals |
| | Jesus Christ Superchampion | ...Christ, Superstar | B'way musical, etc. | Rim brand until '84? |
| | Light My Ta Ya | ...Fire | Doors, Jose F. | chai-chai-chains |
| | "Tie Me Kangaroo Bags Down, Sport" | no "bags" | Rolf Harris | panniers |
| | The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest Bar | no "bar" | Bob Dylan | XO-4, BUBBY bar |
| | I'm A Bob (...but my mother won't admit it) | I'm a Boy | The Who | low-tech sympathizer |

243 <-----a perfect score

Blowout Prices!!! Last chance to order.

THE GRAND FINALE FAXABLE BOB ORDER FORM FOR BOB NO.

| ITEM | QTY. | TOTAL |
|--|--------|-------|
| 1. PINO T-SHIRT: 14-16 L XXL | \$7 | |
| 2. SILCA T-SHIRT: L XXL | \$7 | |
| 3. CRAZY T: XXL | \$7 | |
| 4. TA T-SHIRT: M L XL XXL SOLD OUT! | \$9 | |
| 5. HATS: Runner Mechanique | \$10 | |
| 6. BROOKS BOB SPECIAL SADDLE!!! | \$40 | |
| 7. SS WOOL JERSEY OLIVE S M L XL | \$26 | |
| 8. SS WOOL JERSEY BLUE S M L XL SOLD OUT! | \$26 | |
| 9. SS WOOL JERSEY TUSK S M L | \$26 | |
| 10. BOB CYCLING SHORTS S M | \$28 | |
| 11. BOB T-SHIRT S M | \$7 | |
| 12. MUSETTE IMPERIALE | \$7 | |
| 13. MUSETTE BASIQUE | \$4 | |
| 14. SUNTOUR FRONT DERAILLEUR | \$12 | |
| 15. YOUNG CHILD'S SOCKS | \$2 | |
| 16. ADULT ANKLE SOX 9-11 10-13 | \$3.50 | |
| 17. ADULT REGULAR SOX 9-11 10-13 | \$3.50 | |
| 18. GOAT GLOVES S M L XL | \$5 | |
| 19. BOB WALLET SOLD OUT! | \$8 | |
| 20. BOBSHADES grn? gry? (w/shields only) | \$6 | |

| ITEM | QTY. | TOTAL |
|---|--------|-------|
| 21. TUBE TOTE | \$1.50 | |
| 22. BEEEEEEEEEEES WAX!!! | \$3 | |
| 22. CAMPY SHIFTERS SOLD OUT! | \$35 | |
| 23. VAR SPOKE WRENCH SOLD OUT! | \$9 | |
| 24. VAR TYRE LEVER | \$7 | |
| 25. MAVIC ROAD BOTTON BRACKET | \$35 | |
| 26. CAMPY CROCE D'AUNE PEDALS | \$60 | |
| 27. RITCHEY MTN STEM 13CM High Low | \$29 | |
| 28. RITCHEY ROAD STEM 8CM 10CM | \$18 | |
| 29. ARC HANDLEBAR | \$2 | |
| 30. EAKE FLIGHT SADDLE SOLD OUT! | \$2 | |
| 31. RONA T-SHIRT M L | \$9 | |
| 32. BOB BELL SILVER BLACK SOLD OUT! | \$5 | |
| 33. GOATHERD SHORTS S M L | \$36 | |
| 34. SILCA ART. 73 FLOOR PUMP | \$27 | |
| 35. ORG. COTTON T wide/thin L XL XXL | \$8 | |
| 36. XO-1 1993 48cm only! | \$565 | |
| 37. XO-3 1993 42cm only! (Leftover from our big sale) | \$280 | |
| 38. MAVIC STEM 8cm 10cm 12cm | \$20 | |

- To check availability on bikes and merchandise, please telephone 800-328-2453 x246
- All orders shipped UPS standard—except those to PO boxes and international addresses are shipped via regular U.S. mail.
- **September 12th** is the last day to receive orders. For best results fax.

BOB MEMBER NAME & NUMBER _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Daytime Phone _____

SHIP TO: Name (if different from address on file) _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Daytime Phone _____

VISA or Mastercard # _____ Exp. Date _____

signature _____



| | | |
|-------------------|--|------|
| SUBTOT. 1 | | |
| SUBTOT. 2 | | |
| SUBTOT. 1&2 | | |
| *Sales Tax | | |
| Shipping/handling | | 3.25 |

TOTAL --->

CA RESIDENTS ADD APPLICABLE SALES TAX

FAX (510) 895-5766 FOR BEST RESULTS

OR PHONE (800) 328-2453 x 220 OR 221

This is the end, BOB friends:

- We need orders by September 12th. Credit card orders only—NO CHECKS.
- Credits (on you credit card) will be issued to TA cage buyers. The original plan was to send out memorial t-shirts in their place, but we sold out of these as well.
- It's now or never for returns. We're behind but will be caught up by September 12. Sorry for the delay in the goatherd shorts exchange. You should receive them by the second week of September. All other returns will be processed and we will try to ship as requested. If we are sold out of what you need, credit card credits will be issued.
- For warranty purposes regarding bikes, after September 30th they will be handled by John Kluge, who is being transferred to Bridgestone Firestone in Nashville. Thank heaven for call forwarding.

Never Say "Fred"

by Chris Kostman

It's disappointing that the use of the term "Fred," continues unchecked within the world of cycling. For those of you unfamiliar with the term, it is cycling's only generic derogatory appellation, akin to being called a "Barney" in skiing or surfing circles.

To some racers, cyclists who don't race in their category or higher are Freds. Likewise, bicycle tourists, commuters, and recreational riders are Freds in the eyes of many Racerheads. And, Fredliness can also be the result of clothing and equipment choice. Before we examine the psyche of the namecallers, let's examine the word itself.

The etymology of Fred is unclear. That Fred Flintstone may be the original Fred is suggested by the use of the term Barney in other circles. The term seems to have originated in isolation, then spread like a virus throughout the cycling subculture. It may be the result of independent develop-

ment, but it is not an example of the Hundredth Monkey Phenomenon, an urban myth perpetuated by pseudo anthropologists in which specific knowledge is increasingly attained among a random portion of a cultural group to a point of critical mass (i.e. one hundred monkeys), whereupon this new-found knowledge is spontaneously, and mysteriously transferred to the entire population (of monkeys—or, in our case, cycling snobs).

At any rate, the malcontents of the bicycle world resort to denigration as a maladaptive coping mechanism for any number of common insecurities. Secure people don't chop down others.

I think anyone who rides a bike is alright. However, that doesn't mean that I'm blind to behavior that is inappropriate, dangerous, or damaging to cycling's public image.

It's still no good to run stop signs and red lights, ride against traffic, blow past hikers and horses, and toss flattened innertubes on the side of the road.

However, these are just the tip of the Fredish iceberg. Fredism also manifests itself in less publicly damaging ways:

1. Itemizing the weight and cost of your newest titanium parts.
2. Snobbery and anti-social behavior.
3. Riding at non-competitive events with disc wheels or tri-spokes.
4. Riding on aero bars while drafting.
5. Mouthing off about how dangerous aerobars are, while you're not even wearing a helmet.
6. Dropping newcomers, then never waiting for them to catch up. Worse yet, intentionally ditching a guest at your ride and leaving them lost in the farmlands of Eastern Pennsylvania.
7. Wearing Oakleys around town.

In conclusion, to avoid true Fredism, our malcontented, maladjusted comrades of the cycling world who still continue to denigrate our spoke by labelling others as "freds" need simply get on their bikes and ride. And for the sake of us all, they should keep their insecurities to themselves.



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

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