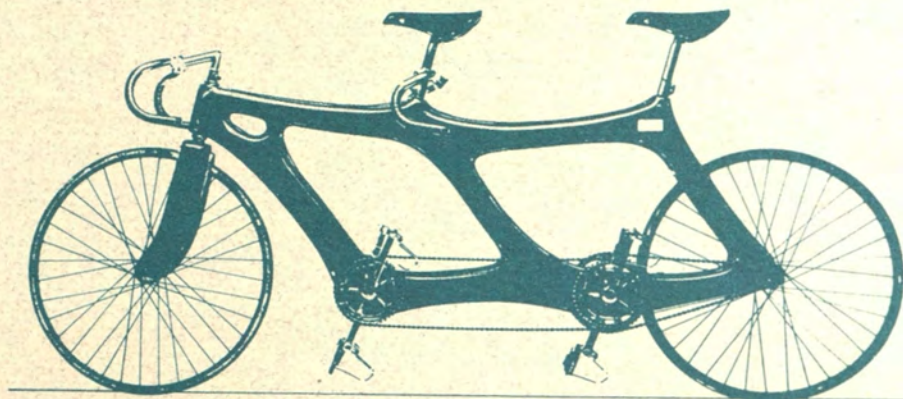


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"AN INTERNATIONAL CLUB FOR TANDEM ENTHUSIASTS"

DOUBLETALK



JULY-AUGUST
1992

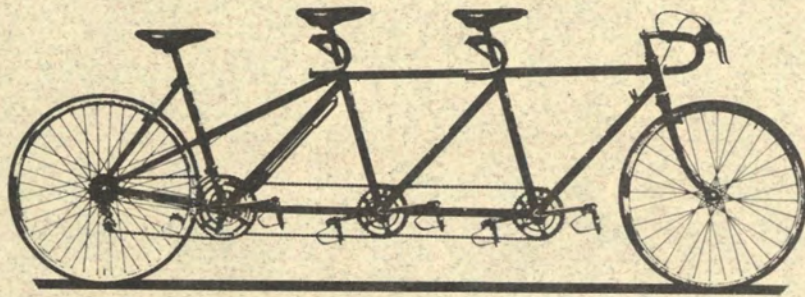
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Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors
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DOUBLETALK

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Since 1976



DEADLINE FOR SEPTEMBER- OCTOBER, 1992, ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS AUGUST 1, 1992

FROM THE EDITOR

Many of you recently received a copy of the SANTANA newsletter advertising sheet. In it was the first part of Santana's multi-tandem road test. The first two paragraphs imply that members of the Tandem Club of America, Bicycle Guide, Bicycling Magazine, and Wheelsmith participated. While it is true that we were all invited to this event, we all declined, and only Santana personnel (past and present) actually did the testing and the review.

Where has this year gone? It seems like it was only yesterday that we were putting together the May-June issue, and now it's time once again to do the layout for the July-August issue. And if the TCA keeps growing, and we keep getting busier and busier in our "real" jobs, ...How can you help us get out DoubleTalk easier? Send us your articles as soon as you can! And if they can be sent to us on diskette (MS-DOS only, please), in either 3.5" or 5.25" format, so much the better! We can translate from almost any word-processing package.

I recently received a preliminary copy of Bicycling Magazine's 1991 survey of Bicycling readers. There were some interesting numbers in it that pertained to tandem riders, both current and future. Of the 250,000 readers (a very conservative estimate) about 5.7% say they currently own a tandem, up from 3.8% in the 1989 survey. More importantly, 8.8% say they plan to purchase a new tandem in the next 1-2 years. This is a 389% increase from the 1.8% of the readers who responded positively to this question in 1989! All of this continues to bode well for the health of our sport, and the future growth of the Tandem Club.

Another piece of interesting trivia arrived last week, this time from Lynn Goldberg Communications, Inc. LGC is the publishers of Fodor's, the famous travel guides. For the first time, after 56- years of publishing nothing but travel-related books, Fodor's recently

launched FODOR'S SPORTS, a new series of books that celebrate America's best-loved sports, and which strives to tell readers the world's best places to enjoy them.

Each of the Fodor's Sports books is written by an expert in the field. One of the first available is titled "CYCLING: A Celebration of the Sport and the World's Best Places to Enjoy It" by Arlene Plevin and Joe Kita. You'll probably recognize these names from other publications. Arlene was editor of Bicycling USA, and is the author of numerous other books on bicycling. Joe is a Sr. Editor of Bicycling Magazine. Look for this book at your local bookstore.

The rally season has started with a vengeance! Our local Alabama Tandem Weekend (April) was a laid-back success, with a small group of tandemists from the eastern half of the United States. In May, the Wisconsin Cows hosted a larger group of cyclists in another successful event, worms and all!, and in late May, the folks out in Albany, OR, out-did themselves beautifully, with the largest Northwest Tandem Rally to date (more than 300 tandems!). Wish we could have been to all of them. Now, if we could just get some write-ups from these great events, we'd share the good times with the rest of you.

Personally, I took a tandem up to the Tour of Scioto River Valley for the 31st running of this classic event. Susan doesn't do back to back Centuries, so I enlisted the assistance of Abigail Anker, daughter of TCA member Candy Anker-Roehl of Cleveland, OH. Abby did her first and second centuries that weekend, and we had a great time! The weather was "typically TOSRV" -- rain on Saturday morning, cool temps in the afternoon, and fog (and 42 deg) on Sunday morning. Then TOSRV relented, and gave us sunny skies, warm temps, and a slight tailwind for the last 70 miles. Truly a weekend to remember. Thanks, Abby, for being a great stoker (and willing to listen to my bad jokes for the weekend).



July and August (I will be up at GEAR in Canton, NY, August 7-9) will find us in Alabama for most of the months, but look for us at the Midwest Tandem Rally and the Southern Tandem Rally later in the fall. Time to close out another column. We're looking forward to cycling with you soon.

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.

MERCHANDISE: Sells T-shirts, club patches., 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.

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:

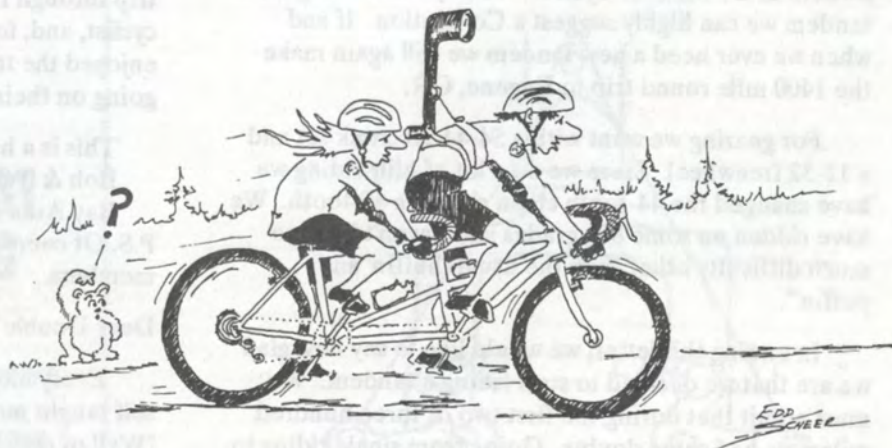
May-June, 1992

March-April, 1992

January-February, 1992

November - December, 1991

March - April, 1991





LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

Last summer when Linda and I joined TCA, we didn't yet own a tandem. We were in the process of looking. We had borrowed a tandem from friends plus talked and rode with other tandem owners from the Fresno Cycling Club. By December we both felt comfortable with buying our own tandem.

On December 11th we faxed our order to Co-Motion Cycles in Eugene, Or. Then through the holidays we anxiously waited for a call from the fellows at Co-Motion. In mid-January the call came in and we started planning our trip to Eugene. On February 1st we arrived at the Co-Motion factory and picked up our beautiful "Kandy Apple Red" tandem.

Since then we have ridden the new tandem over 600 miles including 120 miles in the Fresno Cycling Club's first annual Tandem Rally which was held March 28-29, 1992. Thanks to our dedicated members, our tandem rally chairman Dave Smith, and the 68 tandem teams that attended, we had a very successful rally. My wife and I would encourage any western states' tandem riders to plan on attending next years rally. Within easy riding distance of Fresno, one can find many miles of beautiful country roads, moderately hilly roads and for those needing a challenge, strenuous mountain roads.

Back to our tandem, we purchased a model Double Espresso hand built by Butch, Dan and Dwan, the three owners of Co-Motion Cycles. For anyone looking for a tandem we can highly suggest a Co-Motion. If and when we ever need a new tandem we will again make the 1400 mile round trip to Eugene, OR.

For gearing we went with a 54-44-28 crank set and a 12-32 freewheel. Since we do a lot of hilly riding we have changed the 44-tooth chain ring to a 40-tooth. We have ridden on some 8% grades and haven't had too much difficulty other than the usual "huffin' and puffin".

In ending this letter, we would like to say how glad we are that we decided to start riding a tandem. We must admit that during the first two or three hundred miles, we had some doubts. Going from single riding to tandeming isn't as easy as one may think, but it's well

worth the learning curve.

Dennis and Linda
Salwasser
Dinuba, CA



Dear DoubleTalk,

Whenever any calls me to obtain information on tandeming or about joining our club, I always tell them to borrow a tandem, rent a tandem, or somehow try one out before making the major purchase. Recently, I placed the following ad for someone in our local newsletter: "Help save my marriage. Buy my tandem." Of course, I contacted this person. His comments were, "As hard as I tried, I couldn't get my wife to enjoy the tandem."

So I tell everyone, "Tandems can make or break a relationship." As you are reading this letter, our son, Don, who bought a tandem in 1990, is saying "I do!" to his fiance, Lucy (actually, he'll say it on July 27). Don, an avid cyclist, bought his Burley tandem to do a cycling trip through Europe with us in 1990. Lucy, then a non-cyclist, and, fortunately, small and petite, not only enjoyed the trip, but "her tandem," as she now calls it, is going on their honeymoon.

This is a happy ending to a new experience.
Bob & Terri Gorman
Bay Area Roaming Tandems
P.S. Of course, our club just picked up two more members.

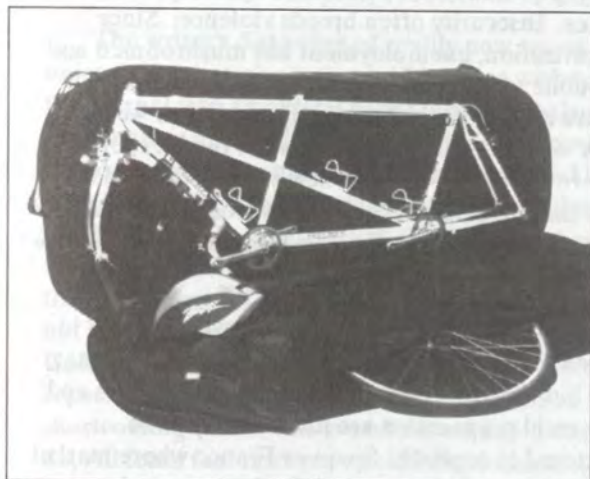
Dear DoubleTalk

Every bicycle shop mechanic and well seasoned, self taught mountain bike mechanic is going to say, "Well of course! How else would you set up cantilever brakes?", when they read this, but I feel like I just



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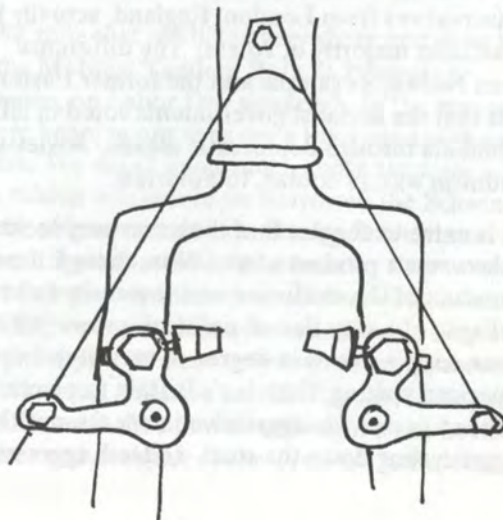
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discovered one of the ten best kept secrets of bicycle maintenance and I've just got to tell someone about it;

Like a lot of cyclists, I do as much of my own mechanical work as possible. It's fun. When my wife and I bought our Co-Motion Double Espresso road tandem last year, I was determined to set the whole thing up myself. Unfortunately I didn't know much about cantilever brakes. My mountain bike had been bought as a complete bike so the brakes were already set up correctly. Instead of asking for advice from the gang at Co-Motion like I had on other areas, another cyclist and I decided all on our lonesome that the yoke cable that connects the two brake cantilevers should be as flat (close to the tire) as possible. BZZZZ...wrong!

Our tandem's brakes seemed way too "mushy" and overall braking power was only moderate. We have Scott SE brakes, Mavic levers, and DiaComp's high-end tandem brake cables (highly recommended cables by the way). None of this stuff should be causing wimpy braking. What's the deal?

After repeated adjustments and studying how the bike shops had done it. I finally realized that the yoke cable was way too flat. As the hand lever was squeezed, too much of the lever's travel was eaten up just getting the yoke cable to come into full contact with the hanger (the triangular shaped part at the end of the main brake cable that the yoke cable slides through). This, combined with the fact that the yoke cable wasn't at least at a 90 degree angle to the brake arms resulted in poor braking. I've never taken mechanical engineering





minute adjustment, the mush was gone and our braking power increased by about 100%!

This simple setup tip probably seems obvious to most experienced mechanics, but it was a real revelation to me.

Bill & Patty Brown-Gierga
Eugene, OR

Dear DoubleTalk,

I enjoyed the informative article on cycling in Czechoslovakia; the authors revealed much insight and perception. I am not sure whether the authors had visited the Eastern Bloc before democratization - only that way can a true conclusion be drawn about its effects. Unfortunately amongst some fair observations, they place the blame for many genuine ills at socialism's doorstep whereas many in Europe believe that the speed and confusion in the disintegration of the previous order (however good or bad) is the problem. I felt I should write and throw a different perspective on some of their observations, from my experiences in Poland and Czechoslovakia before the changes.

First some semantics (which I last explained at a United States Community College Commencement I addressed): Socialism does not equal communism. The latter is a rather more extreme form of the former, and confusing the two would be rather like calling President Bush a fascist. Socialism has a legitimate place still in Europe: For example, Italy and Norway have socialist governments and Scotland, though ruled by conservatives from London, England, actually has a large socialist majority of voters. The difference between Norway's example and the former Eastern Bloc, is that the socialist governments voted in left wing governments through democratic means. Soviet-style communism was, of course, totalitarian.

It is naive to suggest that the unsavoury incident in Bratislava was a product of socialism, though it could be a product of the confusion and insecurity following the collapse of a very flawed political system (which did, however, supply a certain degree of security). I can take an American visiting Thatcher's Britain to places guaranteed to provide aggressive incidents, not the least, just cycling down the road. Indeed, aggression

pervades many areas of the US too, but cannot be blamed on the left-wing. Despite what others write on this issue I do believe many Americans are rather less aggressive in attitude than some Europeans. The crime-ridden image of the US on the TV she (the US) exports is not at all in keeping with the experiences I enjoyed when living there. US citizens, though opinionated, seem to me very congenial and outgoing. However, their needs and opinions seem very rigid at times. I can understand frustration at some experiences in Europe, but not all are political manifestations. Perhaps they have more to do with a much higher population density and lower per-capita resources. Insecurity often breeds violence: Since democratization, unemployment has mushroomed and many public services have been lost or curtailed, eg child care and public transport. The influx of western "looters" or opportunists coupled with the inexperience of eastern car drivers in their newly imported BMW's and the inappropriateness of narrow roads have taken their toll. Road fatalities in East Germany rose by 70% after "freedom".

The whole of the paragraph on Slovakia seems to blame state control for the ills encountered. This may be true but I'm afraid restricted menus, mealtimes and lengthy meal preparation are just as likely to be encountered in capitalist Spain or France where market economies prevail. It is very difficult or expensive to buy game and sometimes lamb in the area of Oregon where I resided, which for someone who tries to avoid intensively reared meat, proved a problem. Vegetarians have a particularly difficult time in France where vegetable portions are often limited. The managers of Euro-Disney were surprised that the French wanted full dinners at the proper mealtime - not snacks as we might. (Luckily research has recently suggested that the French peasants' high fat intake seems to cause few ill effects, so enjoy that salted and smoked goose breast next time you're over here!) The visitor to the Lisceaux cave-paintings in France will also find they need a ticket bought down a very long hill in town, Again this has more to do with culture than politics and freedom.

When Sue and I cycled through Poland we were impressed by the relative safety of women on the streets, the absence of ugly advertising, and the litter and beggars who now litter London following Thatcher's miracle. Friends who visited me when I



lived in the USA were amazed at the way such a beautiful country had been despoiled whether with small town ugliness, or, for example, the dereliction in Arkansas revealed on a BBC TV program last night. Visitors attributed this to poor planning controls (freedom?). The writers attribute urban ugliness to socialism! I recall that my town in the US apparently forbade the drinking of beer at a sidewalk cafe table - in fact I can think of nowhere except one's own yard where a beer could be drunk out of doors even during the searing heat of summer. Perhaps I should blame republican capitalism (whatever that is) for the poor visual environment and petty restrictions in the US!

The writer's distortion of reality now seems to have unleashed a diatribe from me! I have no wish to turn the journal into a political paper but some balance and awareness is needed if erroneous observations are not to be drawn. It must be remembered that the US and her citizens are, like us, judged by amongst other things, the TV programmes exported, the lifestyle advocated, their government's foreign policy and management of the environment. This is not entirely fair - I hope I'm not bracketed with Benny Hill or Margaret Thatcher! Unfortunately, in all those areas, the US is perceived--especially by the European intelligentsia--to be shortcoming: If the whole world lived as US citizens do, All fossil fuel reserves would be consumed within one to two decades. Some of the first exports by the US to the east were Playboy and MacDonalds!

Neither democratic socialism nor freemarket capitalism is intrinsically right or wrong, but each in some ways is more appropriate to prevailing economic and geographic conditions. Socialism is often seen as more effective than capitalism in distributing wealth in situations of meagre resources, high population density or post colonial or repressive, almost feudal regimes, eg Sough America or Czarist Russia. Unfortunately, given human nature it is seen to be less effective at generating wealth. On the other hand it is no worse at protecting the environment: The US remains the highest, and highest per capita, discharger of greenhouse gases in the world.

The writers seem to want to enjoy the luxuries of home when abroad. We must visit foreign countries with open-mindedness and some humility. To do otherwise can lead to the "bloody yanks syndrome" referred to by Marilyn and Stan Smith elsewhere in the

issue. While I spent two years in the USA I wouldn't pretend to understand it or it's citizens. Unfortunately this article suggests that the converse is not rue. All writers have the right to present anecdotes, but they have a duty to propagate the truth, not opinion, as fact and avoid political dogma in travel articles.

Malcolm Perry
Alton, England

Dear DoubleTalk

We have just returned from our usual early Sunday morning breakfast ride and I'm situated in my typical post-ride resting place reading the May-June issue of DoubleTalk. The thought occurs that I should contribute something of interest to this great news letter.

My fiance, Bobbi, and I both love bicycling, but were frustrated when riding together on our single bikes. You know, the "what's taking her so long" or "why did he ride off and leave me" scenario. After becoming separated in the crowd while riding RAGBRAI (Register's Annual Great Bike Ride Across Iowa) last summer, we decided, that was it! We were going to check out tandems.

Boy, were we lucky, Bobbi had a friend who has an old '82 Schwinn Twinn Sport that we rode one evening. It was love at first sight. We didn't want o part with the bike, and seeing how this friend never rode it, and since it needed some TLC, we asked if we could borrow it for awhile. We ended up keeping it for six months and I agreed to do some fix-up work on it.

We rode that old bike everywhere and even hauled it to the Midwest Tandem Rally at Pewaukee, Wisconsin, on Labor Day weekend. In the meantime, we were keeping our eyes open for a used high-end tandem. We didn't know much about tandems and had never ridden one before we borrowed the Schwinn, but we were able to test ride the Burley Duet, three different Santanas and a Cannondale. they were all great bikes and we liked them all, but while attending the MTR, we had a chance to examine the new Trek T200 prototype. W were very impressed. I've owned Trek bikes and still have an 1100 that has many trouble-free miles on it. We met Brad Wagner, the head engineer and designer of the Trek tandems. I listened



intently as he was bombarded by several custom tandem frame builders with questions about the techno-stuff. I came away impressed with Brad's very confident answers and the overall quality of the bike. As you may have already guessed, we soon placed an order and received on St. Patrick's Day one of the first Trek T200 road tandems produced. By the time you read this we will have ridden 600 to 700 miles on our new tandem and are loving every mile.

Here comes the part I hope is interesting. Bobbi and I have ridden many miles together and had some rough times when riding our single bikes. Now that we are always on the tandem, we have discovered that it is a catalyst for our romance. We rode two RAGBRAI's that resulted in frustration. Since we have discovered tandemming, we can't wait to show off the bike on our club rides, blow away the racers, stand up on the hills and scream down the other side. We particularly enjoy all the smiles and waves we get from adults and the excited remarks from the younger set.

We have decided to put this all together and ride RAGBRAI this year on our tandem. Now for the best

part: we are planning to be married while on RAGBRAI with all our bicycling friends in attendance at noon on July 23rd in Knoxville, Iowa!

I want to express the sheer delight I feel every time I deal with people involved in tandemming, especially Russ and Cindy Dodd of Cedar Falls, Iowa, who gave of their time and tandems so we could make an intelligent tandem choice; Jack and Susan Goertz of Birmingham, Alabama, who helped us get the right accessories for our tandem; and the people (I wish I could remember their names) who were the official hosts for the Midwest Tandem Rally at Pewaukee, Wisconsin, last year.

In addition to RAGBRAI this summer, we are planning a honeymoon in Colorado in August with our tandem and then the Midwest Tandem Rally in Des Moines, Iowa, on Labor Day weekend. We are anxious to meet more of you tandem riders. May you always have the wind at your back.

Safe riding
Jim Neagle and Bobbi Wilson
Cedar Rapids, IA



"All Tandemists ride to eat -- and some express more vanity than others." Jenny wanted us to see her curls, so she left her helmet by the photographer.

Submitted by Mom & Dad (Arnie Adler & Laurie Schneider)



Dear DoubleTalk,

I would like to respond to questions by Mark & Mary Buchwalder regarding timing chainwheel size considerations. I'm on my fourth tandem over the last 15 years. They wished information comparing large versus small chainrings, especially in terms of chain and chainring wear, bottom bracket wear and tear.

First, observe that the pedal force times the crank arm length (torque) equals the chain tension times the chainring radius. Thus for a given pedaling force, the chain tension is inversely proportional to the chainring size. The effect on the bottom bracket is due to the torque and is thus the same regardless of the chainring size.

Almost all chainring wear results from grinding dirt between the chain and teeth, chain misalignment resulting in the chain rubbing the sides of the teeth and wear from a stretched chain. Most chain wear is due to grinding dirt. The chain misalignment on the rear chain (ex: using the big ring and the large cog) does not occur to the timing chain. So the major factor in crossover chainring wear is dirt. The higher forces from smaller chainrings may increase the grinding effect, but then the chain also must bend more to accommodate the smaller diameter. And even using a timing ring as small as 28 teeth gives much less chain bending than by wrapping around a 14 tooth cog. Wrapping around the rear derailleur bends the chain even more so. Smaller timing chainrings may lead to slightly faster wear on the chain and chainring, but should never approach that of the rear components. Also since it is very hard to clean all the dirt from the force-bearing surfaces in a chain, I suggest throwing away your chain before it "stretches" enough to wear the teeth.

Larger rings give a smoother ride. Speed variation equals $\cos(\pi/N)$, where N is the number of teeth (see section 294 of *Bicycles & Tricycles*, Archibald Sharp, 1896). A 28 tooth ring gives 0.6% variation, while a 40 tooth gives 0.3%. The variation from a twelve tooth freewheel cog is 3.5%. The only time I saw someone concerned about this is when Francesco Moser used a 57x15 (2.21%) versus a 53x14 (2.54%) for his world hour record in 1984.

I think the two most important factors in choosing timing chainring size are weight and looks. Smaller

rings weigh less. Larger rings may look better. (At least they do in my opinion.)

Bruce Frech
Paoli, PA

Dear DoubleTalk,

A new tandem club was formed on Long Island, New York on April 11, 1992. The first meeting was held on a rainy day in the MEN'S ROOM at Belmont Lake State Park and it was suggested by the four teams involved that any endeavor involving women as brazen as these four stokers could not fail.

Therefore, any parties interested in a quick tandem ride schedule in the area for the late summer and fall of '92 please contact us. There will be an organization meeting in January 1993 to plan a full year.

We are called the L.I.T.E.S. (Long Island Tandem Enthusiasts Society). To date only the most gullible and wealthy have paid any dues.

Contactus for more information about L.I.T.E.S

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THE TRENT-SEVERN BY BIKE AND BOAT

Vacations afloat can be great fun; however, once one disembarks from one's vessel and finds oneself afoot (as opposed to afloat), one can often miss sights and attractions which are only a few miles from the water. A bicycle can solve the problem (but then you knew I was going to say that, didn't you?) Even a short C-type ride can bring a vast selection of activities within easy range.

This past September, 1991, the White tandem team (my wife Lucy and I) set off to explore the Trent-Severn Waterway in Ontario for just such a trip. The Trent-Severn is a system of lakes, streams, and locks which are really a holdover from the great 19th century era of canal building. It stretches 386 km., or approximately 250 miles, by a very circuitous route from Trenton, on Lake Ontario, to Georgian Bay.

It was originally intended to open the surrounding area of Ontario to settlement. However, by the time it was finally completed in 1920 after eighty years of construction, it was hopelessly outmoded for commercial work. It is now administered by the Canadian Parks Service as a recreation site, along with Rideau Canal.

We left after work Friday afternoon from our home in Ann Arbor, just west of Detroit, and arrived at Princess Houseboats about 2:00 a.m. We found that, as promised, Mr. Poarcher had the boat all ready for us to step aboard for a good night's sleep.

The next day, after some grocery shopping in nearby Bobcaygeon, we set off under gray skies and 20 mph winds.

We found the lock masters to be universally helpful and of amazingly gracious good humor. One particularly helpful crew of two threatened to stop the lock half way down unless we produced "Fresh Baked Goods."

We docked that night at the public wharf at McCracken's Landing on Stony Lake and prepared to

set off the next day on our trusty tandem. On Sunday we set off for Petroglyphs Provincial Park.

We rode about 30 km (18 miles) over country which is remarkably similar in appearance to the central Texas hill country. This is the Canadian Shield, and its tipped-up strata makes for vigorous climbs, followed by breathtaking downhills. All tandem riders will know the principle well enough.

The weather was perfect for cycling, high 60's and clear as a bell, with just the beginning of color change in the trees. In one of those silent moments, which we cyclists occasionally experience, a large raptor -- perhaps an osprey, which is common in the area -- circled and swooped over us for about 1/2 km, unbothered by our silent progress.



Petroglyphs Park is a meticulously preserved example of rock carvings by native peoples of the Algonquin language group. The carvings were only discovered by modern man in 1954.

We cycled back by way of Warsaw Caves Conservation Area. The Warsaw Caves are a series of seven caves which have been left unimproved. One brings one's own light to explore. When we returned to the boat, we had traveled about 70 km (44 miles) -- only a C ride, but, nevertheless, it was orders of magnitude



more than we would ever have been able to cover on foot.

On day three we cast off in a brisk wind and passed through seven sets of locks on our way south traveling the 12 miles (20 km) to the city of Peterborough. (The waterway still measures distance in miles.) In that short distance, we crossed the ephemeral line between the Canadian forest of conifers and the deciduous Carolian forest.

The second-to-last lock before arriving in Peterborough is the magnificent 65-foot lift lock which actually lifts boats in two huge chambers, rather than filling and emptying water like the more conventional locks. The lock is actually on the edge of the city of Peterborough, within easy walking distance of the town. It has a visitor's center and a nearby museum. There are many excellent views of the lock.

We put in at Peterborough Marina, which supplies shore power, water, fuel, and sanitary facilities, as well as private showers. The facilities were appreciated, even though our boat did have full shower facilities and a head. Well-equipped marinas are similar to well-equipped RV motorhome camps in their facilities.

Peterborough is an attractive town, and by coincidence, is in partnership with our home town of Ann Arbor in the Arborough Games, which is a series of sporting events between the youngsters of our towns.

The fourth day we mounted our trusty Burley tandem and set off for the Serpent Mounds. This is an area of Indian burial sites which are preserved and presented in the usual meticulous Canadian manner. The mounds are about 28km (17 miles) south of Peterborough on the shore of Rice Lake, which is also part of the waterway. The Park offers swimming and camping facilities.

From the Serpent Mounds, we traveled a few kilometers north to the Lang Village, an historic village of authentic structures gathered from the area and reconstructed around Lang Mill, which was originally on the site, in such a way as to illustrate the progress of life during the early years of Ontario settlement.

An abandoned railroad right-of-way stretches from near Lang Village to Peterborough. It has been converted to a cycling, riding, and hiking trail. We decided that its gravel surface, which showed signs of

much use, was too rough for the tandem, but it would have been no problem for heavier mountain or cruiser bikes.

We returned to Peterborough by way of Highway 7, a part of the Trans-Canada Highway system. Even on this heavily traveled highway, Ontario drivers were uniformly courteous. When we returned to the marina, we had covered only 52 km (33 miles). Once again a slow, casual ride had taken us so much further than we could possibly have walked.

On returning to Peterborough, we discovered that the four berths opposite us were taken by four cruisers on their way to Florida -- a fine thought on a crisp September day with the leaves just beginning to turn.

The temperature had begun to fall slightly from the warm days of summer, and the often crowded waterway had fewer boats on it. We cyclists know that this is just the sort of weather that can make our rides so enjoyable.

On day five we set off on our return journey, and cruised back up the waterway, watching the Ontario countryside slide slowly by, while listening to the CBC's excellent classical music service on the boat's stereo. We put in at Burleigh Falls lock for the night, where we found ourselves with two other boats. We, US citizens, foreigners to Canada, (however, we Detroiters are accustomed to being welcome guests in Canada), a group of German tourists from Frankfurt, who said they were somewhat taken aback by the vastness of the North American continent, and a boat of Canadians of Oriental ancestry who spoke French among themselves. All in all, a truly cosmopolitan group as we stood on the shore and talked.

On day six, we docked at Bobcaygeon, where we had begun our journey. The following day we returned the boat and made our way back to Detroit, by automobile.

The combination of boat and bike had made for a marvelous, interesting, and very delightful vacation. If you'd like more information, contact the following:

Friends of the Trent-Severn Waterway
P.O. Box 572
Peterborough, ON
Canada K9J 6Z6



The Superintendent, Trent-Severn Waterway
P.O. Box 567
Peterborough, ON
Canada K9J 6Z6

Steuart White
509 Bruce
Ann Arbor, MI 48103

VIEW FROM THE REAR

The first rule of tandem riding is communication! I'm lucky my captain is my husband, Bob. We generally get along extremely well. Learning when to talk and when to not talk just takes time.

The fun part is that you really don't have any responsibilities (except, of course, to pedal which you are always accused of not doing!), and you have the advantage of enjoying the countryside more than on the single bike.

We bought our first tandem 2 years ago - a blue Santana with only 600 miles on it. 1 year later it had over 3,000 miles on it.

Our second tandem is a bright red Cannondale and we dearly love it. We've put over 6,000 miles on our new tandem in the first 18 months we had it.

We live in Morton, Illinois (right outside Peoria) and we have taken our tandem to Virginia, Alabama, Wisconsin, and Indiana. We find that taking the tandem is best when we go on trips for two reasons: - Bob doesn't have to wait up for me, and motorists are more courteous of a tandem (I think a tandem brings out the romantic side of people!).

Our toughest climb -- to date -- on the tandem was in the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia. We had ridden through a small town and then turned left onto a highway to ride over a pass. The instructions for the route said, "At the top of the pass, turn left and keep climbing." They weren't lying. It was an extremely steep grade, and as we rode up, we had a logging truck coming down and a cement truck coming up behind us. As luck would have it they passed each other next to us. All went well, but the hearts were definitely pounding.

About 3/4ths the way up the mountain, the road flattened out for a bit and we stopped and caught our breath. Looking behind us, where we had just come from, amazed us at what we had accomplished (and thankful for a granny gear!). It was so steep that we weren't sure our brakes would hold on a descent, especially with a stop at the bottom of the hill and the highway running by.

When we reached the top we rode over the bluff and it was a beautiful sight. But the excitement wasn't over yet. Somehow, by following the directions on the map, we ended up on Interstate 66. As soon as we realized what had happened, and where we were, we rode to the fence along the side and I climbed over, then Bob handed me the tandem and then he climbed over. What a sight it was! I had the camera in the bike bag, but I forgot to take a photo. No matter, the one in my mind will always remain!

Tandem riding to me is a true test of a relationship. It's amazing how easily I move with him. Learning to stand took us a few tries, but now it's easy as 1-2-3. We have shared all types of weather and scenery on that tandem, and I wouldn't trade it for anything.

We are looking forward to attending our next tandem event. Each adventure leaves new memories, but the best reward of it all is that we have both gotten in great shape from all these miles! Not bad - an exercise you can do with your spouse that is filled with fun and excitement!

Happy Trails to You
Bob & Mary Scroggs



TO DULSE OR NOT TO DULSE

This May be the Question

To the initiated, Dulse is heaven on earth. To the neophyte it can be the last step in common sense as to what you put in your mouth. Dulse is like scotch. You either like it or you hate it. No one seems to be on the fence when judging Dulse or Scotch.

Scotch is distilled in one small geographic area called Scotland. The best Dulse is harvested in one small geographic area called Grand Manan. Last August the Snow Goose, our black and white touring tandem, and its crew visited the Dulse capital of the world, Grand Manan.

Grand Manan is an island. It is the largest and most remote of the Fundy Islands, a chain of islands located at the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, just off the coast of Maine. It is part of the province of New Brunswick, Canada.

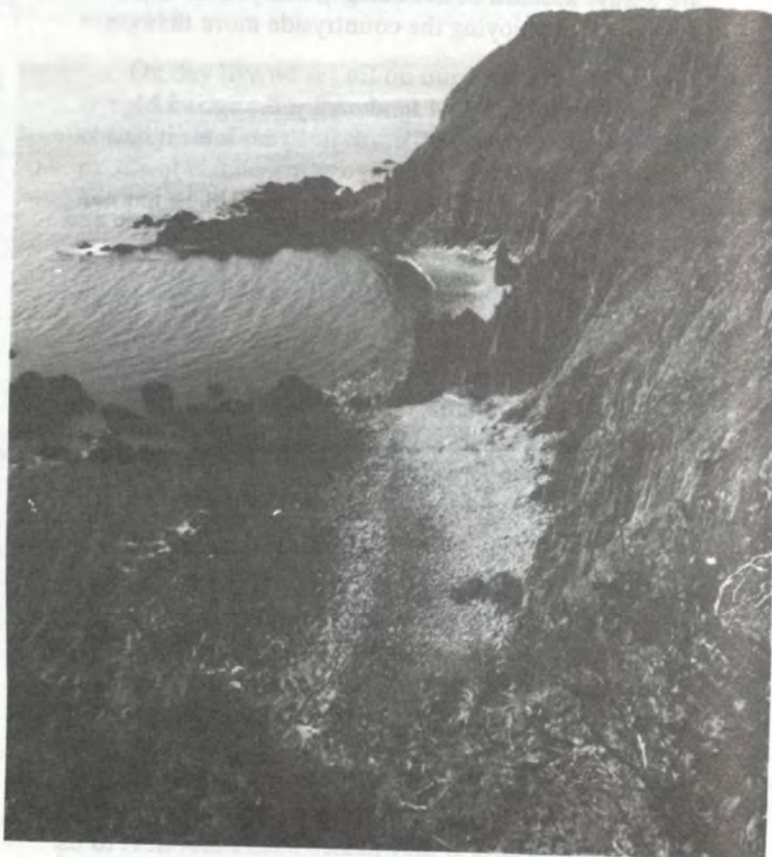
Grand Manan is famous for friendly people, high cliffs, pounding surf, massive tides, beautiful Bed and Breakfasts, gentle, tail wagging dogs, fish weirs, a complete lack of neon signs, smoke houses, and Dulse. The natives know that they live in the best place in the world, and they are glad to share it -- and their Dulse -- with you.

We crossed from Maine into Canada at the Calais St. Stephen Crossing. We were traveling in our pick-up truck with the Snow Goose penned in the back. She was looking very ill at ease and wanting to get on with the trip. We merged into a long slow line of traffic that we mistook for a line into Customs. After winding along for twenty minutes, we sighted a duty-free store and realized we were in line with many bargain-hunting Canadians. Welcome to our northern border. Jumping this line, we proceeded through Customs with practically no more than a wave through.

We made a brief stop for a road map at one of the beautiful New Brunswick tourist information centers. There, in the restrooms, we were greeted with a fresh

cut bouquet of red roses in a handsome vase. We realized again that Canada is not the United States.

We made the short run to Blacks Harbor and arrived on a slate gray afternoon. The ferries run every two hours in the summer. The older and smaller ferry carries about sixty vehicles, a mix of small cars, RVs, delivery trucks, and the like. Tandems proceed to the front of the line. No charge going out. They are the only action in town. Round-trip fare is collected on the return trip. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents for the Snow Goose and crew.

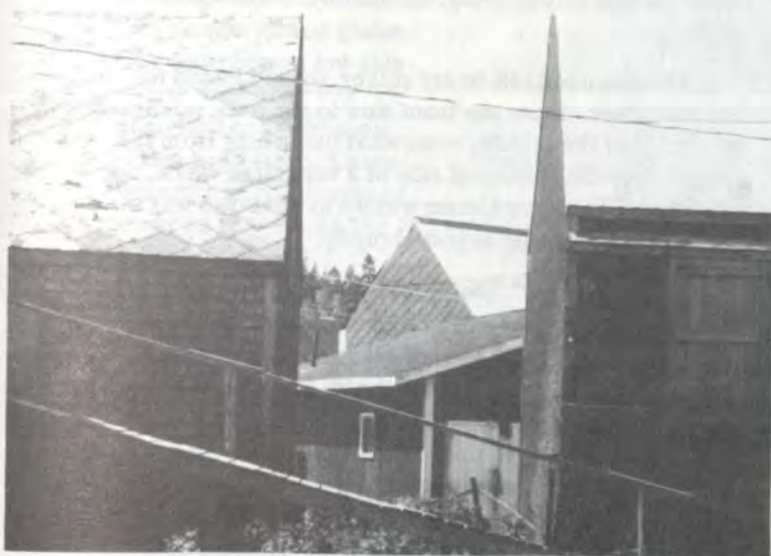


The crossing takes about three hours. The Bay of Fundy can be quite exuberant at times but the ferries



are large so moderate seas are damped out and are quite manageable. To be on the safe side, we tethered the Snow Goose securely. She had a good but lumpy crossing.

Accommodations on Grand Manan range from motels and Bed and Breakfasts to cottages and one Provincial campground. The Anchorage, the Provincial campground, was our destination. It is located about 12 miles down the island. By the time we were off the ferry and organized, there was no doubt that our yellow Burley rain suits were going to get a work out. We arrived at the start of a northeaster and left seven days later in another northeaster. All the days in between were beautiful, sunny, and clear.



Snug and warm in our Burley rainsuits, we headed southwest out of North Head, the largest village. I had to content myself with quick snatches of the view through rain-splattered glasses. I received a running commentary from Marilyn, my stoker, as we proceeded around wide shallow bays with sharply indented snug harbors. The surf was getting up and the light was turning a slightly oily yellow color. The Snow Goose was getting the feel of this trip.

The principal route north and south is an excellent wide road with a good surface and forgiving traffic. It was Sunday night, and every church in every village was lit as people walked from their homes, some emerging from side roads, and all carrying their bibles. They let nothing interfere with their prompt arrival.

The Anchorage campground is located on the front side just beyond the village of Grand Harbor. It is nicely situated in fields that were part of a farm from another age. The original farm house has gone through different stages of use until today it is the park headquarters building and the home of the Provincial park ranger and his wife. The camp sites are both open and tree-shaded, all with picnic tables and enclosed fireplaces. They do not take reservations, but no one is turned away for they have adequate overflow space. In the morning, as people check out, a game of musical chairs starts as the late arrivals, from the night before, search for the choice spots. Eleven dollars a night, free firewood, seven nights for the price of five.

The nice surprise for us was the community cookhouse, a building that served much the same use as a common room in a hostel. With the northeaster picking up in intensity, it was a satisfying thing to move into that warm, dry, well-lighted building. There were two wood-fired cook ranges going, and the combined aroma of many dinners being simultaneously prepared made us realize that we both had a roaring appetite. There were two or three groups per stove cooking, and everyone was moving over and doubling up to get the new people in. Large plank tables with attached benches made up the no-nonsense furnishings. A sink with hot water and dish washing materials was located at the rear of the room.

Night meals quickly turned into international gourmet feasts. "Have you tried this?" "I always carry this or that spice." "Crush this and sprinkle a little on, it picks it up." "Add a little Dulse." "This is fresh, picked yesterday."

The next day proved to be another Burley day, the last rain until our departure day. We had not planned on New Brunswick Days but the celebration was in full swing; thus there were no stores open. We quickly went through our stash of extra food and set out in a stiff wind-driven rain in search of our next meal. We finally located a convenience store that was open. A bit of shopping and refiguring, and we had our stash replenished. Then we were off to explore the north end of the island. Visibility was good, but a persistent rain pelted our Burley rain gear and an angry confused surf was constantly breaking. We made the trip to North Head Light and watched a ferry nonchalantly round the Head. Following was a small trawler making heavy



going on the same course. It was climbing into view, then diving into a trough that would almost hide it from our view, even from our elevated position at the light. It would climb up higher and higher, breast the comber, and then silently dive into the trough. We could not hear a sound but the crashing and smashing on board that trawler must have been horrendous. The Snow Goose was patiently waiting for us in the drizzle, huddled behind the old lifeboat station when we returned. We retraced our steps to the Anchorage in the gloom of early evening.

This was destined to be a macaroni and cheese night, due to the holiday. Suddenly, a great bear of a man with an engaging smile made his way into our camping area. He was a Montreal bicycle rider on vacation with his family, but without his bicycle. Our dinner was presented to us in a quart jar -- Prince Edward Island seafood chowder. "I thought you looked like you could use this", he said, as he smiled through the rain. We have had some memorable meals in some wonderful spots but none has ever topped that seafood chowder, liberally flavored with good humor and kindness.

As the week progressed, the days were as clear and warm as the first day and a half had been wet and cold. We found it hard to head off in the morning to whatever destination we had planned for the day. Soon after breakfast, curious people would start to arrive to see what the Snow Goose was all about.

Typical of this type of conversation was from an elderly man and his wife who introduced themselves as Grand Mananas or more accurately X-Grand Mananas. They were back for their yearly visit and their winter's supply of Dulse. I finished filling our water bottles and explained that "No, my stoker and I had to pedal together and, yes, I could tell if she was loafing". I asked them to tell me about Dulse. What is it? Where can I get some?

"Well," I was informed, "I don't care nothen about it but Ma likes about five or ten pounds for the winter. You know, stick it in the freezer and it's good for a year or so."

I asked, "How do you eat it?"

"Just stick it in your mouth and chew is what most people do."

"No cooking?"

"Can if you want. Just boil it a little in a pan, put a little vinegar on it, and you're all set. Personally I druther just chew it. Funny thing about Dulse, some people like it right off the start and some can't get it out of their mouth fast enough. But what's even funnier is if you watch them what spits it out. Pretty soon they're trying another little piece and there you go."

"The best Dulse is picked at Dark Harbor on the back side", I was told. It's the only settlement on the back side, camps really. Aquaculture, raising fish such as salmon in pens. Dulse pickers are the only people over there. No one in the winter. There may be a smoke house or two going, but mainly it is just Dulse pickers.

This sounded OK to my stoker, so we headed for Dark Harbor. From the front side to the back side is up and over the middle, somewhat like riding from the port side to the starboard side of a very large whale, up and over. The Snow Goose was up to it, and so was the crew. The hills came at you abruptly.

I said, "Doing?" "Doing!" That is Snow Goose shorthand for how are you doing? That answer means I am doing fine. If I had heard OK or alright I would have thought "Uh-oh! I'd better ease up and shift down." Both of the Snow Goose crew have had minor knee problems at one time or another, and we have learned that it makes no sense to try to tough it out. This day I got the welcome answer, "Doing." The Snow Goose squirmed a little in protest, but we soon had Dark Harbor in sight. We ran out of blacktop and for a mile and a half, we picked our way over a well-graded gravel road. The crushed rock cover was forgiving. It had nice smooth rounded edges. No tire problems, but it was a bit like riding over somewhat irregular sized ball bearings. The last mile was a straight drop into Dark Harbor while a magnificent bald eagle circled overhead, watching to see if the Snow Goose made it or not. She did.

At the top of the grade, Maine is visible from East Machias, the location of the world's most powerful radio station. The US Navy's voice to the subfleet, all the way to West Quoddy Head, the most eastern point in the USA.



Dark Harbor looked wild and remote compared to the villages on the front side. The road petered off onto the beach. To drive to your camp, you drive around the top of the beach to your site, then pull your vehicle up above the high water mark. You're home. The tight snug harbor is a small deep lake at low tide with a trickling brook running down hill to the ocean. This is Dulse country.

We met Wayne Green on the beach as he was preparing to feed 28,000 salmon in a pen just off shore. He noticed our empty water bottles and directed us to a beautiful, constantly running spring about 1/4 mile up the beach. We refilled all our bottles and washed away some of the dust from our drop into Dark Harbor. Wayne also picked Dulse. One hour before low tide to one hour after low tide, at night it could be seen with a head lamp. Large brownish purple leaves of seaweed growing on the rocks waving and beckoning at high tide, ripe for picking at low tide. The Dulse is picked into baskets and then emptied into the boat. Next, about six hours of drying in the sun and there you have it. A semi-crunchy, tough dark brown, concentrated flavor of the ocean. A salty delight that entrances some and disgusts others.

"Do you have any to sell?"

"Nope, but Mrs. Flagg would. She is seventy-two and is still picking, and, by God, if she can pick it, that's where you ought to buy it. She lives over on the front side." After another slow walk around and another bottle of water, it was time to wind the Snow Goose up out of Dark Harbor. We smoothly cranked uphill, picking our way over the firm sections of the road. Little by little, the grade flattened out until we could lay back and start to empty our water bottles all over again.

We found Mrs. Flagg at a trim little village house on the front side. She had one 5 lb. bag left. One dollar a pound. I confidently bought it and



immediately discovered that five lbs. of Dulse is a lifetime supply when traveling on a tandem. Mrs. Flagg gave me some more hints as to how to best enjoy Dulse, and then she was off to a folk music concert at the island school.

The Snow Goose and crew headed back to the Anchorage. We sauntered into the community building at dinner time and desperately, but with an air of serene confidence, started introducing all our friends to Dulse. We had to pare our load down or jettison it overboard.

Now, some months later, I have come down on the side of Dulse. It is different and I like it. My stoker has not really committed yet, but she did tell me the other day that some of it got wet in the freezer and she had to throw out quite a bit. All I know for sure is that when you add a five lb. bag of Dulse to the other bags and duffel in a small tent it certainly takes up its share of the room. It adds a certain tang, a sort of clam flat aroma to the confined atmosphere.

In the days remaining, we explored Grand Manan from one end to the other. The three-hundred foot cliffs at South West Head are magnificent. The short squat lighthouse does not need much lift to be visible from all quarters. We had a great time biking around the smoke houses at Seal Harbor. Sea Wall Industries is a going concern, tucked in nose-to-elbow with many other Smoke Houses, some working, some not.

Concerning our inquiry as to how the swimming was off the local beach, the friendly, outgoing young woman who owns Sea Wall Industries replied. "There are only two kinds of people who swim here. Fools and children." Since we do not consider ourselves either, we did not.

The Bird Sanctuary at the village of Castilia is a busy and active seabird home. It is a stopover spot to





many migrating birds. It is certainly a "Don't miss" area, and, true to our hopes, the two very conspicuous wooden buildings, way out on the bar and visible from the main road were pit toilets and not fixtures of the local skeet shooting club.

Everywhere we looked off shore for a week, we had a weir in sight. They look like remnants of dead trees in a beaver pond, but are actually closely spaced poles or stakes which support nets and act like a maze to form a trap. When the herring run and the weirs are full, the smoke houses work. Housewives and kids turn to and string the herring onto poles through their gills,

then start the long process of slow smoking in a softwood smudge. They are slowly moved higher and higher into the smoke house as they turn from gray to an iridescent golden color. Weeks later they emerge to be filleted and packed into wooden boxes.

Smoked herring, lobster rolls, and Dulse. Images of Grand Manan, a quiet place, home to friendly people, a special place, a place perfectly suited for tandems.

Chet & Marilyn Gilingham
Saco, ME

NEW!!

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The most powerful, yet sensitive to touch of any brake. Lifetime sealed system. Each brake is custom built for your tandem. I guarantee satisfaction!

I am proud to quote Lon Haldeman, one of the top tandem riders and authority, "While in the Rocky Mountains, we descended thru continual switch-backs without over-heating our rims. We could confidently slow the tandem with just one Mathauser Brake while the other rim cooled. Five hundred feet a tight hairpin turn our tandem speedometer read 52 m.p.h. Going into the corner our Mathauser Brakes slowed us to a comfortable 17 m.p.h. without a problem."

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STOKING

Other than serving as a windscreen, punching bag, and map desk, a captain has little else to do. He may steer, shift, slowdown, or stop (which captains are encouraged to memorize as the FOUR S's), but is otherwise just along for the ride.

The stoker, however, is so busy that sometimes he or she even forgets to pedal. Fortunately, the boys who congregate on the steps of the General Store are able to remedy this slight oversight by shouting out, "Hey, the one in the back isn't pedaling!" The typical stoker is very grateful for this reminder.

While the captain idles away the miles in rapt contemplation of the front tread, the stoker attends to many duties. There are questions to be asked ("Are we still on this map?"), mechanical adjustments to be made ("That rubbing sound you hear is our drive chain."), geometry lessons to be given ("You're going to get an elliptical sunburn. Your T-shirt is three inches above your shorts when you bend over."), routes to be followed ("I signaled left, so why did you turn right?"), roads to be evaluated ("Next time, try missing the potholes"), and greetings to be returned ("I am too pedaling!").

A typical day in the life of a stoker begins with filling at least six water bottles - even for a quarter-century tour on a rainy day. As everyone knows, the more water bottles mounted on the frame, the better the tandem. Really good ones can be heard sloshing down the road fully five minutes before they come into view. It is the job of the stoker to fill all the bottles, because if the captain doesn't drink enough liquids, he may refuse to stop for the purpose of admiring this year's corn crop, exploring a small forest, or inspecting gasoline station facilities.

Next, the stoker must coordinate a pair of jerseys. Do you remember the good old days when every pair of bike shorts was solid black? At least back then, there was no such thing as a jersey that clashed with your shorts. For example, since the captain had unwisely elected to wear his t-shirt from YACHT (Yuppies Actually Cruising High-priced Tandems) while waxing both chains, the only remaining pair of clean jerseys are fluorescent neon lime yellow. For reasons like this,

most stokers close their eyes on downhills, and on many other occasions.

Having tended to the liquids and the laundry, the stoker next turns to selection of a route map. "How far do you want to ride today?", the stoker asks, knowing full well that, to a captain, anything less than a full century isn't worth exposing the tandem to the great outdoors. But with some persuasion ("If we only ride sixty miles, we'll have time for a pizza afterwards."), a shorter route may be agreed upon. Besides, when the captain gets just a little lost while steadfastly refusing to heed the person who is actually holding the map, a metric century will be ninety miles long. That way, both team members are happy.

Yes, happiness abounds on a tandem. When two people get to spend eight consecutive hours with their minds and bodies working in concert, constantly separated by only a few inches, is it any wonder that helmets have become so popular? And the stoker needs only a couple of things to be truly the happiest of cyclists: 1. Recognition of a difficult job well done; 2. A chance to actually see the road ahead; and 3. Seeing the captain ride in back for a change, where he can take his turn at really working!

Gart Todd
Columbus, OH

MOVING?

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TANDEMTALK

COM-MU-NI-CATE: to give or exchange information, signals, or messages.

With a 40% increase in new TCA members (in the last two years), and many more couples joining every day, perhaps it is time to get back to one of the basics when it comes to riding one of those l-o-n-g bikes. Without proper communication, we would be in dire straits.

We are long-time tandem enthusiasts, and after 17 years and over 125,000 miles as a tandem team, we still communicate -- on, and off, the bike.

As that first ride on your tandem probably indicated, via the stoker's screams, there was something amiss. Yep, there was a communication gap!

The stoker's vision is (usually) limited to left and right sideview, with only an occasional peek over the captain's shoulder; it is the latter's responsibility to keep his/her riding partner informed on what's happening. You could try mental telepathy, but in most cases, voice commands work best.

Starting from the beginning, we learn that the captain mounts the metal steed first; this prevents the stoker from getting a karate kick in the solar plexus as the captain swings his/her leg over the saddle. Of course, some captains mount up by swinging his/her leg over the front handlebar, so they have no way to practice their karate. After the captain has cleared the top bar, s/he spreads both feet apart and applies both brakes. Now the stoker mounts up.

For you folks who pedal in-phase, and the majority of you do, the stoker gets seated and inserts both feet into the pedal system. For you captains who are right-footed, your right pedal will be brought to the 9 o'clock position by the stoker pedaling slowly backwards. For you lefties, the left pedal will be brought to the 9 o'clock position. Then the captain inserts the one foot into the proper pedal and releases the brakes. On the captain's command of "ready", you both push off.

For those who choose to pedal out-of-phase, the stoker still mounts first, straps (or clips) into both pedals, then rotates the captain's pedal to the 12 o'clock

position. With the high foot in place, the captain signals "ready" and off you go!

After a few pedal strokes, the command "pedal up" is given by the captain, at which time you both coast while the captain puts his/her remaining foot into toeclip, or clips in. After voicing the word "in", pedaling resumes.

Dismounting a tandem is done in reverse. After the command "stopping" is given, and the captain has stopped the tandem, planted both feet on the ground and is now holding the bike firmly upright, the stoker dismounts and says "off", indicating it is now safe for the captain to dismount, too.

It seems the most frequently used word in our tandem lexicon is "bump," and the voice level indicates how severe the bump is expected to be. When a real rough and unavoidable hazard is about to be traversed, the captain yells "lift!" telling the stoker to lift his/her derriere off the saddle to minimize the jolt.

When trying to avoid a road hazard, the words "going 'round" indicate that some quick steering maneuvers are in the very near offing.

When shifting the rear derailleur, the words "shifting up" or "shifting down" may be used, although we've found that, most of the time, a simple "shifting" is adequate, as the stoker can usually tell the direction by feel. When shifting, it helps if the stoker eases up a bit on the pedal pressure. When using the front derailleur "dropping the front" or "raising the front" can be used, or simply saying "big", "middle", or "small" can transfer the necessary information.

Other words in our tandem dictionary:

"Pedal up" is also used when negotiating a corner. However, if the curve to be negotiated is not too severe, the order "pedal through" is given.

"Rough road" indicates a bad stretch of road coming up.

"Gravel" or "sand" indicates a change in road conditions ahead.



"Braking" means cease pedaling and the brakes are being applied.

"Slowing" when pedal cadence is to be reduced (especially useful when entering a high traffic area, or trying to time and negotiate traffic lights in a city).

"Coasting" when pedaling is to cease momentarily.

"Tuck" when barreling down a hill and both captain and stoker tuck while trying to hit warp speed.

"Pedal" when pedaling resumes.

Of course, all tandems have an automatic turn indicator and brake signal. At the command "left turn", "right turn", "slowing", or "stopping", the stoker uses the appropriate hand signals to inform traffic around you of your intentions.

"Wave'm by" is a signal for the stoker to give a go-ahead-and-pass-us wave to the motorist who has been drafting and seems hesitant to pass.

"Ease up" is used when the stoker is applying too much pedal pressure -- yes, there are such stokers!

When talking with other cyclists while riding two abreast (legal in most states, as long as you are not impeding traffic, but not always advisable), it is easy to forget to communicate with your riding partner. When this occurs, it usually spells trouble for the unsuspecting partner. For instance, if the captain decides to cease pedaling without a proper warning, the stoker's foot can come out of the pedal, usually resulting in a loud exclamation from the rear, and is generally sufficient to bring the captain back to his/her senses in a hurry!

When traveling in the company of other cyclists (you know how those singles love to draft our long bikes), you give most maneuvering commands in a louder voice, so the other riders are aware of what the tandem is up to! Of course, the standard "on your left" and other appropriate warnings are used when cycling in a group.

New commands can be added to your tandem lexicon as required. You may also wish to add your own touch to these suggested commands. It may seem as if all this formal coordination would preclude general communication between partners, but the opposite is true. Proper tandem communication enhances the ride,

not only for the tandem couple, but also for other cyclists as well.

Communicate -- and you'll enjoy your tandeming more!

Rudy & Kay Van Rhenterghem
Tucson, AZ





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TWO VIEWS FROM TINMOUTH MOUNTAIN

A True Tale of Marital Stress and Risk-taking on a tandem by Two Who Lived to Tell the Tale.

Tom's View:

Joann and I have a good marriage -- we have been working at it for forty-two years. After five children and thirteen grandchildren (so far), we are still together, but the marriage nearly blew apart on Tinmouth Mountain!

I had just rebuilt a Motobecane Interclub for our daughter and her husband, and we planned to try it out on a trip to Vermont. It was outfitted with TA triple chainings, a half-step plus a granny: 50x46x26. It was driving a 13-34 Suntour Winner 6-speed freewheel, which provided a low gear of 21 inches. We were visiting my cousins in Wallingford, at the crossroads of US Route 7 and Vermont 140. We planned some quiet riding in the Otter River Valley. Joann has not yet learned to consider hills to be exciting and fun.

My rotund, non-biker cousin Jim reported seeing 40 bikers on Rte 140, rising out of the valley, earlier in the day. All but one biker was walking. "I guess the Tinmouth Mountain road is too tough for bikers!" My mind clicked into a scheming mode. Why not give the new low gears a try? With a 21-inch gear, we ought to be able to climb a wall. And, at the top, 7 miles away, I could pick up a piece of evidence at Tully's Diner, which would prove we had been there. I suggested to Joann that we take a little spin before supper. I didn't bother her with needless information about my proposed destination.

We started slowly, steadily. As the grade gradually steepened, I dropped into lower gears. It wasn't long before Joann began to feel the increased grade. Vermont mountains, peaking at 3500 to 4500 feet, would be considered foothills in the West, but early Vermonters possessed the unique ability to spot mountain tops and hike towards them by the shortest possible, straight-line routes. Those hiking paths later

became roads. Midway along VT 140 we seemed to be going straight up.

Complaints from the rear increased from annoyed mutterings to angry demands, "WHERE are we going? WHAT are you doing! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?" Take me BACK!" Confident that she would enter the spirit of the event in due time, I responded I was just trying out the gears, and we would start down soon. As the climb continued, I was bombarded with verbal abuse. "YOU LIED TO ME! You said a LITTLE SPIN before supper! You LIED to me! I can't BELIEVE you would DO THIS to me!"

"We're nearly there," I reasoned with her. "See that white spot over there in the trees? That's the top."

The climb continued, steeper still, and I began to fear physical attack. But all of Joann's strength was being vented in my ear, and all of mine was directed towards the pedals. As we neared the top, I realized that Joann was more than angry. She was RAGING! I had really blown it -- my tandeming days were done -- maybe my marriage was done, too.

And then, as we rounded the last curve, the tower clock of a little white church just ahead struck six, and chimes suddenly rang out in the clear air, enveloping us with music. The gorgeous sunset sky provided a spectacular view of the tranquil valley below. This was a moment to cherish forever. Surely Joann's heart would soften....

While my stoker lay in a mini-coma on the driveway at Tully's Place, I realized the diner was closed, but I found my evidence in the trash. Joann summoned enough breath to scream "WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT DIRTY CUP?" I pleasantly explained, but she only groaned.

The return trip took about 12 minutes, straight down. Joann did not join in the laughter at supper, and I knew I was in REAL trouble. Even now, seven years later, her face becomes strained when the story of our ride up Tinmouth Mountain is retold. Even driving up



in the car brings a quiet coolness to her voice and a droop to her lips. The only saving grace is that our favorite Vermont ride has become a 33-mile loop that begins in the church parking lot at the top of Tinmouth, on beautiful, quiet, nearly level country roads, through Danby Four Corners, Pawlet, Middletown Springs, and back to Tinmouth, where we always have time for a snack at Tully's.

Joann's View:

A few years ago, when I still viewed all steep hills as hard work to be avoided at all costs, my tandem captain (and husband of 42 years this year) and I were in Vermont for three days of October tandeming. After a day of pleasant rolling hills biking, we had some time to kill before dinner with Tom's cousins in Wallingford. Tom's suggestion that we "take a little spin before dinner" sounded harmless, and I -- trusting, dutiful wife that I am -- agreed.

Thus began the TINMOUTH (pronounced "Tinmith" by Vermonters) MOUNTAIN SAGA. After seven years, I am only now able to smile very slightly (definitely a strained smile) when recalling this event, or listening to Tom tell the tale, yet again, of the next couple of hours. Tom insists it was 70 minutes up and 12 minutes down. I remember it as at least 2 hours up, and no more than 2 minutes down. He wanted to "test the gears" he said later, when I stopped yelling "YOU LIED TO ME! YOU LIED TO ME!" long enough for him to say anything at all.

The ascent began pleasantly enough, and it was a while before I realized that we had been going steadily up, with no downs, not even a few flat yards. But, expecting things to change soon, I cheerfully pedaled on -- and on -- and on -- and up -- and up -- and up. After another 15 or 20 minutes of steady, tiring pedaling upward, I asked (not so cheerfully) where we were going. The casual reply was "Just for a little ride." There was not a trace of good cheer in my voice still later when I angrily demanded, "WHEN will we get to a downhill or level part of this ride?"

"Soon," He assured me.

Up, up, up. Push, push, push. Pant, pant, pant. My angry silence was punctuated only by my heavy

breathing. Tom's cheerful chatter about the beautiful scenery and lovely day fell on angry ears.

A slight (very slight) downgrade lifted my spirits briefly (very briefly) and the hard, seemingly endless, uphill climb continued.

"WHERE IS THE TOP?" My question was loaded with venom.

"Right over there," he replied, waving vaguely toward a distant flash of white, visible through thick trees off (way off, it turned out) to the right. With a tiny burst of hope that my ordeal might soon end, I continued to pedal angrily upward, no breath left for any more questions. I was resigned to my fate.

Just as I gasped that I could go no further, we rounded a curve (still climbing) and saw a little white church perched at the top of our climb. At the instant chimes rang out "O God Our Help in Ages Past, Our Help for Years to Come!" Temporarily distracted from my frustration and anger, I heard Tom mutter a thank you to Providence for the chimes, and we struggled into the parking area by Tully's Place, a small Vermont diner and local hangout.

While I lay speechless on the gravel, Tom retrieved a dirty paper cup from a trash barrel. Tully's was closed, and he couldn't get a clean one, which, he explained, he needed to show his cousin Jim to prove it WAS possible to ride all the way up to Tully's without getting off the bike.

We were at the bottom of Tinmouth Mountain in a very few moments, and Tom had a great story to tell his jovial Vermont cousins at dinner, while I sat stone-faced, barely able to swallow the food, or to stomach the backslapping laughter.

I have learned in recent years that "no one can make angry. I am angry only if I allow myself to be angry." Maybe so, except for the time Tom MADE me angry by tricking me into riding our tandem all the way up Tinmouth Mountain.

Tom & Joann Wetmore
New London, CT

Ed: Tinmouth Mountain is in close proximity to Poultney, VT, the site of the 1992 Eastern Tandem Rally. Perhaps some rides will go near this mountain.



"SAME TO YOU FELLA"

The League of American Wheelmen lobbied for improved roadways for cyclists and were successful around the turn of the century. Then cars were invented and the fun began. Everyone had their favorite "bone head" motorist story. Many are hair-raising. The ones that disturb me the most end with one or both parties out of control and injured.

I know that I'm "going to get mine" from the car towing the boat trailer three feet wider than the vehicle. The car swoops by pretty close but the trailer is about a road rash away. How about the car full of teenage high school kids. Giggling, putting on make-up and screaming all at the same time. They'll flatten me and not even notice till they get to school. Their counterparts, the high schoolers with the souped up cars, I won't even have to worry about, they are going so fast that by the time I realize I'm in danger, I'll already be road pizza. Another treat are the truckers that spit noxious substances at me like tobacco juice or cigar juice (or whatever ka ka they swill). Maybe you have your own favorite road hog story (How about Mr. or Mrs. Volvo?). Please write and share your experience with the rest of us "targets".

Do any of these things bother you, Bunky? Have you ever heard a little voice say, "My bike weighs X pounds and that car weighs how many tons?" Let's face it folks. Our trusty bike is no match for a gas guzzling behemoth. What do you do when some "jerk" cuts you off or forces you off the road? That is, after you cool down?

I try to remain calm and in control of the situation. (Someone has to and it's usually not the person in the car). After a car full of teeny boppers showers you with beer and empty bottles, it's a little hard to return to a rational state. Taking a self inventory and calming down enough to get the car's number is much less satisfying than giving the mono-digital salute, but what is your aim? Do you want to get this jerk angry or get him off the road? What's the best way to change their attitude?

Reacting to motorists that "have a problem" only seems to make them worse. It gives them a chuckle for

the day. Reporting their license to the registry and local police gives them more than a chuckle.

I have heard that there might be one or two cyclists in the country that incite the above kinds of behavior. I know it's hard to believe that one of our number would cut off a car or swerve all over the road. I have personally never witnessed cyclists riding two or three abreast, hogging the road, but I have heard that it happens in other parts of the country. Maybe these folks are ruining it for the rest of us?

What can I do to positively influence the behavior of cyclists? Club rides can be a place where cyclists learn "rules of the road". Maybe we can all take an extra minute to "advise" a new rider. Serving as a good example never hurts, either. I bet I've told a thousand cyclists; "You are riding on the wrong side."

What do you suggest? What are you going to do?

Marty Grassie
Marshfield Hills, MA

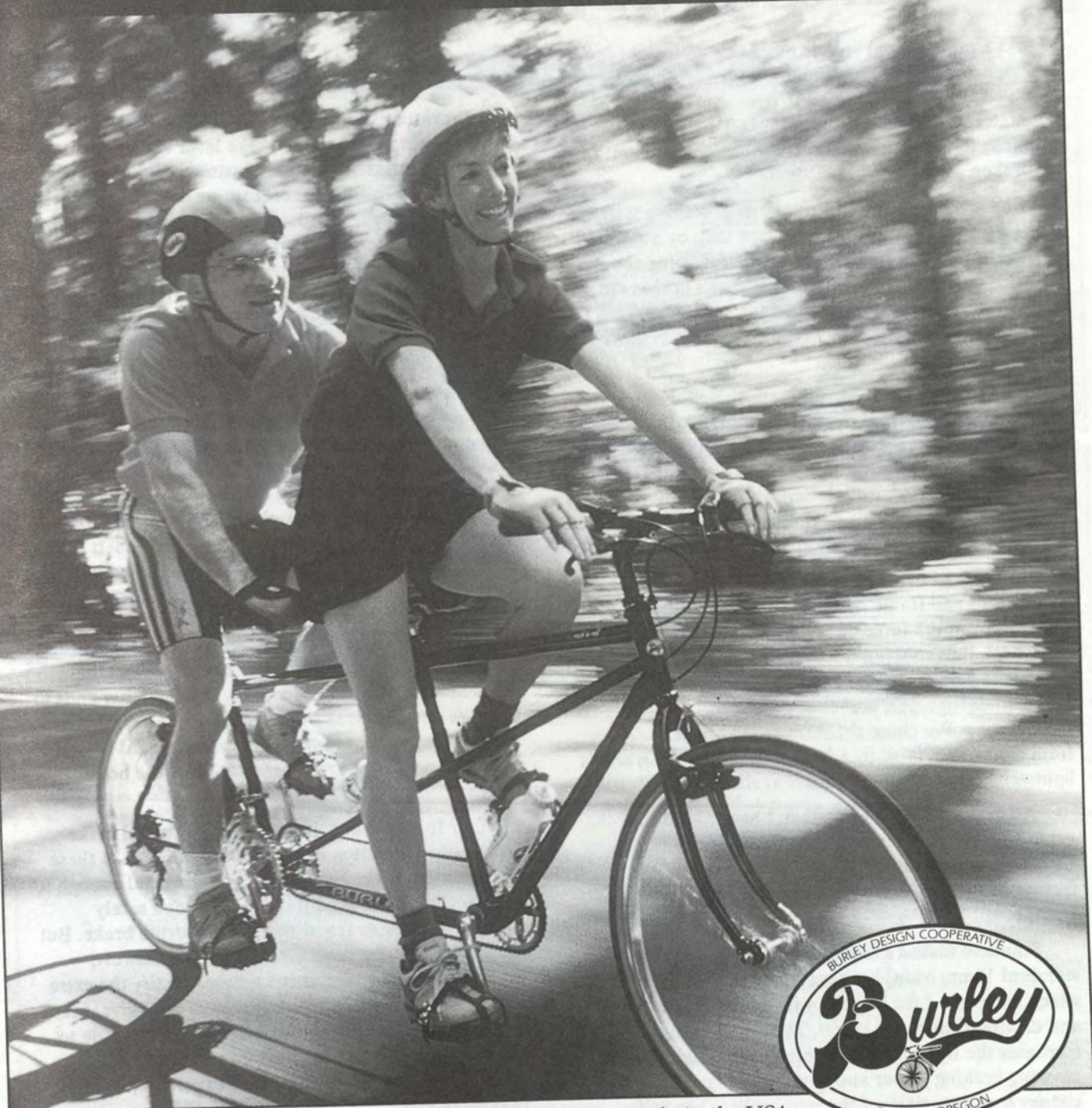
TOP TEN EXCUSES FOR NOT RIDING

10. We're out of bananas.
9. My chamois is still drying.
8. We have a long distance call from Claremont, CA.
7. I'm safely soaking my find washables.
6. We gotta work this weekend.
5. We're watching a lot of important TV.
4. My SIS went RETRO.
3. We're still waiting for our Jack Taylor.
2. We got a flat.
1. My stoker has a headache.

submitted by Robert May
Alameda, CA



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MORE ABOUT BRAKES

As a professional bicycle mechanic with eight years experience, and after reading the March-April issue of DoubleTalk, I felt that I had to comment on some of the material therein. Last month, D-T published my response to the article about freewheels. This month, it's brakes.

I have some useful information on braking systems that I'd like to share. Now, I am sure that, by now, most of the DoubleTalk readers are tired of hearing about how this person or that person's tandem's brakes are set up, but there are some very good improvements that can be made inexpensively that have not yet been covered.

Our Ibis Cousin It is equipped with a Suntour XC-Pro brakeset (standard cantilever front, SE-Pederson cantilever rear), with an Arai drum brake. This braking system was adequate for use on the road, but as we ride the Cousin off-road, we felt that we needed more braking power to be able to ride safely.

The addition of a brake bridge will improve the performance of nearly any cantilever brake arch. The brake studs and frame members will tend to flex outward from the force of the brake pushing against the wheel, thus robbing the brake of most of its power. The brake bridge mechanically "ties" the end of the brake studs together, preventing the studs and frame from flexing. We chose the Armstrong brake bridge from DKG, as it is easily adjusted for installation and is lightweight, but there are others available as well.

All brake pads are not equal. I have found that some upper end after-market brake pads like Eagle Claws or Aztec pads stop better than most of the factory original pads from Shimano, Suntour and Dia-Compe.

Shimano makes a 39mm wide (opposed to the standard 15mm wide) brake crossover-wire hanger, which is designed for bicycles with cantilever brakesets and dropped bar brake levers. This wider hanger increases the rigidity of the cable system, thereby increasing braking power and eliminating much of the spongy feel, especially of the rear brake. They will improve the braking efficiency with straight bar brake levers also. The 39mm wide hangers can be difficult to find, but any better bike shop should either have them

in stock or be able to order them for you. They're well worth looking for.

Previous experience told me that dual control of both cantilevers from one brake lever leaves much to be desired in terms of ease of adjustment, braking power and parts availability. Therefore we decided to operate the front and rear cantilevers from individual brake levers enabling us to have much more power and control from the braking system. Since we also equipped our tandem with a drum brake, a way to control it was also necessary. The perfect solution was found with a Command Center shift lever from Suntour. The Command Center shift levers nestle to the inside of the brake levers allowing you to shift (or in this case brake) without removing your hands from the brake lever. It works wonderfully in this application, since the drum brake can be set at any drag and the cantilevers can still be controlled individually for maximum power. Everything is at your fingertips. The most difficult part is trying to get only a left side lever (right ones are indexed for shifting). If you're lucky, your dealer may have the correct half of a broken set. More likely, you may need to purchase a full set and throw the right lever into the parts bin for a future project. Bar-cons could also be used to control the drum brake if you are not already using the bar ends to shift the derailleurs as we do. Wilderness Trail Bikes also makes a mount that will allow a standard thumb shifter to be placed toward the inside of the brake lever.

Our Ibis Cousin It has the most powerful brake system of any tandem that I have ridden, due to these improvements. The brake system is powerful enough to allow technical off-road trails to be ridden safely without needing to resort to using the drum brake. But the short but steep descents here in the Midwest, usually with a stop sign at the bottom, justify the extra measure of safety that the drum brake does give. I feel that these inexpensive improvements can be made to modify any standard brake set-up and yield the superior braking power that more expensive, exotic brakesets have.

Safe riding!
Kenneth Vogel
Madison, Wisconsin



The Ibis Uncle Fester Tandem

The newest member of the Ibis family of excellent tandems. A 26" wheeled tandem that is equally at home on the road or on the trail. Built to exacting Ibis specifications, with the same frame as our popular Cousin It tandem. Shown here with the road kit, we also have the Ibis adjustable stoker stem available. For related information, see the road test of the Cousin It in the July issue of Bicycle Guide.

You can get the Uncle Fester with either our DX or XT tandem groups. Built in our Sebastopol shop right here in the California wine country. And... we saved the best for last, the Ibis Uncle Fester is the most affordable Ibis Tandem, at a bit over two thousand dollars. One last thing we should mention—don't forget to see the complete line of high quality MPacks Panniers, available directly from Ibis or from your local dealer.

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Tandeming in Vermont

The hill was getting steeper, really steep. We struggled in our 24 by 30 gear, determined not to walk as our legs ached and our breathing deepened. We had traveled about 58 miles of hilly terrain on our fourth day of our Black River Vagabond Tour and only had another twelve to go before we could put our feet up, enjoy a beer and relax in the pool. This was our first try at touring, Inn to Inn style, with sag wagons and guides to assure us of every comfort once our day's cycling had finished. Our pride didn't want any hill to get the better of us even if it was called "Hysteria Hill". As we strained against the hill I thought of the last few days and our touring adventure.

It had been early spring when we decide to vacation with our new tandem, purchased in the midst of last season. We had passed the usual challenges of learning to stand together on hills as well as educating ourselves in the nuances of communicating our intentions, and we didn't want a trip that was too easy. The Vermont Bicycle Touring brochure described their "Vagabond" trips as being for the athletic beginner and intermediate through advanced cyclists. Each day you could choose routes ranging from a moderate 35 to a challenging 75 miles. We signed up. After all, we'd have 1200 miles on our tandem by the time we left for our trip. We would be ready.

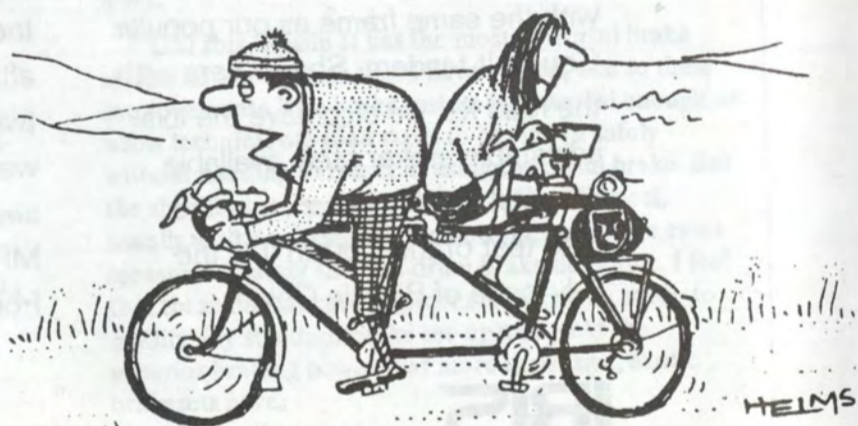
Some of our companions for the five days were not as prepared. Some had not ridden further than 10 miles. Some were not athletic. Some suffered.

In our get acquainted meeting, there were lessons on riding techniques such as changing gears and braking. I asked our guides if it was usual for people with little or no experience to show up for these trips. They said that thoughts of the luxury Inns, swimming holes and gourmet meals as presented in the brochures made people forget about the rigors of cycling while in the comfort of their armchairs. I was not sure if these good people were going to make it.

Our guides explained in detail the day's trip every morning, pointing out the

"must see" spots as well as all the alternate routes and hills. There were always questions on how to miss the hills and there was always the same answer. This is Vermont: Green Mountains.

Our first day from Plymouth Union to Peru had in it what was described as a seven-mile climb. The shortest route was 38 miles. I had never experienced a seven mile climb before, and I thought they were just kidding. They weren't. As I had outfitted our tandem with a 24-tooth granny from my mountain bike -- which made any hill in the Niagara Falls area an easy proposition -- the seven-mile climb was slow, but not hard. We just twiddled along, enjoying the spectacular scenery. Despite taking the longer route, we were the first to the rambling Johnny SeeSaw's in Peru, arriving about 2:30. This gave us time to acquaint ourselves with a very friendly German Shepherd puppy and a shower before our companions started showing. Arriving early became a habit that upset some people until they rationalized that we were two pedaling the same bicycle, obviously making everything easier. Some of our comrades were not in good humor as they arrived, tired and soaked with perspiration. Seeing us sitting comfortably with a smile, a friendly hello, and a cool one did not help some dispositions.



"Isn't the coffee ready yet?"



Our group was varied in both age and ability. The older seemed to be in better shape than the younger. Older people probably prepare themselves more for such a trip -- as the younger are invincible. I guess I just dated myself and my wife here.

There were two young women from Michigan, who were amongst the never-having-cycled-further-than-10-miles-type, and who figured that, as they were marathoners, their running would have them prepared for cycling. It had not. They gained a new respect for cyclists and also older people when one of our fifty-something companions, Fred, decided to run the first 22 miles to the lunch stop before cycling the rest of the way. Fred's wife said she had introduced him to exercise many years ago, forever bringing out the monster that had been hibernating inside.

We had a tense moment on the first day as my wife Dale pulled something in her left knee when our chain derailed going down on to our granny on the famous seven mile hill. Luckily a good dose of icing the knee and a good night's rest, as well as taking it easy as possible the second day, allowed a full recovery. It was

a reminder that anything can happen at anytime, and we were thankful that we were able to overcome a situation that could have ruined a vacation we had looked forward to for months.

As the days progressed our group grew closer together. No one had used the sag wagons in the perfect weather we were having. The beginners were overcoming their sore butts and dead legs and impressing the heck out of me for their determined and more amiable attitude at each day's end as our trip wore on. They were starting to enjoy themselves.

Now on the fourth day were cresting Hysteria Hill, thinking of all the memories compiled. The reward for this incredibly steep climb that had us looking for a lower gear, was twelve miles of gentle downhill with a tail wind. Our cyclometer showed we were cruising/coasting at 22 mph while enjoying the fabled bucolic scenery all the way to the superb October Inn, where we were met with cool drinks and snacks.

There is nothing like sharing a pleasant evening with people of like interests after a good day on the road with your best friend. Our tandem allowed us to talk all the while which prevented us from missing very much. (We still managed to miss the odd turn though, and often traveled a few extra miles here and there.)

Our last day was anticlimactic as our minds were telling us that this nirvana was soon to be over. Our legs propelled us effortlessly as we had become one with our bike and the beautiful scenery. We took a side trip to the Woodstock Raptor Center which displayed all our native birds of prey. It was a high point to see majestic eagles, owls and hawks close up and personal. These birds had all sustained permanent injuries and would never be able to survive by themselves in the wild again.

We wanted to continue past our target of Plymouth Union where we knew it would all end. When we did reach our destination no one was in a hurry. We sat around the bar, drinking, snacking and sharing stories of the last few days. We had personal bests during those days as had others, who had come from not knowing how to change gears, to successfully touring the picturesque hills of Vermont by bicycle.

Lee & Dale Norton
St. Catherines, Ontario



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RACE ACROSS AMERICA, 1992

For the 11th consecutive year, The Race Across America (RAAM) will feature the world's top ultra-marathon cyclists in a 2,900 mile coast-to-coast non-stop bicycle race. Beginning on July 23rd, the race will start over a four-day period from the Irvine Holiday Inn in Irvine, CA, and will end on August 1 and 2 at the Rousakis Plaze in Savannah, GA. A combined total of 60 or more men and women cyclists will be competing in three different divisions, E.g., solo, tandem, and 4-man team competition.

More than 50 Time Stations are planned to help keep track of the riders as they cross this great country of ours. Each station is located along the route, usually at mini-markets, parks, motels, or food establishments. Time Stations have three primary functions: (1) to log

in the exact time each rider passes and to notify Race Headquarters via a toll-free 800 number, (2) relay messages from Headquarters to crews and travel along officials, and (3) provide the local media with information about the race. RAM is recruiting volunteers to manage these Time Stations. If you have some time to spare, review the list of stations, and, if it is convenient, call the UMCA and volunteer. Time Station captains should keep the stations open for about 3 days, longer if need be.

For more information, and to volunteer, contact the Ultra Marathon Cycling Association, 4790 Irvine Boulevard, #105-111, Irvine, CA 92720. Ph: (714)-544-1701

RAAM'92 TIME STATION TOWNS

CALIFORNIA

START - IRVINE HOLIDAY INN, IRVINE, CA

T.S. NO.	TOWN	MILES FROM START	FIRST RIDER EXPECTED ARRIVAL TIME/DATE (EDT)
(1)	BEAUMONT	79	7/23 - 6 P.M.
(2)	DESERT CENTER	181	7/24 - 1 A.M.

ARIZONA

(3)	BRENDA/HOPE	268	7/24 - 6 A.M.
(4)	PRESCOTT	388	7/24 - 3 P.M.
(5)	WILLIAMS	454	7/24 - 6 P.M.
(6)	FLAGSTAFF	492	7/24 - 9 P.M.
(7)	HOLBROOK	577	7/25 - 2 A.M.
(8)	ST. JOHN	634	7/25 - 6 A.M.
(9)	SPRINGERVILLE	663	7/25 - 9 A.M.

NEW MEXICO

(10)	PIE TOWN	732	7/25 - 3 P.M.
(11)	SOCORRO	815	7/25 - 8 P.M.
(12)	CARRIZOZO	890	7/26 - 3 A.M.
(13)	HONDO	933	7/26 - 6 A.M.
(14)	ROSWELL	981	7/26 - 9 A.M.
(15)	TATUM	1053	7/26 - 2 P.M.

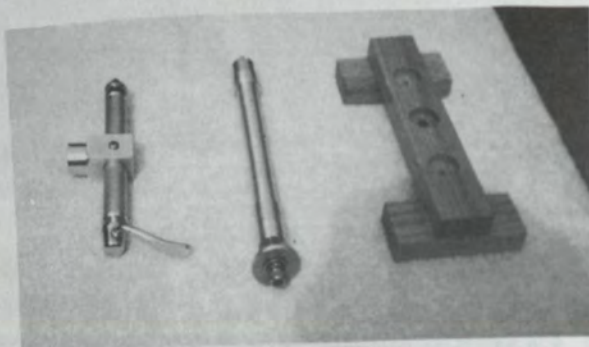


T.S. NO.	TOWN	MILES FROM START	FIRST RIDER EXPECTED ARRIVAL TIME/DATE (EDT)
TEXAS			
(16)	PLAINS	1084	7/26 - 4 P.M.
(17)	MORTON	1122	7/26 - 6 P.M.
(18)	MULESHOE	1158	7/26 - 9 P.M.
(19)	HEREFORD	1219	7/27 - 2 A.M.
(20)	CANYON	1250	7/27 - 6 A.M.
(21)	CLAUDE	1315	7/27 - 10 A.M.
(22)	MIAMI	1393	7/27 - 4 P.M.
(23)	SHAMROCK	1451	7/27 - 8 P.M.
(24)	CHILDRESS	1507	7/28 - 1 A.M.
(25)	VERNON	1575	7/28 - 6 A.M.
(26)	WICHITA FALLS	1637	7/28 - 2 P.M.
(27)	NACONA	1689	7/28 - 7 P.M.
(28)	GAINESVILLE	1724	7/28 - 10 P.M.
(29)	SHERMAN	1759	7/29 - 1 A.M.
(30)	WOLFE CITY	1800	7/29 - 5 A.M.
(31)	SULPHUR SPRINGS	1844	7/29 - 8 A.M.
(32)	MT. PLEASANT	1881	7/29 - 11 A.M.
(33)	LONGVIEW	1936	7/29 - 3 P.M.
(34)	MARSHALL	1961	7/29 - 5 P.M.
LOUISIANA			
(35)	SHREVEPORT	2005	7/29 - 9 P.M.
(36)	RUSTON	2071	7/30 - 2 A.M.
(37)	MONROE	2104	7/30 - 4 A.M.
(38)	HUNTER HEIGHTS	2175	7/30 - 11 A.M.
MISSISSIPPI			
(39)	CLINTON	2218	7/30 - 2 P.M.
(40)	FOREST	2270	7/30 - 7 P.M.
(41)	MERIDIAN	2319	7/30 - 11 P.M.
ALABAMA			
(42)	LIVINGSTON	2361	7/31 - 2 A.M.
(43)	DEMOPOLIS	2401	7/31 - 5 A.M.
(44)	SELMA	2455	7/31 - 9 A.M.
(45)	HOPEHULL	2503	7/31 - 1 P.M.
(46)	UNION SPRINGS	2566	7/31 - 6 P.M.
GEORGIA			
(47)	FLORENCE	2617	7/31 - 11 P.M.
(48)	PLAINS	2660	8/1 - 5 A.M.
(49)	VIENNA	2700	8/1 - 8 A.M.
(50)	JACKSONVILLE	2760	8/1 - 12 NOON
(51)	REIDSVILLE	2810	8/1 - 4 P.M.
(52)	BLITCHTOWN	2877	8/1 - 8 P.M.
(53)	POOLER	2890	8/1 - 9 P.M.
	SAVANNAH (ROUSAKIS PLAZA)	2900	8/1 - 10 P.M. FINISH!

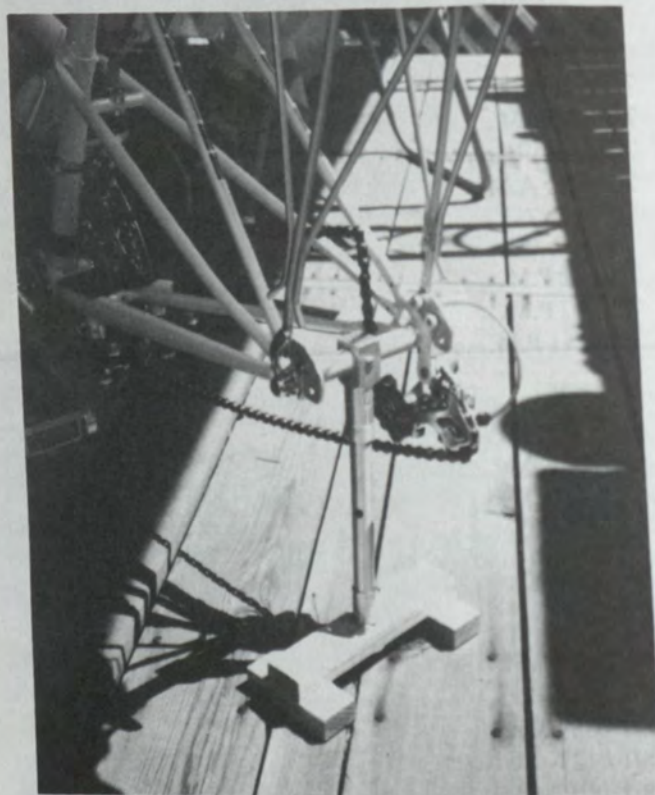


A TANDEM'S FOOT

We haven't been riding a tandem that long but already have found that the nemesis of all tandemists are rear tire flats. The repair process requires that one of us, usually my wife Kathy, hold up the tandem while the



other, myself, wrestles off the wheel. Then, what to do with the machine? Lay it down, which may not be



practical, or hold it up while the tire is being repaired - very tiring.

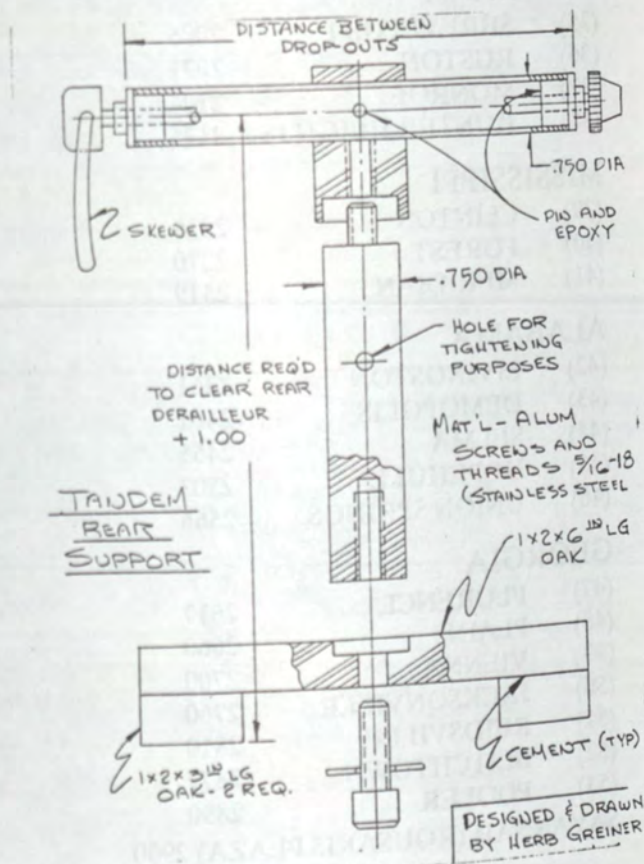
We have developed a device, a "tandem foot", which minimizes or eliminates these problems. It separates into three parts that are easily stored in a rack trunk or other bag. It is fairly light weight, and it can be quickly assembled or disassembled.

Through its own quick release, it replaces the wheel while the tire is being repaired. It supports the rear of the tandem, and it is just tall enough to keep the rear derailleur from touching the ground. Thus everything is protected.

As you can see from the pictures and sketches, my version requires access to metal working machinery, but someone might be able to get around this by using some salvaged parts.

It works for us.

Herb and Kathy Greiner
Commack, NY





TIRES AND WHEELS

It is interesting to read about all the problems associated with a tandem's tires and wheels. Instead of adding to these stories, the following setup has produced no problems in 3500 miles of riding. I have the confidence to treat our wheels as if they were indestructible. I do not slow for railroad tracks, or any other bump. We do stand on the pedals in those situations though.

Our Santana tandem has 48 spoke Sun Chinook rims built by Wheelsmith and 700 by 32 Kevlar belted Specialized tires. I attribute our lack of problems to the larger section tire (28 is standard) and a combined weight of about 275 lbs for my wife and myself. We

have done some light touring, adding no more than ten pounds or so in our bags. I pump the tires to about 120 psig and check them weekly. The tires show no wear to date and we have not had a flat. (I was knocking on wood as I wrote the last few words.)

I mounted my 36 spoke, 700 by 25 road bike wheels on the tandem to see if I could feel a difference in performance with a lighter set of wheels. But as this setup looked so frail next to what I was used to, I never tried them. If I ever get the nerve to try those wheels, I may submit another article on broken rims.

Lee & Dale Norton
St. Catharines, ONT

TCA Merchandise Order Form

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

Tandem Club of America
Stan & Marilyn Smith
4100 Del Monte Place SE
Albany, OR 97321-6209

T-Shirts: Child: Small (6-8) _____ Medium (10-12) _____
Adult: Small _____ Medium _____ Large _____ X-Large _____
Total Qty: _____ X \$8.50 _____

TCA Patches: _____
Total Qty: _____ X \$4.00 _____
Total Enclosed: _____

Indicate quantities and include **\$8.50** for each shirt, **\$4.00** for each patch ordered. Canadian and other foreign orders should include extra for appropriate postage.

Ship To:

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
State: _____ ZIP _____ Country _____





Dues

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

Membership

Please fill out the membership form below and mail with a check made payable (in US funds, please) to:

Tandem Club of America
 Malcolm Boyd & Judy Allison, TCA Treasurers
 35 East Centennial Drive
 Medford, NJ 08055

TCA MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Membership No. (Upper left corner of your mailing label): _____

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

City, State, ZIP: _____

Phone (Including Area Code): _____

Tandem Make: _____ Year: _____

Color: _____ Style: _____

Amount enclosed: _____ for _____ Years

(Multiple-year memberships are accepted at Dues Rate X Number of Years)



TANDEM RACES -- 1992

July 1-5, 1992. 1992 Burley Duet Cycling Classic Stage Race, sponsored by Burley Design Cooperative, Eugene, OR. The Duet Cycling Classic is the premier tandems-only stage race in the United States. This year's race feature more riders, more race activities, a cash purse of \$6,000, and participation by tandem teams from across the country.

Tandem teams competing in the Duet Cycling Classic experience the challenge of close teamwork, steep climbs, and speedy descents. Spectators enjoy vicarious thrills as they watch tandem teams vie

for position and advantage on the area's most challenging race courses.

Five Stages (three road races, a criterium, and a time trial) will challenge the 40-50 teams expected to attend. Additional race-related activities include live music and other festivities during the Eugene Criterium on Thursday, July 4.

For more information, contact Rene Kane, Burley Design Cooperative, 4080 Stewart Road, Eugene, OR 97402. Ph: (503)-687-1644

July 5, 1992. Long Beach, CA, Criterium IV, Long Beach, CA. This is a .9 mile course with three corners and one sweeping curve. The course is wide and definitely tandem-friendly. The tandems race at 4:30 p.m., after the Pros 1-2. USCF licensed only. Contact MTS Cycling, P.O. Box 3213, Anaheim, CA 92803-3213. Ph: (714)-738-5954

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

September 4th, 1992. 4th Annual Lake Country (Texas) Classic. Come race in this 25-mile road race for mixed tandem teams. 1 P.M. Fort Belknap, TX. Trophies to the top 3 teams. Contact Randy Stephens, Route 2, Box 268, Red Top Road, Graham, TX 76450, ph: (817)-549-3918 for more information and for registration forms.

September 6, 1992. Long Beach, CA, Criterium V, Long Beach, CA. This is a .9 mile course with three corners and one sweeping curve. The course is wide and definitely tandem-friendly. The tandems race at 4:30 p.m., after the Pros 1-2. USCF licensed only. Contact MTS Cycling, P.O. Box 3213, Anaheim, CA 92803-3213. Ph: (714)-738-5954

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



TANDEM CALENDAR 1992 and beyond

July 12, 1992. **M.U.T.S. (Michigan United Tandem Society) in Monroe (MI).** For more information, such as time, distance, and starting place, contact Tom or Nancy Osborne, (313)-242-5528.

July 18, 1992. **GREAT Society Challenge Ride and Picnic** Join Rochester (NY's) GREAT Society and the Rochester Bicycle Club for their annual 24-hour challenge ride and Summer Picnic. 11:00 a.m. Contact Chuck and Bonnie (716)-428-8041 or Mark and Lynn (716)-461-9514 for the important details.

July 24-26, 1992. **Truce Weekend.** Join the COWS, CATS, and Loons in Stevens Point, WI, for a fun weekend of food and cycling. Sorry, but accommodations limit us to 50 tandems, so send your SASE in early to John & Peggy O'Dell, 1909 Elk Street, Stevens Point, WI 54481. Ph: (715)-344-2732

August 3-6, 1992. **Eastern Tandem Rally PreTour.** Four circuit rides in the Champlain Valley. East Middlebury, VT is the starting/ending point each day. SASE to Geff Fisher, 5013 Red Fox Drive, Annandale, VA 22003. Ph: (703)-978-5150

August 4-10, 1992. **Prince Edward Island Camping Tour.** Atlantic Canada Cycling Festival. P.O. Box 1555, Station M., Halifax, NS Canada B3J 2Y3. Ph: (902)-469-1253

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

August 7-10, 1992. **GEAR'92 North Country!** Canton, NY. Come pedal New York's Undiscovered "North Country". Cycle along excellent roads with little motorized traffic lush scenery and rolling topography. Workshops about tandeming and more! SASE to GEAR'92 NORTH COUNTRY, St. Lawrence University, Canton, NY 13617. Ph: (315)-379-5659

August 8-9, 1992. **YELLOW BRIKE RIDE.** A weekend of Tandems-Only activities in the Kansas City area. Saturday Century and party; Sunday a 40-miler.

Camping, motels. Everything provided! Try our style of Riding and Rollicking. Deadline for registration is July 20, 1992. Contact Bill Sheldon, 8916 Millstone Circle, Lenexa, KS 66220. (913)-492-4015

August 9-16, 1992. **ETR'92 Post Tour.** This is your invitation to join us on another Harvey HILLY Special. 1992's tour will cover the middle part of Eastern VT and Western NH along the Connecticut River. Leave from Fairlee, VT (this is approximately 100 miles from the site of ETR!) 40-50 miles per day (except for final day). \$935/couple. SASE now to Bob and Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton Street, Salem, NH 03079

August 15, 1992. **M.U.T.S. Tune-up for MTR, Holland, MI.** For all pertinent information, contact David or Jayne Ver Lee. (616)-786-9281

August 23, 1992. **GREAT Society Konstantino's Breakfast Ride.** 8:00 a.m. Join the GREAT Society and the Rochester Bicycle Club for a ride to Konstantino's Family Restaurant for breakfast. Contact Chuck and Bonnie (716)-428-8041 or Mark and Lynn (716)-461-9514 for the important details.

August 23, 1992. **Tandems Tour of the Hamptons, (NY)** Staged by the Massapequa Park Bicycle Club, this event will have a special tandem start. The ride will go through the world's most famous playground for the rich and famous. The area is perfect for tandems! L.I.T.E.S (Long Island Tandem Enthusiasts' Society). SASE to Vicki & Gary Iorio, 3530-47 Long Beach Road, Ocianside, NY 11572 or call (516)-536-5152.

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 4-7, 1992. **Santana West Coast Tandem Rally.** A tandem event intended to be the premier rally



in the nation. Sponsored by Santana Cycles, Inc., this Rally will highlight the beautiful rolling hills north of Los Angeles County. This event will be first cabin in every way, from the accommodations and cuisine to the weekend full of events and rides. Limited to the first 80 teams (of any manufacture, by the way), so early registration is a must! SASE to Santana West Coast Rally, c/o OCW, P.O. Box 219, Tustin, CA 92681

September 5-7, 1992. **Cape Breton Cabot Trail Camping Tour** Atlantic Canada Cycling Festival. P.O. Box 1555, Station M., Halifax, NS Canada B3J 2Y3. Ph: (902)-469-1253

September 7, 1992. **107th Annual Labor Day Tandem Rally and Rathdrum Lion's Club Pancake Feed.** 9:00 a.m. from East Valley HS, 15711 East Wellesley, Spokane, WA. SASE to Ian Ledlin, 106 NW 24th, Spokane, WA 99203, ph: (509)-747-4352 evenings.

September 13, 1992. **GREAT Society Progressive Dinner** TBA. The GREAT Society's biannual dinner. It's short on miles, but long on food!. Contact Chuck and Bonnie (716)-428-8041 or Mark and Lynn (716)-461-9514 for the details.

October 3-4, 1992. **Bay Area Roaming Tandem (BART) 3rd Annual Fall Tandem Rally.** Carmel & Monterey Peninsula. Two days of tandeming in one of the most beautiful areas of northern CA. Banquet Saturday evening, Brunch Sunday morning. Try for the annual BARTIFACTS award. Raffles. Register by September 1, 1992. SASE to Terri Gorman, BART, PO Box 2176, Los Gatos, CA 95031. Ph: (408)-356-7443 evenings.

October 4-9, 1992. **Southern Tandem Rally PreTour II.** Knoxville, TN. Jack & Susan Goertz' pretour is full, but Gary & Irene Sanderson have agreed to lead a second tour (hotel-based, but no sag -- unless someone will volunteer) before the Southern Tandem Rally. For more information, call Gary & Irene Sanderson, (414)-964-5026 or send an SASE to Gary & Irene Sanderson, 5005 North Palisades Road, Milwaukee, WI 53217. Hurry! The first pretour filled up fast!

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! It's filling fast, so send your SASE to Ken & Vicki Adams, 244 West

Main Street, Dandridge, TN 37725 now! Registration deadline is August 8, 1992.

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.

Labor Day, 1993. **Midwest Tandem Rally, Lansing, MI.** Join the M.U.T.S. in this great annual event! More information in will be published in DoubleTalk 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 TANDEMS



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CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: 1987 Santana Sovereign, 24x21, Metallic grey, immaculate condition, ridden less than 1500 miles. Many extras included. Al Heffernan, 5709 South Regency Court, Mobile, AL 36609. (205)-343-6871 07/92

FOR SALE: 1990 Rodriguez Polished Aluminum Mountain Tandem. 22x20 frame size. Excellent condition. Low miles. Asking \$2400.00. Call Paul or Margie @ (403)-381-6238. 07/92

FOR SALE: Santana Elan. 15 Speed, 23x21 size. SunTour derailleurs and BAr Con shifters. 32/47/52 by 14/17/21/26/32. Low Mileage and excellent condition. Asking \$1500. H. Mortensen, 2S663 Normandy E. Oak Brook, IL 60521. (708)-969-2090 07/92

FOR SALE: Columbia Model 500. Purchased new, stored for past 15 year. Yellow frame with chrome fenders. Single speed/coaster brake. Balloon tires. A real collector's item. Asking \$400.00. Jim Silberhorn, 116 North Scott, Adrian, MI 49221. Ph: (517)-263-2473 07/92

FOR SALE: Santana Arriva, 21x19. Red Fillet-brazed Columbus frame. 48-spoke sealed bearing wheels, sealed bearing BB's. Sugino GT cranks, SunTour Barcons. Shimano Deore XT cantilevers with aero levers. Arai drum brake activated with stem-mounted friction lever. Low-rider rack braze-ons. 4 water bottle cages & gel seats. An excellent value for \$1900. Mark & Pam Ariens, 5832 West Allwood Drive, Franklin WI 53132. Ph: (414)-421-0304 07/92

FOR SALE: 1 pr. Scott-Pedersen SE rear brakes, \$30.00. 1 Zipper fairing, \$80.00. 1 pr Look shoes, size 38, \$35.00. 1 pr Sampson pedals, old-style, \$35.00. Dave Hauschild, 3111 West College, #16, Grand Island, NE 68803. Ph: (308)-384-0657 07/92

FOR SALE: 1989 Santana Arriva, 59x53. White. Columbus premium tandem tubeset, fillet-brazed frame. New Shimano Deore XT-II crankset. Phil Wood BB's. Look pedals. Cinelli handlebars & captain's stem. Burley adjustable stoker stem. Arai drum brake. New Wolber 40-hole MA-59 rims, with QR fr & Rr. Tandem looks brand new. Asking \$2100. Gary Goble, 6707 West

Franklin Street, Richmond, VA 23226. Ph: (804)-288-6915 07/92

FOR SALE: Santana 24x21 Classic tandem. Blue imron, fillet-brazed marathon frame. Tandem is in excellent condition. Bar-end shifters, 18-speed indexed. 22-112 gearing/TA cranks. Arai Drum brake. A steal at \$1295.00. Ray & Kristie Foss, 92 Kendall Road, Lisbon, CT 06351. Ph: (203)-376-2717 07/92

FOR SALE: 1991 Burley Samba. Bicycling's 1991 & 1992 "Best Buy". 18.5x16.5 mens/mens, with standard Burley component package. Optional Arai drum brake installed. Very low miles in near new condition. \$750.00. Call Larry @ 404-438-9558 07/92

FOR SALE: Gitane Tandem, 22x21, Stronglight crankset, Mafac cantilevers, Atom hub/internal drum brake, Mavic 40-spoke rims. SunTour indexed barcons, Shimano Dura Ace rear derailleur. SACHS 6-speed freewheel. Four bottle cages. Gel saddles. Very good paint. Photo available. \$720.00 plus shipping. Terry Flynn. (813)-644-2682 07/92

FOR SALE: Burley Duet and Burley Samba, both 20.5 x 18. Carefully maintained and in good used condition with rear racks, bottle cages. Family needs and interests changing, alas. \$850 each, plus shipping costs. Will deliver within 500 miles of Reno, NV. Call or write for photos and more details. Steve Tchudi, 3735 Gibraltar Drive, Reno, NV 89509. (702)-829-7195 09/92

FOR SALE: Burely Duet, 20.5 x 18.5. Blue. Very good condition. \$1200. Includes indexed bar-cons, stoker pegs, and drum brake w/quick release. Tom Foster, 40 Raphael Rd, Hickessin, DE 19707 ph: (302)-239-1751 09/92

FOR SALE: Nobilette Triple Frame, 26x22x20. Red, Yellow, Green fade paint. Call Mark for more details @ (313)-769-1115 09/92

FOR SALE: Gitane tandem frame & fork. Men's/Mixte 23x21. Turquoise paint in fair condition. 12-speed with cottered steel cranks. 36-spoke wheels with rear Atom drum brake, Q/R front wheel, Wolber M58 rims/new tubes and Kevlar belted tires. Avocet touring saddle front/ladies Vetta Gel saddle rear. Asking \$500.00 or



best offer. Chris Merz, 7301 Dorsett Avenue, St. Louis, MO 63130 (314)-862-8894 09/92

FOR SALE: 1990 Burley Rock'N'Roll tandem, 20x18, red. Arai Drum Brake, adjustable stoker stem, 4 water bottle cages, Specialized Gel Seats. Excellent condition. Asking \$1200. Contact Bob & Donna Lian, 58 Sherwood Lane, Westampton, NJ 08060. Phone: (609)-261-5911 or (609)-727-6080 09/92

FOR SALE: Upgrading to Quick Release? I have a used Phil Wood rear hub, new condition w/Quick release. 48-spoke, but not compatible with drum brake (no threads on left side). \$50 or best offer). Marty Likozar, 476 Harris Road, Richmond Heights, OH 44143-2538 Ph: (216)-531-9071 evenings 09/92

FOR SALE: 27x1.25 x 40-spoke 4X rear wheel, Maillard hub, will set to your spacing, 120mm - 140mm. Weinmann polished rim, 14g spokes. \$55.00 with B/O axle (130-140mm) or \$65.00 with Q/R axle (120-130mm) Almost new. Also Nitto stoker stem. fits 27.2 seatpost and 25.4 handlebar. 11 cm ctr to ctr. Clear satin finish. New, never used. Asking \$20.00. Ted Goodwin, 961 NW 45th St., Apt#7, Pompano Beach, FL 33064 (305)-781-9111 09/92

FOR SALE: Stronglight Model 100 tandem triple crankset. New 42T X-over chainrings, 3 spare chainrings. Stronglight bottom brackets included. \$175.00 OBO. Chris Merz, 7301 Dorset Avenue, St. Louis, MO 63130 (314)-862-8894 09/92

FOR SALE: '92 Miyata Duplicross. 18x16. Purchased new in May, 1992. 26" x 1.5 Street Tires. ATB Bars w/Onza bar-ends. 3 bottle cages. Adjustable Stoker Stem. Asking \$1000.00. L. F. Sosa, (504)-244-8383. 09/92

FOR SALE: Light blue Follis tandem (from Lyons, France). 22x21. A very rare find -- a quality used touring tandem at a low price. Rides fine -- never crashed. Bar-con shifters/wide range triple crankset. 48-hole Phil Hubs. Extra rear wheels & super long seatpost. \$650.00. Wally Retan. (205)-592-9220 days/(205)-967-2900 evenings. (CDT) 09/92

WANTED: Child's stoker conversion kit to fit a Cannondale. \$100? Call Rich Van Rheen, (503)-697-9346. Need items before May, 1993 07/92

WANTED: Small Parts for my Gitane/Deconvertre

tandem. I need a brake return spring for my rear hub brake (Atom?). I also need axle nuts for all axles, front and rear. I believe they are 11x1. And last, I need 2 tires, preferably Michelin. Current tires are marked 28x1 5/8 x 13/8 for 1 3/4 rim. If you have any of these, contact R. E. Lindley, 21 Crabapple Road, Windsor, CT 06095 07/92

WANTED: Burley or equivalent kid-back assembly. Gordon Jarvis. Call (716)-671-5579. 07/95

WANTED: Recent model tandem in the \$800-\$1000 price range. 21" - 18" preferred with a triple crank and/or Thule/Yakima roof rack for '91 4dr Honda Civic. Call Mark (NJ) @ (609)-734-0784 09/92

WANTED: Nice road tandem for 5' 7" captain and 6' 0" stoker. Please call or write with details. Evan & Suzi Jones, 216 Ashland, River Forest, IL 60305 09/92

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 rail, and a great welcome! We're the touring directors for the Tandem Club (of the UK). Chris & Jenny Davison, Penny-Farthing, 124 Kings Road West, Swanage, Dorset, BH19 1HS England

HELP OFFERED: Touring Italy? Need news or tips about cycling in Italy? Contact Paolo Sanvito, V. Europa 4, 20057 Vedano Al Lambro, Italy

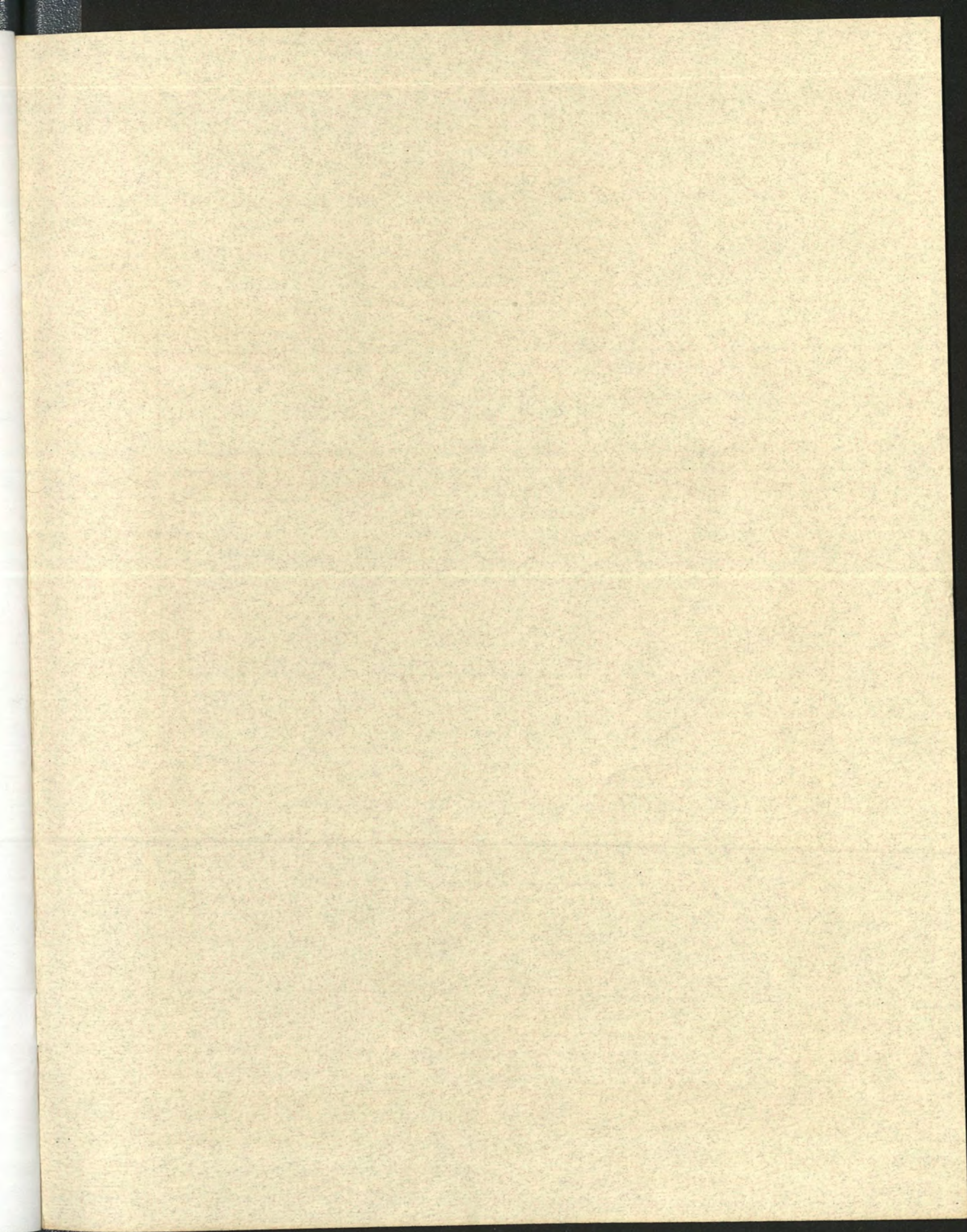
WANTED: Objective roadtests, with photos, of tandems by built by quality frame-builders. Send articles, photos (prints only), etc. to Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors of *DoubleTalk*.

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.



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Membership

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