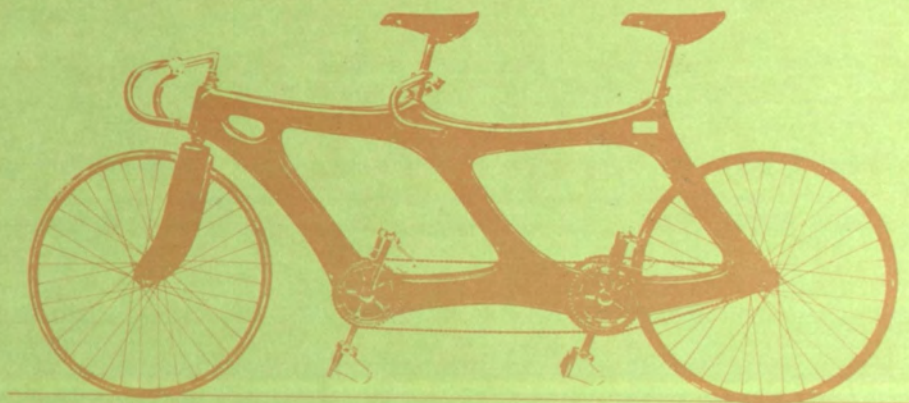


# TANDEM CLUB OF A · M · E · R · I · C · A



"AN INTERNATIONAL CLUB FOR TANDEM ENTHUSIASTS"  
DOUBLETALK



NOVEMBER-DECEMBER  
1991

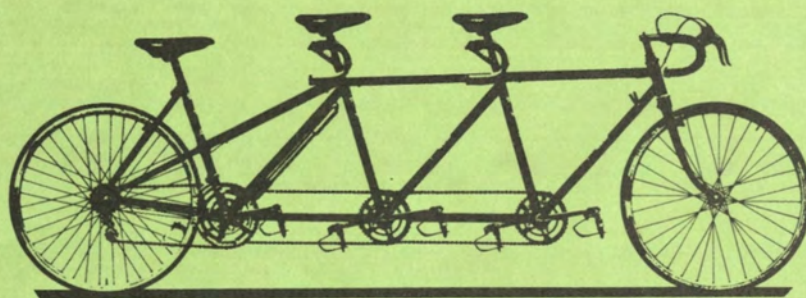
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Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors  
2220 Vanessa Drive  
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# DOUBLE TALK

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Since 1976



## DEADLINE FOR THE JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1992, ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS DECEMBER 1, 1991

### FROM THE EDITORS

Merry Christmas! Yes, even though it's October as we write this, and it will be November when you read this, this is the final issue of Doubletalk for 1991. The year has sped by (or at least it seems that way). And Christmas and New Year's will soon be here.

Our thanks to all who have taken the time to write an article for us in the past. We appreciate each and everyone. It may take us awhile to publish it, but never give up waiting for it. And to make submitting articles even easier for you, all authors who choose to send us their articles on 5.25-in diskette (360k DS/DD IBM PC-format only, please), now have the opportunity for a "2 for 1" special. Sending us your articles on a 360k diskette, plus a return address label and return postage (75¢ at today's rates), will get 2 diskettes back (while they last). These diskettes will have been used, but will be freshly formatted and verified to be good when they leave Birmingham. Authors choosing to submit their articles on 3.5 in. diskettes (either 720k DS/DD or 1.44mb DS/HD) or on 5.25 1.2mb (DS/HD) will get one diskette back in the same format they send, as long as we receive a return address label and return postage. Sorry, but we can't return diskettes without proper return labels or return postage. And yes, we will continue to accept articles handwritten or typed, too! In fact, about the only way we won't accept an article is if it's dictated to us over the telephone. (Our shorthand is atrocious.)

Another item that may be of interest to graphic artists and those who want to be graphic artists: The Tandem Club of America is considering offering a polo/golf-type shirt in the future. If you have an idea for an appropriate design (3.5" x 4" maximum dimensions), please send the competed design to TCA Polo Shirts, c/o Marilyn and Stan Smith, 4100 Del Monte Place SE, Albany, OR 97321-6209 for consideration. Who knows? Maybe your design will grace a new TCA shirt.

It's also time for the annual membership directory. We're considering sending the directory out under separate cover, probably in mid-January. To be sure you're included in the list, you must make sure your membership is current, and that your renewals are to Malcolm and Judy by December 1, 1991. Malcolm and Judy's address is at the top of Page 1 and also on the membership form at the back of this issue.

Have a great Holiday Season, and we'll see you on the road!

HAPPY  
HOLIDAYS



Susan  
Jack



## LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK



Dear Doubletalk,

We have owned our Santana for only a couple of months now, and we haven't had a lot of time to enjoy it, but it has been brought to our attention that we could be sharing this experience with others. We have read of programs about cycling with the blind and the visually impaired, and we were wondering if anyone in the TCA has any familiarity with such a program here in New Jersey. If there isn't one currently in operation, perhaps we can start one?

Anyone in the New Jersey area who has an interest in this idea should definitely contact us as soon as possible. We're usually home in the early evening.

John Brandauer  
Paula Haines  
710 Sixth Avenue, #8-B  
Asbury Park, NJ 07712  
(908)-9881592

Dear Doubletalk,

I would like to ask a favor of the TCA. Please announce to the membership of the birth of the San Diego Tandem Club. Our club is now about 8 months old, and is growing. Dallas Smith is our newsletter editor, and he has served as the glue that's kept us together as we've learned to be a club. We now have a group ride almost every weekend (sometimes with as many as 15 teams), have done one overnight ride, took the first three tandem places in last June's Tecate-Ensenada Mexican classic, and have many plans for the

future. Our current membership is over 45 teams and growing! We may hit 100 within a year (we're just starting to publish our group). Anyone wishing information about our group should contact Dallas Smith, 924 Saugerties Avenue, San Diego, CA 92154 (ph: 619-423-6624).

We'd like to publicly thank Tom & Trudy Eichen, founders of Teamwork Tandems, a special interest group within the Orange County Wheelmen. They gave us a lot of great advice that we've used to make our club grow!

Now for a personal favor: I'm moving to Knoxville this fall for graduate school (I should be there by the time this is published), and I hope to meet many of the Tennessee TCA members. If any would care to contact me, send a letter to my La Mesa address. It will be forwarded.

Dave Foster  
4652 Date Avenue  
La Mesa, CA 91941

Dear Doubletalk,

We're new members of the TCA, and we're looking for ideas as to how we can carry our tandem -- it doesn't have quick release front or rear -- and 2 other bikes in a used utility trailer we just bought. This trailer has a 4x8 floor, with wooden sides and a removable rear panel. Our objective is have a method that will allow one adult, with minimal help from a child, to be able to load, anchor, and unload a 5-speed Schwinn tandem (a fairly heavy bike) in the trailer. We can use a ramp to roll the bike into the trailer and back down to the ground, so that won't be a problem. Perhaps a member has a similar trailer, and can give us some good tips.



Last June, Father and son rode this tandem about 150 miles in the Pedal Across Lower Michigan -- PALM. That was before we bought the trailer.

The Stuart Frohm family  
201 Wilson Drive  
Midland, MI 48642  
(517)-835-8440

-----

Dear Doubletalk,

Help! Has anyone had their rear wheel fail, for no apparent reason? We know of at least three failures -- two on the same bicycle -- where the rear wheel failed without warning. In all cases, the rims were never exposed to any potholes or obstacles (that we can remember) that may have contributed to their failure. However, the tandems are frequently ridden in mountainous areas where, when climbing hills, heavy pedaling forces are transmitted to the rear wheel assembly as side forces. We do throw the bike some from side to side when climbing.

Our concern is that we are riding wheels that have the potential to catastrophic failures. We need to know specifics about which brands and widths to use, and which ones to avoid.

If you have had, or know personally of, rims that have failed, please call or write us immediately and include as much information as possible. Any and all information will be greatly appreciated!

Douglas Thomas  
146 Branbury Drive  
Campbell, CA 95008  
(408)-866-4755 (home)  
(408)-553-3209 (work)

Editor: Doug, we've reported a number of rim failures over the past year, and a number of possible causes that may be the reason they failed. Fortunately the problem does not seem to be so widespread that you have to live in fear of every rim that's on the road. Perhaps some TCA members have kept the articles and would be

willing to forward you copies of what's been covered in the past issues.

As for my personal experience, I've found that the Trek Matrix rims to be suspect in tandem uses, as well as the original 48- and 40-spoke Sun Metal works Chinook rims. Some heavier teams have had problems with the Mavic MA-40 rims. Campy tried to make a tandem rim - the Omega Strada XL - but recalled all of them last year. Rims that I've heard no bad reports about include the new CRT-16 Sun Metal Works' Chinooks (made especially for tandems and so labeled), Wolber M-58's and M-59's, Weinmann Concave A-124 & A-129 rims, and Mavic Open 4-CD and Mod 3 rims. All of these rims may not be readily available in all drillings and all sizes. This is not meant to be an all-inclusive list, nor is it meant to be a recommendation of any particular rim as the ideal tandem rim. Susan and I match your specs for riders fairly closely, and we've never personally experienced a wheel failure (other than with the Campy Omega Stradas). Keep us posted as to the results of your informal survey.

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Dear Doubletalk,

Back in the November-December, 1990, issue of Doubletalk was a picture of a back-to-back recumbent tandem being ridden by Susie Greiff and Fred Ungewitter. The article was written by Stu & Helen Hodes of Cape Coral, FL

I would like to contact any of these folks for more details on this bike. If I could get an address, or if they would contact me, I would be forever grateful.

Richard Mireles  
407 Tophill  
San Antonio, TX 78209

Editor: Fred & Ginnie Ungewitter owned that tandem. Fred & Ginnie's address is 1964 Forest Avenue, Daytona Beach, FL 32119-1591.

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Dear Doubletalk,

We have an older Schwinn Twinn 5-speed tandem. As it weighs about 70 pounds, it would be difficult to load on a roof rack. Fortunately it fits well on a Trek Mass Transit rack, which places all the weight on the bumper. It does extend a few inches on either side of our car, a Volkswagen Jetta, but not enough to cause us any problems. We ARE careful, though. Our bike has a 64" wheelbase, but perhaps a longer bike could be transported this way by simply removing the front wheel.

Dean & Erik Schroeder  
1909 West Lawn Avenue  
Madison, WI 53711



Dear Doubletalk,

We were members of TCA for two or three years in the late 70's. Our last dealing with the club was to send a check for membership, and then we never heard anything about the TCA again. I happened to learn about it again, quite by accident, when I called Jack Goertz on another subject and Jack assured me that the TCA was alive and well. We soon received one of the new brochures, and we hope that our new membership will be uneventful.

The Southern Tier of New York is a lovely place to tandem. We're most familiar with the area around Corning and Elmira, but this is the entrance to the Finger Lakes region of New York. The Finger Lakes are truly beautiful, and they provide tandem couples with a remarkable challenge. If we can be of any help to any tandem couples who might be in the area, or thinking about tandeming in this area, they should contact us, and we'll try to help.

Gil & Harriet Sweet  
Box 86, RD#2, Davis Road  
Corning, NY 14830  
(607)-962-3064

Dear Doubletalk,

We went to the Midwest Tandem Rally in Pewaukee, WI, this past Labor Day weekend. We loved it, especially all the clubs we heard about.

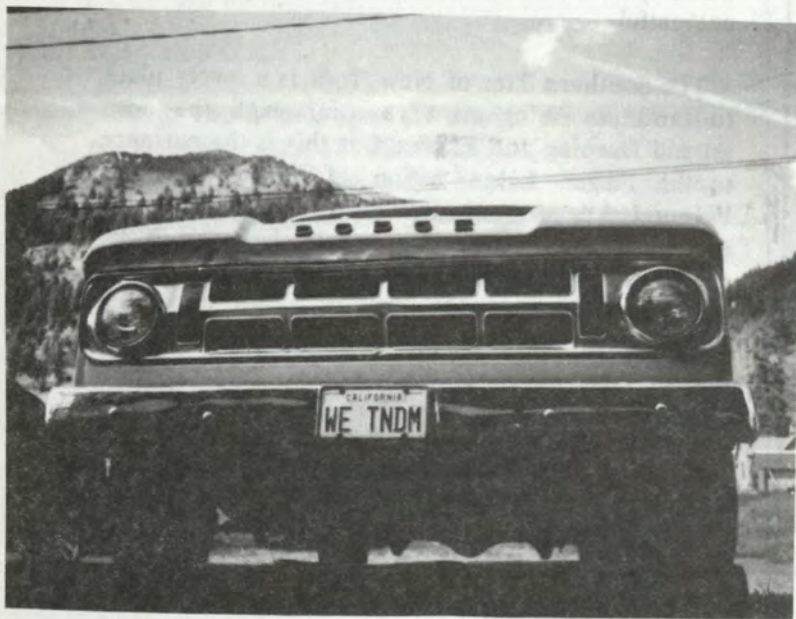
We'd really like a member of each club in the Midwest to send us a sample of your Logo. We hope to make plaques for each group, perhaps by next year's MTR in Des Moines, IA.

Thanks  
Steve Gebert  
2402 Mayfield Road  
Richfield, WI 53076



Dear Doubletalk,

I thought other members of the TCA might enjoy seeing a picture of the license plate on our '68 Dodge pickup truck. We bought this truck used about 1½ years ago, primarily to transport our tandem and our other bikes. The truck has a long bed, and our Santana Cilantro fits in the box with both wheels in place. We had fun deciding on an appropriate license plate for it.



We recently went on our vacation, a trip through Arizona and Colorado. Even though we only rode about 6 days out of the two weeks, we had a lot of fun. For us, the best riding we found was in the spectacular mountains around Telluride, CO. The rides were challenging, mainly due to the altitude. Telluride is about 9,000' above sea level, and many trails go up to over 13,000'. The incredible scenery around every bend in the trails made up for the burning in our legs. I would highly recommend this area for any TCA members who are looking for some first class mountain tandeming. Telluride is a great place to ride!

Best Wishes,  
Willard Wheeler  
Evie Porter  
Upland, CA



*Bill Wheeler on the Last Dollar Road NW of Telluride, CO*

Dear Doubletalk,

I cannot believe that we let our subscription expire. My stoker asked me the other day, "Where's our issue of Doubletalk?" I said I didn't know, did you send in the renewal? She said, "No. Didn't you?" Well, you know the rest. We really enjoy getting the magazine and reading about the tours that different people have gone on. We do get a little envious at times.

Going from Merced, CA, to Caledonia, MN, is not a long trip, compared to many of the stories that we have read in your magazine, but that is our goal, a dream ride we plan on making someday. When we do, hopefully there will be some interesting stories that we can pass on to our fellow tandemers.

Many Happy Miles to All  
Gary and Marlyn Tessmer  
Merced, CA





Dear Doubletalk,

We let our membership lapse last January because we were moving, but we weren't sure where too. Rather than lose a number of issues to the post office, we decided to cancel it, planning to pick it up again when we knew our permanent address. We landed in Boise, ID, and it's time to rejoin and see what's been happening in the world of tandems.

We own a 1989 Fisher Mountain Bike tandem. We've been told that Fisher had contracted with Santana to build their frames in '89, and, whether that's true or not, or bike is a dream to ride! We took it to Europe last year, and we had the best time of our lives. We pulled a Burley trailer, which carried all of our camping gear. This left the bike itself quite light. We were quite a sight to the Europeans, and we attracted a crowd everytime we took a break. We cycled for four weeks, and we only found three days of flat land. Mountain Bike tandems are the ONLY way for us to tour!

Sincerely,  
Dan & Peg Minnaert  
921 Houston Road  
Boise, ID 83706  
(208)-336-9504

Dear Doubletalk,

I am glad that we have joined the Tandem Club of America. My wife and I have been riding our double machine (tandem) for 8 years. Some months ago, we succeeded in purchasing a triplete, build in France in 1937. I am modifying it in order to ride with my wife and son (age 7).

In France, we have had a tandem club since 1987. It is named, "Amicale Des Cyclos Tandémistes." It publishes a magazine called "Duocipéde" four times a year. The next issue will be number 14.

I really appreciate receiving the July-August issue, and am looking forward to receiving many more. If I am successful in my conversion of our triplet, I'll

try to write an article for Doubletalk, but I shall need the help of the Editors because it is not easy to write in a foreign language. (Editors: We're ready and willing to help in any way we can.).

In August I was in Paris on business, and I was amazed by the enthusiasm the tandemists ready to participate in this running of the Paris-Brest-Paris event. There were many Americans, some who had just finished the "Race Across America." This trial is certainly wonderful, but it is nearly unknown in France.

Thanks to Doubletalk, I will learn a lot of things about tandem cycling in the United States.

Very friendly,  
Charles Ardisson  
221 Avenue de Fabron  
Les Oliviers E.  
06200 Nice  
France

Dear Doubletalk,

We'd like to let you know that the name of the Rochester Area Tandem Society (the RATS) has officially been changed to the GREAT Society (The Greater Rochester Eating And Tandeming Society). We figured that it was better to be honest about what we do, since every ride we've done this year included a meal, either in the ride or after the ride. Anyone interested in joining the GREAT Society may contact us or Mark & Lynne Rakestraw, 59 Gold Street, Rochester, NY 14620, ph: (716)-461-9514.

Chuck Dye  
Bonnie Hallman-Dye  
288 Mulberry Street  
Rochester, NY 14620  
(716)-473-8041



Dear Doubletalk,

If there is any interest in starting a tandem club in the South Florida area, tandemists can contact us. If there is already such a group, how about letting the world know?

Ted Goodwin  
c/o B. Bambach  
961 NW 45th Street  
Pompano Beach, FL 33064  
(305)-781-9111

Dear Doubletalk,

I thought I'd send this note along with our membership fee. After 13 consecutive years of competitive rowing, I suffered a back injury last winter. In the quest for alternative exercise, my brother offered me his Trek single. Unfortunately, my wife had never shared my enthusiasm in athletic activity, especially rowing. So, when I was feeling well enough to ride, I hopped on the 12-speed and found it painless. Well, before long, I was talking bikes, not boats. And my wife was actually listening with interest. The major hurdle was still in front of us. That was, she was afraid of bicycles, especially the steering and shifting part. On a lark, I called around to Custom Bicycles in Vancouver, WA. There we met Harry and Lisa, proprietors of the shop and very much tandem fanatics. After test-riding four or five different tandems, we found a used Santana Arriva, and in July, we began tandem riding. In early September we did a 50-miler sponsored by the Portland Wheelmen. The journey along the Columbia Gorge was absolutely beautiful. Another plus was that we were able to ride with experienced tandemers, Jack and Carol with their Santana, for a good part of the way. Even the climb back up to Crown Point seemed easier than our training rides. Through a person I work with, we ended up with Russ and Rhonda's copy of the September-October issue of "Doubletalk". We have learned a number of things from just reading this

single issue. (And we still would like to know why Rudy and Kay roadtested the DuoSport with pedals 90 degrees out of phase when all the pictures we've seen show tandems in sync?) In any case, Mary Kay and I love riding the tandem, and she's even taken up solo riding on our daughter's mountain bike (because of the confidence she's built from the tandem riding).

Our letter would not be complete without a word on equipment. Probably the most significant modification we've made is the "hydropost" rear seat post. But the "fun" addition to our machine is our bell! People of all ages seem to turn their heads and smile when they hear "ding-a-ling" as we tandemly ride by.

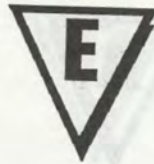
We hope to see some of you next year at the Northwest Tandem Rally!

Bill and Mary Kay Kalenius  
West Linn, OR

Dear Doubletalk,

Please renew our subscription for another year. We really enjoy the magazine. We have a Scwhinn DuoSport (white) which we bought in 1989. We are looking to upgrade, and we would appreciate articles on tandem comparisons. We have certainly been interested in the letters from other members concerning their travels. We hope to take a tour ourselves, and it's great to learn tips from fellow tandemists. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,  
Ellen & Ray Fuller  
3660 Bridgewood Drive  
Jacksonville, FL 32211



## HOW FAST DOES A YELLOW BUTTERFLY FLY?

Snow and ice is but a hazy memory by June in Maine. Some of the potholes in the freeze-thaw tortured roads have even been repaired. It is June 2nd. The early morning sun promises a warm, balmy day with no wind. We are out for a flight on the "Snow Goose." The Snow Goose is a venerable, rather sedate, white Peugeot touring tandem. The frame, fenders, and generator block are all that remain of the original tandem, but it is still our Peugeot touring tandem, the "Snow Goose." She is a gentle and forgiving bird which we thoroughly enjoy.

The other bird life today is even more active than the "Snow Goose." The redwing blackbirds are acting very territorial and showing their full epaulets now. Noisy and shrieking as we glide by, they look like small winged bullfighters flashing their red capes. It is early summer and time is slipping by. The air is so still that one hundred foot pine trees do not even nod at us this morning.

Marilyn and I are slowly coming to life. Deep breaths help us shake off the last of our winter memories. Quietly talking to each other, sometimes slightly through our feet, we ghost along the sun-dappled road. A new dog in the area is admonished back to his post by the side door of an old farmhouse.

We overtake a little yellow butterfly. It is flying at an altitude of about three feet and as straight as an arrow, or at least as straight as a butterfly can fly. The Snow Goose pulls up and we fly along together. This butterfly knows where it is going. Straight on up the middle of the road. Three feet and holding steady, on and on.

Suddenly a small blue butterfly, one quarter of the size of our yellow companion, launches a violent attack. There follows some tenacious aerial gyrations in shaking off the blue attacker. Loops and rolls spiraling down to a foot and as high as six feet take place. The Snow Goose slows for a bit and suddenly our yellow companion is back on station to our left at three feet altitude. We all proceed on to an unknown destination. We are

approaching a stop sign and an intersection that demands a right or left hand turn.

The Snow Goose pulls back to let the yellow butterfly tackle the intersection first. There is no hesitation. A turn right, a burst of speed for one hundred yards, and then a right hand turn into a beautiful little fen and out of sight. We glide by and resume our flight, having lived a perfect moment.

How fast does a yellow butterfly fly? Seven miles an hour, perhaps as fast as ten miles an hour, but exactly fast enough to get there when she had to be there.

Chet Gillingham  
Saco, Maine

## BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

We have a limited number of back issues of Doubletalk available to complete your collection. For each issue desired, send a check for \$2.50, payable to Tandem Club of America, to Jack & Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430. The issues you order will be sent to you either via first class postage (1-4 issues ordered) or via UPS (more than 4 issues ordered).

Issues still available:

September - October, 1991  
March - April, 1991

September - October, 1990

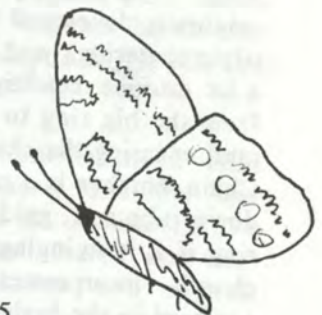
March - April, 1987

May - June, 1986

January - February, 1986

November - December, 1985

September - October, 1985





## SHIFT INSURANCE

Insurance is nice to have, especially for the unexpected. This year I needed some insurance after a couple of bad shifting experiences, caused in part by the changes in equipment over the last couple of years. Up until last spring, I had relied upon reverse-action front derailleurs for shifting the triples on my tandems. This meant that the cable tension pulled the chain down onto the granny ring, and that spring tension made the shift up to the middle and big rings. This was adopted because the spring and cage designs were not adequate for shifting a chain under pressure. Recently improved materials, designs and marketing have resulted in the disappearance of the reverse action front derailleurs, so this year I switched to normal front action front derailleur after almost 15 years of tandeming. Old habits die hard, and for 15 years, lowest gear was always pulling back (and up) on the barcon lever. Many times this spring and summer I shifted the wrong way. Instead of getting granny, Linda and I would be in the middle of a hill in a higher gear than we had started in. And if that wasn't bad enough, if I was able to shift off the big ring fast enough, we would sometimes drop the chain as it tried to make the double jump off the the 54-tooth down to the 32. This was not a pleasant experience for captain or stoker, and I ended up not trusting my shifting and hesitating, which made matters worse.

Shifting is best when you can do it without thinking about it, so I looked for some "Shift" insurance, and installed a Third Eye Chain Watcher. Third Eye has been making a very popular series of large plastic helmet mirrors for a number of years. The Chain Watcher is simple little device originally developed for mountain bikes, which use triple chainrings, and which tend to be shifted under a lot extreme conditions. Many of these shifts are from the big ring to granny double jumps, or with mud encasing the chain stays, rings and chain. The Chain Watcher is a curved ramp that clamps to the down tube and guides the chain toward the granny ring if it is swinging wide of the ring. The design cleverly incorporates a stainless steel hose clamp enclosed in the body of the Chain Watcher, and the entire assembly attaches cleanly and discretely in

just a couple of minutes. In a work stand, I tried about a dozen different ways to try to get the chain to drop off, but each time the Chain Watcher ramped the chain back to the granny. On the road, it has been an invisible piece of mind. We haven't deliberately tested it, but after about 300 miles of riding in valleys of the North Cascades, we haven't dropped a chain while shifting to the granny, and I am shifting again without hesitation or worrying about it. And that is what insurance is all about.

Jay & Linda Hardcastle  
296 Sudden Valley  
Bellingham, Washington

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## RIDE THROUGH HISTORY

### Pre-GEAR '91 Tandem Tour

Al and I had talked about British Columbia and Alaska or Germany and Czechoslovakia but we went to Virginia. What changed our plans? A letter from Elinor Aderton and Bob McKintosh. We'd toured Germany and Austria with them the previous summer on Bob and Linda Harvey's tour. The Blue Ridge Mountains sounded interesting. It might turn out to be a reunion of sorts. And so it did.



Bob and Linda came. So did Don and Carolyn Lane. Then, of course, there was Bob and Elinor, Al and myself. That accounted for four of the 12 couples - one-third of the group. Three were from New Hampshire, two from Massachusetts, two from Maryland, and one each from New Jersey, Ohio, Connecticut, Alabama, and Louisiana. A nice mix of old and new acquaintances.

I'd never been to Virginia except to fly over it. Now I would experience it on a bicycle, the best way.

The tour began in Nellysford, Virginia at the Acorn Inn, a neat place owned by bicyclists Kathy and Martin Versluys. Most of our group stayed in the air-conditioned converted horse barn but Al and I stayed in the main house. That evening Martin entertained us with beautiful slides of his grueling bicycle trip in the Andes.

After breakfast the next morning we headed out on country roads for a 1000 foot climb in four and one-half miles to Rockfish Gap at the beginning of the Blue Ridge Parkway. This was just a forerunner to a 1500 foot climb in three miles the third day, followed by a 12 mile downhill, then a 13 mile climb from the lowest point on the parkway to the highest, gaining approximately 3500 feet, only to get caught in a rip-roaring thunderstorm at the top and a rainy downhill to our overnight at Peaks of Otter Lodge.

There are lots of ups and downs on the Blue Ridge Parkway, also to get on and off it, but the scenery is worth it. Scenic views are frequent as are rest stops with facilities. The traffic was surprisingly light even on the weekend but this was June.

Virginia has some very beautiful countryside. Unfortunately, it does not have a bottle bill. One could not help but notice the litter. I can truthfully say that Budweiser is the most popular beer. Even the adopt a highway program does not handle the problem. Virginians arise! Adopt a bottle bill and clean up your beautiful state.

Most of our tour was hilly - but beautiful. Hills and scenery seem to go together. The tour was also historical. Virginia has a lot of history. We stayed in historic Lexington and toured that city. We also stayed in Appomatox and toured Appomatox Court House, where Lee surrendered to Grant. We visited Thomas Jefferson's Monticello



and James Monroe's Ashlawn. Later at GEAR we'd experience more history.

We stayed at a variety of country inns, bed and breakfasts and lodges, and one motel; all different, each unique in its own way. We ate well, probably too well. At Osceola Mills Country Inn we ate salmon steaks flown in from Norway. At High Meadows Inn in Scottsville we not only enjoyed our own happy hour on the back porch with beer and soda and snacks but before dinner we enjoyed a wine tasting, crackers and cheese on the patio. We lived well. We rationalized that after those hills and all that cycling we'd earned it.

I've lost track of the number of anniversaries we celebrated on the trip. Obviously, June is the month for weddings. Anyhow, we enjoyed more than one cake and many bottles of champagne.

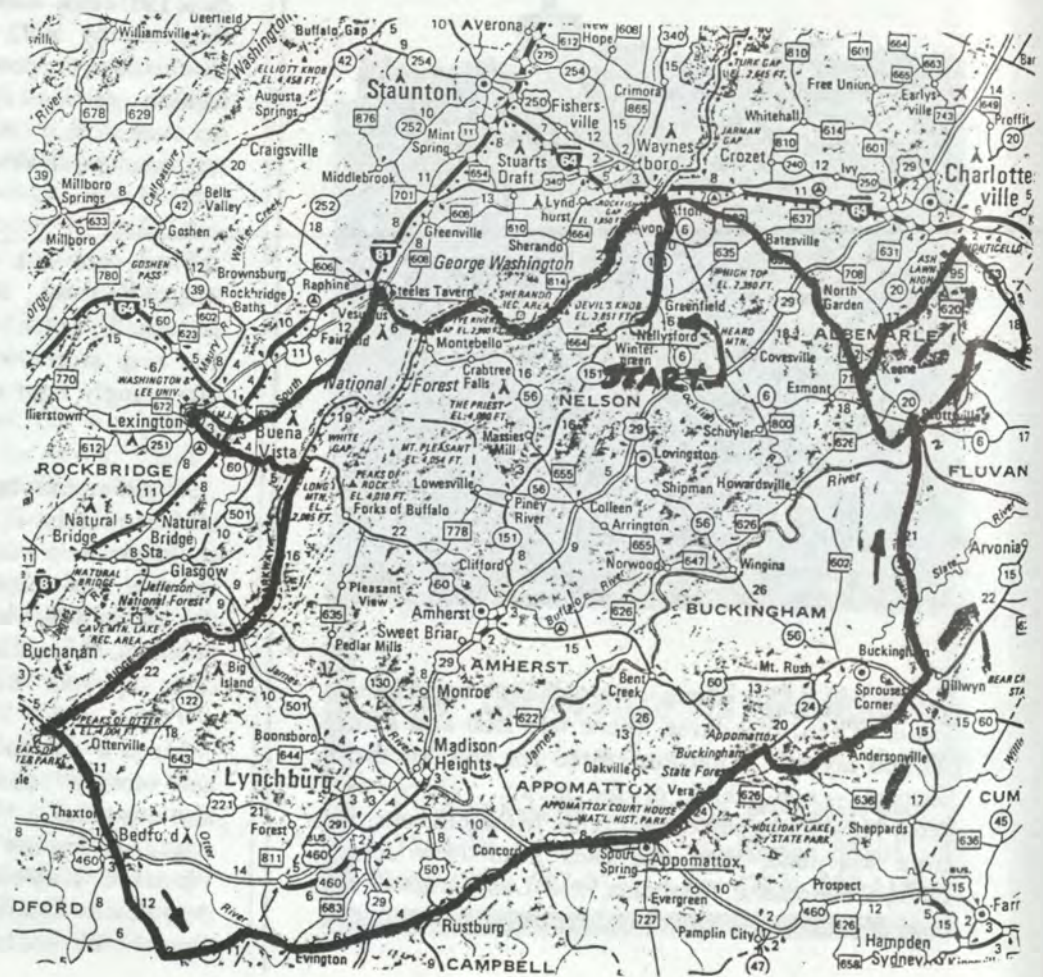
On our seventh and last day we bicycled 49 miles back to the Acorn Inn in Nellysford where we started. It was like going home again; we even had the same room. And after all the fancy foods we had been eating it was great to go back to our kind of food: vegetarian, whole grain, natural. Of all the places we stayed the Acorn Inn was Al's and my favorite.

Bob and Eleanor showed slides of last year's trip to Germany and Austria that evening and awarded us all humorous prizes plus a tandem tie-tack. We presented them with a gift, a puckish dragon emblazoned with a crystal, purchased at Peaks of Otter Lodge. We had cake and champagne and outside we set off fireworks. And the next day we took off for GEAR, more cycling, more eating, more history.

How far did we bicycle? Our odometer read 339 miles. Our longest day had been 64 miles, our shortest 24 on the day we drove the van. Each team drove the van a half day. Two sets of keys allowed for that. Generally, we bicycled around 50 miles per day.

It was a great trip, good roads, beautiful countryside, good company and superb leadership. We built muscle, increased our lung capacity, refreshed our previous knowledge of history, acquired new knowledge, renewed old acquaintances, made new ones, and covered new territory. And we Northerners have a new appreciation of the South and southern hospitality.

Marion Gorham  
Al Shane





## DETROIT WESTIN STAIRCLIMB OFF-SEASON TRAINING AND COMPETITION

Now that the outdoor cycling season is coming to a close (at least in some parts of the country), your options have just expanded to prepare for the upcoming year. The routines are all too familiar ... until now! Discover stairclimbing and its suprisingly superior cross-training benefits that several cyclists now add to their routines.

I did not recognize the similarity between spinning a chainwheel and climbing stairs until I met two crazy-looking females, dressed in leopardskin leotards, at the Empire State Building Run UP in 1988. (I'm still upset that my girl friend forgot to load the film in the camera that I borrowed while she was off in the women's room). These two hold the Women's Tandem 24-hour Cycling Record -- 422,518 miles. Not only do Patti Brehler and Patience Hutton climb stairs but they also convinced several Clinton River Riders that they should also give it a try. And try they did -- Sue Pavlat, recent RAAM finisher and tandem competitor is first in her age group in Detroit's 1990 Race to the Summit. Ms. Brehler is first female overall, completing 72 floors in 8 minutes, 25 seconds (the best time in the Vertical Mile - 1:34:04). Patti and Sue, with Sue's husband Jerry in tow, start their training season by climbing the 1760 steps of the CN tower in Toronto.

Training for a stairclimbing event is very similar to cycling. "Time in the Saddle (or on the Staircase)" is preferred, but many variations have proven themselves in several events held across the country where competitors converge. Stairclimbing machines, of course, are very popular and come in a variety of models. Some climbers do over 300 floors a day on these stationary machines. We all have our stories about "going nowhere fast" on one machine or another. Other techniques include using a staircase with or without an elevator to get down again, or to simply step on a box to strengthen the heart and legs (use a strong box, though). I caution the non-cyclist especially on going down the stairs. If done improperly, you may experience very sore quads the following couple days. Interval/speed training is popular (up and down stairs). Carrying

weights to keep your speed down and your heart up is not unheard of. Using your arms in climbing is very effective. If you like the winter outdoors -- go climb a hill!

If you want to find out more about this great off-season training sport, plan on attending Detroit's next stairclimb. The Westin Stairclimb, at the Westin Hotel, Renaissance Center, Detroit, MI, is sponsored by the American Heart Association of Michigan. (313)-557-9500 for more information. The weekend event is usually held in February. Over 1000 participants come to try to conquer the Summit in three different events -- The Race to the Summit (72 floors), the Vertical Mile Marathon (566 floors, 8 times up, elevator down), and the Fire Fighters' Team Relay Challenge (4 person teams, 18 floors each). A Club-sponsored team would prove to be a lot of fun, as well as catching up on next year's ride calendar. You'll be amazed in those "out of the saddle" climbs after a season of stairs.

Robert Dickieson  
Livonia, MI

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## SEATTLE TO PORTLAND A Classic Tour for Bicycles

STP, as it is known to many Northwest Cyclers, has been an organized 200-mile ride since about 1980. Steve and I rode our first in 1989. Normally STP requires pre-registration, but for the 1989 event, STP's tenth, an exception was made to attract 10,000 riders. It was the largest event we had ever participated in, by far.

We were anxious to try our custom tandem, purchased that spring in anticipation of this major event. Steve and I train both on tandem and on singles. We ride an average of 1000 miles (combined) in the spring, prior to STP. We wanted to be ready!

We boxed our tandem at the Portland train station (Yes, you CAN take it with you, if you know the secrets!), for the trip to Seattle. We went up two days early, so that we could spend a few leisure days in Seattle, visiting friends, and in general, just taking life easy prior to the ride.

On the day of the ride, we were up at 5:30 a.m., meeting another tandem team at a breakfast spot before riding over to the KingDome. With U-Haul trucks at the Dome parking lot, it is quite an event. There's music, balloons, Port-A-Potties, and endless cyclists. Riders can leave as early as 4 a.m., either Friday or Saturday. We were part of the "normal" crowd, and left about 7 a.m. The Seattle police are very helpful, directing traffic so that the first of ride is safely monitored, although this does make it very tedious because of the need to ride single file for the first several miles. On that Friday in '89, it was a gorgeous day, with brilliant sunshine. As the day and miles passed, it became apparent to us that it was too beautiful, as the weather was reaching record breaking temperatures in the high 90's. We live in eastern OR, where that also can be the case; however, we were counting on cooler weather closer to the coast.

The first day's ride ended in Chehalis, WA. At the end of the 100 miles, we found our gear and rode to our hosts' home. Because 2/3 of the riders

ride this 200-mile event in 2 days, rather than one, it becomes a great fundraiser for the smaller communities of central WA. These communities provide dinners, breakfasts, and host homes. We camped in the back yard of our hosts' home, and were easily "camped out" by 9 p.m., following a huge pasta dinner!

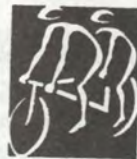
As with all multi-day rides that I'm familiar with, getting back into the saddle on the second day can be a painstaking experience, at best. Once a few miles pass by, it does become more bearable, but both Steve and I find a need to stand more often on this second day. The heat continued to soar, and oftentimes the smaller communities would shower us with garden hoses -- a most welcome treat!

One very nice part of this ride is the assistance and escort provided by the Gold Wings Touring (motorcycle) Club, the GWTC. At one point when I was captain on a long and fast downhill, Steve was stung by a bee. Stopping immediately, we were instantly greeted by a GWTC member who made sure we were okay.

Steve and I are the same size. Because of this, we had our custom tandem designed so that we could switch positions easily. We find this makes each of us better tandem riders, and lessens the need to verbally communicate about riding (we've been riding tandems since '84). On our '89 ride, we switched about every hour for breaks (especially water). At the end '89 ride, we found ourselves at a park near Lloyd Center, with a band and a gleeful crowd. We were amazed that we could find our gear in less than 5 minutes! The organizers had over 7,000 persons' gear alphabetized behind ropes, where you had to show your numbers to pick up your gear.

While I picked up our gear, Steve took a train to pick up our car. We were surprised at the number of folks in the medic tents, and we later found that the heat had affected several riders adversely.





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On our two-day journey, we completed the 200 miles in 16 1/2 hours of riding time, but, because of our stops, we were actually on the road about 9 hours each day.

We returned to STP in 1990. Our ride last year was much more manageable in many ways. We rode from our friends' house in NE Seattle, which added some mileage, but because the ride started on Saturday rather than Friday, the traffic was much lighter. The ride was limited to "only" 8,000 cyclists, which also helped some. The weather was overcast, and it rained lightly as we started. This rain kept the temperature to an unseasonably cool 65 degrees. Another unusual pattern was the headwind we faced. One expectation of STP is that it will be mostly downhill with a tailwind for both days. Not so in 1990!

At the end of the first day, we had covered our 100 miles in 6 hours, 45 minutes riding time/8 hours total. When we passed through Chehalis in 1989, we had reserved a motel room for 1990, anticipating treating ourselves to an air-conditioned room. Instead, we found ourselves anticipating the heater! We felt very much like we'd gone to the promised land, with a heated room and a real bed, rather a tent in someone's backyard.

Also, in 1990, we found we could change positions -- stoker for captain -- every 1 1/2 hours, saving some more time on the road. On the second day, we covered the 107 miles in only 6 1/2 hours. Our average speed for the 200 miles worked out to be 15.7 mph. We then rode an additional 9 miles to where we'd parked the car, as the 1990 finish was in north Portland.

Both 1989 and 1990 STP's were most challenging, enjoyable, and unique experiences. We found the riders to be experienced and very courteous. Most people in the small communities were friendly and very glad to see us. We can highly recommend this ride to anyone who takes the time to train.

Cate and Stever Evers  
1520 NW Clackamas Drive  
Madras, OR 97741



## DOG DAZE OF AUGUST

Yes, I'm ashamed to say that, even though I love and advocate riding tandems, I am the coordinator of a bike club with the word "Singles" in its name. South West Cycling Singles of Cleveland, OH, was founded in the mid-80's to provide a common ground for unmarried bicycle enthusiasts. In the years since, we have seen two marriages and many friendships arise within the club. It has now been two years since we opened the doors to all riders, married or single, but we have retained our original name to avoid confusion. For the last several years, Judy and I have been officers in the club, carrying out the week-to-week administrative duties as well as leading many rides.

All this said, it's not hard to understand why our tandem is the only one in the club. The group is still mostly comprised of single men and women, and thus far we have never had another tandem on one of our rides. To compensate for the slightly slower speed of the single bikes, I have installed several accessories on my '86 Gitane, the latest being the spinner. Don't be misled by the name, the spinner has nothing to do with pedaling fast. A spinner is a decorative device used in kite flying. Attached to the line below the kite, the spinner looks like a small parachute one foot in diameter that spins at a speed proportionate to the wind velocity. I have attached it to a fiber glass pole coming off the rear rack of our bike. The energy absorption characteristics have led Judy and I to refer to it affectionately as "The Drag Chute." The secondary benefit of the spinner is its bright rainbow of colors -- it provides some AWESOME visibility to the passing motorist!

I have also performed more conventional upgrades, the most outstanding being the SunTour Accushift system with barcons. Not wanting to lose my extremely low 21" gear, I installed a new SunTour freewheel with the same 30T large sprocket. Though the derailleur is not recommended for any sprocket over 28, the shifting is flawless. One important fact to note is that the French-made frame has enclosed small diameter cable stops with refused to accommodate the new non-compressible indexed cable housings. While I did switch to new

inner cables, I retained the old housings and still have attained excellent shifting for over a thousand miles. (Please don't take this as an endorsement of non-SIS housing: the author is known to be extremely lucky in situations like this.)

But this article is not about our tandem, but rather about a ride undertaken on the tandem. The ride took place one August, not too long ago, on a weekday evening. Judy and I were leading the club on a 20-mile ride into the hills of Hinckley, OH. The scenery of Hinckley is very pleasant, the roads are good, the traffic is light, the people are nice, the pizza is tasty -- and the dogs are loose.

Having been a reader of Doubletalk for some time, I had read (and remembered) the article introducing the Dog Dazer, an electronic, ultrasonic transponder that is meant to repel vicious tandem opponents in the event of an attack. And true to the article, after purchasing two of the instruments (tandem, remember?) the underground dog network transmitted our identities and bike description throughout the area, and we were never bothered by an obtrusive beast again.

This particular evening we were passing through the area marked by the legacy of the South West Cycling Ghost! In 1988, the group was trekking down this same road, but had become spread out. At the base of a long hill there is a beautiful picnic area, and since we needed to regroup, I pulled everyone in for a stop. After ten full minutes, we were still missing a pair of riders. Riding back about a mile, I came across our lost pair, pedaling along, but the girl had obviously fallen. When queried about the event, she was not eager to share the details of the event. Later in the day I was able to obtain the story from her riding partner: a ghost story if ever I heard one!

Rick and Gennie (you know that's not her real name) were getting to know each other (we're the South West Cycling Singles, remember?), and were thoroughly enjoying their ride. Suddenly when cresting a hill, Gennie looked up and saw THE CAR! THE CAR was in its own lane, coming



towards them, but there was no driver!!! And since THE CAR was moving slowly, maintaining a straight course and obviously not out of control, there must be a **GHOST** driving it!!! Needless to say, no human in this state of mind could possibly steer a bicycle, so Gennie went down in a tangle mess of flesh and frame. Luckily her only injuries were several scrapes, so she was able to look up to see the USPS vehicle as it drove on by. (Right hand steering, you know.)

Now let me continue the story of our August ride. As some members buzzed about Gennie's legend (she never rode with us again), we continued up the road. Little did Judy and I know that we were approaching the marked territory of Fido, the boxer/hound of State Road. We suspect that Fido used to be part of the underground dog network, but was expelled when he became a whistle-blower by turning in two of his fellow dogs who had uprooted the entire radish patch of Mr. Cornblume, Hinckley's gardening wizard. So as we led our group into the Land of Fido, he launched his attack. Being dedicated Star Trek fans, I gave Judy the commands necessary to arm phasers. It was a true education in canine anatomy when the Dazer was fired, as I had never seen a dog's hind legs attempt to continue along a straight path while the

front legs had already received the command from the brain to STOP. The neuromuscular dysfunction causes a dog to enter a "flat spin", not unlike the jet fighter in the movie Top Gun. "Very effective," I thought to myself as I tried to contain my emotions in a Spock-like fashion. Judy and I were trying to remain quiet, for Fido's owners were across the street, operating a roadside vegetable stand, oblivious to Fido's thwarted attack.

But not for long. As Fido lay at the edge of his yard, regretting his dismissal from the underground dog network, he started to regain his senses. I say started to, for his brain was not in full operation yet. This became apparent when he remembered that he was in the process of attacking, but could not remember the intended target. Not about to let that stop him, he dashed across the street, dodging the tremendous onslaught of bicycles, and latched his teeth into the pants of a vegetable stand patron. At that point, the group could no longer contain themselves at the sight of the perplexed owners gawking at their little angel, who was watching us ride away, making a mental note that he should lay off those new, unusual herbs growing in Mr. Cornblume's garden.

Greg May  
Cleveland, OH

## 106th ANNUAL LABOR DAY TANDEM RALLY AND RATHDRUM LIONS' CLUB PANCAKE FEED

**Labor Day, 1991.** The weather was great, the roads flat, and the traffic light for the Inland Empire's premier tandem event, sponsored by the Spokane Bicycle Club. This year, seven tandems participated, setting an all-time record for tandem attendance in the history of this ride.

The ride departed from its traditional starting point east of Spokane, WA. Local riders were joined by tandemists returning from North Dakota to Seattle. Nine single bikers also joined the group.

A wonderful tailwind blew the cyclists across the Rathdrum Prairie, resulting in an easy cruising speed of 23 mph, despite the gentle uphill tilt of

the terrain. Waiting for the cyclists in Rathdrum, ID, were stacks of ham, eggs, and pancakes prepared by the able chefs of the Rathdrum Lions' Club. After gorging on breakfast, the group meandered back along the scenic banks of the Spokane River.

Be sure to mark Labor Day, Monday, September 7, 1992 on your calendars. That's the date of the 107th Annual Labor Day Tandem Rally and Rathdrum Lions' Club Pancake Feed.

Ian Ledlin  
106 West 24th  
Spokane, WA 99203



## NEEDS TLC

It was April 19, and the classified ad read "TANDEM GITANE 10-Speed -- \$450." I had been thinking about a tandem for almost a year, and I had already joined TCA. Bambi and I spend most of our leisure time windsurfing, swimming, skiing, or sailing together, and we were looking for something else. There is a great disparity in our physical ability, mostly in her favor. This had never been a problem, but when it came to bicycling, it was different. I have been around bikes for many years, and I currently have a job I enjoy, one that I can pedal to. I was always so paranoid that cycling in traffic was too dangerous for Bambi when we were riding together; this fear always managed to spoil the pleasure for me. Maybe a tandem would be the solution.

I had collected some components and was pricing frames when I saw the ad. It was 6 a.m. on a Friday morning, and I was in a restaurant eating breakfast, having committed myself to helping some friends at a three-day marine flea market. I dashed to the nearest payphone and got an answering machine. Perhaps they are at work. Throughout the day I got away every couple hours to try again. To keep solvent, I hung up on the fourth ring to keep from tripping the answering machine. On my way home, I stayed off the expressway and stopped at every payphone. 7 p.m., and Bingo! A human voice, and yes, it could be seen at a storage complex that was less than 2 miles from my present location. 20 minutes, he said, and as he hung up, "The bike is about 20 years old.! Click!"

I had already said that I would meet him, but he had left me with the impression that it was a real sled. An hour and a half passed, feed another quarter to his answering machine, and I am ready to go home. They drive up. "The phone wouldn't stop ringing," he said. Outside the door and in the presence of his beautiful fiancée, he started to tell me about how he had acquired the bike, and all the places he and his first wife had been with it; and he hadn't opened the door yet! I was running out of patience, and I said, "I can listen and look at the same time."

According to him it had been in storage for 17 years, and the poor thing looked it. Most of the white paint was scratched, the front derailleur was kaput. There was a coating of black grunge that jumped on your skin and clothes whenever you got within three feet. In spite of all this, she was exciting. Cantilever brakes by Mafac, a beautiful set of alloy wheels, and an Arai hub brake. The cotted cranks didn't bother me a bit, because they are actually very strong and dependable, and the bearing races seemed smooth. I handed him \$450.00, and left him in mid-anecdote.

Home and it was up and into the work stand, new tires and tubes, get rid of the straight bars for the stoker, and get a proper set of drop bars. The drive train was SunTour, and I had an old, but good, SunTour front derailleur. The local bike shop cheerfully supplied a shiny new SunTour clamp-on outer cable stop to make it work. My parts box supplied a SunTour Accushift rear derailleur, just in case we decided to upgrade. It was two hours' work cleaning off some gross form of padding from the front handlebars. The captain's seatpost, once upon a time a lightweight shiny work of art, was full of pinches, and it took half a day to remove it without damaging something else. Back to the bike shop for a new seatpost. The stoker has a quick release seatpost clamp, but aha! There is one for the captain in the parts box, too. The thing that took the longest was cleaning up the grunge. It took a whole weekend to strip it down and wash the frame in preparation for building it back up. Three complete trys, and most of the skin on my hands and forearms, and it still wasn't squeaky.

It was while stripping it down that I got my surprise. There was not a trace of dust inside the brake drum. Just to make sure, I opened up the hubs while I was cleaning the wheels and mounting the new rubber. The bearings and grease were virgin. The bike had almost no miles on it.

Wrap the bars, new inner brake cables, several sections of outer brake cable, a pair of gel seats, a pump, a handlebar bag from the component box, adjust everything, and "GOSH, I'VE NEVER



RIDDEN A TANDEM BEFORE!" and Bambi had never even been near one! We resurrected the July, 1990 Mountain Bike Action, and read, reread, and read again the articles about riding tandems. After an evening of discussion about the importance of communication, and reminding ourselves of the perils of playing in traffic, we go up the next morning, put on our helmets, and rode it to breakfast. It was Love!

For a bike this old, the Gitane is rather impressive. Without accessories, she weighs about 41 pounds. The frame with its spaghetti laterals is slightly flexible, but we've been over 55 mph downhill without problems. The brakes are absolutely unreal, and I cannot understand why they were no longer being used. We have done some touchup, added a cyclocomputer for the stoker, changed to Accushift Barcons, and added a 6-speed freewheel. Now we are thinking about a paint job to combat the rust spots that are showing up, and adding some braze-ons.

We use the bike as much as possible, and are trying to work some long rides and events into our busy schedules. Along the way we got married because a good stoker is almost impossible to find, and I want to make sure I keep the best. Bambi is a German citizen, and we are thinking about touring Germany next spring. Florida summers do not offer much wind, but having the tandem on the rack, as well as the sailboards, gives us a healthy and fun alternative at the beach. I'm glad I was considering a tandem, and was in a position to take advantage of the opportunity. I also owe a lot of the motivation to the articles in Doubletalk!

## GITANE UPDATE

At the end of my first article we had just put our second hand Gitane together and started riding it. After a couple of 3-mile breakfast rides and an 8-mile tour of downtown Miami that included spectating at the first race of the professional Miami Wheels bicycle racing team, we entered a 50-mile Poker Run put on by a local bike club.

We were quite impressed by the turnout as there were about 40 people entered in the run, including

another couple on a beautiful Santana tandem -- a beautiful creation right down to the Shimano STI combo brake and shifting levers. There was another ride leaving about the same time that included a new Cannondale tandem. While on the Poker Run, we spotted 4 other Cannondale mounted duos.

We had planned on turning back at the turn around for the 35 mile trip, but we felt so good at that point we (foolishly) went for the whole fifty miles. We started tiring at about 40 and the rain that had been threatening all morning finally started, along with a fierce head wind. Although it hadn't been a race, most of the participants had motored away from us at high speed, and we were almost the last, barely finishing ahead of a couple on department store bikes. I want to congratulate the Broward Wheelman Bicycle Club for an excellent event. The checkpoints were manned by the nicest people with lots of bananas, brownies and cold water.

Examining the components on the bike I noticed that the rear hub brake was not an Arai as I had assumed (and written in the previous article) but a Brevete and very heavy. The rear wheel had only 36 spokes but they were heavy duty. The front wheel seemed to be a little heavy also, so to improve our performance I decided to try the superlight Rigida wheels off my antique Trek. A couple of neighborhood rides convinced me that this was the way to go as long as you were not heavily loaded. During a longer ride through Fort Lauderdale a couple of weeks later we hit some railroad tracks while moving quite fast and I had to spend 30 minutes alongside the road working on the rear wheel with a spoke wrench and a rock before we could limp home. That rear wheel eventually went back on the old Trek but still has a small flat spot in it. The front Rigida is a bit light but has worked perfectly so far and I found another lightweight front wheel at a garage sale for 50 cents, so my Trek wouldn't feel slighted. I had a 40 spoke triple cross wheel built, laced to a Maillard hub, which with 27x1 Michelin Hi-lite clinchers gives us a perfect combo for Florida riding, as we do not need a hub brake here. The original cantilevers with new Aztec pads are



unbelievable in terms of stopping power and control, even with both of them on the right hand brake lever. I would put the original wheels back on if we were to use the bike for touring as they are a little bit heavier but bulletproof. The hub brake is a blessing when you are on a long downhill. We have only used it once while coming down the bridge over the intracoastal on Rickenbacker Causeway in Miami. We were hitting over 50 and I did not feel comfortable using only the rim brakes as nice as they are.

After 4 1/2 months the only thing wrong with our having a tandem is our not having enough time

to spend riding it as much as we would like. I will go on for the time being upgrading it, (Rear rack and hooks for my old Cannondale panniers, handlebar bag with stereo system.) and trying to get ahead far enough to be able to do the touring we dream about. The biggest upgrade will be the repaint and although I think I will have someone else do it, I hope to add the needed braze-ons. I have no idea if decals will be available as no one I know can tell me if Gitane is still in business.

Ted & Bambi Goodwin  
Box 22771  
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33335

## NORTHWOODS "IRONMAN" TANDEM TOUR

There is only one way for a loaded tandem trip to go when you start out in the pouring rain and break your chain with you first pedal stroke . . . and that is UP! !! And up we went as our COW leaders, Paul and Flo Walker, and Jim and Karen Adams, led four tandems and two singles from Presque Isle, WI, into the Porcupine Mountains.

Our loaded tandem tour began on a Sunday in June, from the northwoods home of Jim and Janice Prochaska. The adventuresome couples had arrived the previous afternoon, and, given the prevailing weather conditions and warm hospitality, would have preferred a delayed start. However, if we had not listened to John Long's insprising " . . . LET'S DO IT!", we would have waited a week for the rain to stop!

The Adams' (Racine, WI), the Walkers (Wautoma, WI), and the Longs (St. Louis, MO) began planning the trip in February on a cross-country ski weekend that had had no snow. To alleviate our depression then, over the lack of snow, we spent many hours pouring over maps and making tentative plans, including nailing down the dates, a week in mid-June. We would carry camping equipment and clothing, but we would purchase our meals along the way at restaurants and grocery stores. By the time the tour began, we welcomed two additional couples: Irve and Delores

Hagen (Appleton, WI) and Steve and Helen Briske (Black River Falls, WI).

We began our IRONMAN tour with an Ironman distance of 100 miles. We travelled from Presque Isle to the Lake Superior shore with no mechanical problems, after we fixed our broken chain. We set up camp on the Union River and rode our tandems UP to the Lake of the Clouds. Day two was dedicated to climbing the Porcupines, and camp was set up in Wakefield after only 47 miles. Tuesday we were back on the Lake Superior shore at Little Girl's Point, and dodging rain showers down to Copper Falls State Park (approximately 80 riding miles away). Wednesday was blow-out day. The Longs blew a rear tire, and the Walkers blew out a front tire on the ride (race?) to Bayfield. (Average speed on the run from Washburn to Bayfield, which included two big climbs, was over 20 miles per hour.)

It was in Bayfield that the tandems temporarily parted ways. Paul "Ironman" Walker led his expedition out to the wilds of Madeline Island, to confront the bold "masked marauders" and to do battle with the rain and the black flies. The Longs and the Briskes opted for a motel with a fabulous view of the Apostle Islands. (The hot shower and the motel bed felt great!). The next day was a "rest" da, and the Longs and the Briskes rode to



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*bossa nova*

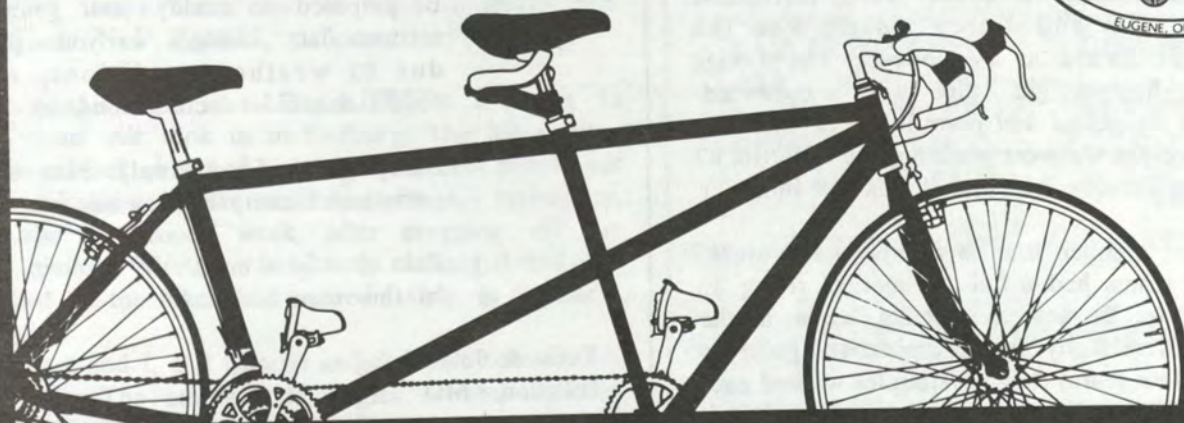
For those who opt for "first class" all the way. This innovative tandem is impressively light, fast, and responsive.

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the Red Cliffs Indian Reservation while the Ironman led his party on a tour of the area's gravel roads and hills.

On Friday, we regrouped for breakfast at Sandy's in Washburn, where the Walkers told us about the severe problems they were having with their bottom bracket. We limped into Ashland where Jim Adams assisted the local bike shop mechanic with the selection and installation of a mountain bike bottom bracket that we all hoped would work on the Walker's Santana (and it did!) The Walkers blasted out of the Ashland town limits with the Adams and the Longs at least a half-mile behind.

Our Friday destination was Clam Lake, where the event of the week is the fish fry at Jackie's. Every family within a 30-mile radius of Clam Lake was packed into the bar and restaurant for the feeding frenzy. Bicyclists were an oddity, and the proprietors could not understand why we wanted to "hang out" in the bar after dinner during the storm. After finally being kicked out of Jackie's, we swam back to camp and crawled into our damp sleeping bags for the night.

Saturday was an early and cold start to our next destination, the Turtle Flambeau Flowage. The rain had stopped, and we packed our wet gear for a great ride with sunshine and tail winds. We arrived early enough to dry out tents, sleeping bags, and clothes. The campground's hot showers (for 25 cents) were heavenly.

Sunday was our last day, and we began it with the trip's most unusual event: THE TANDEM WEIGH-IN. Jim and Karen Adams won the featherweight award at 87 pounds. The Longs clinched the heavy-weight title with a combined gear+tandem weight of 109 pounds. Then, knowing how much weight we were pushing, we rode the 47 miles back to Presque Isle, and the end of our tour.

The end of a super tour is always a sad event. The tandem teams had a full summer of riding to look forward to, as well as meeting again at the Midwest Tandem Rally. It was amidst the good-by hugs (and a few tears) that the couples wished each other good riding with the new tandem good luck phrase: "BREAK A CHAIN!"

#### TRIP STATISTICS:

Total Miles:	500+
Elapsed Time:	7 days
Geography:	Northeast Wisconsin, Michigan Upper Peninsula
Tandems:	3 Santana Sovereigns 1 Burley Duet
Unloaded Weight:	40 - 45 pounds, but who's counting?
Fuel:	14 dozen pancakes 7 pounds of potatoes 9 dozen fig newtons

#### LESSONS LEARNED:

1. Travel light. If you have doubts about needing something, DO NOT PACK IT! (Right, John?)
2. Be prepared for breakdowns. Most likely they will happen. Give the bike a thorough mechanical shake-down before the trip and carry tools and parts. If possible, have a good mechanic on the trip. (We were lucky, we had two. Thanks, Jim and Paul!). Also, know where the bike shops are along your planned route.
3. Plan for a rest day mid-way through your 1 week trip.
4. Be prepared to modify your route to accommodate changes in your plans due to weather conditions, road conditions, riders' conditions, etcetera.
5. Carry snack food (fuel). Plan on a carbo snack every hour, while you ride.
6. Rain gear is a must. We lived in ours on this trip.

Ruth & John Long  
O'Fallon, MO





## WHAT - A TOUR OF GERMANY, 1991

### Salzburg, Austria to Zurich, Switzerland

"Ver is das you going on farads?" He made a pedaling motion with his hands. He was young, maybe 25, but looked like a barrel with rosy cheeks. I was assembling our tandem in the parking lot of Gasthaus Greunerwald in Salzburg, Austria.

"Zurich," I replied, as I got up from tinkering with the tandem.

He looked puzzled. "Ya! Salzburg!" he replied, nodding approvingly.

"No, Zurich." I made the same pedaling motion with my hands.

"Ya, ya! Vienna!" he said confidently. He made the pedaling motion again.

"No, we ride to Zurich (more pedaling motion) from here. Salzburg, Zurich!" I don't know if he ever understood, but he seemed to enjoy the chat.

"Auf Wiedersein," and he walked off, chuckling.

*Guten Tag.* In late May and early June, 1991, my wife Janet and I had the privilege of spending two weeks touring with a group of ten great friends across southern Germany, courtesy of **WHAT**, Wylder's **Holiday Adventure Tours**. The proprietors, long time cycling friends John and Lyn Wylder, both have real jobs, but they also set up exotic cycling tours from time to time, to places like Ireland, New Zealand, and now -- Germany!

SwissAir took us to Zurich, where a change to Austrian Air took us to Salzburg. The bikes were sent a week ahead of time, because they would not fit as baggage in the small Austrian Air turboprop. It was an anxious week, after dropping off our tandem at SwissAir freight in Atlanta, until we heard all the bikes had arrived safely in Salzburg.

Janet and I, and Charlie and Anne Patterson, rode tandem. The others rode singles -- the Wylders; Doug Arnold and Nancy Jordan, long time friends

and members of the Southern Bicycle League; Jean and Charles Dukes, who were probably the first to do BikeCentennial from coast to coast on tandems with their three young children stoking (they took a friend and his tandem on that tour, to make three seats for their three children); Joanne Robbin-Selmer, who left behind an envious husband and their young daughter (and their tandem); and Doris Elfe, regular **WHAT** rider and shopper extraordinaire.

Our riding took us west of Salzburg, which is best known as Mozart's birth place, to the town of Rosenheim. Rosenheim is the home of *Fahradtechnik*, the bicycle shop belonging to Germany's largest Santana dealer. But we didn't know that at the time. Drat. Then on to Bad Tolz. The towns in Germany were celebrating Corpus Christi day while we were in Bad Tolz. Parades, traditional costumes and customs, and even a mass done in the *Platz*. By the way, *Bad* means bath, or spa.

The next leg took us to Weilheim, going by the south end of the Starnberger See, or lake. It was in the Starnberger that King Ludwig II of Bavaria drowned, along with his doctor, under very suspicious circumstances. It was the same Ludwig who, in the latter years of the 19th century, built the castle of Linderhof, and the magnificent

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Neuschwanstein castle, which was the model for the castle at Disneyland and Disney World.

From Weilheim, our route turned south to Mittenwald and the Alps. The ride toward the snow-capped Alps through lush German farmland, quaint towns little changed in some 500 years, was a spectacular experience. Every hilltop and every curve unfolded another postcard view.

In Mittenwald, we had a welcomed layover day. What do you do on Saturday in Germany? Shop! We took our rented van and drove to Oberammergau. That's the little town that has the Passion Play every 10 years and is famous for its some 400 wood carvers. According to local legend, in the 13th century, the villagers of Oberammergau prayed that their village be spared the Black Plague, which wiped out about 30% of the European population. That, and barring *any* outsiders into the town, spared the village. To give thanks, the people of Oberammergau have performed the Passion Play ever since.

Back on the bikes. Mittenwald to Fussen. We dipped back into Austria for most of the afternoon, and everyone had to get their picture taken by the



sign that said "Osterreich." It happened to be an unmanned border, sort of like going from Georgia to South Carolina. Have you ever seen a bunch of

tourists at the Georgia border (or any other border) getting their picture taken by the sign that say, "Welcome to Georgia. Have a Nice Day."? Fussen (pronounced FUSE en) is just another quaint German town with a whole bunch of great biergartens. Ho Hum, seen one, seen'em all. We rolled into Fussen to find the hotel closed. No one there. What? A glitch on a WHAT tour? No way! Our survival instincts took over, and we went to the nearest bier garten to wait for our tour leaders. They made it all better, and we had rooms for the night.

The next morning brought something we had not yet encountered -- cold rain. By agreement, and by luck of the draw (Oh, thank you, thank you!), it was Janet's and my turn to drive the sag van to the lunch stop where we traded off. It was still cold, but it was a good ride on to the destination of Lindau, a small island on the Bodensee. Our maps, expertly drawn by John and Lyn Wylder, had the words "MAJOR HILLS" on this part of the ride. They weren't kidding! A half hour on 10% grade is a bit tough on my 45-year-old knees. After a couple of those, we had the "Mother of all Downhills" into the town of Lindau.

The next day's ride was to take us from Lindau northwest through Friedrichshafen to Meersburg, mostly on bike paths winding their way along the Bodensee. Friedrichshafen was the home of Graf Von Zeppelin, and it was here that the great rigid airships of the 20's and 30's were built. But urban renewal, courtesy of the allied airforces in WWII, destroyed almost everything. Today, the Zeppelin Museum is contained in about 1400 square feet on the fourth floor of a downtown government building. Only a few pieces of actual airships exist.

Our blistering riding pace had managed to cover about 16 miles in two hours, so we elected to take the ferry on to Meersburg, which was a whopping 15 miles away. That was fun, too, but I think they ripped me off by charging me for two *fahrrads*, not one. I've since practiced my German for the next time, "*Mir, mein frau, ein fahrrad.*"

From Meersburg, there was a beautiful ride around the north end of the Bodensee, including a



fine meal at the water's edge. More quaint German towns. The destination was Konstanz, which is almost on the border of Switzerland. Konstanz was probably the largest town we had been in. Our last leg was to be about 50 miles into Zurich, but we woke up to another cold rain. John Wylder and Charlie Patterson shuttled the bikes and luggage in the van, and the rest of us took the train to Zurich.

Now that I've gotten the itinerary out of the way, we can get to the good stuff. What's it like to ride over there? How do you set up a tour like that? What did we eat and how did we know what to order? What are the accommodations like? Here goes.

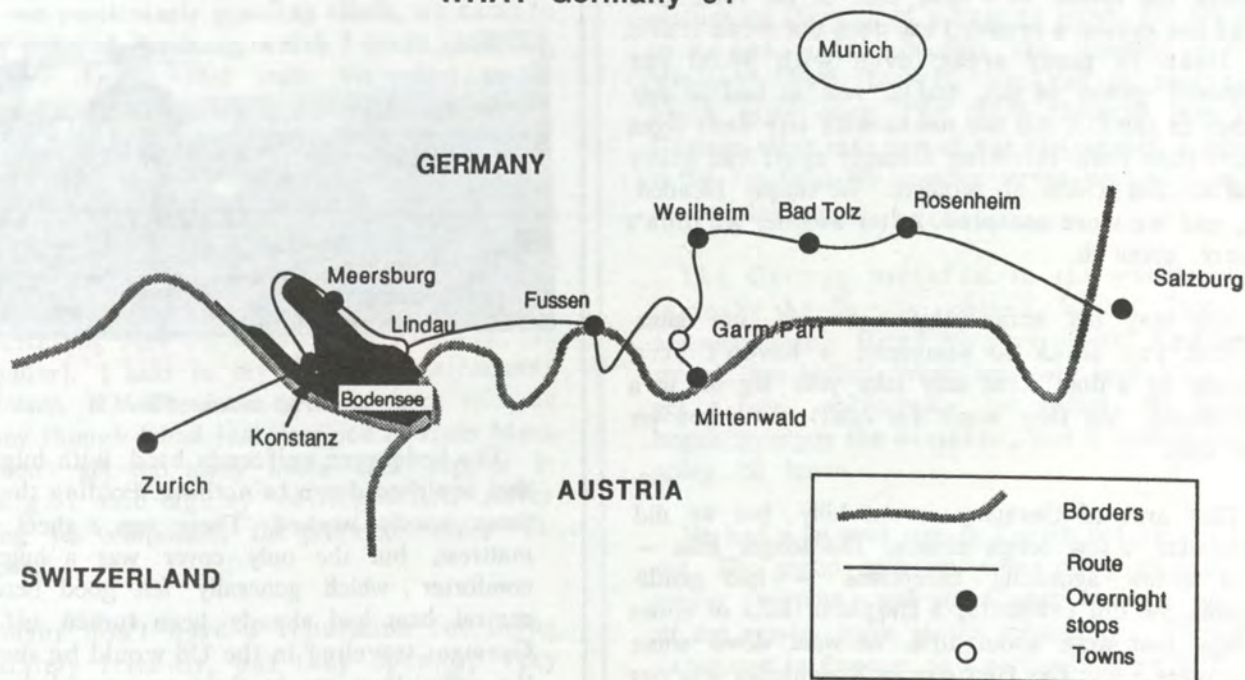
WHAT did an unbelievable job of organizing the event -- reserving our flights, renting our Ford minivan, securing lodging, drawing incredibly detailed ride maps for an area they had never seen, and finally shipping the bikes ahead of time. Months of work and planning went into this, and the result was a nearly glitch free trip.

Riding in the southern part of Germany and Austria is different from riding in the states. The first thing you notice is how neat everything is. The whole country is manicured. Fields are neat and tidy, yards mowed, flower boxes well tended, and there is no trash on the side of the road. You will *not* see a car up on blocks.

We never got lost, but navigation was a bit tedious. Our maps were well drawn, but there are a lot of roads and towns in this part of Germany. The roads are well marked, with signs indicating the next town on the road. Road numbers, as we're used to them, are scarce. It seemed that each town was in a contest with others to see how many signs they could stack on a pole, even if there was only one way in and out of town. So every time we rode into a town, there was a 'navigation party' by the sign. German towns are only 2 to 3 kilometers apart, so you can't make much time.

There are bike paths almost anywhere you want to go, particularly around the larger towns, and

### WHAT Germany 91





often between towns. The quality of these paths varies from fantastic to awful. Some are simply a sidewalk, but the curbs are lowered to about an inch at the intersections. If you don't hit'em too fast, you won't flat. If you do, you will. Some paths were paved, and these were a joy to ride. A few were dirt or gravel, but wer actually very rideable, even with small high pressure tires. In urban areas the bike paths often went into strange places, like through parking lots.

I only have two complaints about the bike paths. One is that they are designed for the average German utility rider, and are not well suited to fast (13-15mph) touring on tandems or singles. That's understandable, considering the former category makes up probably 99% of their use. Two, they sometimes took circuitous, hilly routes to the next town while the nearby road was flat and straight. Things conspicuously absent from German bike paths: skate boarders, motor bikes, broken glass, and thugs.

You also notice that motorists treat you with respect. They may be doing 125 mph at the time, but they treat you with respect. In over 300 miles of riding, only one motorist honked at us. They accept the cyclist as a valid user of the road, and give the cyclist a break. That does not mean traffic is light. In many areas, even with \$4.00 per imperial gallon of gas, traffic was as bad as any place in the US. All the towns with city limit signs more than rock-throwing distance apart had heavy traffic. But it was no problem. We simply blended in, and we were accepted. After awhile, we didn't worry about it.

You may not notice this right off, but after awhile you think to yourself, "I haven't been chased by a dog!" One may take your leg off in a restaurant, but they won't (or can't) chase you on the bike.

That area of Germany is not hilly, but we did encounter a few tough climbs. The longer hills -- with a few agonizing exceptions -- had gentle grades. We did encounter a couple of hills of about 2-3km that were about 10%. We went down some that were 13%. The first day in Rosenheim was our

longest -- 67 miles. Our shortest day (Lindau to Meersburg) was about 30. No matter how far the day's destination, we managed to take all day to get there!

The accommodations in Germany were different from what we're used to, but very comfortable. We stayed in what they call 'one star' hotels and *Gasthauses*. They were all clean, comfortable, and had their own bath. No down-the-hall bathroom stuff for WHAT, no sir! A few were first rate. Typically, the rooms are small, and there's a lack of places to put bags, helmets, and sweaty jerseys. Germans love fancy bathrooms. They are all tile and spotlessly clean. The color coordination was sometimes lacking, but we managed.

The weather was typical of Georgia in October. Cool, crisp mornings, with warm sun in the afternoon. Tights and a long-sleeved jersey felt good, and we started most mornings with a jacket.



*Phil & Janet Winter*

The beds were uniformly hard, with huge pillows that squished down to nothing. Folding them 2 or 3 times usually worked. There was a sheet over the mattress, but the only cover was a huge, down comforter, which generally felt good because the central heat had already been turned off. I think Germans traveling in the US would be surprised at the value they got in their accommodations here.



German cuisine is not particularly known for its flair or excitement, like French cooking, but I can honestly say that every thing I ate was very good. If you like meat, potatoes, and sauerkraut, you'll love it. I know what you're thinking. I don't like sauerkraut, either -- at least not the way it is cooked here. Over there, it is sweet, tasty, and doesn't pucker you up with vinegar. At every meal, out came the dictionaries.

"Hey, what is this *Leberkase* stuff?"

"Uh, wait, it's uh, liver cheese meatloaf."

"Eeeww!"

"Hey, Charlie! Order this and tell us if it's any good!"

At one lunch stop, there was a small blackboard out front advertising the special of the day, *fleischkase mit* something or other, which we deciphered into meat loaf with onion gravy. Yum! What came out was the biggest piece of Spam I ever saw. We ate it, and it was very good. We just didn't worry about what was in it.

Communicating with the waiter was fun. At the top of one particularly grueling climb, we came to the tiny town of Parsburg, which I doubt is on any map larger than 1:50000 scale. We pulled up in front of the only *Gasthaus* in town, but we weren't even sure if it was open. After consulting my dictionary, and rehearsing how to ask for lunch, I opened the door into what at first appeared to be a large kitchen. Three gentlemen, all in *lederhosen*, were sitting around a table, each with a *grosse bier* (A big beer. Germans don't have any hang-ups about drinking beer before noon, or 9:00 a.m., for that matter). I said in my best German accent, "*Mitgegessen, Ya?*" The look on their faces told me that they thought I had just dropped in from Mars. They don't get too many Lycra clad Yuppies in Parsburg. I said again, "*Mitgegessen?*" After regaining his composure, the proprietor said, "Ya, welcomen."

Germans don't have a reputation for being immediately friendly, but they open up very



quickly. When it became obvious that we could enumerate our entire German vocabulary on one hand, the proprietor explained the menu in charades. I pointed to an item on a particular page, and he ran his hand over the entire page, then grabbed each of his arms in the mormal "brrrrr!" motion. Cold cuts. Another page prompted him to touch a picture with one finger and jerk it quickly back.



German Couple with their Tandem

Hot stuff. We pointed to another item, and he looked around the room frantically. He spotted a picture on the wall of a hunting scene. He ran over to it, and made a motion like shooting a rifle. "Game?" "Ya!" "Deer?" "Ya, Ya!" A marvelous lunch experience. I've often thought that if a German went into one of our restaurants, I wonder if "Hi-I'm-Brad-I'll-be-your-server-person" would be so entertaining.

The German breakfast in the *gasthauses* is typically hard rolls, cheese, butter, jam, and assorted, thinly-sliced 'mystery meats.' And lots of strong, hot coffee. When we were lucky, we could get a tasty muslix-type oat cereal. We actually began to enjoy the breakfast, and it would keep us going 'til lunch.

We had a layover day in Zurich before our flight out. The group split up, some going to museums, others shopping, and some went walking on some of the nearby trails in the mountaings. Things are expensive in Europe, and particularly so in Zurich.



We paid \$7 for a Big Mac, fries, and a Coke. Another thing about Zurich. There's not a square foot of vertical concrete anywhere that does not have graffiti on it. Other than that, it's a pretty city. The train system is very efficient, and a trolley system runs all over town. When riding the trolley, you pay your fare by buying a ticket before you get on. When you get on, there is no one to check your ticket. The honor system. Think that would work over here? From what we're told, the penalty for *not* having a ticket falls into our category of cruel and unusual punishment. We made sure we had a ticket.

We had to ride about 6 miles in the rain to the airport from our hotel in Zurich. We could have shuttled everything in the van, but it was our last day, and everyone wanted to ride. No one



mentioned being shuttled. We had to bag the bikes curbside at the airport. Then, Swissair baggage handlers brought a cart and piled the bikes on it. At least our tandem was on top.

At the end of the tour, we gathered in a restaurant in Zurich, making rash statements about how we never wanted to go home, congratulating WHAT, and getting blubbery about what a great trip it was. Go home? Hell, no! Out of money? Hey, no problem! The conversation turned to what WHAT would offer next year. A tour of the Rhine? How about a tour of the St. Lawrence?

"John, next year, let's just pick up where we left off!"

Phil & Janet Winter  
Cumming, GA

## WHO DOES WHAT

**MEMBERS:** Write articles, draw cartoons, send letters, host rides and rallies.

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When you contact one of these volunteers, seeking information about the TCA and/or tandem activities in the area, please be specific. Many of these individuals are also active in other bicycling organizations, and a SASE with no questions asked may never be returned.

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## DON' T JUDGE A TANDEM BY ITS COVER

Cindy and I attended the Midwest Tandem Rally this past Labor Day in Waukesha (actually Pewaukee), WI. It's always interesting to see all the different tandems that come to these events. My wife (Cindy) and I serve as tandem consultants for a bike shop in Waterloo, IA. This part-time consultancy gives us the opportunity to ride several models from the "big three" tandem manufacturers. As you can imagine, we have a good "baseline" that we use to compare other brands against.

We started Saturday's ride alongside the prototype Trek T200 Road Tandem. Yes, Trek is considering entering the tandem market in 1992, and they have been showing off their prototype tandems. This one was captained by Brad Wagner, the head engineer and designer of Trek's tandem line (they're also prototyping an All-Terrain Tandem, but it was nowhere to be seen). His friend, Pam, was stoker. For the next 65 miles, I picked Brad's brain about the design features of the T200. My questions including tubing type (Tru-Temper), O.D.'s, wall thicknesses, fork rake, head tube angle, and top tube lengths. After that we discussed the merits of Plasma Arc Welding (PAW) compared to Tungsten Inert Gas (TIG) welding. I think this is the first US production bike to be built using PAW. Cosmetically, the prototype was comparable to TIG-welded frames, such as the Rodriguez Trillium (a new steel tandem from Seattle) or the Santana TIG-welded models. It certainly lacks the clean, sculptured beauty of most fillet brazed frames, such as my custom or the top of the line Santana models.

My preconceived opinion was that this tandem was overbuilt, and would ride like a dump truck. Boy, was I wrong! After jumping off my custom tandem at the end of the ride, we borrowed the T200 for a few miles. Granted, 2-3 miles on a tandem is not an in-depth road test, but I was very surprised that this design was as rigid as it was. I always look for a tandem frame that would make standing up on hills feel natural. This prototype tandem comes close. It felt as stable and as rigid as any we've ever ridden. The stoker's top tube (approximately 28" seat-to-seat on the 23/21 frame)

provides a comfortable riding position for Cindy. Even with this long rear toptube, the stiffness of this frame made it easy to maneuver at high speeds down rough, curvy roads.

The DiaCompe Hybrid model brake levers, combined with the DeOre XT cantilevers, allowed me to lock up and skid the rear tire. Not necessarily what you want, but also not possible on most other lever/cantilever combinations. Another unique feature we noticed was the Shimano Hyperglide Cassette hub as standard equipment. This is also the only production tandem to use this hub. Shimano doesn't make this hub in a model threaded for a drum brake, though, which may be a drawback. Also, to date, the width of the rear dropouts, made to accommodate the Hyperglide hub will preclude changing to a hub which is threaded for an Arai, at least without re-aligning the rear triangle. On the prototype, Brad had used a 36-hole front wheel and a 40-hole rear wheel, not your traditional tandem setup. These make excellent performance wheels, but a 48-hole option would be advisable for heavier applications.

This particular tandem was a prototype, so the specs are subject to change. Trek is planning on having a full production model available by February, 1992. If it makes it to the dealers' floor, this bike will offer another option for sport riding or touring.

And we certainly learned that years of studying the specifications is still no substitute for even a short test ride on the tandem of your choice. Judge a tandem on the road, if possible, not from a picture.

Russ & Cindy Dodd  
Cedar Falls, IA





## RACING THE BIG BIKES

Fourteen tandem teams competed in the inaugural Miami Valley Stage Race held in Dayton, Ohio on July 26-28. The 3-day, 4-event race included a one kilometer sprint, 11 mile time trial, 22 mile criterium, and 51 mile road race. Overall placing was based on points accumulated during each event. Teammates Bill Shook and Robert Jenkins wore the yellow leader jerseys all weekend long and posted a decisive victory.

The Miami Valley Stage Race (MVSR) is the largest U.S. Cycling Federation tandem competition east of Oregon. Inspiration for the MVSR came from the Duet Cycling Classic, a superb tandems-only stage race held by the Burley Design Cooperative. The MVSR invites single bikes to race in separate fields -- giving the solo riders a chance to watch some really serious tandem speed.

Racing started Friday night with the ultra-fast one kilometer time trial. The course was flat, straight, and shady. Accelerating the big bikes from zero to 35 m.p.h. proved to be a significant feat. Shook and Jenkins rocketed past the finish at 1:16.37, beating the next best team of Dennis Chiancone and Adam Liolios by nearly 7 seconds. Fractions of a second placed Dennis and Peggy Tresenriter at third.

Bright and early Saturday morning the big bikes warmed up for an 11 mile time trial. The course looped around on rolling and flat roads with several sharp turns. Nearly all the bikes were equipped with aero bars, and many flashed out with a variety of tri-spokes, disks, and wheel covers. Shook and Jenkins captured the fastest time with 22:56. Randy and Elisa Dull nabbed second place with a 23:38, and Andrew Coggan and Lisa Mendenhall took third place with 24:11. Miami Valley hometown favorites Tom Faulkner and Pete DiSalvo posted their best MVSR stage finish with a fourth place time of 24:34.

Late Saturday afternoon at the criterium starting line, Chief Referee Mike Hewitt exclaimed, "This is an awesome sight!" as he surveyed the tandem field. The 9/10 mile course was flat with seven

sharp turns. Adding to the action was the points race format -- sprints were held every other lap with points awarded to the top four finishers. Stage placing was determined by the number of points earned.

Shook and Jenkins used superior strength and bike handling to break away and take their third consecutive stage win. Seven bikes formed a chase pack and sprinted against each other for the remaining three places. The big bikes demonstrated big courage as they scraped pedals and often rode two abreast as they flew through the turns. Richard Gunther and John Walters took second place, and Coggan and Mendenhall snagged third.

Going into Sunday's road race, Shook and Jenkins held a decisive lead at 75 points. However, there was still a tight race for second between Coggan and Mendenhall (50 pts), Walters and Gunther (47 pts), and Team Dull (46 pts). The peloton cruised at high speeds on the rolling course. On the final lap, Dull and Dull attacked and broke away from the field. Soon after, Coggan and Mendenhall dropped a chain and after adjustments, they pursued the disappearing pack and their chance for second place. Catching the field, they hammered on through, and proceeded to chase Team Dull. The two lead tandems approached the finish line together, but the Dulls fell victim to a dropped chain, giving the win to Coggan and Mendenhall. Coggan and Mendenhall both shot their arms in the air as they crossed the finish line for a hard-earned stage win. Team Dull took second place and 20 seconds behind, Shook and Jenkins captured the field sprint.

Despite the inevitable exhaustion from racing four times in forty hours, there were a lot of happy faces at the final awards ceremonies. Six different teams received medals and plaques in addition to the cash prizes. All participants won the admiration of spectators and other racers for taking on the combined challenges of teamwork, bike handling, nerves, and brawn.

Some miscellaneous notes about the weekend ... 10 out of 14 bikes were mixed gender teams.





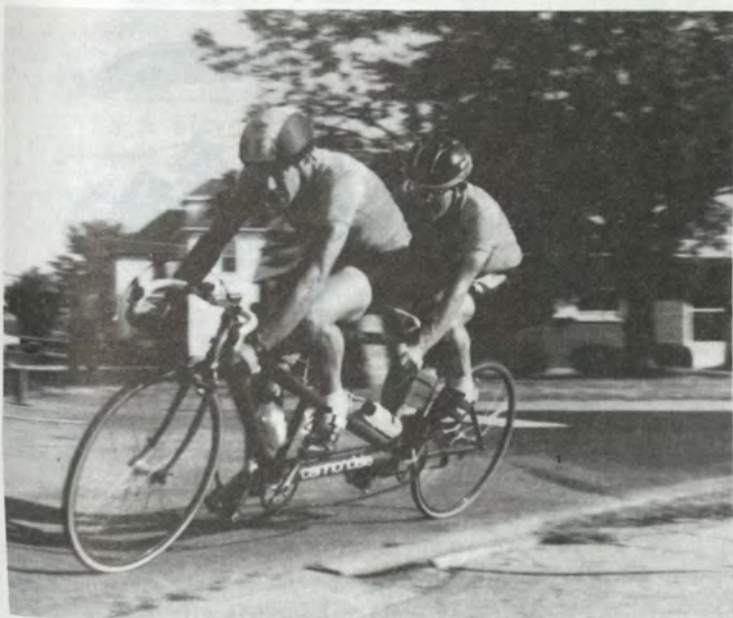
Wayne and Ruth Thais were our only father-daughter team. Several teams noted that racing really tested their tandem's performance. Nobody crashed.

To get an entry for the 1992 MVSR (when available) send SASE to: Miami Valley Stage Race, 6351 Adams Circle, Centerville, Ohio 45459.

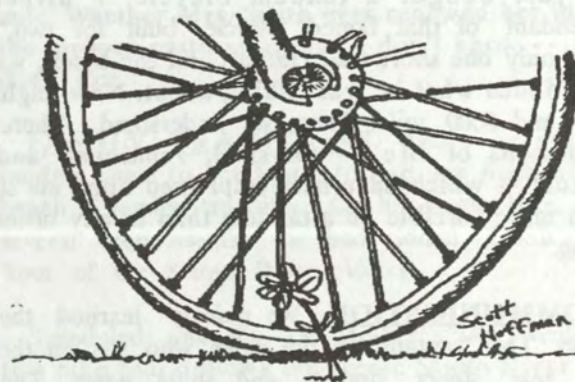
#### MIAMI VALLEY STAGE RACE OVERALL RESULTS

1. Bill Shook & Robert Jenkins
2. Andrew Coggan & Lisa Mendenhall
3. Randy & Elisa Dull
4. Richard Gunther & John Waters
5. Dennis Chiancone & Adam Liolios
6. Tom Faulkner & Pete DiSalvo
7. Dennis & Peggy Tresenriter
8. Kent Sante & Lisa Bailey
9. Richard & Jane Lambie
10. John & Ruth Long
11. John Lefelholz & Maxine Rantane
12. Richard Corfman & Susan Lehr
13. Curt Carr & Catherine Pugh
14. Wayne & Ruth Thais

Linda Clemens & Doug Barker  
Dayton Cycling Club



*Linda Clemens & Doug Barker*



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If your label says that you have "0 ISSUES REMAINING", pick up your checkbook and immediately send your dues to Malcolm and Judy.

The TCA does not send out renewal notices.



## TALES TOLD FROM A TANDEM

"If your marriage survives this," he said, pocketing our check, "it will survive anything!" We had just bought a tandem bicycle, a direct descendant of that famed 'bicycle built for two.' After only one short trial ride around the block, we had no idea what he was talking about. Now, eight years and 8000 miles later, we understand. There are lessons of life -- physical, relational, and spiritual -- which have been impressed upon me so much more forcible on a tandem than in any other setting.

**COMMUNICATION.** We quickly learned the jargon. The "captain" is the rider who sits on the front seat, steers, brakes, and shifts gears. The "stoker" is the one who sits on the back seat, contributes power and encouragement, and who can enjoy the scenery along the way.

Not many miles had passed under our high pressure tires until I began to realize the absolute necessity of communication. It began with the potholes. My husband, as captain, could see them perfectly well, steer gracefully around them, or brace himself for the impact. I, as stoker, could see nothing but my captain's handsome back. I had no warning that we were either going to swerve suddenly or else hit the hole. After some perilously unbalanced moments and regular stoker howls of surprise and pain, we learned that reading minds is even less effective on a tandem than in a marriage. Communication is essential.

"Bump!" he learned to say as we sped along the winter-roughened country roads.

"Thanks," I'd reply as I shut my eyes, braced myself, and held on for dear life!

**TOGETHERNESS.** To sync or not to sync, that was the question. Should we position the two sets of pedals so they were synchronized, that is, so that each was perfectly parallel with the other set? Or should we put them at an angle with each other -- out of phase -- so that when the captain's right foot was going down,

at the 9 o'clock position, the stoker's right foot was coasting through the 12 o'clock position?

It seemed like such an unimportant detail, and it looked so much better when we were both doing the same thing at the same time. But it didn't work for us. Pouring power into pedals in sync produced vibrations and frame stress. When we each 'did our own thing' with the pedals out of sync, our continuous power produced a smooth and steady ride. Too much togetherness on a tandem, as well as in a marriage, can cause problems.

**ENJOYMENT.** Our schedules were as busy as anybody else's, full of hurry, worry, and work; rush here, run there, finish this task, begin that task, what will happen? How can I cope? The really important things of life were getting swallowed up by the "have to's."

But we discovered that things looked refreshingly different from the seat of a tandem. At 10 miles an hour along country roads, there was time to enjoy the awkward steps of the new spring lambs, the





swooping grace of a blue heron, the curious gaze of a groundhog, and the giggle of a brook. There was a kindred soul on the other seat, several hours free from the noise and the chaos of life and a good clean fatigue in hard-cranking legs.

Life is too short -- and marriage is too long -- not to take time to enjoy!

**RENEWAL.** My husband is a pastor. Years ago he took up bicycling as a defense against the constant ringing of the telephone. It has provided him with a socially acceptable way of renewal and escape from the constant demands of the parish. It did, that is, until the afternoon Mrs. Smith happened to pass us on the tandem on our way out of town.

Mrs. Smith was the resident self-appointed critic of the congregation. (Every church has at least one!) So I wasn't too surprised when the chairman of the ministry commission called me aside a day or two later to tell me that he had received a telephone call from the irate Mrs. Smith. "She was so upset," he said, "that I'm not sure I understand what the problem is, but it had something to do with a bicycle."

"Oh, really?" I asked innocently. "What did she say?"

"She said something about seeing the pastor out on a bicycle in the middle of the afternoon, wearing a strange-looking helmet, a bright red jacket and shorts. 'Hardly the proper pastoral image, do you think?' she snorted." The earnest chairman looked perplexed as he reported the conversation.

"Well, my friend," I replied. "I have a question for you, too. Do you want to keep a good pastor for awhile yet?" He still looked perplexed, but nodded affirmatively.

"That bike-riding pastor of yours comes from a family with a history of heart problems. Bicycling is his way of taking care of himself. If you really want him around for awhile, my advice is to forget the image, consider the pastor, and keep this



complaint to yourself!" And that's exactly what he did.

We, decked out in our helmets and shorts, continued to ride, renewing our sanity with every mile. Whether Mrs. Smith ever renewed her idea of the 'proper pastoral image', I don't know -- and I don't care!

**FAMILY TRADITIONS.** Years before the tandem came to our house to live, my husband had begun a family tradition. On his single bike, with several men friends, he had ridden TOSRV, the Tour of the Scioto River Valley.

Scheduled annually on Mother's Day weekend, this bike tour follows the scenic Scioto River from Columbus to Portsmouth, OH. The beauty of the route, and the challenge of riding 210-215 miles in two days, makes it addictive. In 1976, on his first ride, Bruce joined about 2000 others in this Mother's Day Madness and he was immediately hooked. He has since infected each one of his family members -- and numerous friends -- with his enthusiasm for TOSRV.

Buying the tandem was his bribe to get me to go with him. As I observed the tour from the comfort of the inside of a car during one of those early years, I said, "That looks like fun. I'd go with you if you'd buy me a tandem." In less than a year I was eating those words!

Most children grow up harboring secret dreams of becoming rich or famous. For our boys, their dream was never kept secret: it was to get big enough to ride TOSRV! As toddlers they talked about it; as ten-year-olds they began to train for it. As teenagers, they could both outrun their parents, completing the tour hours before the old folks.

The pain of an arm broken the end of April by number one son was nothing compared to the disappointment of not being able to ride TOSRV that year. The first groggy words spoken by number two son as he came out from under anesthesia after a mid-April appendectomy were "Will I be able to ride TOSRV this year?" TOSRV had become a precious family tradition, binding us together by



giving us goals, memories, togetherness, and lots of fun.

**FLEXIBILITY.** The phrase "go with the flow" must have been invented by a bicyclist. With 150 horses under the hood, and encased in metal, you can go where you please, when you please, and as fast as you want to go. With only two legs to provide the forward momentum, and being exposed to the elements on a bicycle seat, you learn profound respect for the power of the wind, the wetness of the rain, and the challenge of a hill.

We learned, through much trial and exhaustion, how to "go with the flow" and cooperate with nature. We learned to ride into the wind when we were fresh and rested, and to let it blow us back home when we were tired. We planned routes that followed streams to avoid climbing hills. We discovered how to pace ourselves, cranking steadily, but not hurrying, and gearing down to conserve energy for the hard pulls. We've waited out countless rainstorms in convenient barns and, while waiting, learned to be flexible. Many a marriage, floundering on the rocks of inflexibility, might be strengthened on a tandem.

**GOALS.** I love to sleep in on Saturdays, but if we were going to be ready to ride 210 miles by Mother's Day weekend, we needed to train for it. Spring Saturdays were training days. I loved the riding, the scenery, the camaraderie of the training rides, and the satisfaction of having completed the training miles, but oh! How I love to sleep in on Saturdays.

Week after week, my 'bright and early' husband and sons tried to find a way to get me out of bed on Saturday mornings in time for training rides. Finally, one Saturday morning when the wind was from the west, they discovered the solution quite by accident.

"Where shall we ride?" asked one of the boys as I savored that last wink of Saturday sleep.

"How about heading west for some cinnamon rolls at Hardee's?" their father replied.

I was up like a jack-in-the-box! I love to sleep, but I also love to eat, especially cinnamon rolls. And that trick has worked ever since. Just mention "cinnamon rolls" and I'm ready to ride.

Miracles can happen, and the impossible accomplished, if the goal is sweet enough!

**ENCOURAGEMENT.** "No man is an island; no man stands alone," go the words of a famous poem. This woman is no island, either, and she learned very quickly that she doesn't do well cycling alone. Successful cycling, I discovered -- like connubial bliss -- is fueled by encouragement, especially when the going gets rough!

When the boys were small, and the rides were slow and short, their father and I gave the encouraging words: "Come on, you can do it." "You're almost to the top of the hill." "Only another mile to go" we would say.

As the training rides got longer and the boys got bigger, I discovered that the shoe was now on the other pedal. It was the boys who encouraged us. On those days when the water in our water bottles froze, the bike frame was polka-dotted with earth worms, and the rain sloshed down our backs and into our shoes, the struggle hardly seemed worth it. With every crank of our shivering legs we would think of our warm house miles away and fight the urge to turn around. The boys must have been mind-readers, for they would wait for us every couple miles in order to encourage us with their cheery words: "Aw, c'mon guys. Don't be such wimps!"

**LIMITATIONS.** Despite motivation, training, and encouragement, we discovered what every cyclist learns: what it means to "hit the wall." That means we, too, discovered our limits. For some it may literally be a brick barrier or some other sort of environmental clutter, such as a drain grate or a careless pedestrian.

For us, it was most often the physical or psychological breaking point that screams, "You are not omnipotent after all. This is IT!" The only possible reaction to "hitting the wall" is to stop.



Those throbbing legs need to rest; that exhausted mind needs refreshment; and that bruised behind requires tenderness.

But woe to us if we stopped too long. After about an hour, the rested legs, the alert mind, and the now-calloused tush all combine forces to try to keep us from getting back on that bike. "Hitting the wall," like those inevitable problems that come up in marriage, can become a permanent condition if we spend too much time nursing our hurts.

**PRIORITIES.** Our older son faced a dilemma. His senior prom was scheduled for Mother's Day weekend. Not that Mother's Day mattered to him, but TOSRV did, and the prom conflicted with that annual Rosenberger Rite of Spring. "To prom or to bike?" was his dilemma.

The previous year, he and his girl friend had gone "all out" for the prom. There had been the traditional lovely prom dress, the rented tux that didn't fit, and the flowers that matched their outfits. There had been pictures taken by fond parents and dinner out afterwards to round out this "night to remember."

What would he do this year? I wondered silently for a week. Finally I could stand the suspense no longer, and in the middle of a training ride together, I asked.

"Oh, mom, there's no question about it. We're both riding TOSRV."

"But what about the prom?" I asked.

"We did it up right last year," he replied breezily, "and once in a lifetime is enough to spend that kind of money. We'd really prefer to spend the weekend on bikes having fun instead of fitting an image."

Somewhere in our growing up together as a family, he had picked up some admirable priorities. A sense of satisfaction swept over me as we shifted into a higher gear to try to keep up with him.

**HEALING.** In 1987, exactly one month before TOSRV, our younger son had to succumb to the



surgeon's knife and part with a "hot" appendix. The disappointment that contorted his fourteen-year-old face was heart-breaking when the surgeon, responding to his question about TOSRV, said, "No. Bicycling certainly wouldn't help your healing process."

Four weeks later this recuperating bundle of energy dejectedly rode the first day's route, watching from the safety of a car while the rest of the family cycled. His envy was obvious.

As we wheeled into the first rest stop on the morning of the second day, we could see from the look on his face that his mood had changed. "Please, Mom, can I?" he pleaded as he motioned toward a sleek, expensive tandem parked nearby.

Waiting for us to arrive at the rest stop, he had fallen into conversation with the captain of that wonderful vehicle. His stoker, he told our son, had developed knee problems and would have to return home by car. The captain would like to complete the tour, if only he could find a substitute stoker to assist him. "Please, Dad," our son begged, "Can I?"

We looked at each other, remembering the surgeon's words spoken only a month ago. Then we looked at our son's ecstatic face. Fifteen minutes later, after brief introductions, the four of us -- on our two tandems -- were headed up the highway. It soon became obvious that we couldn't keep up with them on that magnificent machine. So, with a cheery wave and a promise to "take care," off they went. Our last fleeting glance of our son's face showed a look -- not of pain as the surgeon had predicted -- but of pure joy, a healing of the spirit which seemed to surge through his body as well.

**MEMORIES.** Such memories are comforting. This year, for the first time in fifteen years, it was impossible for us to keep our Mother's Day date with TOSRV. Advancing age, extra pounds, and chaotic schedules have taken their toll. An era is ending, and I can't help but grieve.

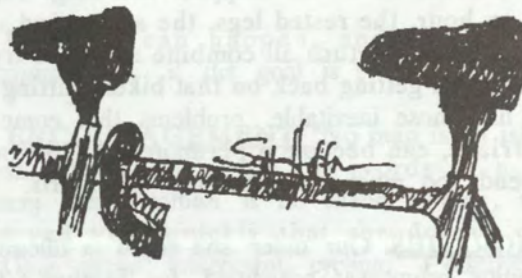
We do still have the tandem, however, and we still have our marriage. It has survived -- and been



strengthened -- by the hours and miles spent on that bike. In cycling and in wedlock, there have been headwinds, rain storms, steep hills, occasional arguments, and a fall or two, but we rejoice in them all.

We rejoice, too, in the physical and spritual strengthening over the years of our tandeming together. We've discovered that with a Divine Captain - or a Divine Stoker - in our lives, we never really travel alone. The guidance, the power, and the companionship for life's journey is shared with us by Another. In tandem with that Divine Friend, we know that we - and our marriage - can survive anything!

Mary Sue Rosenber ger  
Greenville, OH



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**FOR SALE:** Schwinn Paramount Tandem, 21x19 Men's/Mixte. Wife says, "One tandem is treat, but two is too many." Black with added braze-ons for cables and 4 waterbottles. Frame has been updated with oversized chrome-moly ATB-style fork. Campy headset, SunTour MounTech derailleurs and barcons. TA cranks. SC rims w/atom drum brake. Much more. \$675. An excellent beginner's tandem at a fair price. Call Mike at (304)-925-4925 (West Virginia). 11/91

**FOR SALE:** 1990 Burley Rock'N'Roll tandem, 20x18, Red. Arai drum brake, adjustable stoker stem, 4 waterbottle cages, Specialized gel saddles. Excellent condition. Asking \$1200. Contact Bob & Donna Lian, 58 Sherwood Land, Westampton, NJ 08060. Ph. (609)-261-5911 or (609)-727-6080. 11/91

**FOR SALE:** Tandem by Bill Boston. Captain should be around 5'11" tall, evenly proportioned, with approximately 33" inseam. Stoker should be short-waisted and about 5' tall. Saddles do not convey. Asking \$1500. Bob Dollar, (301)-694-2328. 11/91

**FOR SALE:** 1985 Santana Elan. 3 brakes, 2 racks, low-riders, fenders, and more. 15-speed, non-indexed. Bicycle has been ridden less than 100 miles and is in mint condition. \$1100. John Likins, 19 Roosevelt Avenue, Waterville, ME 04901. (207)-872-6161 (res.) or (207)-872-3289 (off.) 11/91

**FOR SALE:** Santana Arriva w/Sovereign parts pack. 60x55, Blue with Imron clearcoat. Shimano DeOre XT cantis, Modolo pro levers, Arai drum, Stronglight 106 TXT crankset, SunTour bar-cons and f/w. Fenders, racks, and Cateye. Over \$2300 new, asking \$1475. Jim Urquhart, 4521 Woodoak Drive, Kingsport, TN 37664. Ph. (615)-323-7749. 11/91

**FOR SALE:** Classic Schwinn Paramount, Blue. 22x19 Men's/Mixte, but plenty stiff. Campy hubs, seatposts, and alloy pedals. TA cranks (54/48/32). 27" Super Champion 36x rims and double-buttet 12-gauge spokes. SunTour barcons. Blackburn rear

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**FOR SALE:** 1987 Santana Sovereign, 24x21. Metallic grey, immaculate condition, ridden less than 1500 miles. Many extras included. \$2450. Al Heffernan, 5709 South Regency Court, Mobile, AL 36609. Ph: (205)-343-6871 01/92

**FOR SALE:** 1987 RODRIGUEZ tandem, 21x19. Metallflake Red. Double-diamond steel frame with fenders, f&r racks, Phil Wood hubs, BB's, and brake. Shimano SIS-compatible derailleurs, non-SIS barcons. Hydrapost for the stoker. 48-spoke wheels. Must sell. Asking \$2200. Call Bill @ 206-228-0653 between 5 & 8 p.m. Pacific time. 01/92

**FOR SALE:** Columbia Tandem. Mixte Frame, 26" wheels, upright handlebars, five-speed w/Arai drum brake, caliper front brake. Excellent condition. \$300.00. Gary Thomas, 2058 Thurmont Road, Akron, OH 44313. (216)-864-0910. 01/92



**FOR SALE:** Cannondale Tandem. 23x21. Black metallflake. Priced to low to publish. Ridden 12 times. Bike is too small for us. Tom Freeman, 5208 North Moore Road, Muncie, IN 47304. Ph: (317)-284-2405. 01/92

**FOR SALE:** Schwinn DeLuxe Twinn tandem tricycle. 15-speeds, differential rear axle -- \$400. Black Phantom tandem, w/knee action fork & horn tanks -- \$900. Schwinn Mini-Twinn tandem (20-inch wheels) -- \$200. Schwinn DeLuxe Twinn with childback conversion, 15-speed -- \$300. Custom recumbent tandem, similar to the Concept II recumbent tandem -- \$800. Tom Mossman, 13003 Herrick Avenue, Sylmar, CA 91342. ph: (818)-367-0852 01/92

**FOR SALE:** Custom Bob Jackson tandem frame. 23/21 Jade Green Metallic by Cycle Art. Also included are a set of 48-spoke wheels w/Phil Wood Hubs. Many extras included, but no crank, rear derailleur, seats, or freewheel. \$1200 OBO. Dane Clark, 22431 Caminito Pacifico, Laguna Hills, CA 92653. Ph: (714)-951-3191 01/92

**FOR SALE:** 1988 Santana Sovereign S, 56x53. White. Shimano DeOre XT derailleurs and cantilevers. Ultegra barcons. Campy Super Record cranks, Campy Aero brake levers, Campy Record 36-spoke hubs. \$2400. Charles and Linda McClary, 5853 South Handy Road, Bloomington, IN 47401. Ph: (812)-824-7487 01/92

**WANTED:** Large Bone-shaker bicycle in rideable condition. Write or call Brian Born, 621 East Carrol Street, Kenton, OH 43326. PH: (419)-675-6159 evenings or (419)-673-1060 days. 11/91

**WANTED:** Child Stoker conversion kit to fit Santana. Call Harry Spatz, 617-862-8290. 11/91

**WANTED:** Child Stoker conversion kit to fit Fisher Tandem. Cal or write Dave/Joy DeVoe, 6782 Millmark Avenue, Long Beach, CA 90805. Ph: (213)-422-7307 01/92

**WANTED:** Help rescue a 4-year-old from a Burley trailer. We're looking for a second tandem. Would prefer a Borthwick or a Santana w/25" front, short

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**WANTED:** Objective roadtests, with photos, of tandems by built by quality frame-builders. Send articles, photos (prints only), etc. to Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors of *DoubleTalk*.

**WANTED:** Volunteer artist(s) to prepare sketches, cartoons, and illustrations to Jack & Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Drive Birmingham, AL 35242-4430.

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**TWICE AS NICE CYCLES.** Tandems to make your life more enjoyable. Tandem sales, parts, accessories and service. Test rides or demonstrations by appointment. 46 Lakhota Crescent West, Lethbridge, AB Canada T1K 6J2. ph: (403)-381-6238 07/92

**ROCKFISH GAP OUTFITTERS.** Stocking Santana, Burley, Cannondale & Schwinn Tandems. Parts & Accessories. Owners Matt & Dorothy have been tandemists for 14 years. 1461 East Main Street, Waynesboro, VA 22980 ph: (703)-943-1461 07/92

**THE TANDEM SPECIALISTS!** Rodriguez custom steel, aluminum stock tandems, parts, hard to find accessories. New, large, complete catalog. Send \$2.00. **R+E Cycles**, 5627 University Way NE, Seattle, WA 98105 (206)-527-4822. 07/92

**TANDEMS, LIMITED.** Quality tandems from the USA and England. Many tandems in stock. Parts, too! By appointment only. Write for new pricelist. 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430. Ph: (205)-991-5519 09/92

**DISCOVER THE DIFFERENCE** Professionals make. 28 years of distinguished service and sales in north Texas. We buy, sell, trade new/used tandems. Burley, Santana, Specialized, Schwinn, Rodriguez, Fisher. **Richardson Bike Mart.** #84 Dal-Rich Village. Richardson, TX 75080. Ph: (214)-231-3993 09/92

**COLLEGE PARK BICYCLES.** Maryland's premier tandem specialists. Santana, Serrota, Burley, and more. 4360 Knox Road, College Park, MD 20740. Ph: (301)-864-2211 09/92

**DOUBLE THE FUN;** Rodriguez and Ironhorse tandems. Single Fun: Merlin, SR-Prism, Basso, and Ironhorse. **Southampton Bicycle Center**, 122 Brickyard Road, Southampton, MA 01073. Ph: (413)-527-9784 09/92

**ALUMINUM** Shipping cases for tandems or two singles. 1.25 mm thick, welded, riveted, and reinforced. Removeable wheels, padded, lockable, 38 pounds empty. **Dirt Road Design**, P.O. Box 1051, Norwich, VT 05055. Ph: (802)-649-3043 6-9 p.m. Eastern time. 11/92

Become a TCA Dealer Member! A \$30.00 membership gives you a one year membership in the Tandem Club of America, six issues of DoubleTalk, and a 30-word classified ad in each issue of DoubleTalk while you are a member. Send a SASE to Jack and Susan Goertz, Editors, DoubleTalk, 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430 for full information on the TCA Dealer Member Program.

**Rates for display ads available upon request. Send a SASE to the Editors.**



## TANDEM CALENDAR 1991 & 1992

November 8-11, 1991. **CRABS' (Couples Riding Around on Bicycles Simultaneously) Chincoteague, MD, Weekend.** A wonderful opportunity to enjoy the last four-day weekend of the year. Chincoteague, VA, is a lovely area just south of Salisbury, MD on the eastern Shore. The terrain is flat to rolling, and the rides are on lightly traveled country roads. Choose rides from 5 to 100 miles. Call Al & Ruth Schaffer. (301)-484-0306.

November 17, 1991. **CRABS' End of the Season Tailgate Ride.** Call Al & Ruth Schaffer. (301)-484-0306.

March 7-8, 1992. **Velo Club Tandem Tote Terrain** announces the return of the **ETORR (Eastern Tandem Offroad Rally)**. Carranza, NJ. Promoted by the Eastern Tandem Rally, Inc. Flat, sandy off-road tandeming in the South Jersey Pine Barrens. Bring your widest tires! Stay in local motels, party after we ride. SASE to Malcolm Boyd & Judy Allison, 35 East Centennial Drive, Medford, NJ 08055.

April 25-26, 1992. **Third Annual Alabama Tandem Weekend.** Huntsville, AL. SASE to Angi and Jerry Bukley, 416 East Clinton Avenue, Huntsville, AL 35801.

May 1-3, 1992. **2nd Annual Southwest Tandem Rally.** Hosted by the **HATS (Houston Area Tandem Society)** Palestine, TX. SASE to SWTR, c/o Houston Area Tandem Society, 4715 Jason Street, Houston, TX 77096.

May 16-17, 1992. **Wisconsin COW (Couples on Wheels) Tandem Rally,** Appleton, WI. COWS from other herds welcome. SASE to Tom Thalman, N-1583 Skyline Drive, Appleton, WI 54915.

May 23-25, 1992. **Seventh Annual Northwest Tandem Rally.** Albany, OR. Three days of rides through the fields and past the rivers of the Willamette Valley. For information, contact Stan and Marilyn Smith, 4100 Del Monte Place S.E., Albany, OR 97321-6209. Sponsored by the Mid-Valley Wheelmen and Albany Visitors Association.

September 4-7, 1992. **Putting on the RITZ (Ride Iowa's Tandem Zone) at the Midwest Tandem Rally'92.** Des Moines, IA. For more information, write or call the Des Moines Action Center, City Hall, 400 East First, Des Moines, IA 50310. Ph: (515)-283-4500.

September 7, 1992. **107th Annual Labor Day Tandem Rally and Rathdrum Lion's Club Pancake Feed.** Spokane, WA. SASE to Ian Ledlin, 106 NW 24th, Spokane, WA 99203.

Late June, 1993. **TANDEM WILLIAMSBURG.** For 1993, the ETR goes to Williamsburg, VA, site of GEAR'91. Stay on Campus at the College of William and Mary. Hosted by Team Friedman (VA) and Team Schaffer (MD). More information as it becomes available.

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The TANDEM CLUB OF AMERICA wants to list your rides in the 1992 TANDEM CALENDAR. Rally and Ride Organizers, please send the information about your 1992 tandem events to:

**Doubletalk Calendar  
Jack & Susan Goertz  
2220 Vanessa Drive  
Birmingham, AL 35242**

Please limit your TCA Calendar listings to TANDEM-specific events, or tours/races with tandem classes. Thanks. -- the Editors



TEAM M'GEE

*Happy  
Holidays*

### Dues

United States.....\$10.00/yr      Canada.....\$13.00/yr  
 Other International.....\$16.00/yr  
 All dues are quoted (and must be paid) in U.S. Dollars  
 Multiple-year memberships encouraged

### TCA Patches

Are back in stock and are available through the treasurers.  
 Send a check for \$4.00 for each patch ordered to the  
 Tandem Club of America

### Membership

Please fill out the membership form below and mail with a  
 check made payable to  
 Tandem Club of America  
 Malcolm Boyd & Judy Allison, TCA Treasurers  
 35 East Centennial Drive  
 Medford, NJ 08055

## TCA Membership Application

Member No. (Just above your name on your label: \_\_\_\_\_)

Name(s) \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (Including Area Code) \_\_\_\_\_

Tandem Make \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_

Color \_\_\_\_\_ Style \_\_\_\_\_

Amount enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Multiple year memberships are accepted at Dues Rate x Number of Years)

Is money included for a patch? \_\_\_\_\_



## Membership

Please fill out the membership form and mail with a check made payable to:

Tandem Club of America  
Malcolm Boyd & Judy Allison  
19 Lakeside Drive  
Medford, NJ 08055

## Dues

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Other International	....	\$16.00

All dues are quoted in U.S. Dollars