

# ONE

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## The Yetis are coming.

Yeti, remember them—cool, small company bought by Schwinn then lost in the shuffle—they're back. They've been bought by Volant Sports, a Colorado based manufacturer of high-end skis. According to the company's president the acquisition is part of their strategy to diversify into other recreational sports. The really good news is that they're planning on making heavy investments into engineering and design to help Yeti regain its position as a high-end market leader. It'll be nice to have Yeti back on the

ager job at Salsa Cycles. When I signed on back on June 1, 1992, my naive imagination could never have conjured up the adventures I was in for.

Once I told Ross Shafer, founder and creative force of Salsa Cycles, "Ross, out of anyone in my entire life—you've bought me the most beer." His immediate reply was "I don't know if that's bad or good." While free beer is certainly lucky, it's only the cooling shade from the trees in my landscape of luckiness.

I knew this would be no ordinary office job on my first day—when the dealers on the



Lucky Dog Loretta (center) and friends hit the Dirt Rag booth with Soulcraft frame.

scene. Word is they're keeping Marla Streb on the Yeti team...wonder if they'll keep the same color scheme? Watch and see.

## School Days

USA Cycling and the National Collegiate Cycling Association (NCCA) announced that the 1999 Collegiate Mountain Bike National Championships will be held November 13-14 in Helen, Georgia.

Last year nearly 300 riders, representing 60-plus schools, participated in the collegiate mountain bike national championships in Reno, Nevada. Currently, there are more than 200 NCCA clubs, totalling 1,500 riders.

In 1998, the University of Colorado was the national champion. Who will be victorious this year? Why not check it out. These young riders would really appreciate your support.

## I'm a lucky dog!

It's not often you look back on a Monday-thru-Friday, 7:30 a.m.-to-4:30 p.m. job and count yourself lucky (I'm gambling here that most reading this aren't from the Depression era). The job I refer to was my office man-

telephone not only expected to give me their order—but also expected me to tell them a joke. Dirty jokes greatly appreciated, thank you.

At the time, Salsa was located in an unlikely brick building (brick is not popular construction material in earthquake prone Cali-porn-ia). The space was long, narrow and windowless. You had to walk between the brick walls and all the machinery to get to the "office." This was a small room adjacent to the product inventory and powder coat booth. It was more than one salesman who was intimidated while searching his way to the office amongst the loud churning of Salsa's innards. It was more than once that I crouched under the desk to enable telephone conversation above the powder booth's booming.

Then there was the bathroom with its graffiti, weird drawings and...well, let's just say there was the bathroom! My first week at work, I foolishly pushed the door open to find Ross seated on the throne. While I pulled it shut and muttered apologies, his words of comfort were "Don't worry, worse

# Readings

things will happen."

He was right, of course. But somehow through the good, the bad and the ugly, we Salsoids made it through as friends and family. Now, how many jobs do you even want to stay at for 7 years, much less end up with co-workers you don't get sick of and consider friends?

I'll never forget my first trade show, after about 3 months on the job. When I visited another booth, workers would look at my name tag and say "Oh, you're from

Salsa!" Instant acceptance—such was the good reputation Salsa had. While cycling the dirt trails or asphalt roads there have been countless riders who have approached me upon seeing my Salsa gear to happily tell of their own enjoyment of Salsa products. Gadzooks! Just get near a fellow Salsa frame owner and hear the happiness gush forth! How many jobs grant you so much goodwill away from work?

Never have I been around a group of

people so committed to keeping me on my bike! Back when I was first starting to bike commute, our production manager John Hammond, made me my own light. He found an old lighting system bulb and modified it so it would bolt into my Salsa stem. If I ever needed a special part, all I had to do was ask, and Ross or our General Manager Allan Hermansen, would help track it down. What, mechanics needed? Thank you, Sean Walling and Matt Nyiri....also Tom Olson (now an Oregonite). What a feeling to know your co-workers are supporting your biking efforts. Muchas Gracias!

I so appreciated the personalities and quirks of my fellow workers. Sean, all I have to do is remember your antics and I am laughing. Thanks also, Matt, for Polly Ann old fashioned chocolate doughnuts. Thank you, Gabriel Gopar aka Gabby, for raising such beautiful children; also the best signature I've ever seen. Thank you, Nate Micek, for your amusing tattoos and for carting me home in your truck when I needed to transport objects impossibly large and unable to fit inside a messenger bag. Thank you, Jeff Piehl, for the entertaining shows of your music band Butter; also for introducing me to Chamucos, Reposado Especial, tequila extraordinaire. Even thank you to Mikael Taylor, most recent after school Shoppe "rat," for signing his name on notes "Mikael T.," when he was the only Mikael at Salsa.

Finally—thank you, Ross, for your inspiration and your wonderfully perverted sense of humor. Most of all, thank you for starting it all and letting me be a part of it. I have great memories and friends for life!

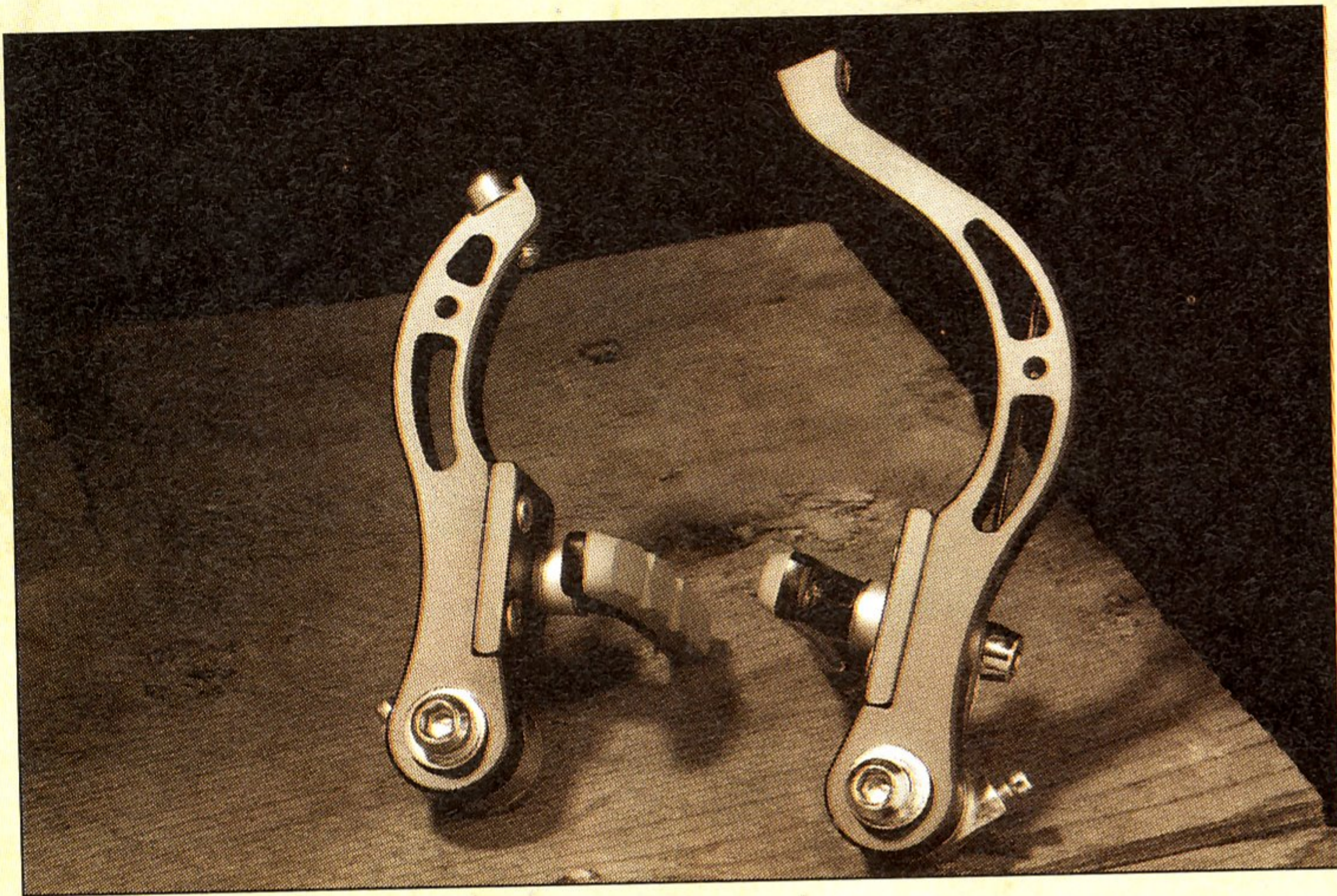
*Fearsomely Fortunate,  
Loretta Esparza*

## Hey Skid Plate

Lighten up on the rear brake, OK? See that big skid mark you just left on the trail? It looks a lot like one I saw at the hiking club slide show when they were explaining to the park ranger how mountain bikers were damaging the trail and riding with reckless abandon. There's no legitimate reason to skid. It is not cool, it is not faster than a controlled stop and it proves you were not in control. Look ahead, plan ahead, use your head. Save our trails, don't skid.—K. Rosengrouch

## And while you're at it

You skid plates are probably the same losers who go around fallen trees instead of hopping over. Heaven forbid you have to get off your bike and hike over a fallen tree. Sure, just ride on around it and create a new trail...I think I'll call you cretins.—Elaine



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