

DOUBLETALK

Tandem Club of America

AUGUST '82

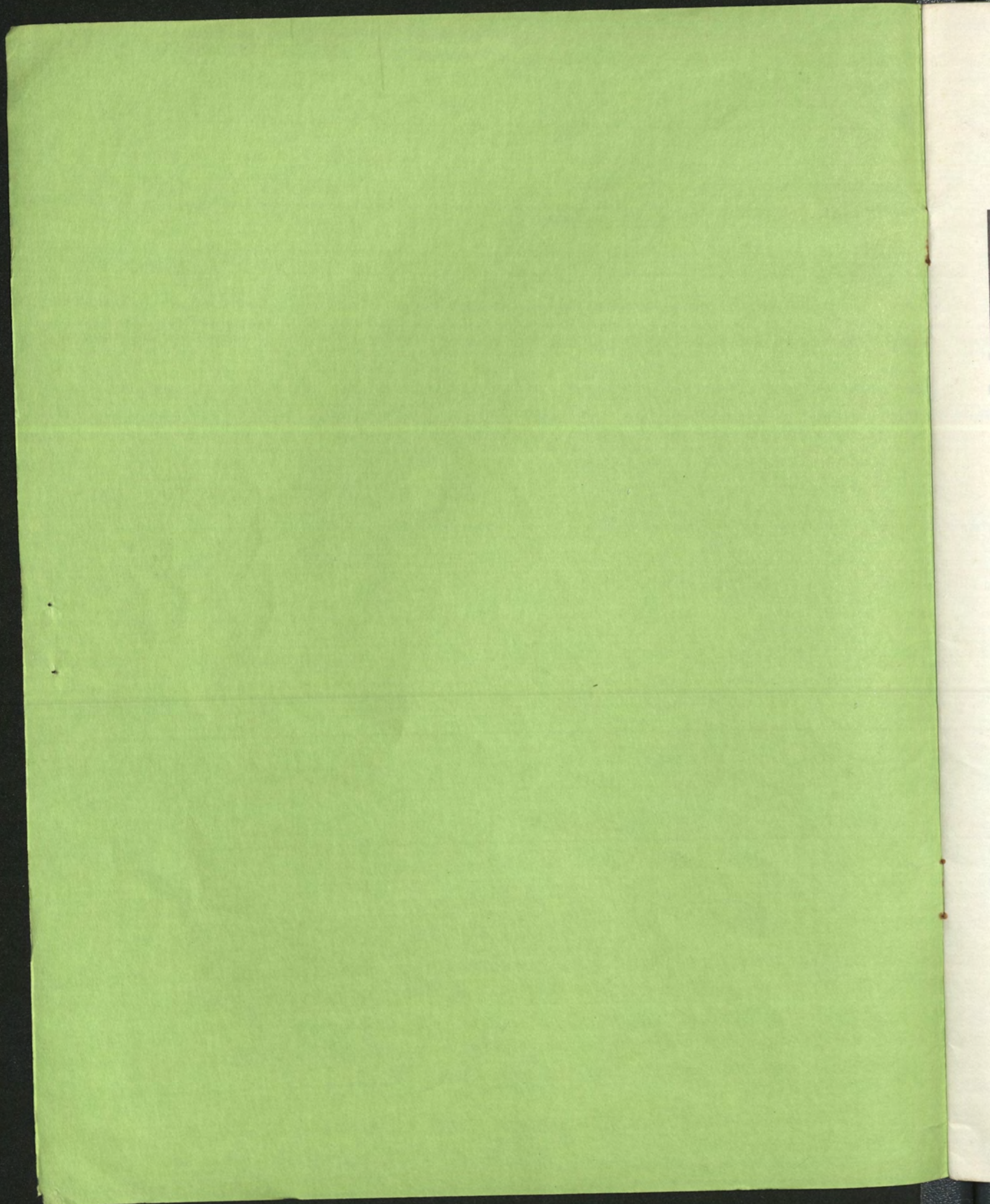
DOUBLETALK
the Bulletin of the
Tandem Club of America
Peter Hutchinson, Secretary
R. D. 1, Box 276
Esperance, NY 12066

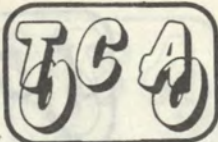
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Tandem Club of America

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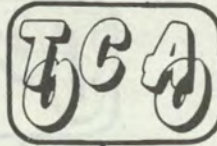
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"This may be the best book ever on the subject!"
—LIBRARY JOURNAL

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 Vera van der Reis Krausz
- "Shovelin' Coal"
 with Tony Pranses
- Technical tips from
 Bill Boston
- The first in a series of
 tandem-building how-to's
 from Rodney Mozeman
- and of course a mailbag
 of goodies from you!



More Tandem Nuts

We have been active tandem riders for about 11 years. Like most people, we have often been turned on by something only to later find that that interest has not withstood the test of time. Tandem riding seemed to be a good idea but we were astonished to find that the cost of a tandem, even back then, was a little more than we had bargained for. So, for a time, we were window shoppers.

It happens that one of my other hobbies is photography and many of my best buys were found in the classifieds of the San Jose Mercury. So, imagine my surprise at finding that the first listing under "Photography" was for a nearly new Gitane tandem at \$250. Of course the listing was a printer's error, it should have been under "Bicycles For Sale," but then we knew that this bike must have been meant for us. Why else would it have appeared in "our" column? The long and the short of the story is that it was a genuine buy and had only been used twice. We bought it for \$200. We still have it and it works well.

That tandem did not prove to be a ten minute wonder. Several months later we ordered with some secrecy one of Bob Jackson's short wheelbase tandems and avoided direct questioning about its cost (all of \$800.00), which we thought a little obscene when you could get a good motorcycle for slightly more. We wondered if the extra money would result in that much better a ride. It did! However, after our first spin--all of 8 miles--we must admit calculating that a ride costing 100 dollars a mile was a little unnerving. That led to our putting on as many miles as possible during the next few months to get the

cost per mile down to a reasonable amount. Now, many thousands of miles later, that first ride remains one of curiosity rather than terror at the thought of crashing our rather expensive toy.

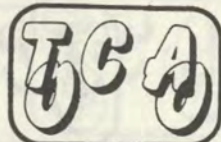
Since then we have ridden steadily. The bike started with clinchers but went to sew-ups. They were great while they lasted but were almost our undoing when the front tire came off on a downhill, the wheel collapsed and both of us sustained bad injuries. Our hard hats proved their uncomfortable worth. Since that day, no more sew-ups and only the thickest spokes available and 48 to a wheel. We still find our Bob Jackson a fine bike and have added a Phil Wood disc brake that may be worthwhile, though I am still not sure about it.

One thing led to another and when we saw the Barrett side-by-side we had to have one. We convinced Bob to sell us one of his prototypes and a couple of years later we bought a second that is portable and travels the airlines just fine. The side-by-side is great for social outings, but rides longer than a half century are just too much for us. The increase in wind resistance just means too much peddling. So there you have it: A husband and wife team at fifty and still going strong with a side-by-side for fun and a Bob Jackson for serious riding in an area that is just made for cycling year-round with the sea and the mountains of Santa Cruz County.

Colin & Thelma Mackenzie
11 Westwood Road
Santa Cruz, CA 95060

I Remember It Well

My bicycling began many, many years ago in a small-town area in Illinois.



A very few of the boys had cars; everyone else walked to school, except me. So, some form of transportation was needed to get me the 1 & 1/2 miles to school.

There were balloon tires on the bike I used and a very large, oversized basket on front. In that I carried my younger sister's violin and my baritone on music days, as well as our books and the two quarts of milk we delivered daily to the lady who was kind enough to allow me to park on her back porch, so I didn't have to ride that contraption onto the school grounds. In addition, my dad had secured a bright orange plow seat to the rear fender to insure my sister a comfortable ride. My bicycle did not go with me to college!

My firm conviction that I would never, ever again ride a bicycle was slow in changing. Several years later, after marriage and two children, our son became interested in racing. For about 5 1/2 years we followed the racing circuit. It didn't take long for the hum of those finely-tuned machines to stir some wishful thinking!

My husband "purchased" our son's Dawes, his first bike bought with his paper-route savings, when our son progressed to "better" (and more prestigious) bicycles. Suddenly I was left at home and I wasn't ready for that! So a bike was purchased for mother, one that was quite different from my first bicycling experience. We were enjoying some good club rides with the Diablo Wheelmen when my husband was asked to join a phase of Phillips Petroleum's North Sea Project. Based in Oklahoma, more or less, for about 17 months, he continued to ride there as his daily exercise. Not being mechanically inclined, my riding deteriorated.

Bob came home a good, strong rider. What had been "fun rides"

developed into testy evening confrontations when I was routinely left 1/4 mile or so behind. (As Prince Charles said, "We had a bit of an argument." In fact, several of them.) One day in jest I suggested a tandem. By that time our son had accrued some very fine racing parts as prizes and the conversation turned serious. If we'd buy the frame, we already had most of the needed major components.

Thus we acquired our Bob Jackson bob-tailed, racing tandem.

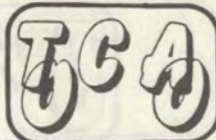
We became partial to the "Century rides" where we could set our own pace, but still not be stranded. We did complete 100 miles (1977) in 7 hours, 35 minutes on a very flat course. But our ego was quickly diminished when shortly after on a club ride we overheard a young voice in front ask if "that elderly couple" was still with them? (Yes, we were!)

Fortunately, I married a mechanical engineer, so our tandem is well planned. Though at 64 and 59 respectively, we aren't going to set any records, and probably not ride another 100 miler, the tandem is still a lot of fun, and excellent exercise. I'm still behind -- but only the 20" between his saddle and mine.

Jean Guy
121 Hawthorne Court
Pleasant Hill, CA. 94520

In the autumn of 1977, on a leisurely evening ride, we blew a front tire on a turn and went down. Jean ended up hitting her head on the pavement and spent 3 days in the hospital with a basal skull fracture. Being a true biker, the first hours, while in a delirious state, she kept asking everyone if the bike was damaged.

Her neuro-surgeon attributed her remarkably rapid recovery to her good physical condition. As he dismissed her, he instructed he to: "Get a



helmet and wear it!" Needless to say, we haven't ridden since without helmets.

Bob Guy

We Get Nice Letters

I have become a member of T.C.A. so I may start preparing my mind and spirit for the future day when a tandem will become the latest member of our household. Unfortunately, the only time I have ever ridden a tandem was on a short trial ride our beloved and late Warren Hinterland on the beautiful Sultana that he and Mary rode.

Ted Ellis, our N.B.W. president, had at one time explained to me that, when it comes to tandem riding, I should take all I know about riding my Paramount single and forget it. In reading the articles in your May-June T.C.A. issue, that I just received, I am beginning to understand just what Ted meant.

"Early Tandemitis," by Richard Andrian is an enlightening view as to what a beginner can expect on a bicycle built for two. Thank you Dawn Willoughby, a stoker's life is just what I expected. I am looking forward to the day when my partner (turned captain) will not be able to pour on the juice, leaving me in the dust on some lonesome country road.

Enjoyed your latest issue. Keep 'em coming.

Sincerely,
Lynn Spring
14 Breezy Knoll Rd.
Greenville, R.I. 02828

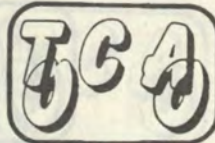
Our Introduction To Tandem Riding

I'm sure everyone has their share of bizarre tandem experiences--ours occurred on our eighth wedding anniversary on our first tandem ride. We had ridden single bikes for years and occasionally toyed with the idea of tandeming but usually not too seriously. There didn't seem to be any tandems in our area, so it was easy to suppress our latent desires to try riding one. But an article about tandems in "Bicycling" magazine regenerated our enthusiasm and we tried to locate one in our area to test ride.

After a dozen phone calls, we found a bike shop in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., (300 miles from our home in Buffalo) with a Motobecane for sale. It seemed crazy to drive all that way to ride a bike we probably wouldn't buy, but crazy things appeal to us and, after all, it was our anniversary and a long Labor Day weekend besides. We went thinking that, even if we didn't want the tandem, we could play tourist and have a nice anniversary.

The car trip went well until we reached the outskirts of Saratoga Springs where the brakes on our old Saab felt like they weren't going to work anymore. A quick inspection revealed a dieing master brake cylinder; and by the time we crept to the bike shop we had to stop with the parking brake. Terrific. A strange city, a holiday weekend, not much money and a car that couldn't be driven. Happy Anniversary!

When we went into the shop, the owner said, "Oh, you're the people who want to ride the tandem." We said that we weren't interested in riding right then because we had a bigger



problem--could he help us locate a mechanic? He said we were probably out of luck but gave us the phone number of a garage that worked on foreign cars. The guy there said he was busy, busy, busy and no way did he have time to get a new cylinder nor put it in our car. The most he would do for us was look at the car; maybe it was something simple that he could fix quickly. We left the bike shop and inched our car to the garage where they would look at it in a couple of hours.

Feeling dejected and discouraged, we decided to walk to the bike shop and look at the bike anyway. On the walk we discussed our various options (not many); Jim still thought we would need a new master cylinder. When we got back to the shop we asked if there were any auto junkyards that might have an old car like ours. Well, we hit the jackpot (junkpot?). The owner had one and would take off the part and have it ready for us. Then we turned to the shop owner and said, "Now we're ready to ride the tandem." He laughed and said we could have the bike for a couple of hours and gave us directions to the junkyard.

Talk about motivation. Now we had to learn to ride a tandem. First the shop owner took me for a short ride so I could try the stoker's position, Jim took a ride by himself, and then we were ready (?) to try together. We took a couple of gentle loops around the block to get our balance and then set off for the junkyard. There's nothing quite like wobbling through city traffic on a holiday weekend on your first tandem ride. I was holding onto the handlebars so tightly my knuckles turned white, all the way up to the elbows. But soon we were out of the city, into the rolling hills, and I began to relax. We were nervous on the hills at first; we thought we would go too fast down them and too slowly up them and lose our balance. However, we soon got the feel of it

and started enjoying the ride; in fact, we were enjoying the scenery and countryside so much we almost forgot to stop at the junkyard. But we did stop, got the part, wrapped it in our daypack, and started back to the garage.

Somewhere along the way I think the Motobecane became ours because by the time we got back to town it had a name, "Big Mo," and we were a lot happier. Our luck was changing. The garage man smiled as we rode in on the tandem and suddenly found time to install the brake cylinder. We stopped on the return ride to the bike shop for a leisurely lunch before making our final decision to buy "Big Mo." The rest of the day went quite well as we made final adjustments to the bike, like adding water bottles, then picked up our car. By 4 p.m. we had loaded Big Mo and were headed back home a little more secure--"Why if the car broke down now," we said, "we could just bicycle home."

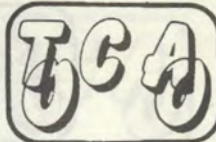
Since that time we have logged many tandem miles, bought a new Santana tandem, "Stretch," which fits our long limbs a bit better, and survived a few more anniversaries. But we still see Big Mo often. Its' new owners live near by and seem to enjoy tandeming as much as we do.

Brenda & Jim Knight
167 Seneca Place
Lancaster, New York 14086

Why Dad's Hair Turned Gray

Chapter 23 A ride in the park

The Staten Island Bicycle Association scheduled a ride from Boro Hall, Staten Island to Central Park for a Sunday late in March. I had always wanted to try riding in New York City on a Sunday because I had heard the traffic was light and it was a great



way to see the city. The ferry ride from Staten Island to the Battery also intrigued me. The ride leader was Pat Carrulo. Pat is a strong bicycle advocate with a couple of claims for fame. He rides a track bike (no brakes) in NYC, does the Five Borough Tour on a high wheeler and had his picture taken being removed by the workmen who were removing the barriers for the bike lanes on Sixth Avenue.

Without any formalities we boarded the ferry and after a delightful poor man's cruise (25¢ one way. The other way is free.) we arrived at the Battery. It is really a great way to arrive in NYC. Rode up West Broadway to Sixth Ave. and then right up Sixth Ave to Central Park. These city riders ride "with the flow of the traffic." That means red lights mean nothing. I couldn't hack that. Potholes, gratings steel plates, taxis (especially making turns) are all on the watch-out-for list. The pedestrians are scary, but the scariest of all are the pedestrians who are plugged into their earphones. You just have no idea what they thinking, planning, or actually going to do. So much more the hazards of getting there.

Once there, we were overwhelmed by the smell of country air which came from the discarded fuel of the horse-drawn carriages. It was early in the season, so Central Park was not as crowded as it might have been, but there were great quantities of runners, walkers, cyclists, and roller skaters of all ages and descriptions going in all directions without any kind of warning. Made it a moment to be remembered.

We had two trips around the park at 6 miles per trip and then we gathered up for our ride back to the ferry. Went across Central Park South in and around the double-parked taxis and limos. Then south on Fifth past all the big stores, St. Patrick's,

Radio City, Marble Collegiate. Played leapfrog with the Fifth Avenue bus and I can just hear him telling his wife about the crazy bicycle-built-for-two that passed him 6 times in 12 blocks. Regrouped at Washington Square where we watched a few exhibitionists roller dancing to their Walkman music. Down Broadway (My heart Was Young and Gay As I Rode Down Old Broadway and Listened To The Chimes of Trinity) to the Battery, the Ferry and back to Staten Island.

A great trip--highly recommended--to be done at least once by everybody. I am not sure I would want to do it again but I did and that is another chapter.

Name withheld by request

And from the same nameless scribe: the following to be sung to the tune of "My Old Kentucky Home" -- "and if this doesn't set Stephen Foster spinning in his grave, nothing will."

The sun shines brite on my old Santana frame

Tis summer the skies are all clear

The chain is all grease and the

bearings are the same

My friends are all out drinking beer

Weep no more my stoker

Weep no more today

We'll sing one song for my old

Santana frame

And the friends we left

miles and miles away

We lost our speed and our legs
have come unglued

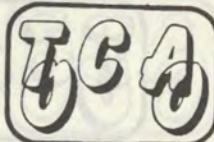
We're weary and tired and worn

We'll stop and check our wobbly

wheels untrued

And get our spirits reborn

Chorus



We'll pump once more for the hill
that's just ahead.
And hope that we can make the top
We'll give it our best and get
out all the lead.
We'll pedal until we drop.

Chorus

For Sale:

Paramount 22"/22" mens/mens w. TA
crossover triple. May choose gearing
from 21" to 121" Just completely
rebuilt, repainted yellow. \$1500 Tom
O'Neil (402)-571-3632 in Omaha.

Something For Everyone

A group of us from western
Massachusetts wanted to try bike
touring, and planned a trip through
Vermont to Quebec City. Ours was
quite a diverse group in age, bikes
(ours was the only tandem) and riding
abilities. While we ranged from
strong, experienced riders to those
who had done little riding beyond a 20
mile day trip, we wanted a tour that
would accomodate all.

Few of us were campers, so advance
reservations had to be made at inns,
wherever possible, or at motels. A
distance of 60-70 miles per day was
decided upon, to be able to complete
the trip in two weeks. Not all riders
would be able to sustain this pace, so
we rented a twelve passenger van and a
U-Haul for the bikes. In
mid-afternoon the van driver for the
day would drive the route and pick up
any riders along the way who felt they
had done enough for that day.

The van turned out to be
invaluable in many ways: carrying

luggage and spare bike parts,
providing transportation on the one
day of heavy rain that made biking
impossible, getting a disabled bike to
a nearby town for repair, and enabling
a group to enjoy the pleasures of
excellent restaurants and
entertainment in the area after dark.
On the return trip we vanned to
various scenic areas in Vermont for
two-day stays, to allow for day trips
on the bikes and visiting
particular points of interest.

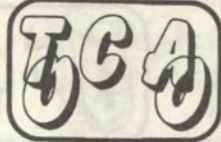
Doing it this way, everyone was
able enjoy the trip to the fullest
extent of his riding abilities, along
with the comfort and advantages of
more conventional travel. We heartily
recommend this as a way for other
riders who might otherwise not
consider bike touring.

Jean & Karl Mahaffey
22 Joan Street
Wilbraham, Mass. 01095

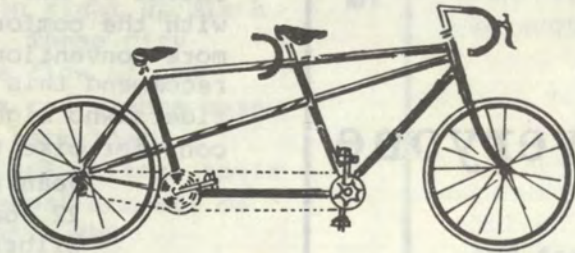
And from the stoker's seat

Karl and I have been riding a tandem
for several years, and, over this
time, have enjoyed many trips and bike
rallies. In these groups we enjoy
riding with other tandems, as in our
club, we are the only tandem couple.
At these rallies I've observed that
when tandem riders get together, the
men get in a huddle and discuss minor
matters like gearing, while the women
get down to the really basic issue --
seats! It seems that most stokers sit
more or less upright than single bike
riders, putting less pressure on the
arms and legs and therefore more
pressure on the derriere. I've seen
all combinations of seats, pads,
sheepskins, etc. and tried many of
them, but still really hurt after
35-40 miles on the back of a tandem.
Any suggestions and/or solutions from
other stokers out there.

Jean Mahaffey



Tandem '82



**FREDERICK, MD.
JULY 23-25**

Rally brings out the bikers

Frederick, MD. -- The highways and byways around Frederick saw more than their fair share of bikers this past weekend as participants in the Tandem '82 Rally pedaled about on their bicycles built for two.

Some 200 biking enthusiasts gathered at Hood College Friday through yesterday (Sunday) for the 10th annual East Coast tandem rally. They hailed from 14 states, some coming from as far away as California and Florida.

Massachusetts residents Jerome and Lois Jacobs cycled their way to the rally, covering more than 600 miles in

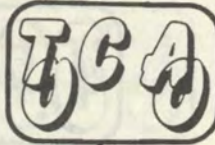
a week. They averaged 60 miles a day despite "oppressive heat."

"The trip didn't bother us... it was delightful. And we're married after all that togetherness," Jacobs quipped. "Our trip took us straight through New York City, right down Fifth Avenue... dodging a lot of pot holes and buses."

Like most other rally participants, the Jacobs are serious and seasoned bikers who "train" for long cycling tours by regularly pedaling 25, 50, and even 100 miles in an outing.

Nonetheless, speed, distance and endurance were not the major concerns of most of the bikers who gathered to ride around Frederick County this weekend.

"The Tandem Rally is essentially a



social event," said one organizer, Bob Dollar, a government clerical worker from Virginia. "Biking is a lifetime sport. There's no age limit and no strength factors. Some people come here to ride all day, others will go out on maybe one or two rides. They're free to plan their biking to suit themselves. We just make suggestions and give out maps so there's plenty to do if they so wish."

Dollar and his wife Kathy attend bike rallies regularly and log thousands of miles on their custom-made tandem. They were among eight couples who planned the event and charted 10 scenic biking courses for participants to sample. The mapped rides ranged from a seven mile jaunt in the vicinity of the college, to a challenging 47 mile tour of three covered bridges in the county.

Beginning as early as 6:30 a.m. Saturday, synchronized pairs began stretching their limbs to cover some of the routes before breakfast. Most said the rigors of the road refreshed them rather than depleted their energy. Few complained of aches or pains at the end of their treks.

Retired Floridians, Ruth and Bob Husky, decked out in some of the popular matching bike outfits seen on campus, covered 60 miles Saturday. "We like the tandem biking because we like to be together," said Husky, a former sports writer who wooed and won his wife astride a tandem three years ago. "We've ridden 100 mile trips without a stop on flat land in Florida."

"Biking makes us feel younger," his wife added. The Huskys have churned over 5,000 miles this summer, most of it on a cross country tour they completed a few weeks ago.

Another retiree, 60-year-old Mrs. Ed Rykbos from D.C., "never sat on a bike til age 50," but now tandems "40 to 50 miles on a weekend ride" with

her husband.

When they weren't out riding, the Rykbos and other rally participants gathered informally to trade tips and swap biking tales. Many had met at rallies years ago.

But few could top the enthusiasm of 12-year-old Rhode Islander, Jamie Ellis, here with his father for his first rally. "I rode 24.2 miles this (Saturday) morning. I loved it. Dad had trouble keeping up with me," he boasted.

Most of the other children at the rally could not make such a claim. They opted for less strenuous touring arrangements, riding comfortably in "buggers" -- two-wheeled trailers that clamp to the seat post of a bicycle.

Tandem bikers Kathy and Stan Sweeney from Lynn, Mass., hauled a buggie fitted with backward facing seats for their children Lee, 6, and Beth, 2 & 1/2. Sweeney says the youngsters have been on outings "since they were old enough to sit up."

The Sweeneys paid \$189 for the buggie which they easily pull for 20 to 25 miles despite the 55 pounds it weighs when loaded. They enjoy the exercise and like the attention they get on the road. "If I had a dollar for everyone who said, 'That's cute!' I'd be rich," Sweeney said.

The majority of rally participants belong to bike clubs in their home areas. But one enthusiast described the group as "a bunch of rugged individualists." In some ways they have to be to contend with the minor catastrophies that inevitably plague them.

At Tandem '82 there were bee stings, sun-burnt noses, broken spokes, flat tires and one overturned buggie. A manned rescue van dubbed the "sag wagon" was on call for bikers in distress.



Dollar said serious problems are rare because avid bikers take safety precautions by using biking helmets, steel reinforced shoes and pedal straps.

The helmet is a necessity, Dollar says. "It lets people know I'm serious, and if I'm serious they'll treat me with respect. The problem is in America bicycling is still considered primarily a kid's sport... Here you're a wierdo if you bike to work."

The lack of widespread public acceptance doesn't make sense to Bostonian Harold Lewis, who says, "Cyclers are environmentally oriented people. I've been to lots of big rallies. The grounds are left cleaner when everyone leaves than when everyone comes."

Cathy Mesaros
The Morning Herald
Hagerstown, MD., July 26, '82

Tandem '82 Review

Once again our Tandem weekend has come and gone. Tandem '82 in Frederick, MD., was the culmination of looking forward to seeing and being with "bikie" friends made in years past.

My wife and I being more casual tandem riders (not very strong at that) never cease to be amazed at how far doubles riders will come to be with others of the same species.

After arriving at Hood College, we checked into our plush (push the single beds together), cool (dutifully supplied by our own electric fan), tastefully decorated cinder-block room. Then we hastily retreated to the student lounge for a cool brew and to look for familiar faces. We found them! A beckoning "Hi there" from

friends as far away as Ohio and Massachusetts made us feel at home. After reminiscing for a while, we managed to unpack, endure each other's "I-told-you-so look," and be lulled to sleep by the hum of our fan.

The too-short weekend began with a marvelous breakfast fit for any athlete willing to challenge 90 degree heat and the rolling hills of western Maryland. Those hills took us through some of the most beautiful countryside imaginable. From 7 mile warm-up rides to 46 mile toughies, everyone had plenty of choices. Our choice happened to be the swimming pool following an "easy" 25 miler before lunch.

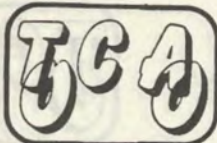
If it sounds as though we are not the most ardent tandemists in the saddle, you may be right. But we won't miss signing up for Tandem '83 in Gloucester, Mass., for all the achy legs and saddle sores in the world.

Irwin & Nancy Ruback
418 N. Union St.
Alexandria, VA 22314

The making of a successful tandem rally

Tandem '82 really began for me in the cafeteria at Southeastern Massachusetts University, site of Tandem '81, when Kathy Dollar proposed Hood College as the site of the 1982 tandem rally. She also volunteered the talents and abilities of several Washington DC area couples as organizers.

At that point, Kathy and Bob had already done a lot of groundwork, ascertaining the availability and appropriateness of Hood College (in



Frederick, Maryland) for the site. So, when the idea was approved that evening, the ball was ready to roll.

The first meeting of the Tandem '82 organizing committee was held shortly before Christmas at the home of George and Beth Wiggins. Seven couples--each with different experiences and skills to contribute--sat around and brainstormed. Kathy and Bob had further discussed details with Hood and were able to suggest alternative weekends for the rally, as well as provide preliminary costs of food and lodging. With that information we were able to set the date and to arrive at a per couple price.

We then identified all the tasks. The list seemed endless: write and distribute a flyer, set up a bank account, secure a post office box, arrange for artwork and a patch, finalize arrangements with the College, route and check out rides, prepare a schedule of events and program, take care of legal requirements, such as insurance and incorporation, and process applications. However, because of the very diversity of the committee members, it was easy to divvy up the duties and set goals and milestones.

The next time we got together, the flyer was ready and we spent an evening licking stamps and applying mailing labels. Somebody struck a note of pessimism: "What if we gave a tandem rally and nobody came?" Then someone else mentioned the hard economic times, and the fact that some people may have to forego a tandem rally in order to put food on the table. Yeah, but people who own tandems in the first place must have a little bit extra to spend. Yes, but the competition from other bicycle rallies--including two GEAR's--is stiff this year. Like most of the

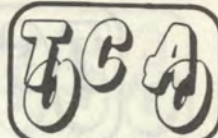
other committee members, I shut my mind to these pessimistic thoughts. From the beginning, I was sure Tandem '82 would be a success.

One of my duties was to check the mailbox and process applications--a ritual I followed daily up to the day of the event. Two weeks after the flyers were mailed, we had ten applications in hand (mostly from Tandem '82 committee members). I felt like we had taken off.

One of the fringe benefits of receiving the mail was that I saw everything first, like the applications and the long-awaited patches. However, my favorite experience was getting to read the accompanying letters and notes. For instance, Sharon and Joe Dickerson from Pismo Beach, California, attached a letter saying that they were combining the rally with a tandem tour of Maryland's Eastern Shore. Did we have any information about the area we could send to them? I wrote to them about my experiences and we had exchanged several letters and talked on the phone a couple of times before we finally met in person. I couldn't wait to meet them and was as excited as they about their trip east!

Another favorite correspondent was Johnny Helms. I noticed one of his tandeming cartoons in "Cycletouring," a magazine published by England's Cycle Touring Club, and wrote to ask if we could use his cartoons in our program. Johnny's response was instant--of course! We could use what we wanted from both books, Round the Bends and Transport of Delight [The latter book is now out of print.] and he also donated two original drawings as door prizes. Johnny was looking forward to a big CTC cycling get-together on the same weekend as our rally and wished us success.

Meanwhile, the other members of



the Tandem '82 Committee were hard at work to make the event a success. Lee and Peggy Dong reported that prize donations were rolling in--the result of Beth Wiggans' letter. Kathy Dollar wrapped up arrangements with Hood College and spent evenings making button name tags and sorting silk-screened t-shirts from Roger Raspin. Earl and Jody Martin were arranging a film on bike touring in Holland from the Dutch Embassy. John and Laura Wise's home computer poured out lists and labels. And Bob Dollar planned rides and sent everyone to check his routes. (Lee and Peggy checked one of Bob's routes in their car and reported that even their car got tired on one hill!)

When Hood asked for a final count of participants, there were an even 100 tandems registered--give or take a couple. All the rides were finally okayed. Tom Simon finished the maps, the printer was rolling the program off the presses. One last cancellation (there were only a few for the whole event) was filled by a last-minute application.

There were, however, two elements beyond control of all our planning and preparations: Weather and the quality of the food. Starting Monday evening, my husband and I parked ourselves in front of the television every night for the weather forecasts. At first it sounded chancy. Then things started to improve. At Friday afternoon check-in, black clouds threatened everywhere. But there was not a cloud to be by the Saturday morning early bird rides and the good weather held. By the time we finished a delicious breakfast prepared by the college staff, we knew that all major hurdles had been passed. Tandem '82 would be ONE SUPER WEEKEND!

Bob and Kathy Dollar, my husband, Mike, and I took off on our tandems Monday afternoon for a quick 24 mile

wind-down after everyone had checked out, all the keys had been returned, and Tandem '82 was already a memory. At first, we didn't talk much, as each of us reviewed the jam-packed weekend. First, Kathy said it was the people who attended the rally that made the whole weekend so enjoyable --What an absolutely great bunch! We broke into anecdotes about chasing Ken and Mike, about Jerome and Lois's ride down from Massachusetts, and about Jim and Anne's new Santana.

Then Bob said, "Next time we do this..."

Sarah Casseday

522 4th St. Se

Washington, DC 20002

Cape Ann chosen for '83

Following the tradition of Eastern Tandem Rallies, the most important piece of business at Tandem '82's Saturday night banquet was the choice of a location for Tandem '83.

The Narragansett Bay Wheelmen and the Essex County Wheelmen proposed Gordon College of Wenham, Massachusetts, as the site of the '83 rally. They cited the scenic countryside of Cape Ann on Boston's north shore as well as the many points of interest in the area as reasons for selecting this location. Gordon College offers a prime location for tandem touring the Cape Ann countryside and coastline, and the accommodations it provides are well-suited to a tandem rally.

Tentative plans for Tandem '83 include rides to such local attractions as Crane Mansion, the Paper House, Hammond Castle, the fishing port of Gloucester and the several lighthouses that dot Cape Ann's coastline. In addition, "on-the-road" luncheons are planned,



in the tradition of many previous tandem rallies.

The participants of Tandem '82 overwhelmingly voted to accept the proposal.

Participants of Tandem '82 and those who did not attend but who received an announcement in the mail about Tandem '82 will automatically receive information about Tandem '83 when plans are finalized. Others who would like to receive information please send a large stamped self-addressed envelope to Tandem '83, Narragansett Bay Wheelmen, P.O. Box 1317, Providence, Rhode Island 02901.

A sad footnote to the newsbeat column is the death of Warren Hinterland. Warren was "a bicycling enthusiast and the founder and first president of the Narragansett Bay Wheelmen" and also served as a state representative of the Tandem Club of America. Our condolences to his wife, Mary.

Marital Ills?

Try 200 miles on a tandem

By Edward Stiles
from the Tuscon Citizen

If you've tried waterbeds or edible undergarments and found them wanting, consider a 200-mile tandem bicycle ride into a rainstorm for sure-fire connubial bliss.

A tandem... provides all sorts of chances for conflict with your spouse--especially if you take a 200-mile ride on one.

Not that you'll set out to ride

that distance the first time you roll out the door. If you want to survive--and if you want to give your marriage a fighting chance--you'll spend lots of other time together under trying conditions, just for preparations sake.

One weekend, for instance, Lori and I rode to Bisbee, stayed overnight and rode back. We spent nearly 20 hours riding together.

There were headwinds and hills. There are always headwinds and hills. But we had to work together to get past them. If one of you has a snit, the whole show stops until some compromise is reached. This tends to leave one snitless most of the time, since none of the motorists flying by on the lonely desert road between Benson and Whetstone care if you're making a scene.

So you learn to adjust. You talk a lot. You get to know one another.

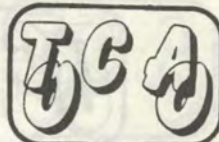
And you begin to share the housework. It gets stuck in wherever it can during the week since weekends involve riding, getting the tandem ready to ride and resting after riding.

Then the big day comes: The Papago Desert Double Century.

Each year, the Greater Arizona Bicycling Association provides this opportunity for marriage encounter.

At 2:45 a.m. the two of us shared the bathroom, the kitchen and a groggy sort of excitement. Then we discovered the front tire was flat. I fixed it, and Lori filled the four water bottles--two with defizzed Coke and water mixed half-and-half. We'd use those at really low energy times during the ride when we needed not only sugar, but caffeine to help us metabolize body fat.

At 3:45 a.m. we rolled up to the University of Arizona Student Union. Tire pumps hissed, riders signed in, pinned on numbers and waited anxiously



for the start. There were 31 of us.

The double is not a race. The object is to finish. But there is a certain amount of prestige attached to finishing first or with the first group. I don't know why this should be. The real heroes are those determined riders who grind out the last miles in the dark, long after the front finishers have gone home to bed.

Regardless, the pace was fairly swift as we headed out at 4 a.m. After nearly 500 miles of training during the previous month, Lori and I worked together in almost machine-like manner. Our riding styles had blended. We were Siamese twins through the pedals.

Out Ajo Way to Robles Junction for the first "sag" stop. Four support vehicles would leapfrog past us during the day, providing food and drink at 20-mile intervals. The human body accustomed to cycling should be able to go 15 miles an hour for 24 hours if it stays fueled.

We allowed five minutes at the sag stops. Otherwise the tendency is to spend lots of time chatting, eating, drinking and not riding. Those who finish the double keep going.

The first 50 miles were generally uphill. They took three hours. The next 50 had a good amount of downhill and flat riding. Teamwork paid off and the tandem rolled them up in just two hours. The zipper fairing--a sort of windshield we'd added to cut wind resistance--paid off there.

Lunch at Santa Rosa was 20 minutes, with two egg salad sandwiches, a brownie and several glasses of diluted Gatorade (Too much sugar slows your fluid uptake). The weather was hot and sticky. The wind came out.

We headed out into a headwind in the rolling hills in the Slate and Tat Momoli Mountains. The headwind would

stay with us for the second 100 miles. There's nothing more depressing than riding against a headwind. Long uphill are slow, but there's a downhill reward on the other side. There is no reward in a headwind.

It's a time when partners find fault easily, when they pick at one another for not pedaling fast enough, for not riding smoothly... for anything. We'd learned several rides earlier that bickering only slows you down.

We alternately joked and silently ground out the miles, always deciding by consensus how fast and in what gear. A tandem teaches compromise.

At 150 miles we both took a couple of aspirin. It keeps the swelling in the feet, hands and joints down. We also were saddle sore. And a muscle in my left calf had been cramping for 15 miles or so.

More headwinds. Then a dust storm near Marana that choked us and cut visibility nearly to zero.

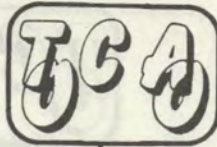
We'd been riding under threat of rain for some time, and now it came. The dust turned to mud. The rain stung our skin and cross winds tried to tear us off the road.

But we were elated. With less than 10 miles to go and in a pack of a half-dozen riders, we shouted into the wind and congratulated ourselves.

Soaked, mud-spattered, saddle sore--but strangely not fatigued (that would come later)--we rolled into the finish at 202 miles and 13 hours, without need of a marriage counselor.

Our heads were fine. It was our legs and backs and shoulders that needed help. A freight car full of counselors wouldn't help what ailed us. But a good masseur would have won our undieing gratitude.

submitted by
Kay and Rudy van Renterghem
8414 N Calle Tioga
Tuscon, Ariz. 85704



The honeymoon is never over



We really should have incorporated Ruth 1:16 into our marriage ceremony this summer: "For where you go, I shall go." Because it was my destiny as the new Mrs. Williams--and a fledgling stoker.

Oh, I knew what I was getting myself into when I said, "I do." Jay and I bought our Gitane tandem last fall with visions of transcontinental adventures dancing in our heads. For our honeymoon, however, we opted for a somewhat shorter excursion and took to the Green Mountains of Vermont.

Getting to Middletown Springs, VT., (pop. 500) was an adventure in itself. The mighty tandem, you see, was longer than our meager Chevette. Here, we modified our roof rack by bolting an aluminum rain gutter long enough to accomodate the lengthy rig to the existing trough. It was very gratifying, then, when our shoe polish-smearred car and streamer-strewn bike received open-mouthed stares, waves, smiles, and applause as we pattered along the interstate.

Fourteen hours later we discovered that Middletown Springs does indeed

exist. We were shown to our honeymoon suite at a charming country inn. From there we took day trips--grinding up grueling mini-mountains, screaming down treacherous miles of monster hills, savoring local lunch cuisines, and cooling our sweating selves in the sparkling and oh-so-cold mountain streams.

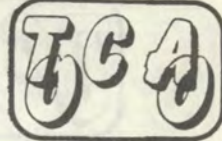
One day was, however, more memorable than the others. It was cloudy and cool as we started off. Soon the dreariness turned to drizzle and we sought refuge in a dusty little general store. Here we fortified our dampened spirits with cold sub sandwiches and chocolate milk.

As the drizzle became a downpour, I glumly watched the little rivers rolling off my helmet as we mounted up. But, I was being brave and only moaning inwardly. What a wonderful wife I was already, I thought smugly.

Too, I had always maintained, in my impeccable taste, that fenders make a bike look ridiculous and Goretex raingear was, of course, too expensive. However, after five seconds of a cold, muddy stream shooting up my back and clammy nylon adhering to my skin, I suddenly became a raingear and fender fan of the first degree.

I reflected on this for the next 25 miles. Only three miles til dryness and warmth! Suddenly, there was a heart-stopping explosion and a bone-jarring jolt! We skidded across the slickery road. Little did I know that we were actually having an accident. Stokers can never see exactly what's going on up there (But then, they don't get the blame, either!).

Not only did we face a flat tire, but also a mutilated rear wheel, mangled brakes, and a mauled rack. A six-inch deep pothole, deceptively filled with our friendly



precipitation, was the culprit. A fitting end to a day of "learning experiences" about the joys of touring, I thought.

Fortunately, we did recoup, get a ride and a repair, and complete our honeymoon. By then I dubbed myself professional (amazing what black shorts and cleats can do to the ego!).

I felt so experienced, in fact, after the Green Mountains, that out of temporary exuberance (insanity?), I agreed to the Hancock Horizontal Hundred as our next adventure. And I even unprotestingly listened to plans for bike camping trips. Who knows, perhaps, we'll celebrate our golden anniversary with that transcontinental trek. For where he goes, I have to follow!

Jay and Lori Williams
718 S. Locust, Apt D
Oxford, Ohio 45056

and updated with the help of Colin Laing of Tuscon and Bud's Bike Shop of Claremont, California. We had toured some 4000 miles on it before starting this trip.

At the time of the trip we were both in our 62nd year. Joe, the Captain, is 6 feet tall and lean. Charlotte is 5 feet tall and not so lean, and is the stoker, Navigator and Log Keeper. We are grandparents with an empty nest (enjoyable) which frees us for these expeditions during school vacation.

We ended our first day's ride by camping at Itasca State Park, as said above. Splendid camping and shower facilities are provided in the gorgeous forest setting. We were only visited by raccoons and birds. No bears appeared, in spite of possibilities.

Mosquitos and deer flies were vicious. No repellent was untried, but none fazed the pests. In spite of real agony we refused to allow this nuisance to spoil our trip. Further south chiggers took their turn, but after about ten days we became "acclimated." We are experimenting with taking vitamin B-6 as we have heard that it makes a person repugnant to the insects.

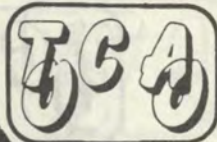
From June 30, 1982 to July 24 we traveled 1247 miles along the Mississippi River to reach St. Louis. In general we followed the Great River Road System. We crossed the River many times and rode in the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. Our own map reading, advice of residents, and word from other 'cyclists kept us as close as possible to the River. We avoided gravel roads entirely. To our surprise our route took us 600 miles before we ever left the state of Minnesota. The Mississippi flows northward first, forming a gigantic

Desert Rats Explore Wetlands or, it takes two to tandem

We waded across the Mississippi River! At Lake Itasca, Minnesota, where the river begins, it is only shin deep and about fourteen feet wide. We pedalled north 63 miles from near Hacksack, Minnesota, to begin our tour along this artery of our country's livelihood, at Itasca.

Friends who winter in Arizona and return to Minnesota for the remainder of the year carried our tandem to that area for us. We went by bus and the ongoing hospitality reunited us with our bike and camp/tour gear. We were completely self-contained for camping out, thanks to modern lightweight equipment.

Our bicycle is a Gitane tandem which has been drastically modified



question mark before it leaves the state southward bound.

The variety of animal, bird and plant life that surrounded us was thrilling to behold--so different from the critters that swarm in our desert lands. The cry of the loon, the curiosity expressed by an innocent fawn, the ease of catching fish, and raccoons night-raiding are among the memories.

Our kitchen consisted of one 6" pan sans handle, 2 plastic cups, 2 spoons, a pair of pliers, a pocket knife and piece of aluminum foil. We did not cook, we heated. In the evenings Joe usually built a campfire and we would have tea or coffee along with a can of soup and whatever we had carried with us from the last grocery store. In the morning we'd revive the fire for hot coffee to go with whatever leftovers there were. Then we move out, looking for a suitable place to buy breakfast.

Do you know about birch bark for kindling a fire? It will respond to a match even when green or wet. Birch trees are good for more than great scenery, fine lumber, or bark canoes! What a discovery!

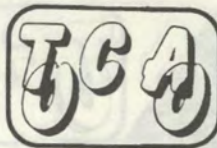
We carried our own version of gorp. In addition to a few canned and dried staples we often carried orange or cranberry juice in the water bottles to keep us going "between meals." We ate one meal a day in a restaurant, usually breakfast, because we seemed to get more for our money. We made no attempt to prepare meat dishes for ourselves. At grocery stores we would buy such things as melons, fruit, cottage cheese, chunk cheese and juices either to eat at once to carry to a suitable stopping place. Sweet rolls seemed to give us a lift, occasionally.

Our plan was to camp out two nights and take a motel room each third night. It worked out that we camped out 8 nights, accepted hospitality 8 nights from newly-made friends or people listed on cycling hospitality rosters, and rented a room 8 nights.

Camp grounds cost from \$3.00 to \$6.50 and usually included showers. We never paid more than \$25.00 for a motel, and most were less than \$25.00. One of the nicest was only \$14.00

Learning about activities on and along the River is thrilling to remember. The great trains of river barges and the locks and dams that expedite their movements was new to us. We chatted with several of the deck hands who man these crafts. Without exception they liked their jobs.

In Canton, Missouri, we overtook and visited with 20 young Swiss who



were spending six months to travel with the current on the surface of the River from its source to its mouth.

Rain fell around us, but seldom on us. The weather seemed tailored to make our travel as uncomplicated as possible, even though we did get soaked a couple of times.

Three days before arriving at St. Louis we began to have the "blues" because of the nearing end of our tour. But we manfully pressed on with our hearts and heads full of memories, and budding plans for the next phase.

At St. Louis we took the hospitality of a cyclist, Tom Kinealy. With his help we crated our tandem, and shipped it and ourselves home by Greyhound bus.

We spent almost exactly \$1,000, which covered meals, transportation, lodging, campground fees, use of laundromats, a new pair of cycling shoes, a new bicycle seat and two new tires. Plenty of postage and postcards were sent.

Since arriving home we've assembled a giant scrapbook record of the trip, and have edited the slides we took into a visual report, which we are glad to share with those who are interested.

Joe & Charlotte Shields
2822 Aurora Drive
Tuscon, Arizona 85706

P.S. We will try to respond to questions addressed to us. We are glad to share some of the things we've learned after over 9,000 miles of tandem touring.

A Tandem Is The Place For Me!

When I take the seat of my tandem,
I'm as carefree as can be,
because I have a captain
who takes special care of me.

He watches for potholes, cars and hills
ahead,
While I sit (and pedal) and watch the
scenery instead.
I don't worry about brakes and gears,
'Cause not seeing what's ahead eliminates my
fears.

I can talk to my captain, because, you see,
he never gets too far ahead of me.
I can rub his back and hand him treats;
I've found he really likes the sweets.

Now, my job is to read the map
-- and pedal -- of course!
So when we get lost, I remind him
he took me for better or worse.

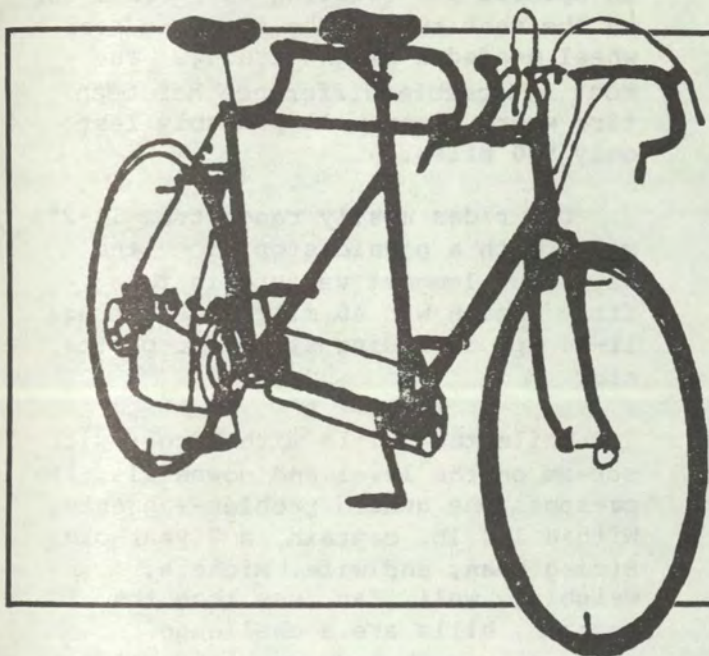
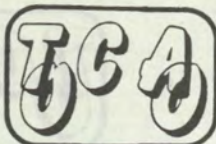
Last week when I mounted a single, well,
that's what brought me to write this jingle.
Talk about risky! The road was right there
and remembering the shifting gave me a scare.

Hills looked much higher,
and those cracks in the road.
My front wheel wobbled.
And I crept like a toad.

So it's back to the twicer.
Which is much much nicer.
I realize more than ever,
that a tandem is the place for me.

Karolyn Reber
1636 Christy Ct.
St. Charles, MO 63301

Southern Tandem Rally
P.O. Box 66892
Baton Rouge, LA 70896



FOURTH ANNUAL SOUTHERN TANDEM RALLY 1982

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A Lengthy Solution

Many of us face the problem of not knowing what to do with youngsters when tandeming. Over the past several years we have seen or read many solutions. For example, English tandemists use sidecars or half-bicycle trailers (see Boyd "Rann Trailers", TCA Doubletalk, Vol.3, #2 Nov-Dec, 1978). There are also several child conversion units available from England but most folks here in the U.S. seem to use rear-mounted trailers, like Buggers. Yet a few people, with much ingenuity, built trailers that encourage participation by offspring.

Mostly, we grunt up steep hills with our trailer and descend hills with due caution because of added momentum (Has anyone devised a trailer braking system?). All the while, the stoker has the added privilege of acting as parliamentarian for settling

disputes in the rear. The children, in turn, know that the stoker is usually kept busy and many times will simply ignore the advice coming back.

Our strategy for combining our desire to tandem and spend time together as a family was grand with two small children; however, there were additional challenges when our family grew.

Initially, we simply perched the youngest, Paul, in a Gerry pack on the captain's back. This never sat well with us, nor with Paul! Captaining a tandem and trailer takes enough attention and energy without adding kidney kicks and a port-to-starboard rocking. Paul went a bit further by tugging the captain's locks, exploring his ears and eyes, or using the captain's helmet holes as reins. Add the ever-present danger of injury from a sudden stop and we had a real roadblock to family tandeming.

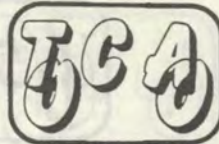
Things looked brighter when our eldest, Seychelle, 5 years old in 1980, was promoted to a single bicycle and Christine and Paul, then 3 and 1 respectively, took command of the bugger. While we moved at a snail's pace, we were amazed that Seychelle was willing and able to bike up to 15 miles on a Schwinn Pixie (16" wheels).

However in 1981 a problem surfaced. Seychelle, now on a 20" 3-speed, became very discouraged. This was not due to her efforts on our central Massachusetts hills, but rather because she was doing it alone and was the odd man out. While we may have also been unwittingly responsible for her burnout, we never pressured her to ride further. Now, she did not even want to travel to the corner store. Consequently, our family cycling ended. If only we could stretch the tandem.

At the L.A.W. Centennial in 1980 we had the opportunity to test ride Bill McCready's prototype Santana triple. This was not an easy financial decision. Yet by late 1981, with grim prospects for 1982 family cycling, we ordered a triple. To us, the expense was unequivocally worth it.

Weekends and days off are again an enjoyable family affair. Seychelle serves as #1 stoker with the aid of a child conversion unit. Stoker #2, wonder woman, has the added benefit of being too far back to be subjected to the captain's verbal abuse (It's a two-way street, though as the captain is not subjected to any physical abuse.) Of course, we never have any problems with enticing the two freeloaders into a ride.

The Santana triple (21" x 20.5" x 19") is nearly as stiff as our Jack Taylor tandem. (By the way, Taylor also will make a triple). The Aria brake stops the triple better than the Phil Wood disc does the Taylor, albeit a much heavier rearend. The triple's ride is soft (what would you expect with a 110" wheelbase) but not mushy. We have not had any mechanical problems other than a poorly adjusted front derailleur locking the chain on



an upshift and twisting the derailleur on the seat tube. The 48 spoke rear wheel needed a slight truing. The most noticeable difference has been tire wear. They will probably last only 500 miles.

Our rides mostly range from 10-25 miles with a picnic stop along the way. Our longest venture in this first season was 40 miles; we average 11-14 mph including stops for photos, etc.

While the triple with Bugger will scream on the level and downhill, it presents one graded problem--ascents. With a 140 lb. captain, a 7 year-old string bean, and wife, Michele, weighing, well, far less than the captain, hills are a challenge, especially with a Bugger-load of 82 lbs of love. The captain may need occasional therapy for chondromalacia but we have not walked a hill yet. Obviously, our 30" low-gear needs improvement. Most trying, though, is climbing successive hills of 5%-12% grades, then having a camerabug at the crest ask you to pass "slowly" for them. Folks, that really brings a grin to the captain's face.

What does the future hold? With the Santana triple and the Taylor tandem we expect to finally be free of the Bugger by next season. Seychelle, then 8, should be able to manage the rear of either bicycle and Christine and Paul will ride child conversion units with Michele captaining the tandem. A real challenge will be the time when three adults face an unsuspecting police radar trap on a country road.

I'm sure that Michele and I are not the first team faced with the enigma of a Buggerful of innocents. Let's hear some other reader's resolutions and sources of conversion.

Bruce & Michelle Ricard
124 Pleasant Street
Berlin, Massachusetts 01503

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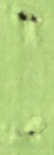
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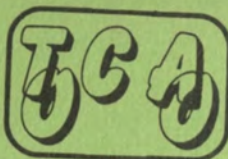
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Editor Drew Knox, 705 W. 27 St., Wilmington, DE. 19802
Secretary Peter Hutchison, R.D. 1, Box 276, Esperance, NY 12066
Treasurer Malcolm & Jean Smith, 84 Durand Drive, Rochester, NY 14622
Publisher Ronald A. Romeis, 506 Midland Circle, St. Davids, PA 19087

Area Representatives

California John & Donna Goodloe, 8084 Donzee CT., San Diego, CA 92123
Idaho Bill & Jenny Stallings, 3719 16th St, Lewiston, ID 83501
Illinois John & Marie Kamnikar, 9 S. William Dr., Hinsdale, IL 60521
Kentucky Deborah & Stewart Prather, 2873 Regan Ave., Louisville, 40206
Massachusetts Bill & Clairbourne Dawes, 55 Hosmer Road, Concord, MA 01742
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Rhode Island Warren H. Hinterland, 187 Garden ST., Cranston, RI 02910
Washington Bob Freeman, 326 31st Ave., Seattle, WA 98122
Iowa Bruce & Becky Perry, 2652 W 34th ST., Davenport, Iowa 52806
Virginia Scott & Sharon Richie, 3235 Patterson Ave., Richmond, 23221

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