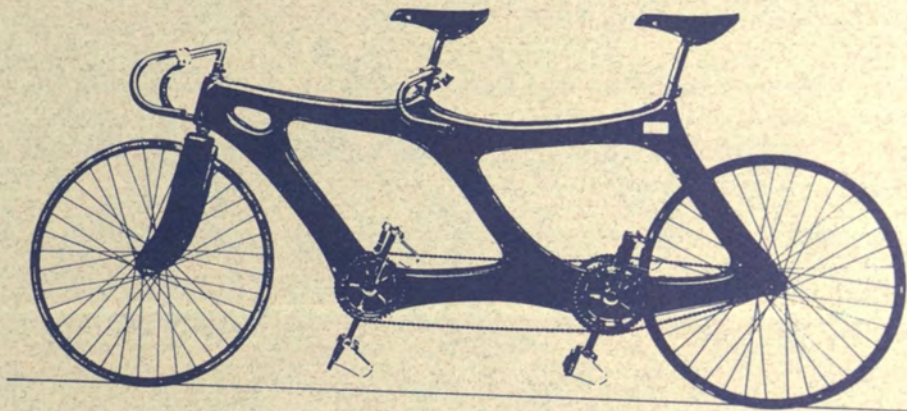


TANDEM CLUB OF A · M · E · R · I · C · A



"AN INTERNATIONAL CLUB FOR TANDEM ENTHUSIASTS"

DOUBLETALK



JANUARY-FEBRUARY
1992

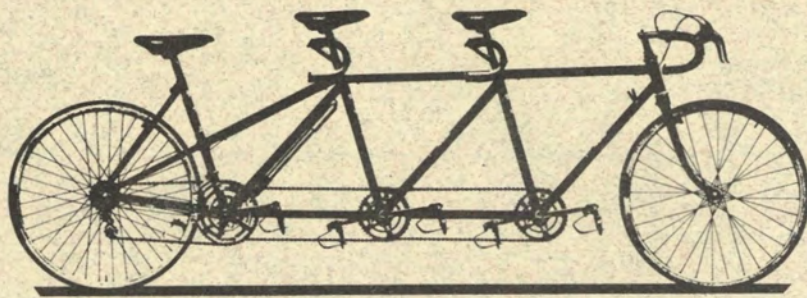
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the newsletter of the Tandem Club of America
Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors
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DOUBLE TALK

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DEADLINE FOR THE MARCH- APRIL, 1992 ISSUE IS FEBRUARY 1, 1992

FROM THE EDITORS

Whew! Is it 1992 already? Where does the time go? Perhaps we're getting older! And what's a New Year's Issue if the Editors don't get to practice a little reflective journalism on the year just past?

1991 was another banner year for the Tandem Club of America. Membership grew by about 40%, to close the year out at nearly 2200 teams. That's a far cry from the original 11 teams that started the TCA back in 1976, and a significant increase from the 1500 teams that were members last January. Tandems remained extremely popular, even without the spectacular coverage that tandems and the TCA had received in 1990. Sales of new tandems continued to grow, and a number of manufacturers showed new models to dealers at the annual fall shows in Anaheim, CA, and Atlantic City, NJ. Some of these will be on your dealer's floor early in '92, so ask!

Attendance at Tandem Rallies was at an all-time high, with rallies to choose from all around the world. It seems that tandem riders like nothing better than to meet with other tandem riders, exchange notes, ideas, etcetera, and then go ride! It is impressive to see crowds of 50, 60, 150, even 275+ tandems in one location! There are also a number of tandem clubs forming around the country, and all the existing

ones seem to be thriving, too. And that's exciting. As we learn more of these clubs, we'll keep you posted through letters and articles in DoubleTalk.

One idea that's being talked about is that the TCA (or rather, TCA Members) should host an International Tandem Rally in the United States, perhaps in 1994 or 1995. The ITR was established by members of the Tandem Club of the UK some four years ago, and it's continued to grow and move around throughout Europe. At this year's ITR, several attendees discussed the possibility of bringing the ITR to the USA in the future. We had a brief discussion with one couple who's exploring the possibilities while we were at ETR'91. We hope to learn more, as the possibilities are explored, and we'd like to be kept informed of any developments.

s. If you are one of the teams involved in this venture, please let us know, and keep us posted.

We'll soon be sending out the annual membership directory. We've chosen to

send it out under separate cover this year, so that we can send you more articles! We hope you enjoy this "bonus issue" this year (it may be a one-time fling, as it increases our work load here some 15%).

Marilyn and Stan Smith are still accepting suggested designs for a new TCA polo/golf-type shirt. If you are interested in having your design considered, send your idea (3.5" x 4" maximum) to TCA Polo Shirts, c/o Marilyn and Stan Smith, 4100 Del Monte Place SE, Albany, OR 97321-6209. Perhaps we'll have some new shirts to offer our members in 1992.

We hope your holidays were joyous, and that you are now ready to hit the road with your tandem!

See you on the road!





LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK



simply found ourselves just wanting to belong.

Most of our tandeming takes the form of riding two or three evenings a week, April-October, and longer day rides locally on weekends. We have, however, done quite a bit of touring throughout British Columbia and Oregon, besides taking longer tours in different parts of Britain on three separate occasions.

Having just had a sneak preview, so to speak, of what is planned for the Pacific Northwest Tandem Rally, to be held at the end of May'92 (ED: Actual dates are May 23-25, 1992) in the Albany, OR, area, we are now eagerly looking forward to attending this event and meeting as many TCA members as possible. As unbiased outsiders, we can only encourage as many of you as possible to be there to enjoy the wonderful cycling possibilities and what I'm sure will be a thoroughly rewarding experience. We hope to have two or three other tandem teams along with us from the True North Strong And Free.

I particularly enjoyed reading that wonderful and very humorous account of a Tandem Tour of Vermont in the September-October issue of Double Talk, an area we simply must visit one day. In the meantime, should any TCA members be planning to visit British Columbia, my wife and I would only be too happy to assist with suggestions for such a

tour and to offer any help once here.

Yours truly,
Misoko & Colin King
460 East 45th Avenue
Vancouver, BC Canada
V5W 1X4

Dear DoubleTalk,

I recently put a custom-made 12-32 Hyper glide Freewheel on my tandem. It is really an unbelievably better improvement. We can change gears while going up a steep hill quickly and quietly. It is very quiet riding and seems to be easier.

I found the ad for it by perusing the small print ads in Mountain Bike Action magazine. It wasn't cheap (over \$100). It fits any standard rear hub. This means you can Hyper glide with 48 spokes on a Phil Wood hub with a disk brake, etcetera, etcetera.

Yours truly,
Alvin Golub &
Gale Morse
1659 West 7th Street
Brooklyn, NY 11223

Dear DoubleTalk,

We've recently moved to the Pensacola, FL area. The central time zone is aggravating, but we hope to meet more tandem riders and go to some Florida events.

Dear DoubleTalk,

Just to let you know, you can now put us on one line in the directory: Barbara and Joseph Mautz.

We were married in August, just before we left for Paris-Paris on the tandem for the 2nd time (our first time was 1987 -- it's only held every 4 years).

Happy Holidays!
Barbara Mautz (which was Schillawski)

Dear DoubleTalk,

My wife and I have been members of the Tandem Club (of the UK) since 1977 when bought our Jack Taylor Tandem during a visit to my native Britain. Over the years I've often thought about becoming members of the Tandem Club of America. So though it's long overdue, please find enclosed our membership application. What finally prompted us to become members was a recent trip to Oregon where we spent a most enjoyable three days with Marilyn and Stan Smith and met up with some other very enthusiastic members of the TCA -- we



We really miss our Richmond, VA tandem buddies (Carol and Gary Goble) who are also TCA members and we hope they're okay. We love our Santana and most of Florida is flat so we're having a great time.

Will & Susan Council
5221 Soundside Drive
Gulf Breeze, FL 32561

Dear DoubleTalk,

Bill and I are planning a cycling trip to the Burgundy region (possibly the Alsace region, also) of France in September of '92. Rather than loaded touring, we would like to rent a minivan to move our bikes from base to base and then ride day trips. Having never done this before, I'm appealing to DoubleTalk readers for any assistance. For instance, are the benefits worth the hassle of taking our bike, can we even box a tandem, or should we take our singles, or should we rent over there? Any helpful hints for planning a trip like this, potholes to avoid? How about sights not to miss?

We've enjoyed reading the articles from other members, and hopefully we will have one of our own to share in a year.

Thank you for your assistance.

Julie & Bill Semmens
10214 North Forrest Drive
Peoria, IL 61615

Dear DoubleTalk,

My wife and I just received our first copy (of Doubletalk). We are recent tandem converts. This past August we purchased a Santana Arriva and have already logged over 800 miles on it.

Next summer we plan to ride across the US and, since we are still quite new to tandem touring, we are interested in hearing from people who have experience. Due to space limitations we are toying with the idea of pulling a trailer and would like to hear from people as to whether it would be better to pack front and rear panniers or to pull a trailer.

Sincerely,
Cindy & Greg Donaldson
705 Monroe Street, #302
Rockville, MD 20850

Dear DoubleTalk,

We sent in our membership fees in August, and we were anxiously awaiting our first issue. Then Jim and Hazel Gilman, who are members of our local bike club as well as members of TCA, loaned us several back issues of DoubleTalk. I feel like I have come home!

I wish I had tried harder to join TCA three years ago when we started our tandem search. Ah, well, at least we are together now. I can't believe how much we even talk the same language. There must be a "tandem gene" in the genetic makeup of tandem

owners/wannabes that, if ever discovered and isolated, could help solve the mysteries and tangled paths tandem seekers seem to universally encounter: stoker agony, who should be captain, how to hook up a child trailer, pedestrians' comments, hill climbing, and -- fortunately! -- the pure joy of tandeming!

We now have a 1991 Santana Sovereign, the natural progression for us in biking, from road singles, mountain bikes, and trailering children. Except for us, that translates to 10 bikes and one Burley trailer for our family of four, not counting the tricycles, the bike and trailer that we sold, and the bike that was stolen. What other frontier could possibly be left. . . Oh, No!! I see my husband looking in the Christmas catalog at --- unicycles!!!

Sincerely,
Nancy, Randy, Corinna (10) & Haley (6) Fish
Sacramento, CA

Dear DoubleTalk,

I was very glad to receive the November-December issue of Doubletalk. I will soon order more of the backissues for my reference library.

I have enclosed two cartoons by Jacques Faisnat. He is very famous in France. Each day he draws a cartoon for the first page of "Le Figaro" (a newspaper from Paris, with a distribution of some 200,000 copies each day).



Jacques Faisant is more than a cartoonist. He also bicycles with much enthusiasm, cycling some 5,000km - 10,000km a year, perhaps more. He has also written two humorous books about bicycles, in which the heroine is a young American woman named **Albina**. The title of these books are **ALBINA FAIT DE LA BICYCLETTE** (Albina practices bicycling) and **ALBINA ROULE EN TETE** (Albina drives ahead). They are published by Calman-Levy in Paris. I don't know if there is an English-language translation sold in America, but if there is, you will certainly enjoy the books. They are very funny and well documented.

I recently traveled to Milan, Italy, where I visited the "Salon of Bicycle." I requested information from the Italian tandem manufacturers (Rossin,



Bianchi, Atala, etcetera). When I have received it, I will write an article about that.

Very friendly ,
Jean-Charles & Catherine
Ardisson
Nice, France

Dear DoubleTalk,

We purchased our tandem in the spring of 1990 after taking test rides on a Schwinn DuoSport at the dealer and on a Burley Duet kindly loaned by a friend who had just received his. Eric's excitement was obvious from the beginning: now he can go on the BIG rides with everyone else.

After only 60 miles of training, we went on our first "BIG" ride. It was a 2-day, 150-

mile event for the Multiple Sclerosis Society out of Omaha, NE. The first day was 85 miles long into a stiff, constant, cold head wind. After arriving at our overnight destination we had only

enough time and energy to eat, take a quick shower, and pass out. The second day was not as difficult, but of course the winds shifted and the temperature again took it's time to rise.

We learned a lot that weekend. I discovered that Eric's needs for rest stops and warmth are very different from mine. Eric realized that although these conditions were on the extreme side, cycling was not going to be all fun and downhill.

In spite of this negative experience, Eric was still determined to ride. He set a goal of going on BRAN (Bicycle Ride Across Nebraska), a 7-day ride which my brother and I have done for the past 4 years on single bikes.

Knowing how tough BRAN can be, I decided to work up to the ride.

In July of 1990 Eric and I went on TRAM (The Ride Across Minnesota) which was 5 days, 250 miles. TRAM turned out to be a ride that only a cyclist would plan: moderate terrain, warm days, cool nights, good food, no mosquitoes, well sagged, well organized, and well supported, with only a little light headwind for a mild challenge. TRAM was sponsored by the Multiple Sclerosis Society of MN and they did a wonderful job, as did the overnight community hosts.

After TRAM and covering over 1,000 miles for the year, we had confidence that BRAN91 was



Look at the pale-face and his squaw. They are seated, however, they advance!



within our abilities. So this early spring (1991), we began our training with our June BRAN dates in our minds.

At times Eric needed a lot of prodding and even orders to mount up for our training rides, but once on the road, his mind was on riding. I tried to vary the course, go to his favorite food stops, and ride with other cyclists that he looked at for encouragement in order to keep his interest up.

And we developed a better understanding of each other through our constant efforts at communication. Eric's major objection was exhaust fumes, so I watched what I ate and apologized a lot for the backfiring of the captain's engine.

June came and BRAN started with nice warm sunny days without any major difficulties. I decided upon the strategy of maintaining our own pace, even if it meant we had to separate from our small group of friends. I knew we had 7 days and over 500 miles to travel.

Day 3 proved to be long but not overly difficult, considering we rode over 100 miles. This was Eric's first century and he was awarded the appropriate water bottle shower by his proud father.

But there were dues to pay. On Day 4 it was time to gear down and take care of business. The wind howled in our face most of the day and pushed at our side the remainder. I never thought that it would take us



longer to travel the 50 miles that day than it did the century the day before. At lunch I reminded Eric that this is the type of day that we put in all those training miles in preparation for, and that, just like the MS150 ride the year before, it may not be a lot of fun, but it was a part of cycling and will be rewarding afterwards. After lunch and the pep talk, Eric pedaled with a vengeance against the wind and mother nature, and we arrived at our destination tired, but satisfied with our accomplishment.

The remainder of the week had other challenges waiting for us; however, we completed the entire 500+ mile trip and we wear our t-shirts with pride.

This year we've compiled over 1,300 miles on the tandem, making Eric an accomplished

cyclist in my eyes. Next year we're looking into traveling to Wisconsin, and to attending the Midwest Tandem Rally in Des Moines, IA, over the Labor Day weekend in '92.

Riding together as a father/son team has it's own special rewards that we will never soon



forget. And even though Eric already has his sights on riding solo, I know that we still have many more miles and special moments to share ahead of us.

Len Szmurlo
Council Bluffs, IA

Dear DoubleTalk,

Below is a photo of our 78 Alfa with our tandem aboard. Don't know why people make such a fuss -- it's a lot easier than getting the bike into or onto the station wagon! Plus the trip to the ride can be as much fun as the ride, providing that it doesn't rain. Sort of a twofer for a twofer!

Thanks,
Goerge Postgate



Dear DoubleTalk,

In the November-December issue of DoubleTalk, Jay & Linda



Hardcastle sing the praises of the Third Eye chainwatcher. I agree, but would add the caveat that you must tighten it occasionally (say, every month or so). If it gets loose, the chain can drop under it, requiring you to either break the chain or loosen the chainwatcher to get the chain back onto the chain ring.

Greg May says that he has to use old-style gear cables because of the cable stops on his frame. The Third Hand (and probably other suppliers as well) sell cable end ferrules with a small tip on one end which accept a larger cable on the other end. A few of these would allow Greg to use SIS cables on his older frame.

David Wittenberg
Hudson, MA

Dear DoubleTalk,

We wrote the article "Don't Judge a Tandem by It's Cover" that was published in the November-December, 1991, issue. We wish to inform all TCA members that our article did not appear in its original form. We felt that the tone and facts had been misrepresented by the editors.

We especially want to set the record straight on the Hyperglide hubset. Trek has contracted Shimano to make a special 140mm wide hub, with 40 holes. The wheels will be built with 13/14 gauge spokes. The comment suggesting that Trek tandems may not make it to the dealers' floor



was not stated by us. There were numerous other such connotations.

Since our names were included at the bottom, it's natural to assume that the article was published as we wrote it. The editors' views should appear as a separate article.

We've enclose our original article in hopes that it will be printed as we wrote it.

Russ & Cindy Dodd
122 Parkgate Road
Cedar Falls, IA

ED: Yes, Russ and Cindy's article was edited by us -- primarily to expand a bit on some of the points about the Trek tandem. Any additions we made should have been annotated as such. For not annotating them, we are sorry. It is not our intent to offend any contributor or manufacturer, but it is our strong desire to present as much information as possible to the members of the Tandem Club of America. All points added to Russ & Cindy's article were checked and doublechecked against the best sources available at the time -- Trek and Shimano representatives.

Rather than reprint Russ & Cindy's original article, we've chosen to print a very comprehensive letter from John Platt, Trek's Ride Support Coordinator, and Brad Wagner, Trek's Tandem Project Engineer.



Dear DoubleTalk,

Thank you for the recent review of our new Trek T200 tandem. However, I'd like to review some of the changes that have occurred since Brad Wagner, our Tandem Project Engineer, introduced the prototype at the Midwest Tandem Rally.

Yes, Trek has entered the tandem market. We have already started production of all frame sizes of both of our two models, the T100 and T200. We expect to produce between 3000 and 4000 tandems for 1992. Our dealers, many of them tandem dealers already, will apply their experience selling upscale singles, and we expect that they will do a good job promoting, selling, and servicing these bikes. Trek is providing our dealers with additional support information through our Trek Trade newsletter and dealer training clinics prior to the availability of the bikes in February and March.

The model T100 "Double Cross" is a "hybrid" model, using mountain-style handlebars and controls, with Shimano DX and XT components, on wider 700c wheels to give a stable, comfortable ride. This is a great design for tandem first timers, and can be easily switched to a drop bar, road style if that is later desired. In addition, the T100 works well for light duty on gravel roads for those so inclined.

The model T200 "Fast Track" uses drop bars with top of the line Shimano XT components and even comes with Look pedals.



The T200 is well suited for the serious enthusiasts, whether it's touring, fun rides, or even racing.

Because the bike we showed at the Midwest Tandem Rally was a prototype, it had slightly different tubing specs than the production bikes have. The stability and rigidity that was raved about is even better with the correct tubeset. The cosmetic quality of both welds and the paint is much better on the production units. In fact, Trek's state of the art paint and finishing department was recently highlighted in a national trade journal for industrial finishers.

We'd also like to clear up some of the confusion we created by showing our prototype. First, we are indeed using a 40-spoke rear, 36-spoke front wheel system. After thorough testing, our wheel and rim engineer in charge of our Matrix rims (built in Wisconsin) found that with new rim technology, this is no problem. Our prototype actually had a 36-spoke wheel on the back, as we had not yet received our custom Deore XT 40-hole, 140mm spaced Hyperglide hubs at that time. Although we were riding on our tried and true Titan Tour rim (spec'd on the T100), the T200 will be delivered with our new Titan Tour II rim, designed especially with tandem use in mind.

For those who feel they'd like the security of a drag brake, Trek is offering as an option a 48-spoke wheelset with the Arai drum brake. Both tandems come with the braze-on fittings to



accommodate this. Trek will offer an adjustable stoker stem as well. Another note: for those who asked us for low-rider braze-ons on the forks, they will get their wish.

And lastly, just a note about Trek. With a large and experienced engineering staff, and the most technologically advanced bike factory in the world, we feel that we can serve the growing tandem market by providing new technology at an affordable price in the same way that we nurtured the interest of these same enthusiasts with the pleasures of high quality singles. We have dedicated a large area in our Wisconsin factory just to build tandems. We spent a lot of time and resources evaluating tandem design and performance. We worked with Shimano to produce custom hubs allowing Hyperglide shifting on tandems. We even spy on tandem owners by offering to fix their bikes for free at events like the Midwest Tandem Rally.

I hope this clears up any misconceptions we may have created about the Trek tandems.

Thank you very much for your time,
John Platt
Trek Ride Support Coordinator

Brad Wagner
Trek Tandem Project Engineer



ROADAGE FIG NEWTONS

Ingredients:

- 1 bag of Fig Newtons
- 1 plastic bag
- 1 tandem
- 1 rack trunk

Take 1 cellophane-wrapped package of fig newtons.

Divide into halves.

Break open a half/pack.

Eat 2 newtons, each.

Put the remainder of newtons into a ziploc plastic bag.

Rollup plastic bag and place it in the side pocket of your rack trunk.

Bake rack trunk for 3-9 months at 30-100 degrees, turning on its side (violently) at least once per month.

If there are any particles larger than a valve cap, replace and bake for another 3 months.

Enjoy remains!



TRUCE WEEKEND, 1991

First, let me say a big THANK YOU to John and Peggy O'Dell for a job superbly done in arranging the Truce Weekend in Stevens Point, WI.

On July 26, the COWS, LOONS, and CATS called a truce and met at Stevens Point, WI for a small tandem rally. The rally lasted from Friday through Sunday of that weekend, and I must say that it was a wonderful time for everyone.

Except for, probably, Gene Christensen. Gene, and his stoker of course, assert positively that they were unjustly accused of being lost and getting another group lost. The first story I heard was that Gene and his stoker wound up in Wasau when they were trying to follow the map made by John and Peggy O'Dell. The story I got from Gene is that a group of people at the Truce weekend were following someone they thought was Gene, who turned out to be just a biker going to Wasau. Now, in my opinion, if they can't tell the difference between Gene and a cyclist, they deserve to get lost. I feel that I must defend Gene whenever he is accused of always getting lost. Why, I know for a fact that he only got lost twice at the Midwest Tandem Rally.

We missed the ice cream ride on Friday night, but we were there with bells on for the Saturday morning ride. We met in the parking lot, where we saw the new revolutionary tandem built by John Shelton, from Chattanooga.

We were even given a chance to ride on it. The captain goes forward and the stoker faces backward, but as you pedal, the bike goes in the direction the captain faces. I really think this might catch on. I might like this because, on our traditional tandem, every time I stretch tall enough to look over my captain, I want to say something like, "Look out! There's a car coming!" or "Slow down! That's a wicked curve ahead" or "Shift now, darn it! Or we won't make it up that hill." It would be easier on my nerves if I looked at where we've been, rather than where we're going, because then I would know that we had already surmounted the feared difficulty....Hmmm, I wonder how many other stokers feel that same way?

The routes were terrific, over beautiful terrain. The maps were great, and you would really have to try to get lost. There was a little road repair just west of the hotel, but that was a small inconvenience, and it didn't seem to bother anyone. The high point of the whole weekend was the banquet Saturday night. I just cannot imagine anyone who would not have enjoyed that. It was a true gourmet delight with something on the buffet table to delight every taste. And then you get to the dessert table!!! Whatever you would like was there -- and then some things you didn't know you liked.

Sunday morning we awoke to rain on the roof, but by the time

we had breakfast and got down to the bikes, it had stopped and we had one of the nicest rides of the weekend. There were slightly rolling hills and beautiful countryside beckoning us. We just took off and let it all hang out. All in all, it was a marvelously well-planned weekend. Thank you again, John and Peggy.

Betty Panek
Racine, WI

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:

November - December, 1991
September - October, 1991
March - April, 1991

March - April, 1987

January - February, 1986

November - December, 1985
September - October, 1985



ICELAND BY TANDEM

Question: How does one avoid the heat and humidity of a Washington, DC summer? Answer: Travel by tandem mountain bike on Europe's most northern country, Iceland. I started to do the research for this trip over a year ago, but I became frustrated, then challenged by the lack of information on cycling in Iceland. Thanks to a few TCA members who were able to respond to my request for information published in DoubleTalk, I was able to compile enough information to determine that tandeming in Iceland was definitely possible.

On the last day of July, my wife and I, and our Santana Rio tandem (and it's four panniers and a Burley camping trailer), departed Reykjavik by ferry. We were accompanied by our daughter, one son, and a friend. Our immediate destination was a small town across the bay, where we were to begin our 550-mile tour, half of which was to be on unpaved roads. These unpaved roads proved to be better than I anticipated. I would categorize them as equal to the good dirt roads found in the eastern part of the USA; only where there was repair work in progress was there any problem. Fortunately this repair work was only for about two miles in two sections. Traffic was light, rarely more than 3 or 4 cars an hour, and, although there were no four-lane highways outside the capital (Reykjavik), the drivers were

always courteous. They gave us plenty of room when they passed.

On the highways, we were able to average about 15 mph, dropping to 9-10 mph on the dirt. We suffered absolutely no mechanical problems with the tandem; we didn't even have to put air in the tires during our two-week (actually 18 days) tour.



Geff & Lonnie Fisher

We did put on fenders before we left, which worked well on the few wet days.

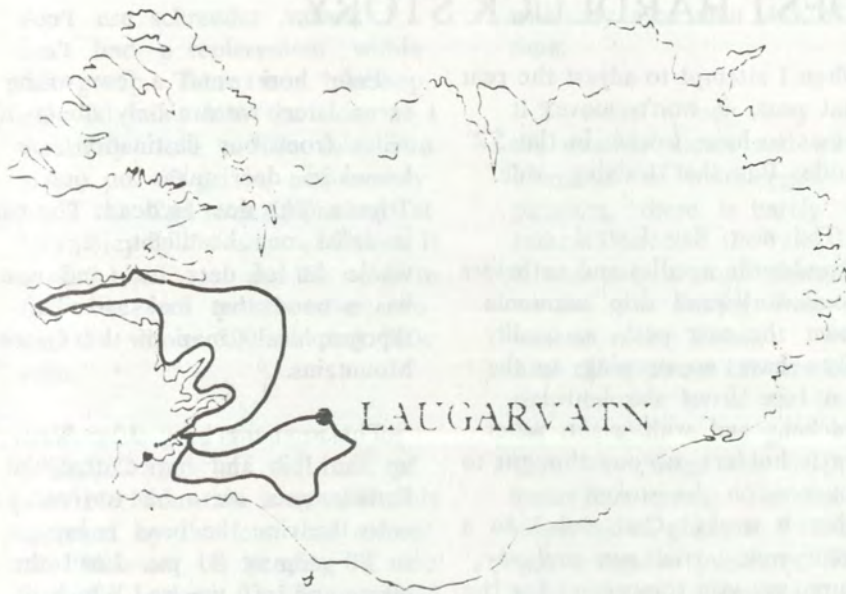
On the advice of other TCA members who have biked in Iceland (but not on their tandem), we camped out almost every night. Sometimes we utilized the designated campsites in towns, occasionally we camped in the wilderness (no shower), and twice we had a roof over our head. Hotels are expensive, and we used one only once after a rain storm when we didn't want to

fuss with wet tents. Food also is expensive, although it is available in every town, with a good variety to choose from. It was odd to see Newman's Own Salad Dressing on the shelves of a small Icelandic town with a population of 400.

English is the second language of the country, so there was never a problem making purchases or striking up a conversation. Icelandic comes from old Norwegian (old Norse), with some Celtic mixed in. For an outsider, it is an almost impossible language to learn, and I think they want to keep it that way. Before leaving, I called the embassy in Washington to see if there were any language tapes available. The answer was no, nowhere outside of Iceland.

Few Americans visit Iceland. Before the trip, everyone I knew thought we were crazy to take a vacation at a place where we would freeze to death. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Most of the time we were in shorts and T-shirts. The daytime temperature was in the 60's, and the nights, (which, because of the latitude, it was light until midnight, stayed in the high 50's.

We encountered many German, French, and Italian travel groups, some on bikes, but most were traveling by bus. A few were in rental cars (\$100/day). I can highly recommend Iceland as an



exotic place to bike. Nowhere else on this earth have I seen the air cleaner or the water purer than it is in Iceland.

I made a 40 minute video of our trip, and I would be happy to

lend it to any TCA member who is contemplating taking a trip there.

Geff & Lonnie Fisher
5013 Red Fox Drive
Annandale, VA 22003

Tandemercy:

What the stoker needs after too many steep hills

Tandemessy:

Too many mud puddles or dirt roads

Tandemethod:

The art and science of learning to ride and handle your tandem

Tandemile:

5280 tandemfeet

Tandemif f:

To offend your tandem

Tandemeasy:

A leisurely 64-mile hilly ride with headwinds all the way

Tandemoat:

Trench filled with water encircling castle containing a tandem

"TANDEMSPEAK"

The Lingo of the Tandem Enthusiast

Tandemitis:

Illness associated with loving your tandem

Tandemonium:

When all hell breaks loose with your tandem

Tandemount:

Act of getting onto your tandem

Tandemof f:

Act of dismounting from your tandem

Tandemean:

Attitude attained by lacking

time to ride your tandem

Tandemass:

Total weight of tandem and riders, or what happens to your butt from too much tandem riding

Tandemeet:

When more than one tandem gets together for a ride

Tandemenial:

Doing the basic chores of keeping up your tandem

Tandemerger:

When two riders get married on their tandem

Tandemint:

Breath freshener for tandem lovers/Place where money comes from to buy and pay for upkeep on tandem

Tandemania:

Being crazy about tandems

Tandemonial:

Statement declaring love and devotion to your tandem, usually reserved for during or after a long downhill

Dave Berliner

Reprinted from the GSW Pedal Talk by permission of the author



MY HARDEST HARDLUCK STORY

(Editors' Note: This article is a copy of an article submitted to IBIS Bicycles for a contest.)

My worst bicycle experience happened on a tandem, one of yours, for that matter. But before you rule me out of the contest, please consider three facts:

(1) I dearly love my Ibis Uptube -- I'm a satisfied customer.

(2) This would make my third tandem (you aren't losing a sale, cuz' no matter how much I would like to, I ain't buying another one.

(3) At no time can Ibis Cycles be held even vaguely responsible for this ride worthy of Dante.

This trip was so horrendous that in outline form it could run a thousand words.

It begins with my usual stoker calling me and announcing he's not willing to do back-to-back centuries in Vermont: TOSRV-East is a death-tour up Vermont's Route 100 through the Green Mountains to the Ben & Jerry's Stockholders' Openhouse (free Ice Cream!!!) and back. I punt: I call my sister's boyfriend. Okay, so Carl is 6'2" and the bike was made to fit my 5'2" ex-wife; so the most he's ever ridden before this weekend was 30 miles (and on an unloaded bicycle); so Carl hasn't ridden a tandem before. He's a bicyclist, and I am desperate.

Now I'm not stupid. We go on a test ride to see if it will work.

When I attempt to adjust the rear seat post, it won't move. It seems to have frozen in the 5'2" mode. Bag that training ride.

The next day I steal hypodermic needles and catheters from work and drip ammonia down the seat post, as quality bikes have no opening to the seat tube from the bottom-bracket, and with eight water bottle holders, no one thought to put one on the stoker's seat tube. It works. Carl and I do a twenty-mile trial run and say, "Sure, see you tomorrow" for the drive from Boston to Vermont.

The bike is on the roofrack. We are packed. We are zooming

down the highway with our belongings and front wheel stuffed in the back of a Toyota Tercel Hatchback. Life is Good! The sun is shining. The sun is shining on the front tire lying in the back of the car. "KA-BOOM!!!" As fine white dust floats through the car, Carl and I look for the damage done by a shotgun through the window. It becomes apparent that we have found a use for the spare innertube I carry religiously. It is also apparent that we are both somewhat deaf now. No problem. Just turn up the radio and continue to Vermont.

Four hours and a few wrong turns later, we are only about 10 miles from our destination. A kamakazi deer takes on our Toyota. The deer is dead. The car is down one headlight, up a whole lot of deer fur, and now has a hood that looks like a topographical map of the Green Mountains.

The next morning, I am setting up the Ibis and notice that the Fatboy goes on a bit too easily onto the rim: the bead is broken, so I'll stop at 80 psi. Load the bike, and off we go. Which is what the tire said to the rim after the first descent. "KA-BOOM!!!" I've already used the spare 26" tube, and, since quality bikes

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don't use schraeder valves, I can't find a replacement within this group. There is a bikeshop only 30 miles into the ride, so I creatively fold a 700c tube into place, put 60 psi in, and bravely head on. Carl was impressed at "Mr. Bicycle's" resourcefulness. It took 3 bikeshops and 50 miles to find one with presta tubes; we did the whole 200 on that 700c tube.

The fun and excitement of going 60 mph off the back of Terrible Mountain is considerably lessened by the fear that a front tire blow-out is pending if one uses the brakes. Carl is not at all comforted by my insistence that one cannot flip a tandem end-over-end, and envisions himself on the long lever arm of a two-wheeled catapult. Our knuckles go white each time the road surface gives us a rhythmic "bump, bump, bump," which is often when you consider Vermont's secondary highway system.

As we begin our ascent up Killington, TOSRV - Tour of Soggy Rainy Vermont - lives up to its name. As enough water for an Esther Williams' Film Festival cascades down Route 100, we, unwilling to lose our momentum, slog on alone, alone except for a paceline of salmon set on spawning. After waiting the rain out on the porch of a scenic General Store, we set off down the north side of Killington in a modest downpour. The acid-rain dissolves my sunglasses. Carl buries his face into my back, and hands his shades up to me. He offers them when he realizes we are doing 40 mph on wet roads



with my eyes shut 4/5 of the time.

To make a long story short, the weather clears and with the exception of waterlogged panniers, there is barely any remembrance of the rain. Barely. It was only a small sidewall cut on the rear Fatboy from an unseen rock. "Psssst." Now one nice thing about fat-tire bikes is they have a lot of air to lose. We roll until a sag goes by and then we change the tire, using their floor pump. The tire has a small bit of glass, so I thought it was a regular puncture. The sag goes, we go ... about 100 yards, and "Psssst!" It is now that the casing cut is found. We send words up to the sags, "We may be out of it." Patch, tape, boot, and prepare to pump it up with a virgin, custom-paint frame pump. 30 psi, lose pressure. 40 psi, lose pressure. 35 psi, lose pressure. I examine the pump. It has a little crack in the barrel. I wrap it with electrician's tape, and we are on the road again.

70 miles, 2 flats, 2 blow-outs, 3 bike shops, assistance from all 3 sags, and we are still going, although Carl, still remarkably strong, may be running on anger at "Mr. Bicycle" for being so unprepared.

Out of nowhere the first sag that helped me with the blow-out hands me a new tire and tube. I already have two tubes, but the tire is from God. I fold it up and continue, for about 500' until the boot slips. "Psssst!"

With our new tire, Carl and I roll onto Ben & Jerry's for the



11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Open House. Our arrival time: 5:15 p.m. We beg, plead, tell them our story, and finally they take pity and pass two Ben & Jerry's Peace Bars through the mail slot. I believe it was those Peace Bars that kept Carl from killing me then and there.

The next day we lose our Granny Gear. But compared with our first day's adventures, 100 miles of Vermont's finest on a tandem with no low gear is a pleasure ride.

Oddly, I now need a new tandem to fit Carl!

Steve Robins
130 Pleasant Street
Brookline, MA 02146

MOVING?

When you move, be sure to send Doubletalk your new address. As Doubletalk is mailed Third Class (Bulk Rate), the Post Office will **NOT** forward your copy. You'll miss out on all the wonderful articles, rides, and other good things in the magazine.

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TANDEM TOURING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

We've cycled in the Canadian Rocky Mountains for 25 years. We've ridden tandems in Europe, the USA, and in Canada for more than 40 years, and after recently seeing nine tandems in one day, we'd like to give you our ideas of an inexpensive and enjoyable way to tandem vacation in our beautiful part of the world.

We believe the best time to visit is between mid-June and mid-September, but even then the temperatures can range from very hot to very cold in the mountains, so "be prepared". It's also a good plan to have a low gear of less than 30 gear inches, and we recommend a hub brake, either disk or drum, in addition to your normal rim brakes.

Kimberley, British Columbia (our home), is a great place to start a tour. We suggest you drive here, then take the following rides enroute to Jasper.

Happy Hans Campground, Kimberley, BC -- (showers and swimming pool included) - on Route 95-A just north of the Montana/Idaho/BC border. From Happy Hans, you can (1) cycle a beautiful 60-mile circle via Wasa Lake (stop and swim), historic Ft. Steele Park (learn about BC's gold mining history), Cranbrook, Wyecliffe, Marysville and back to Kimberley; (2) drive to Ft. Steele and cycle over the Wildhorse River, past Peckham's Lake (good swimming), to Bull River (nice pub and a fish hatchery), then return to your vehicle at Ft. Steele via Highway 3 West; (3)

take a shorter 30-mile round trip to St. Mary's Lake. The campground is 2 miles from the Bavarian Platzl and Gardens, a ski resort with a golf course, condominiums, alpine slide, chair lift, mountain bikes for hire, and more.

Hoo Doos (2 campgrounds) on Highway 93/95 (near Fairmont Hot Springs). From this area, you can (1) ride south along the old highway on the west side of Columbia Lake to Thunder Hill Park, then return north on 93/95; or (2) ride the old road on the west side of Windermere Lake to Invermere (for a swim), then return through Athlone to 93/95 and south to Hoo Doos. This area is the source of the mighty Columbia River, and both rides are very scenic.

Radium Hot Springs - Redstreak Campground (Redstreak is a National Park camp, but the entrance is located just as you enter Radium on the east side of Highway 93/95). (1) Ride south on 93/95 to Windermere village and take a swim, or (2) pedal on 95 north to Spillimacheen (the gateway to the Bugaboo Alpine Ski area). There is also a hiking trail from Redstreak to the Hot Pools.

McLeod Meadows on Highway 93 in Kootenay National Park. We love the ride from here to Vermillion Crossing (or further to Marble Canyon), as there are so many places to stop. You can often see mountain goats, mountain sheep, coyotes, elk,

deer, and sometimes we've seen black bear, wolves, and moose.

Johnson Canyon (Highway 1A, shower facilities). (1) Cycle along the Bow Valley Parkway into Banff (last 4 miles on the TransCanada Highway 1, but there is a wide paved shoulder, and motorists are used to seeing cyclists on this stretch of road); or (2) follow the Bow Valley Parkway to Lake Louise Village. There are some great short hikes from the Johnson Canyon campground.

On route driving to the next campground, we recommend you drive into the Lake Louise Chateau area and take the short hike alongside the lake to the Six Glacier Teahouse. This way your tandem is securely locked on your vehicle whilst you leave the many tourists behind in the chateau area.

Mosquito Creek Campground on Highway 93 (the "Icefields Highway" to Jasper). Park or camp here and cycle to Bow Lake.

Columbia Icefields. On Highway 93 (2 campgrounds). From here, the cycling in either direction is breathtakingly beautiful! Be sure to call into the Icefields Exhibition building. Just south of the Icefields, you can trace our favorite walk up the trail to Parker's Ridge, where we often see ptarmigan (their plumage changes from white to brownish in June and July, amidst the snow patches). The parking area is on



the west side of the highway near the youth hostel.

Honeymoon Lake. Highway 93. Camp or park here, and cycle south to the Sunwapta Falls area or north to the Athabasca Falls.

Jasper (2 campgrounds with shower facilities, and there is a pool in Jasper townsite). (1) Cycle to Medicine Lake or further to Maligne Lake on paved, but some times narrow roads. (2) Take a loop down old 93A to Athabasca Falls, then back north on 93. We recommend that you take your vehicle on a short evening drive to Mt. Nurse Edith Cavellas. This is a VERY steep and winding drive. Jasper also has many tourist attractions, a sky tram, and more.



The above suggestions can be varied in so many ways. When you reach Kimberley, call the Travel Information Centre to get an excellent (free) map of British Columbia. They also have other leaflets for the immediate area. As soon as you enter Kootenay National Park, stop at the Information Office to pick up maps and campground information for Kootenay, Banff, Jasper, and Yoho Parks. You might like to stop over in Yoho Park on your return trip and cycle the road into Emerald Lake. Park your car at Field Village.

Bring all your canned drinks and foods (staples) and your ice chest with you. Don't forget warm clothes, comfortable

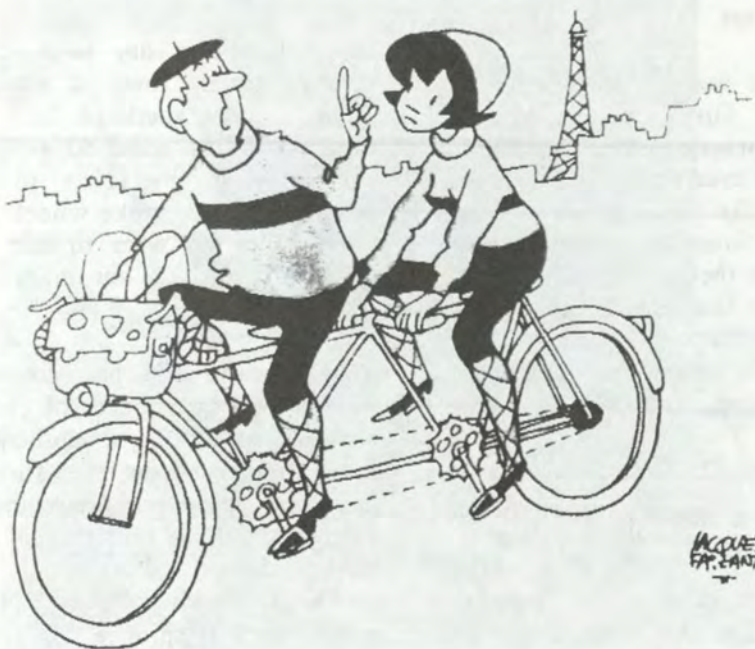


walking shoes, and good sleeping bags for the cool mountain nights. Buy most of your fresh foods and fruits in Kimberly or Radium, as the gas stations/convenience stores are limited and expensive. And don't forget to bring all the spare parts for your tandem with you!

All of the National Park campsites have good cook shelters with efficient wood burning ranges (the wood is supplied), and picnic tables. It's a good idea to bring along your axe and your heavy pots and you can socialize whilst cooking. Most of the campsites are only a short distance apart, so, if you are traveling in July or August, stop early in the afternoon to be sure of getting a site. When camping in Jasper's Whistler campground, we prefer to be in Circle A with other cyclists and hikers.

Most of the routes listed -- 93, 95, and 95A -- have good paved shoulders, and the traffic is usually light. We hope you have good weather. Feel free to call us when you reach Kimberley.

Ray & Freda Shipley
Box 11, Site 16
SS No. 1
Kimberley, BC
Canada V1A 2Y3
(604)-427-4162



- Rappelle-toi : passée la grande banlieue, on ne peut plus compter que sur nous-mêmes :

"Remember: after the suburbs, we must depend upon ourself only." (This is a joke about the people from Paris -- note the little Eiffel Tower in back -- who consider anything outside of Paris to be uncivilized)



BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Across the Continent and Back on a Tandem in 1938
There are few people I have met in life that have left a lasting impression on me. One such person is Elisabeth Young. She, with her late husband Jim, rode their 3-speed Tandem across the United States both ways in 1938, a total of 7100 miles, the longest mixed-couple tandem trip made anywhere.

The following is a condensed version of their book, "Bicycle Built for Two" with notes from Elisabeth's diary. If you are lucky, you may find a copy of this book at your local library, published by Binfords and Mort.

I hope you enjoy the story as much as I have. It will give you a real perspective on life in the United States before the war. Although we were experiencing the end of the depression, this was the "Golden Age" of the American Heroes, both on and off the screen.

I personally want to thank Elisabeth Young for giving the Tandem Club of America permission to print her story in DoubleT talk.

Steve Reker
St. Charles, MO

There was no doubt about it: both pairs of parents thought it was a foolish, dangerous scheme. Jim and I, less than a year married and now without jobs, were determined to ride a bicycle across the country and back again.

Through former bike-racer Ernie Ohrt, we had imported a fine lightweight Aberdale tandem from England. We named it the **Spirit of Fun**. We stored most of our belongings and packed a few necessities in an imitation leather bag that would ride on their rear luggage carrier. A bedroll would be strapped there too.

Jim's parents, in Chicago, promised hospitality, no doubt feeling certain we'd never get that far. My parents, concealing their anxiety and disapproval, saw us off as we pedaled away to dip the front wheel in the Pacific at San Francisco's Ocean Beach before heading east on our great adventure.

That was 54 years ago, long before fitness was in, but we'd been practicing our own kind of fitness ever since our first date, a rock-climbing episode at Devil's Slide. Sausalito, our first home, was at the north end of the Golden Gate Bridge, not far from Mt. Tamalpais, so almost every weekend found us outdoors, exercising.

It was 1938. "I'll ride in front," said Jim. "After all, somebody has to make the decisions." By the time we got home more than five months later, I would know intimately what his back looked like.

That great song hit, "Get Your Kicks on Route 66," had not yet been written, but we were going to get our eastbound kicks on

US 66 most of the way to St. Louis. Then, on to the east coast by a variety of routes and back mostly on US 30, the Lincoln Highway.

I think we didn't fully realize at the time that history was happening around us. To be sure, we experienced many of the same things that tandem riders of today experience: sights and sounds and smells that people in cars miss. But much of the flavor of the Americas of 1938 was to vanish, never to return.

At first, where Silicon Valley with its high-tech sprawl now is, we rode among fruit trees in fragrant blossom, an idyllic opener. Little did we guess as he halted that first day at the inconsequential town of Morgan Hill, 70 miles south of San Francisco, that some 50 years later it would give birth to the revolutionary 3-spoke wheel. For 7,100 miles we were to ride innocently on, on our many-spoked wheels.

We were to ride past cotton fields, vineyards, herds of cattle, olive groves, deserts, sheepshearing sheds, Indian hogans, pine forests, fields of clover, cliff dwellings, swamps, ancient canals, coal-mining dumps, oil wells, cornfields, fields of oats and wheat, acres of spinach, big cities, small towns, lonely cabins.

We inhaled, it seemed to us, all the smells of America: sagebrush, wood smoke, wild mint, fishy fertilizer, fresh-mown hay,



wildflowers, Pittsburgh's smoke stacks, Chesapeake Bay's salt tang, green onions in a field, home-put-down sausage cooking.

We rode through temperatures ranging from 45° to 115° and all kinds of weather: thunderstorms, sandstorms, duststorms, cloudbursts, gentle drizzles. We saw stunning cloud masses, eerie mists, rainbows. We pedaled with tail winds, winds quartering, and headwinds.

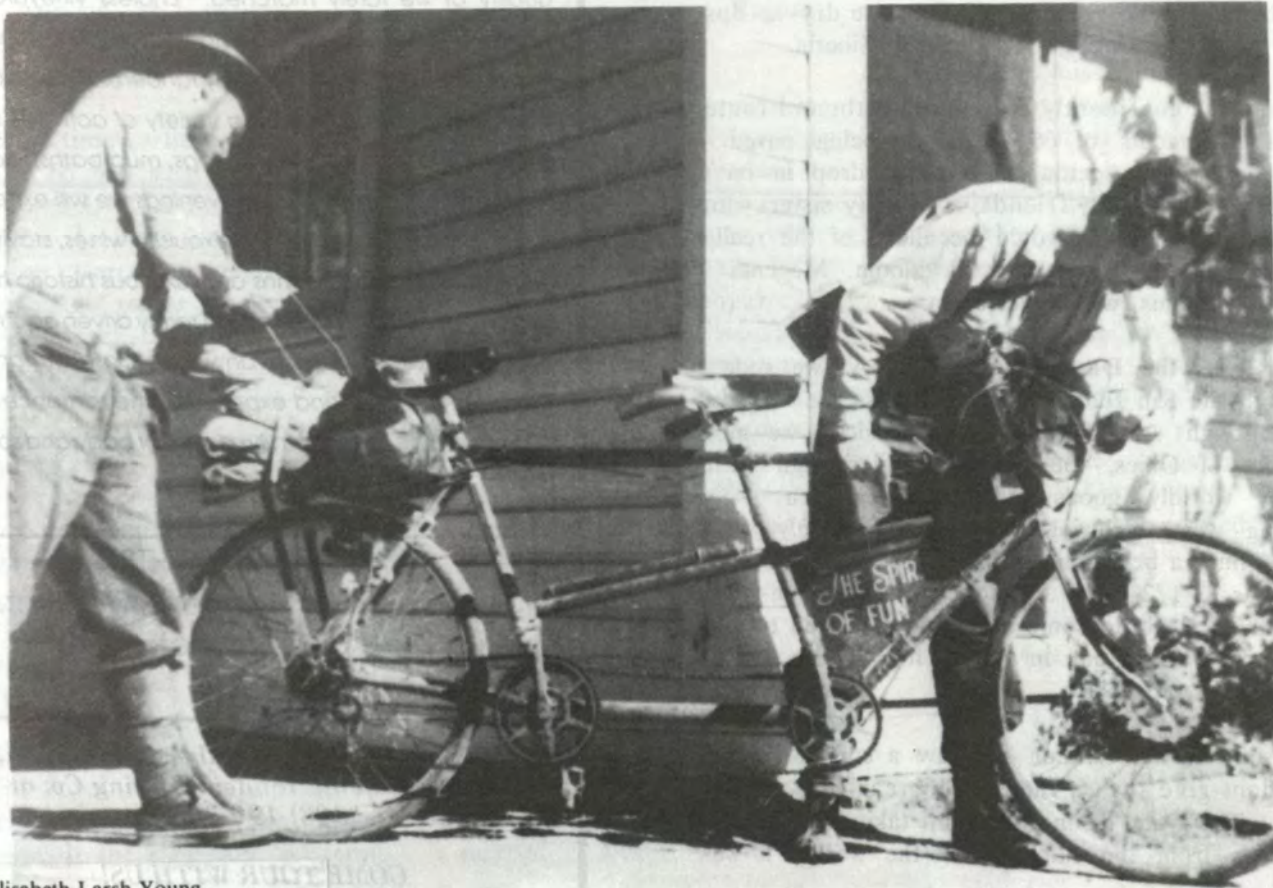
Our bike boasted a lightweight molybdenum-tubing frame, a 3-speed derailleur gear, two-wheel internal-expanding hub brakes operated from the front handlebar,

and a generator which, when needed, ran off the rear wheel to power head and taillights. It was the LAST WORD, 'way ahead of anything obtainable in this country at that time.

But take note, you who have bikes with 18 or more speeds: we had just 3 - 58", 72", and 90". We often had to dismount and push up the steeper grades. Against a headwind, it took us 45 minutes to cross the James River. And on occasion we found ourselves pedaling hard downhill in low gear because of a head wind.

We were in our twenties. Recently I reread the letters and cards I wrote, from way points, to my anxious and generally disapproving parents. "Mother," I wrote not long after departure, "we did bring the first aid kit, so don't worry." And a bit later, "Daddy, Jim thanks you for the cigars." Every bike adventurer can use a couple of caring parents.

We wore jeans, sweatshirts (which we later discarded for khaki workshirts), cork helmets, and basketball shoes. The shoes, suggested by our mentor, Ernie, were great for hugging the pedals (we didn't have toe clips), but in hot weather our feet just broiled.



© Elisabeth Larsh Young



The cork helmets (no cyclists' hard hats in those days) we had shellacked, hoping to make them waterproof. They did shed light rain, but in a downpour they became soggy and saggy. Mine may have saved my life on the way home. Jim's jacket was a water-repellent Pendleton, mine was leather. On a changeable day we'd put them on, take them off, put them on -- endlessly, it seemed. Rain or shine, we rolled on, knowing that the breeze we'd create as we rode would quickly dry out wet clothes.

On Day 9 at Barstow in the Mojave Desert, we picked up Route 66. Boy, was the Mojave hot! And windy. We leaned the bike on the windward side of a post, put stones front and back, and strapped one handlebar to the post, to keep our vehicle from blowing over. Or away. We straightened the celluloid pump, which had drooped to a limp curve in the heat. And we refreshed ourselves with water from the canteen, and fruit and bread from the touring bag on the rear luggage carrier. It was no coincidence that one dry-as-dust place we rode through was called Siberia.

When we confidently chose our eastbound route, the last segments of 66 were just being paved. With only minor detours we could drop in on a number of relatives, friends, a sorority sister-- and sponge off them. We would be ahead of the really hot season. The desert was in bloom. Magenta cactus blossoms were spectacular.

This was the Dust Bowl period. As we rode through the San Joaquin Valley, across the Mojave, and through Arizona and New Mexico, we met families of Okies, their jalopies piled high with shabby worldly goods and ragged children -- heading west, believing, perhaps mistakenly, that they'd find a better life somewhere in California. Gas was 12 1/2 cents a gallon, and the down-and-out families would sometimes be permitted to stay over and work a day in return for enough gas to get to the next place.

At one service station we saw a compassionate attendant give such a family a big can of pork and beans. They ate it on the spot, taking turns spooning from the can. For all the world, it was



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like the Joads, in John Steinbeck's **Grapes of Wrath**.

But in 1938 Jim and I were not exactly socially conscious. We were mainly concerned with having a good time. Indeed, we were pretty unmindful of the signs of America's hard times: People making baskets and small furniture items to sell at the roadside. A hitchhiker with a valise made from an old inner tube. Couples working around the clock to run an auto court, a gas pump, and a cafe, all without hired help. An old man driving a mule-drawn wagon, his home-on-wheels. Abandoned farms, vine-covered windmills with vanes missing. Horses and cows with their ribs showing. An 11-year old girl working as a waitress. Tumbledown fences. A Texas boy pulling the plow for his mother.

Some time earlier, promoters of Route 66 had staged the Bunion Derby, a 3,400-mile footrace, Los Angeles to New York. Our bunions were definitely not on our feet -- rather, they were on our derrieres. But by this time we were somewhat hardened. Our hands, which had earlier gone numb from vibration, had now regained their feeling, thanks to sponge rubber grips. General fitness we had started out with, thanks to our habit of walking a lot. Biking was using some muscles that had been a bit soft, but by now they were in good shape.

The auto cabins where we spent most of our nights on 66 were a far, far cry from today's motels. If the sign said "modern"



cabins, it usually meant there was running water. If it was **HOT AND COLD**, the sign would say so. Those auto courts were to become part of the big business, the highway service industry. But in those days it was primitive indeed. Amboy, one place where we overnights, consisted of a minimal auto court, a Chinese restaurant, and a single telephone.

We were lucky if our weekly layover day offered a shower with hot and cold plus a basin big enough for me to wash jeans or sweatshirts. No laundromats back then! If the layover town had a movie theater, too, that was so much gravy! On the plus side, during the five-month trip, we saw four Ginger Rogers movies!

But, big town or roadside hamlet, there was a friendliness, a helpfulness that touched us. There was the man who watched us getting ready to take off one morning, then suddenly disappeared and reappeared moments later with two sacks of popcorn for us. There was the woman bystander who overheard our unsuccessful efforts to secure a room in the town's only tourist home. She borrowed a sheet from a neighbor and took us in. There was the royal welcome extended us by the St. Louis Bicycle Club when we encountered them on the city's outskirts. There were the two Methodist ladies who tried to give us oranges on the Great Salt Lake Desert. There was the Utah section-hand who broke the railroad's rules to let us dunk



our sizzling feet in his fire bucket. There were the bike mechanics in more than one place who didn't want to take our money for their work on the tandem. There was the man who drove several miles to borrow a pressure gauge so we could test our tires.

Layover day was bike-servicing day. I sometimes helped, but usually I was washing clothes, mending socks, and so on while Jim would be cleaning the chains and sprockets, lubricating everything, adjusting gear and brake cables, and, it seemed to me, doing a hundred other things he imagined need doing. He had become paranoid about that machine. If, for safekeeping, we left it in a garage or a storeroom, his sleep would be disturbed because he missed having the bike in the room with us. Well, the night we left it in the basement of a mortuary, next to cartons of embalming fluid, he slept okay. More than once we took the thing upstairs in a hotel elevator - on end - or carried it up to our room, one time up four flights. The management must have thought us eccentric if not totally demented. That was probably the night Jim woke me about 3 a.m. to say "If the hotel catches fire, we'll make a rope of bedsheets and let the bike down from the window." How he would rescue me, his bride of barely a year, he did not say.

Hotels were the exception. Auto cabins and (east of the Mississippi) tourist homes were the rule. As for food, our appetites were voracious. I should



tell you, the readers of DoubleTalk that! To save money, we ate breakfast, of fruit and bread, in the room. Lunch, on the road, was similar. The little cafes and lunch counters where we ate our dinners, we graded according to the amount of free bread and butter that came with the meal.

At a family hotel in Checotah, Oklahoma -- a state for which until then we had not cared -- we consumed a record meal: tomato and cottage cheese salad, celery en branche, three pork chops each, two fried eggs each, mashed potatoes and gravy, noodles, string beans, six hot rolls each, jelly, iced tea, raspberry pie, and chocolate cake. The proprietor had apologized beforehand, saying that, because it was Sunday and the guests had had their DINNER at noon, this would be "just a supper." We decided we loved Oklahoma after all.

The morning we packed the bike for the run into St. Louis was the last time we strapped on the bedroll, which we had never used. We knew now that we could always get to a lodging of some sort. From St. Louis, we shipped the thing home.

In the touring bag on the rear carrier, we continued to have, in addition to the canteen and rations for the day, jackets, toilet articles, first aid kit, sewing kit, change of underwear and socks for each, maps, my diary, and a revolver. Without the bedroll we probably didn't have more than 18 or 20 pounds back there. The smaller bag on the front handlebar weighed perhaps five pounds and contained tools and repair kit.

After a week or so on the road, we had discovered what any tandem rider knows: the stoker only has to do a share of the pedaling. I was now regularly serving lunch every day in the form of periodic snacks. Reaching back to the touring bag, I extracted fruit, bread, candy bars, canteen, whatever, and serviced the front end, the only time in 39 years of married life that I had my husband eating out of my hand.

Rereading my diary recently, I was abashed to note that practically every page mentioned food -- what we ate, what I would cook when we got home, recipes people gave me, which candy bars represented the most for the money, weird combinations we consumed, like buttermilk and ice cream, and prices. Tomatoes were a nickel a pound, bread 7 cents a loaf, beer was three bottles for a quarter, a 10-course chicken dinner was 65 cents.

Talking of prices, the back pages of my diary contain a detailed account of our expenses: food, lodging, clothing, movies, candy, smokes, drinks, postage, films, bike repairs. Here are a few figures on what we spent for the two of us: Lodging -- \$1 to \$5.25 (that \$1 cabin was in Arizona. It had a zinc sink where, with a large stone, I killed a scorpion); dinner -- 60 cents to \$2.93; movies 30 cents to 90 cents. At the end it all averaged out to about \$5.30 a day for the two of us, \$866 for the whole thing.

I was keeping close track, too, of the mileage and the calendar. In May I wrote my parents "We must be at Gettysburg by June 28, which cuts down time available. We may have to take the train or bus to make it, but we hope to ride all the way."

Jim was a Civil War buff, and a main objective of the trip was to attend the 75th reunion of the Blue and the Gray at Gettysburg, the last joint reunion. But train or bus? Unthinkable and, as it turned out, quite unnecessary.

We pressed on, soon getting to the Alleghenies, the awful, the cruel Alleghenies, where you paid for every mile of coasting down with what seemed like five miles of climbing. We pressed on, seldom stopping. One exception was occasionally stopping to wet our hot feet at a roadside spring. During four days in the Alleghenies of West Virginia and Pennsylvania, we calculated we pushed about 19 miles.

In addition, we began having broken spokes in the rear wheel. That problem plagued us for about the next eight weeks. There were spares in the tool kit, but when we saw how fast they were going, we sent back to San Francisco for more. It was grim. But, reminding ourselves that our parents had been absolutely sure we would never complete this madcap project of crossing and recrossing the continent, we struggled doggedly on to Baltimore, where we boarded an old ferryboat for the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The sign said, "Make sure your gears are



disengaged before you crank your car." Over there we visited on a farm owned by some distant relatives, very distant.

Then it was back into Pennsylvania, to Gettysburg, for the celebration. With the handsome, reddish beard he'd grown on the trip, Jim merged well with the tenting veterans. I believe he was secretly pleased when one old duffer asked what regiment he'd fought with.

We didn't exactly stagnate during the eight days we spent at Gettysburg. We walked about 8 miles a day between our auto cabin and the Confederate encampment, where we visited with many of the old men. Of course we also visited the various sites of the battlefield, reading the inscriptions on all the markers. And we viewed the excellent cyclorama, painted in 1884, depicting the battle. We even caught a glimpse of President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Our prayers and a lot of friction tape enabled us to get clear across the continent on the original pair of tires, British Dunlops made of pure gum rubber. Before leaving San Francisco we'd been warned it would be next to impossible to buy these 26" x 1-3/8" tires in an American shop. So we'd ordered a spare pair to be sent to us in Richmond. Perversely, we left them there with friends, wanting to get to the Atlantic on the original ones. Worries and speculation about this problem occupied us during our last picnic lunch on the battlefield. We



decided we could afford the miles and the time to go to Washington, DC, and Richmond and visit friends in both places before making tracks for the Atlantic. We could even stop at Williamsburg, VA, where Rockefeller money was starting to restore a Colonial community. We did it all, plus William and Mary College and the Robert E. Lee mansion.

Two idiosyncrasies of Southern hospitality kept striking me. "Take one and butter it while it's hot" referred to delicious baking powder biscuits, and we were glad to comply. The other was addressed to me. "Wouldn't you like to go upstairs and lie down?" It revealed the Southern notion of feminine fragility, despite the fact I stood before them, hale and hefty after having turned my pedals perhaps half a million times around.

Details we didn't plan on were a couple of flat tires. Flats were a problem we hadn't had until now. Early in the trip we'd heard of something called the puncture vine, but if one of its murderous thorns had attached itself to one of our tires, it must have been jerked out by the thorncatcher before it penetrated to the tube. That simple device, the thorncatcher, was a short length of thong attached by both ends to the fork so it rode gently on the tire and pulled out, on the first revolution, any sharp object before it could do harm.

When we reached Virginia Beach, Virginia, on July 14, the front wheel, with its dilapidated,



threadbare tire, was once again dipped in an ocean, this time the Atlantic. We had now logged 3,795 miles and lost 32 pounds -- 20 off Jim and 12 off me. And we'd made it on the original English "tyres". Back in Richmond we repressed an impulse to kiss the two new ones. We put'em on, replaced a few more broken spokes, and contributed the bald old tires to our friends' garbage can.

A couple of days later, two blowouts in quick succession ruined the rear tire. Fortunately, the garbage hadn't been collected on our friends' street, and a phone call brought the better of the two discards to us the next morning. With the resurrected one on the front wheel, and the remaining new one on the rear, and our hearts in our mouths, we set out westward once more. From San Francisco, meanwhile, had come word that perhaps, just perhaps, we might be able to get English tires at the Chicago Cycle and Supply Company.

TO BE CONTINUED

Elisabeth Young
Cedar Springs, IA



ATLANTIC CANADA BICYCLE RALLY

Last winter, I saw an announcement in **Bicycle USA** for the Atlantic Canada Bicycle Rally, to be held at Riverport, Nova Scotia. Since I had wanted (for reasons still unknown to me) for some time to visit Nova Scotia, and since my tandem partner, Mariana, wanted to undertake a long bicycle vacation, this seemed like the ideal opportunity to fulfill both our wishes. I called her and she immediately agreed.

So it came to be that in the fourth week of July, 1991, we loaded our trusty old Peugeot tandem atop Mariana's red Saab, along with cycling, camping and boating gear galore, and we set out east from Sacramento to attend a bicycle rally at the opposite end of the continent. Seven days of driving, camping, boating, and sightseeing later, we arrived without mishap at Ovens Natural Park, the seaside campsite for the Rally. The Ovens is named for the small oven-like caves which are to be found in the rocky coastline there, and the site is actually on the opposite side of a large estuary from Riverport. It is a large, lovely, quiet, and beautifully wooded place to camp, and it provided a home base for us and for many of the 300 cyclists attending the Rally. Others stayed at motels, hotels, or bed and breakfast homes nearby.

Many of the riders were from the eastern US, primarily Massachusetts and New York. There were a few from

Washington and one each for Arizona and from Texas. Mariana and I were the only rallyists from California, and we were the clear record-holders for distance driven to get there. We were surprised to find only three other tandem teams there (on two Burleys and a Cannondale), since an event like this seems to be perfect for a tandem outing.

The Rally organizers claim that there are "rides for everyone," and with 13 well-mapped rides from which to choose, we couldn't find any reason to dispute their claim. We undertook the 45-kilometer ride to Risser's Beach, involving a ferry ride across the LaHave River, and the 66-kilometer ride to Mahone Bay, where a Wooden Boat Festival was under way, as well as some short rides in and around nearby Lunenburg on our own. Riders were of every age and disposition, and bicycles ranged from the Klein aluminum racer ridden by one young American warrior to the Raleigh Shopper ridden by a charming lady from New Brunswick. We found all riders to be friendly and helpful, without exception. The people of Nova Scotia were marvelous, too. Car-drivers were uniformly polite and conscientious, sometimes to our surprise, accustomed as we are to California drivers.

We took advantage of the optional breakfast/lunch package, so that we had breakfast prepared for us each morning and served cafeteria style "under the big top" tent in the Cyclists' Village

at the Ovens. For the mid-day meal, we took a sack lunch prepared for us by the diligent Food Crew. We enjoyed the steamed mussels at the Rally Picnic and the lobster at the Festival Banquet, as well as all the other fine food available in Nova Scotia.

Field Day at the Ovens was exactly that, with several spontaneous "teams" of riders engaged in contests of riding skill and derring-do, with prizes for all. The next day was the last day of the Rally, with sad good-byes at the Festival Banquet to fellow rallyists and hearty applause for the Rally organizers. It was also our last night at the Ovens, for the following day was the first day of the Post-Rally tour.

We departed from Lunenburg and rode into the interior of Nova Scotia to stay at Kejimkujik National Park (known locally as the "Kejie Park"), then across the province to Annapolis Royal; along the coast of the Bay of Fundy to Victoria Vale. From there we rode to Blomidon for a rest day before continuing on to Aylesford and back to Lunenburg. Daily rides were from 60 kilometers to over 100 kilometers, and all were supported by the sag van and luggage truck, which carried our camping gear. Although Nova Scotia is not particularly mountainous, some of the hills we experienced are quite steep, especially at Blomidon, where almost everyone rode at least part of the way in the van or in the truck.



We provided individually for our own food, so campfire cooking was a nightly event looked forward to, as were the many restaurant and grocery stops. Particularly memorable to us were the ice cream stops and the Chris Brothers (tm) pepperoni! The campsites themselves were varied and picturesque, ranging from the densely forested parks at Kejie and Blomidon to the pond of water lilies in Sunnyvale Camp, Victoria Vale. The weather ranged from California-like highs in the interior to morning mists and cool offshore breezes at Blomidon. At night, an equally wide-range of weather included a balmy night at Kejie to the howling down pour at Blomidon.

The roads we used were almost all in very good condition, and the traffic density was very light. Except for three broken spokes



(on the freewheel side, of course), our trusty old Peugeot worked perfectly, and we had a wonderful experience in Nova Scotia. The founder/manager of the Rally and Tour, Gary Conrod, and the Food Services Coordinator, Terrie Hardwick, rode the only other tandem, a Cannondale, on the Post-Rally Tour. They also brought along their solo Can nondales to ride occasionally, and I recall noticing the popularity of Cannondale and Trek bicycles in Nova Scotia.

Gary Conrod deserves a lot of credit for conceiving and creating this Rally, and we are looking forward to next year's event, to be based in Tatama gouche, Nova Scotia.

Cornel Ormsby
Mariana Pilario
Sacramento, CA



TANDEMONIUM IN TIMONIUM

TANDEMONIUM -- Couples Riding A Bicycle Simultaneously (CRABS) is growing. This group of Washington, DC & Baltimore, MD tandem enthusiasts keeps getting calls from new couples. It's GREAT! A rough estimate puts the number of tandem teams in the metro Washington/Baltimore area at over two hundred. CRABS reaches out to these tandemists and offers them the opportunity to enjoy group rides and social events, just with tandem teams. CRABS' events are listed in the Potomac Pedlar, the Baltimore Bicycle Club, and the Tandem Club of America Newsletters. For information about the 1992 year, call Brian Schexnayder at 410-242-2049 (410 is the new area code for Baltimore. 301 now serves only the area outside of Baltimore).

15 teams enjoyed the CRABS Second Annual Acorn Inn Fall Weekend, November 1-3, 1991. TCA members Martin and Kathy Versluyagain have proven their inn is a mecca for tandem riders. Everyone enjoyed the hilly challenge of the Blue Ridge Parkway rides and the beauty of Rockfish Gap. As always, the food was hardy and the company friendly.

Al & Ruth Schaffer, well known throughout the east cost tandem network, hosted the CRABS end-of-the-season ride and tailgate party, 11/17/91. Over 20 teams joined to close our riding season on a successful note.

ABOUT YOUR TCA MEMBERSHIP

Your membership in the Tandem Club of America includes a subscription to Doubletalk. A one-year's membership covers six issues. Multi-year memberships are available.

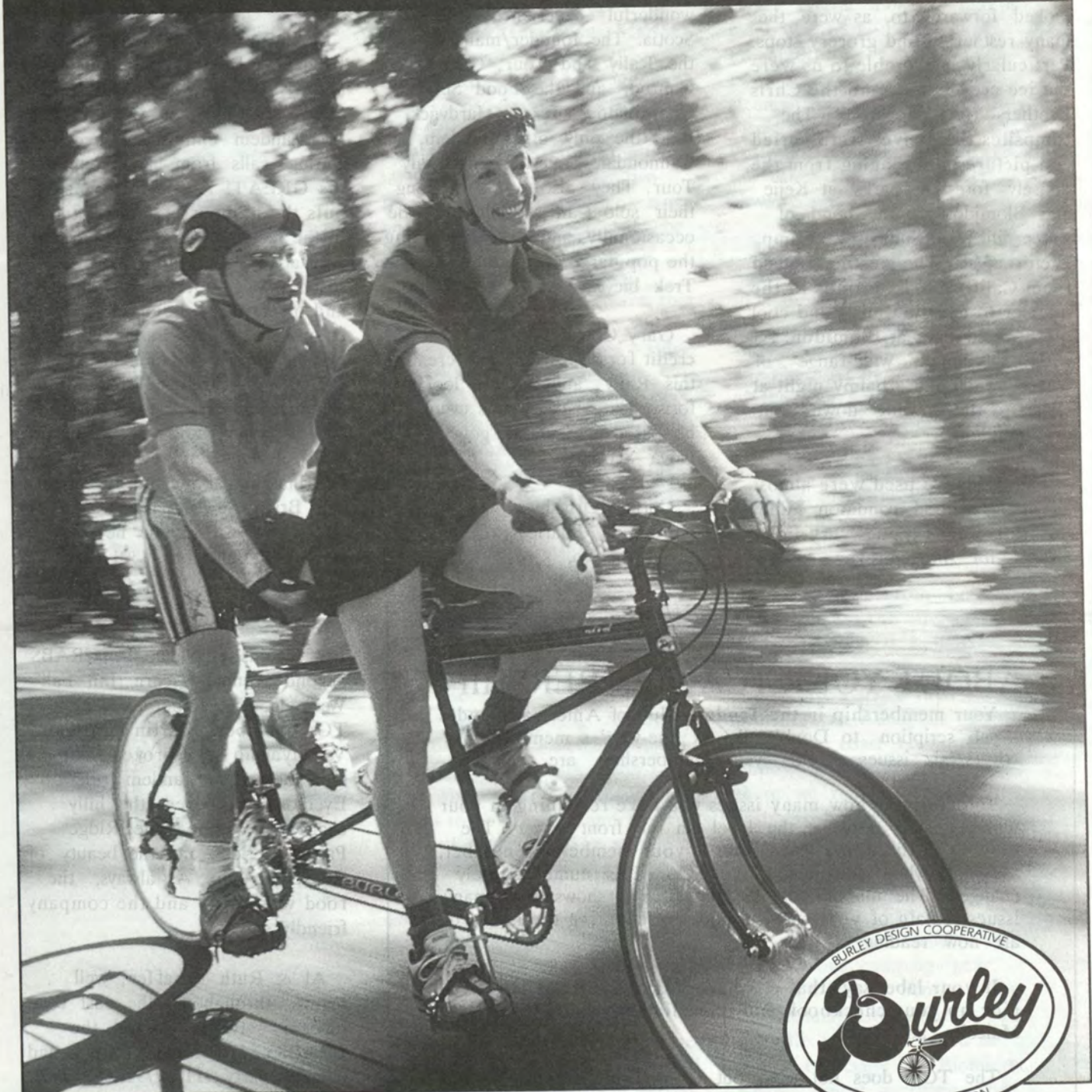
To determine how many issues you have remaining in your membership, look at the label on the front cover. The number in the upper left corner is your membership number, assigned when you joined the TCA. This number rarely changes. The number of "ISSUES LEFT" shows how many issues remain of your subscription, not counting the issue you are now reading.

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

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A CYCLE TOUR OF SOUTH-WEST ENGLAND

In September we put our tandem on a plane to London (Gatwick airport); and began a 15 day, 590 mile, cycling trip in South-west England. After reassembling our tandem, we rode out of the airport with three other Milwaukee area couples heading for Brighton on the south coast.

The first thing that we had to do was to learn to ride on the left side of the road, and almost immediately we encountered one of the famous English "roundabouts". We soon learned that one must wait to enter a roundabout until traffic permits, but once you have entered you have the right of way: Everyone is careful to allow you to make your moves in, and out of, the roundabout as long as you carefully signal your intentions. With very few exceptions, we found the roads to be smooth and well paved. The roads are narrow by Stateside standards, but English drivers generally do make allowance for cyclists on all but the major (M) highways. We used minor roads where ever possible. They were preferred because of less traffic, and also because these roads take you through interesting out of the way places.

On the first day we encountered Ditchling Beacon Hill on the way to Brighton. This is the hill that 20,000 cyclists encounter each year on the London to Brighton ride. This hill, and several others that we rode (and sometimes pushed) up on our 15 day trip taught us that England is not flat. We visited cathedrals, beautiful small old churches in the countryside, stately homes, Roman ruins, and museums. We met wonderful English people in the pubs, at our B&B's, and out on the road.

On two occasions we had the chance to ride with English couples that we had met through Chris Davison, the Touring Director of the Tandem Club (of the United Kingdom). We wrote to Chris for information to help us with our planning, and back came a thick packet of maps, brochures, pictures, and a newsy letter full of suggestions on how to go and what to see along the way. We ended up staying in the Davison's B&B in Swanage (on the Dorset coast) for two nights, riding the Swanage Steam Railway, walking along the Dorset cliffs above the sea, and visiting Corfe Castle with Chris as our guide. Then, on the day that we left

Swanage, Chris and Jenny Davison rode with us to Cerne Abbas (the site of the Giant-on-the-Hill). Three days later after visiting the Roman Baths, taking in the Thomas Hardy play "Far from the Madding Crowd," and other sights in Bath, Andy and Helen Morgan (Tandem Club members) met us early on a Sunday morning and rode with us from Bath to Avebury (site of a large ring of huge stones placed by Druids in ancient times). These two couples helped to make our trip very special by pointing out so many things that we wouldn't have noticed otherwise.

We chose to stay in homes that offered Bed & Breakfast (B&B) accommodations, and we were very pleased with this decision. Our B&B hosts provided us with a lot of colorful conversation as well as much useful information. Further, it was certainly nice to have a warm bath and a soft bed to sleep in each night. Finally, the English breakfasts are wonderful when you wake up hungry in anticipation of another day of cycling.

The one unpleasant encounter involved a large tour bus that insisted on passing us on a narrow country lane. We were forced off the road into a heavily rutted track alongside the road. After a short, but very bumpy interlude, the bus passed and we thought that we had escaped without mishap. However, an hour later we had to stop to repair a flat rear tire caused by a rim pinch. And then, six days later and only 20 miles from our last days destination, our rear hub failed when pieces of one of the flanges broke away releasing four spokes. The wheel went widely out of line, but we were able to ride on to our B&B by going slowly and avoiding all the bumps. Throughout this ordeal the tire was rubbing hard on the chain stay on each revolution of the wheel, but the affair did hold together so that we could reach our destination (the 48 spoke wheels on our tandem can withstand a lot of punishment).

We must say that our trip to England gave us some very special experiences that we will remember for a long long time. We do hope that we have a chance to go back again soon to see more of this interesting country and meet more of the wonderful people.

--Gary & Irene Sanderson



JOHN & SHELLY: BACK HOME AGAIN

Hi again. Sorry we've neglected to write, but we've been quite busy since we've finished our tour. Since our last letter, we have cycled from Cairns to Sydney, some 3500 kms along the east coast of Australia. On this leg of our journey, we suffered 32 flat tires and counted hundreds of dead kangaroos (road kill). The reason for our many flats is simple: bad roads in Queensland and poor quality tires and tubes. Once we reached Brisbane, we rebuilt our rear wheel with 12 gauge spokes (readily available where they build wheels for trotting rigs), and our problems disappeared.

We camped most of the time in Oz (Australia), and we found the people to be very friendly, though they thought we were a bit daft for pedalling when you can drive.



John Buchanan

Leaving Oz, we flew to New Zealand for the winter. We didn't ride as much as we'd wanted to, partly because of the weather, and partly because I (John) was playing a lot of rugby.

After New Zealand, we flew to Figi for a 2-week holiday (vacation), and then it was on to Los



Shelly at the Golden Gate Bridge

Angeles for the last leg of our trip to Canada. Along the route, we found the biker/hiker campsites excellent for the tourist.

We were part of the minority going north into the prevailing winds, and we were thought to be crazy by the other cyclists, at least until they learned we were completing the last leg of our world tour.

While pulling into a biker/hiker campsite near San Francisco, we crossed paths with an Australian couple who were riding around the world in the oppo site direction. We had met 8 months earlier at a camp site in Greece, and now again in California. It was an unreal experience, and the other cyclists camping at this biker/hiker didn't believe it.

After 13 months of touring, we pulled up to the the US-Canadian border, and our trip was over. We found it very sad, though we were happy to see our friends and family again. Riding home and pulling into you own hometown, under your own power, is the best way to end a trip like ours. Now it is over, and we must rejoin the real world, a sad thought.

John Buchanan
Shelly Lang-Hodge
32460 Cordova Avenue
Abbotsford, BC



BOB AND DONNA'S FIRST BIKE TOUR

Northeastern United States
August 19-23, 1990

This was a 5-day bike tour, our first-ever tandem tour, through Delaware and Maryland on our (in)famous red Burley tandem. On this tour, we cycled about 40 miles a day, covering over 200 miles in the 5 days. The weather was cloudy and cool, with a constant drizzle. It poured every night. We stayed in three towns on this tour: Laurel, Delaware, Cambridge, MD, and Vienna, MD.

In Laurel, we stayed in a 1770's farmhouse called the Spring Gardens Inn. Our hostesses were Gwen North, Annabelle, and Bootoo, the resident mixed German Shepherd. Gwen also sells real estate and antiques. The farm was a real trip! Annabelle helps run the B&B portion of Gwen's business dealings. We loved her chicken in marinated wine sauce. It was great!

Our B&B in Vienna, MD, was another 1770's home, The Tavern House, a colonial home located on the waterfront of the Nanticoke River. Our hosts here were Elise and Harvey Altergott. Harvey retired from the Navy after a 30-year career. Bob and Harvey talked up a storm the two days we stayed with them. Elise is a real spitfire, too. Both Harvey and Elise are from Wisconsin, but they've lived all over the US, in Panama, and in Italy. They've been restoring this house for 10 years, and they still had a ways to go when we were there. Before the painted it, they

had the paint they were using analyzed in Philadelphia. That cost more than the paint! They are also restoring another two-story wooden home nearby. Elise was a great cook and hostess. I still remember the rice, cheese, shrimp, and clam casserole.

Our final Inn was a 1916 mansion with 18 rooms in Cambridge, MD, only a few miles from the Chesapeake Bay. It was called the Brannock House, and our hosts were the Brannock's, Shirley and Earl. We stayed in the Commodore's cottage. There was a lovely garden on the grounds. Shirley was a retired middle school art teacher, and she had an art studio on the second floor patio where she did her sailboat watercolors. Shirley and Earl bought their lovely home in 1978. Earl was a sailor who spent four years in the Navy during World War II. He's logged over 2400 hours of flying time, and Shirley has over 1700 hours! Earl hasn't flown for over 10 years, as he's had two heart attacks. He now runs a Maritime Museum on his property, keeping it up for the more than 300 members.

The big names in Cambridge were Goldsborough and Harrington. There were many Queen Anne-style homes here, from the 1800's. Many had lacy gingerbread trim. Some of the old homes had huge front porches, and we saw a number of widow's walks.

Some random observations about our trip: We rode to Elliott's Island from to Vienna. This island had a population of 70 people, and only one narrow road goes to the island. Crayfish seemed to live in the middle of the road, ready to do battle with all comers. Donna rescued a turtle from the middle of the road and returned it to the marsh. What a messy job! We also saw a small dead garter snake, and a LARGE black headless snake. This area is a large, saltwater marsh that's infested with millions of mosquitoes who loved to feast on bicyclists with red hair. White herons were in abundance.

The road to the island was almost ours - we only saw four vehicles on this 11-mile stretch of road, and most people waved to us. On the island, we visited Miss Nora's Store. This delightful place is run by Miss Nora, who was 86 years young when we were there. Her store is in a two-room building, and it seemed to have 1 of everything you needed. It was featured on television last September, on a PBS special.

At the Blackwater National Wildlife Refuge in MD, we watched a blue heron catch and swallow a large catfish in one gulp. We'd brought our mini-binoculars, but the bird was only 20 feet away from us. We also saw many great white herons and other water fowl, including Indian ducks and Canadian geese. We climbed the stairs 100' up to an observation tower, where we watched more herons, both white



and gray. The area was covered with beautiful wildflowers and cattails and 4- to 5-foot tall marsh grasses.

Most people in this area seemed to drive pickup trucks. They all seemed to have purple martin houses on their farms to help keep down the mosquito population (wonder where they were when we were on Elliott's Island). We learned that the martins arrive in April, then migrate south in the winter time. Other species of birds that we observed included black-headed seagulls, cardinal, and terns. We discovered several American Bald Eagles' nests in the Blackwater Refuge, but we weren't lucky enough to see any eagles. It was refreshing to be away from souvenir shops and out of sight/earshot of TV. We did pass many antique shops and fruit/vegetables stands with tasty melons, plums, corn, watermelons, tomatoes, and more.

We cycled on a lot of country roads. One day we were chased by 11 vicious dogs. We rode as fast as we could to lose them. Isolated farms depend on nasty, unleashed dogs for security systems. A future solution to this problem will be to carry spray bottles of ammonia.

We passed by 100's of acres of soybeans, corn, and watermelons. We also passed by 100's of Perdue Chicken Farms in MD. You can smell these before you see them! One depressing sight was all the abandoned 1700 and 1800 houses we passed, but there were a number of nicely restored colonial homes, too.

We took interest in all the signs we passed. We saw signs warning us of the ENDANGERED RED SQUIRREL, DEER CROSSING, DUCK CROSSING, GEESE CROSSING, PRIVATE PROPERTY-NO TRESPASSING,

BEWARE OF DOG, and NO HUNTING. There were lots of signs for gun and hunting clubs.

In this area, we found a number of really old churches. Many of these churches had their own grave yards, with headstones dating back to the 1700's.

As we mentioned earlier, it was drizzling the entire week, but we did have two hours of sunshine. During those two hours, we saw frogs sunning themselves on the road near the marshes, and many gigantic grasshoppers warming themselves on the middle of the road while we were on our way to Trap Pond, near Laurel, MD.

Our trip was truly enjoyable, and we hope that some of you may choose to cycle this area some day. The B&B's and low-traffic roads make it a very pleasant vacation spot indeed!

Donna & Bob Lian
Westampton, NJ

WHO DOES WHAT

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

AREA REPS: Local tandem information & local recruiters for TCA.

GRAPHICS DESIGNER: Artwork & graphics for DoubleTalk.

TREASURER: Dues & membership information. Also sells club patches.

MERCHANDISE: Sells T-shirts and any other TCA-approved merchandise that may be offered from time to time.

SECRETARY: Contact point between TCA and the outside world.

EDITOR: Edits your articles for DoubleTalk, accepts all advertising, and wants your mid-year address corrections.

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.



FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA BY TANDEM with the Dukes Family

How would you like to wake up every morning for a whole summer, knowing that all you had to do that day was ride your tandem? Well, in the summer of 1986, Charles and Jean Dukes and their three youngest children Sara

along fine.

Getting ready for a 90-day non-sagged transcontinental bike tour kept us busy. The 1986 SBL Pine Mountain ride provided us with a fine overnight rehearsal

with building things, I soloed to the Atlanta Airport one night, borrowed a used Delta bike box, and after an hour and a half, I succeeded in putting my Jim Bradford tandem inside. After taking notes and reassembling my

Beth (15), Joe (10) and Carolyn (8) invited me to go with them on a summer long cycling adventure on Bikecentennial's Trans-America Trail. This 4,500 mile route from Oregon to Virginia was researched and mapped by the Bikecentennial people for a colossal ride to celebrate our country's 200th birthday in 1976, and several of our Southern Bicycle League (SBL) members had pedaled all or part of the route since



Carolyn, Jean, Sara Beth, and Joe Dukes, and Kevin Fitzgerald

that time. It sounded so exciting that I just had to go with them! After all, here was a chance to ride a dream tour with people who were my friends, and I felt sure that they knew what they were doing, since they had already taken their family on a 6-week bike tour of Europe in 1980. We would team up with one adult and one child each on three tandem bikes. Joe and I had been riding together for several years, so I knew we would get

tour, and we even pedaled part way with the bikes loaded. I must admit that my bike felt a little squirmy with all the weight, but I wasn't worried. More rehearsal rides followed, to make sure that the bikes would work perfectly. We also had to figure out how to prepare our bikes for air travel. Charles combined two regular bike boxes with a wooden framework for each of the family's two Santana Classics, but since I'm not much

bike, I rode home rejoicing! One more problem solved! Finally, as the time for our departure approached, we felt ready...almost. Sara Beth was quite upset about being away from her friends and hometown all summer. But she finally resigned herself to the idea of going along.

Our departure from Atlanta was hectic and exciting! Joe had spent the night before at my house,

so we just rode our tandem the 4 easy miles to the airport, while friend Steve Brady drove there with all our gear and my Mom. We had loads of fun boxing my tandem for the flight (right, Steve?). Jean's brother Ed Edwards, his wife Karen, and friend Dave Wahlstad brought the rest of the family, their pre-packaged tandems and all their equipment from their home in Barnesville, GA, 50 miles south. We got ourselves, the bikes and



equipment checked in, said our farewells and boarded our flight. We won't ever forget my Mom coming on the plane to tell us good-bye one more time!

A great sense of relief and accomplishment came over me as I watched Atlanta's southside fade from view. I wanted to relax during the flight, but I was too excited, especially when I saw the mountains below as our 727 headed westward. When we arrived at Portland, we turned their airport waiting area into an instant bike shop as we reassembled and loaded our bikes. After some quick photography, we were ready to begin riding at last.

"I'm scared!" Jean whispered as we left the airport. But I was too nervous to listen well. "I have to ride a bike that feels like this all the way across the United States?" I thought as my bike squirmed and shimmied under the weight of a 66 lb. touring load. We finally had to stop, regroup, and adjust our bikes a few miles from the airport, and I remembered Jack Goertz' words of wisdom, "Never let your handlebar bag weigh over 7 pounds." Fortunately a little redistribution of the weight made my bike ride better, and except for one flat, one navigation problem, and a scary time on a bridge for Jean, we got out of Portland and headed for our first overnight stop in Scapoose.

In the next few days we found out how to climb hills all over again as the Western Oregon terrain kept us shifting and

grinding. Joe and I started calling ourselves "Team Awesome" because of the way we could climb - and descend! I called Jean and Sara Beth "Team Graceful" because I knew they'd eventually become that way! They paced themselves almost perfectly. Charles and Carolyn called themselves "Tiger Team" and their finest talent was headwind fighting! Sometimes I'd kid Carolyn as Joe and I would pass by, and I'd point at her child stoker attachment and say, "Hey Carolyn! Which side of the chain is the tension on? Usually I'd get a dirty look and a "Be quiet, Kevin!" Because of our different talents, we drifted pretty far apart on some days, especially when the route didn't include many turns.

Our route took us to the Oregon coast at Astoria, and then southward along the rocky shoreline as far as Neskowin. The terrain certainly was a change from the Gulf coast riding I had experienced, and the scenery was spectacular. Yes, it was soggy at times, but thanks to clothes dryers, fenders and Gore-Tex, we kept on enjoying ourselves.

As we turned inland, the Coast Range provided us with a beautiful and challenging barrier before reaching the flat land and tailwinds of the Willamette valley. But soon we were climbing again, and we found that the mountains in the west would challenge us with unthinkably long climbs, topped by a pass where we would all celebrate. Then a screaming

downhill would follow. The downhills bothered Sara Beth at first, but soon she was singing "Born to be Wild" as she encouraged her Mom to go faster! This is where Joe and I really had fun since we were fearless (but not reckless) on winding downhills. But teams Tiger and Graceful did the fastest descent of the tour at 51 mph. (Team Awesome only went 50!). This required the right combination of a tailwind and a straight, smooth downhill with plenty of room to look for deer or other dangers on either side of the road, and it all came together on SR. 230 in southern Wyoming. Between the mountain ranges, we would often find semiarid conditions, and long lonely highways with few towns along the way. We will remember each western state for something wonderful or challenging: Oregon's variety and beauty, Idaho's river valleys and twelve switchbacks on White Bird Hill, Montana's Bitterroot Valley and headwinds, Wyoming's Yellowstone Park and wide open spaces with dreamlike tail winds, and Colorado's contrasting high mountains in the west and flatlands in the east. These memories will keep us daydreaming for years to come.

The great plains presented us with headwinds and crosswinds which kept our speeds to a slow 8-12 mph for much of the time. This meant that we would see a grain elevator for a half hour before passing it! Here's where the Tiger Team came into their own. Charles and Carolyn seemed to plow through the headwinds very well indeed. We



all had expected tailwinds through this region that would propel us to do 100 mile days, but that dream went away, along with the cool temperatures. One day in eastern Kansas, the temperature went to 107 degrees in the shade, and the tar in the "shake and bake" road melted and bled through the gravel, making a sticky mess in our fenders. Our double size water bottles really helped us through that entire region.



Awesome was not going to walk up any hill!

The hills didn't end with our crossing of the Mississippi. We enjoyed a brief flat section on the Missouri side of the river, but once in Illinois, the hills teased us from time to time. We were thrilled to be on the same route as the "BAMMI" ride, (Bicycle Across the Marvelous Miles of Illinois) even though we were going in the opposite direction. We laughed

to ourselves as we heard some of those northern Illinois flatlanders curse the hills! The BAMMI people welcomed us at one of their rest stops,



When we arrived in Missouri Ozark Mountain country, Joe and I really did well again, but our gear systems started letting us down. All of us had trouble getting our gears to respond to the rapidly changing terrain, which on occasion reminded us of riding the top of west central Georgia's Pine Mountain several times in a row. Joe and I took turns standing on the pedals, or we weaved back and forth as we strained along. The others walked sometimes (wisely), but Team

and they had plenty of questions as we snacked on the fruit and candy they let us share. Seeing all those other cyclists really lifted our spirits.

After working our way to the Ohio River Valley, our route took us across the busy river on a ferry which carried us to western Kentucky. The narrow, quiet roads which often straddled ridges were pleasant, but sometimes traffic and limited sight distance made the narrowness nervewracking!



Fortunately the motorists in this area were more patient than many of Atlanta's rush hour speed demons. We had a great time in Bardstown when the Steve Skaggs family from Louisville joined the Dukes' for dinner, and my Mom's friend Mrs. Owens and her grandkids Davy and Angela joined me for a picnic supper on the lawn of St. Joseph's Cathedral. Afterwards, my Mom was glad to hear from Mrs. Owens that I still looked healthy!

East Kentucky contained the section of the route I feared the most, since no cross-country cyclist I had questioned had good things to say about that region. Fortunately my fears didn't come true, but we all learned to respect this rugged country we were riding through. Pulling off the roadway to allow coal trucks to pass us safely on winding mountain roads became almost automatic. We'd just smile and wave at the truck driver as we would wait. Yes, we did see piles of trash, and abandoned kittens at the side of the road sometimes, and poverty was sadly evident in some sections. Since these scenes reminded me of some outlying sections of Metro Atlanta, they weren't such a shock. Besides, if we ignored the trash, the mountain vistas were often beautiful and inspiring as we climbed out of the "hollers" and crossed over the county lines which were often found at the top of an especially long grade. The downhills thoroughly tested our ability to brake, steer and avoid bad bumps while still going fast enough to enjoy the rewards of all our climbing. The Daniel



Boone Parkway gave us the most enjoyable ride through this region with its four lanes and wide shoulders. It would have been perfect, except that a chunk of coal gave Jean and Sara Beth another snake-bite flat.

Virginia, our last state to cross, started us off on the slow side as we struggled over one ridge after another in the western portion of the state. Winding downhills prevented high speeds from being attained, and they gave a "video game" feeling to the ride again. Some uphill were quite memorable, especially the climb from the town of Vesuvius to the Blue Ridge Parkway. Thank God we camped out halfway up! Riding the Blue Ridge reminded me of the SBL's Brevard, NC. ride, which includes a section of the parkway. We had great views of the lowlands on either side from time to time, and the hills and traffic weren't any problem. Unfortunately, the rain caught up with us around the end of the parkway near Afton. I'm glad we stopped at the Holiday Inn there instead of doing our last screaming downhill in the rain.

The rest of our ride gave us a terrific feeling as we continued toward the coast. Nicely rolling terrain, followed by the flat Tidewater region made the going easy. My cousin Eddie Mitkiewicz, who runs the Bikesmith Bike Shop in Williamsburg, joined us for our final miles along the Colonial Parkway to Yorktown. When we reached the end of the route at the Yorktown victory monument, we all rejoiced at having finished



such a wonderful ride. The Dukes' oldest son John, his wife Marshall and their kids enjoyed our celebration too! Since they live near the end of the Bikecentennial route, they had kept the family van all summer, so we would have a way back to Georgia. We stayed with them for a couple of days, and I had a blast riding John's Dahon Folding Bike after being on the tandem all summer. (Those of you who saw me riding my Dahon at the Southern Tandem Rally will understand that!). Soon we were back home, where we tried to readjust to a normal way of life. The kids had trouble doing other sports at first, but they quickly readjusted. The three captains had to fight weight gain. Our license to eat had expired!

What did we enjoy most about the tour? The people we met along the way were really nice to us almost everywhere. Only two motorists needlessly passed us too close during the entire summer. Something about a family traveling together really made others take notice. Charlie and Jacquie Heart, who saw us straining along the hills before Baker, Oregon, showed us great kindness and hospitality as they transported our heavy gear, fed us, and put us up for the night! Betty Catlett, the owner of the newspaper in Sebree, Ky., saved us from what would have been a dark search for a motel or campground when she let us wash clothes, shower and sleep at her house. Greg Siple and the folks at Bikecentennial headquarters made us feel really



welcome, and Julie Huck even had mail for me from home. They were impressed enough to put pictures of teams Graceful and Tiger in their booklet they send to prospective new members. You'll find the same pictures in the book "The Woman Cyclist" by Elaine Mariolle and Michael Shermer. When some kids in Golden City, Missouri came to check us out as we camped in the city park, I wound up going a few extra miles letting them try riding with me, while Joe borrowed their bikes to ride on his own for a change!

We learned that great hospitality certainly existed outside the south! Innkeepers treated us well every where, and their kids got a charge out of playing with Joe and Carolyn. At the Holiday Inn in Scott City, Kansas, the kids there came by to play an hour before we were ready to wake up! In Missouri, we stayed in the garage of (the late) "Lazy Louie" Schultz, and visited Peter and Phyllis Lowe, who's waving scarecrows welcomed us to a great cookie break the day before we entered the toughest section of the Ozarks. The Madden's A.Y.H. Hostel in Pippa Passes, KY was a great overnight refuge from the rain during our travels through the coal country. Virginia's June Curry "the Cookie Lady" provided us with another great cookie stop before Charlottesville. All these people showed us the hospitality that has made them legends among those who have travelled the Bikecentennial route.

We were surprised by several strange coincidences along the



way. We saw the same waitress at two different diners in Oregon, and the three young ladies and their grandmother that we had met at the Best Western's pool in Missoula showed up again at a McDonalds in Rawlins, Wyoming. But the biggest surprise of all happened when we were riding on a bike trail toward Breckenridge, Colorado. A lady with a camera yelled, "Are y'all the Dukes?" Griffin Ga. Cyclist Tammy Weaver had found us! She met the family earlier that year and knew we would be near Brecken ridge while she was vacationing there. Tammy drove ahead and helped

us by finding out about the Breckenridge Hilton, our finest motel stop. She also celebrated Joe's 11th birthday with us while we took a day off for shopping and bike repairs.

Did we have problems? Well... not too many! Headwinds got the best of Team Awesome, hills made it rough on Team Tiger, and the heat did a number on Team Graceful. Severe weather almost caught us twice in Missouri, but fortunately,

we had shelter available both times, thanks to the Plaza Motel in Marshfield, and Dexter Wade and his mother near Farmington. Flat and worn tires slowed our progress and kept us busy with wrenches and tire irons! Toward the end of the ride, the bikes started having problems. Charles destroyed his front bottom bracket



bearings, Jean's rear derailleur and middle chainring were worn beyond belief, and when I would shift into granny gear, the chain often threw itself between the smallest chainring and the frame, bending both chainring and chain. The Lexington Bike Shop in Lexington, VA. had just what we needed to keep the Santanas rolling, and I kept my Crescent wrench, pliers, and chain tool handy! For what we put them through, the bikes performed splendidly! We didn't do too bad either, as we all stayed healthy, although the 24-hour bug slowed down Team Awesome on two different days. We all got



"Tiger Team" - Charles & Carolyn Dukes

along quite well with one another, but some of us had unbelievable water bottle fights on hot days, many of which went on while we were riding!

So here we are looking back almost 6 years later. Was it worth it? Charles and Jean still talk fondly about the trip, and



they don't even have to look to find their fine photo album of our tour. Their most recent bike adventures included the W.H.A.T. tour featured on page 23 of the Nov.-Dec. "Doubletalk." Joe and I still kid each other about some of the crazy things we did while riding, like when he would "freestyle" and end up facing rearward, or when we would play "Tandem Pizza Delivery" as we ordered pizzas, and then Joe, stoking no-handed, carried them as I captained us back to where we were staying. Now, he plays football for Monroe Academy, in Forsyth, GA. Carolyn, who now plays basketball and runs track at

Monroe says that her friends can barely believe that she did the trip at age 8, but her rock collection from our many roadside breaks tells the truth (the rocks were sent home every so often!). And Sara Beth, who will be graduating from the University of Georgia soon, doesn't get much time to ride these days, but her memories of the longest ride she ever did are good ones. She really had the best time of all, as all her fears and misgivings about being

away from home as she turned 16 evaporated once we really got moving. Her friends wished that they were the ones out on the road! And speaking for myself, I never dreamed I'd get the opportunity to cross the U.S.A. at age 30, especially on a tandem with such an able partner. I learned so much about myself,



especially what I was like when the going wasn't so easy. There's no question that I'd do the ride again, but doing several week-long B.R.A.G. (Bike Ride Across GA) trips with the tandem and/or single is the only thing I've done to even come close. Yes, It WAS worth leaving a normal life behind for just one summer. I'll never forget the feeling I had as we stood at the Yorktown Victory Monument at the end of the route. After a safe ride with only 4 wrong turns, and no bad injuries, crashes or broken frames, I was thrilled! It was complete. I couldn't have been happier if I had won an Olympic gold medal!

Special thanks are in order:

1. To the Dukes family, especially Joe, for the best ride I've ever had. Smooth, strong, for giving - that's Joe.
2. To the folks at Bikecentennial for all their help and their great maps.
3. To SBL'ers Bruce Eure, for inspiration and "beer money", Steve Brady, for help with photography, getting ready, correspondence and record keeping, and Skip Saunders for his great trust in me as a captain and getting the proclamation from the Office of the Governor designating us as "Official Ambassadors of Good will."

4. To Jack Goertz for his good wheelbuilding and Jim Bradford for building the tandem strong enough.

5. To Phil and Janet Winter, and the other SBL and TCA members who made tandeming look so good that I just had to try it.

6. To our parents, for all their support and understanding.

7. To God. We're all so thankful for a safe, fun and inspiring ride, and for the people we met. Nobody does a tour like this without His help!

Kevin Fitzgerald
Atlanta, GA

USCF RACERS ORGANIZE FIRST US TANDEM RACING TEAM

During the weekend of November 16, 1991, a group of Midwestern racers formed America's first USCF tandem racing team. The racers were hosted by internationally known coach Roger Young, and Mike Mattingly, manager of the Major Taylor Velodrome in Indianapolis, IN. The group used the outstanding velodrome facility for organizational meetings and track training. The team also visited the National Institute for Fitness and Sport for a weight training seminar.

Six teams form the nucleus of the new club to race and promote tandem racing events nationally. The team will work together to raise the awareness of tandem

racing through competition, and by teaching tandem skill clinics at national events. Named the **Power2 Tandem Racing Team**, the group has selected the USCF District Time Trials, the Starved Rock Classic, the Burley Duet Classic, the Miami Valley Stage Race, and the Midwestern Tandem Rally as their individual and team events for 1992. Team members represent West Virginia, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, and "accidentally" they are all married couples. (Marriage, while a good idea, is not a requirement for racing on this team.)

For more information on tandem racing or joining the team, write Power2's USCF Coach, John C. Long, 9 Foxwood Drive, O'Fallon, MO 63355.





CLASSIFIEDS

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-T winn 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

FOR SALE: Schwinn DuoSport Tandem in excellent condition. Extras include Shimano clipless pedlas, 48-spoke wheels, new tires, front quickrelease, Cateye cyclocomputer, mens & ladies gel saddles, rear rack, and an adjustable stoker stem. Asking \$945.00 Call Roy & Ellen Fuller, (904)-744-3217 before 9:00 p.m. EDT, please. 03/92

FOR SALE: Burley Samba with upright handlebars, 26x1.50 Cheng Shen road tires. 4 Water Bottle cages. Rear rack. Cateye

Vectra computer. Bike was new fall of 1990. Wilson & Diana Kruger, RR2, Box 402, Metropolis, IL 92960. Ph: (618)-524-2876 03/92

FOR SALE: New, never ridden, 1990 Santana Cilantro, 20x18, Imron Raspberry, Continental "Avenue" slicks, four cages, \$1650 plus shipping. Fred & Carolyn Bruhn, 646 West Cook Road, Mansfield, OH 44907. (419)-756-3834 evenings or leave a message. 03/92

FOR SALE: '88 Santana Elan, 21x19. Blue with all the extras. Rear Rack w/Rackpack, 4 Water Bottle Cages & Water bottles, Look cleats, Grab-ons, Vetta Computer, Zefal Frame Pump. Low mileage. Super shape. \$2100 OBO. Call Scott or Amy Hoffman (717)-295-7546, after 6:00 p.m. 03/92

FOR SALE: Gitane Tandem, 24x21. 12-speed SunTour index shifting with Suntour bar-end shifters, Mafac cantilevers and hub brake. QR seatposts and front wheel. Gel saddles and handlebar wraps. Light, strong, and fast. Bike was built in '79, but was in storage until '91 when it was totally rebuilt. Paint is dull, but bike is in perfect condition. Good first tandem. \$650.00. Must sell to finish new tandem. Ted & Bambi Goodwin, 961 NW 45th St., Pompano Beach, FL 33064. (305)-781-9111 03/92

FOR SALE: Great starter tandem, complete and ready to ride. 23x21 black and white Claud Butler.



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FOR SALE: Bill Boston Tandem. Captain should be around 6' tall, evenly proportioned, with approximately a 33" inseam. Stoker should be short waisted and about 5' tall. Asking \$1500. Bob Dollar. Ph: (301)- 694-2328. 01/92

WANTED: Child Stoker conversion kit to fit Fisher Tandem. Call 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 rear, but would consider any model. Also interested in Child Stoker conversions and Yakima tandem adapters. Call or write Joe Schacherer, 409 South Kent, Knoxville, IA 50138. Ph: (515)-842-2719 days or (515)-842-6751 evenings. 01/92

WANTED: Triplet. 23x22x21 or close (sizes can be some smaller). Jan Skola, 1208 J Avenue, Kalona, IA 52247. Ph: (319)-656-3377 01/92

HELP OFFERED: Touring England in 1992? let us make a good trip into a great holiday! We offer help and advice on routes, accommodations, bikes by

the touring directors for the Tandem Club (of the UK). Chris & Jenny Davison, Penny-Farthing, 124 Kings Road West, Swanage, Dorset, BH19 1HS England

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.

Classified advertising rates available upon request. Send a SASE to the Editors. Non-commercial Classifieds are free to TCA Members.

TCA T-SHIRT ORDER FORM

To order t-shirts, please fill out the order form below and mail with a check made payable to:

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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 1992 (and beyond)

February 12, 1992. **Dallas (TX) Area Tandem Enthusiasts (DATES') Third Annual Brunch Ride.** Meet at Richardson Bike Mart near White Rock Lake at 9:00 a.m. (9040 Garland Road, Dallas) for an easy paced 20-mile ride around White Rock on a sunny Spring day. Brunch after the ride at Barbec's Restaurant (home of the world famous beer biscuits). For more information, call Bill & Debra Bailey, (214)-824-9886.

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.

March 15, 1992. **DATES 3rd Annual St. Patrick's Day Tour of Bristol, TX.** Meet at the Ferris Train Depot (south of Dallas, TX on I-45 towards Houston @ Exit #266/FM660) at 10:00 a.m. This is a 30-mile ride through rolling country with a lunch stop planned at the locally famous Rockett Cafe. For information and exact directions, call John McManus & Anne Leon, (214)-321-6085.

March 28-29, 1992. **Central Valley Tandem Rally.** Fresno, CA. Sponsored by the Fresno Cycling Club. 2 days of excellent

tandem riding in central California. SASE to David Smith, 4816 North Delno, Fresno, CA 93705

April 25-26, 1992. **Third Annual Alabama Tandem Weekend.** Huntsville, AL. SASE to Angi and Jerry Bukley, 416 East Clinton Avenue, Huntsville, AL 35801. or phone (205)-536-6004

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 22-25, 1992. **10th Annual Kent County Spring Fling.** Chestertown, MD. Not specifically a tandem rally, but last year over 40 tandems were there! For more information, SASE to BBC KCSF, Ruth and Al Schaffer, 3212 Midfield Road, Baltimore, MD 21208 or call (410)-484-0306.

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.

August 7-9, 1992. **Eastern Tandem Rally'92** Green Mountain College, Poultney, VT. Enjoy the rolling hills and country villages. Ride through a working slate quarry! Limited to the first 150 teams. Applications available now. SASE to Carolyn and Earle Rich, 19 Horton Road, Mont Vernon, NH 03057

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 4-7, 1992. **FAMILY TANDEM WEEKEND, 1992** Corning, NY. Rides are geared to couples with children. Other activities include swimming and baseball. Form more information, call Alan & Jane Yockey @ (215)-322-5091

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.

October 9-11, 1992. **14th Annual Southern Tandem Rally,** Alcoa, TN (in the flatlands west of Knoxville, TN). Come ride the hollers and rollin' foothills of eastern TN. The adventurous will



even have a chance to learn all the verses of Rocky Top! And this year there will be either a pre- or post-tour, too! SASE to Ken & Vicki Adams, 244 West Main Street, Dandridge, TN 37725

Last weekend in 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.




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



HIGH PERFORMANCE TANDEM



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TANDEM RACES -- 1992

July 7-12 (Track) and July 15-21 (Road). Spokane, WA. Exhibition Masters Tandem Racing. The 1992 USCF Masters National Track and Road Cycling Championships will feature Tandem Team Racing. Scheduled is a sprint at the Marymoor Velodrome, followed by a 40k Time Trial and a 44-mile Road Race in Spokane. Competitors are encouraged to form their teams and come prepared for this exciting addition to the 1992 Masters National Championships in Washington State.

Basic Rules of Competition:

All riders must be licensed USCF Masters (30+ years) racers. Combined racing age of men teams will be 70-89 and 90 & over. There will be no racing age limits for women and mixed teams.

Awards will be presented for 5 places in each event. Jerseys will be awarded to the top team in each division. For further information, call Dave Shaw, Marymoor Velodrome, Redmond, WA (206)-822-0706 or Gino Lisiecki, Inland Northwest Cycling Classic, Spokane, WA, at (509)-939-3707

Send your race listings to the Doubletalk Editors Now!

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

Please limit your race listings to those events with distinct Tandem Classes. Thanks -- the Editors

THE LAST PAGE



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
35 E. Centennial Dr.
Medford, NJ 08055

•
All dues
are quoted
in
U.S. Dollars



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Dues

United States	\$10.00	◆	Canada	\$13.00	◆	Other International	\$16.00
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