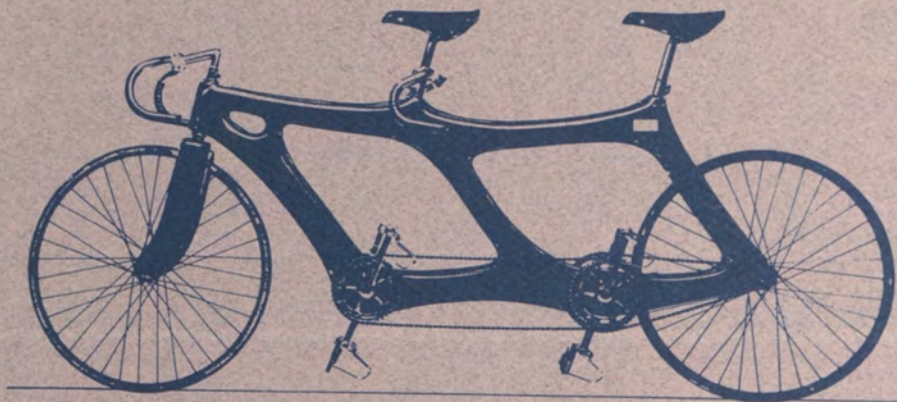


TANDEM CLUB OF A • M • E • R • I • C • A



"AN INTERNATIONAL CLUB FOR TANDEM ENTHUSIASTS"

DOUBLETALK



MAY - JUNE
1993

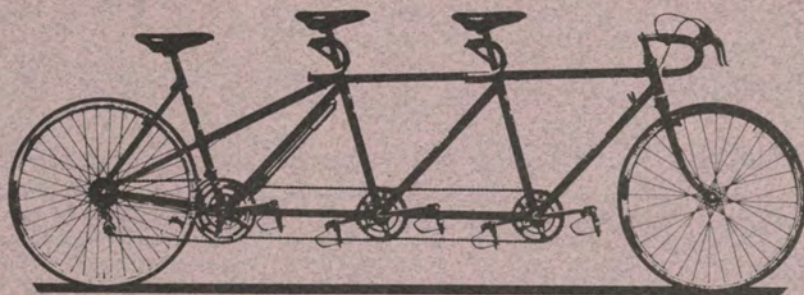
DoubleTalk
the newsletter of the Tandem Club of America
Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors
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DOUBLETALK

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Since 1976



DEADLINE FOR THE JULY-AUGUST, 1993, ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS JUNE 1, 1993

FROM THE EDITORS

Spring is here in the south. The snow is gone (we never thought we'd have to talk about snow in Birmingham, AL, but we did). The azaleas and dogwoods are in full bloom and the thunderstorms are gusting through. Our riding distance is increasing, when we can ride between rain drops.

Our secretary of many years, Laura Mappin, has advised us that she is willing to turn over her responsibilities to another team. Since there is not a TCA board to hold meetings, the secretary handles many of the written requests for information about the TCA. We attempt to have the secretary mentioned as the contact in articles about TCA. If you're a letter writer, you are well qualified for this job. Laura has mentioned to us that she has had the opportunity to meet some overseas tourists and developed many firm friends during her years as secretary. As with all other TCA positions you are expected to be a good spokesperson for TCA. If you're interested please send your qualifications to us, Jack & Susan Goertz.

Look for the June issue of Bicycling, this issue is going to have some special articles about tandem riding and a mention of the TCA. We're looking forward to the mention. It always surprises Jack and I how many people acquire a tandem and ride for sometimes many years, and still never hear about the TCA. We've been known to stop tandemists on the road and ask if they know about the club. It's fun to see the names come through as they join. And a real pleasure to see the same names continue on the roster as members for years.

WHO DOES WHAT

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

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

GRAPHICS DESIGNER: Artwork & graphics for DoubleTalk.

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

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

SECRETARY: Contact point between TCA and the outside world.

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

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



LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

As I completed the application for this year's Eastern Tandem Rally, I was reminded of some wonderful people who helped me at last year's rally in Vermont.

I'm the person who, at the end of the rally, slipped in the shower and broke my wrist (my second broken wrist last summer!?). I'm sorry I don't remember your names - the experience was such a blur - but I do remember how so many of you helped: getting ice for my wrist; helping my husband, Ted, pack our car; watching my one year old daughter, Katharine.

I sincerely appreciate all you did for me - and I'm looking forward to seeing you in Williamsburg!

Marilyn Ochs
409 Hillside Avenue
Orange, NJ 07050

Dear DoubleTalk,

Our tandem uses Shimano Crank arms that have a mount for a 'third' chainring on both left crank arms. There appears to be enough frame clearance to install 28 tooth sprockets to both of these and shorten the chain. It looks like we can save a little weight, but more importantly reduce the possibility of getting grease marks on our left legs. My question is; will it work, or am I overlooking an obvious engineering problem?

As an added note; to balance our spinning techniques, we are using 175mm cranks up front, and 170mm in the stoker position. This has worked quite well to dampen the bounciness we used to encounter at speed.

David Moynihan
Savannah, GA

Dear DoubleTalk,

In answer to the Johannigman's question on how to take a tandem on an airplane. We have taken the tandem everywhere with no problem. Go to your largest bike store and find two bike boxes, one slightly larger than the other, cut the sides off one end of each and telescope one into the other. Put the tandem inside. If you want the box short take off both wheels but I leave on the rear wheel to protect the derailleur. Of course you take off the pedals and handlebars. Tape the box with wide shipping tape.



The airlines charge \$45 every time we take it on a plane and never ask about the box size. The boxes last about 3 or 4 trips before I go back to bike stores garbage for new boxes.

Alvin Golub
Gail Morse
Brooklyn, NY

Dear DoubleTalk,

We just wanted to add a few comments about traveling by airplane with a tandem. We've always gotten a box from the airlines, removed both wheels, and turned the fork and pedals inwards. We put our panniers and helmets into the empty spaces between the tubes, and then fit the wheels along side. A couple of old towels are useful between the frame and the wheels to protect the paint, and they come in handy when you're putting the bike back together. We usually hold this configuration together with masking tape, then slide it carefully



into the box. Before we seal up the box, we throw in masking tape, a roll of packing tape, some hand cleaner, and other odds and ends for packing up for the return trip.

One word of advice about traveling overseas: Although US air carriers usually have bike boxes, they are not as common in Europe. Before you discard your bike box, make sure you'll have one for the return trip! On a couple of occasions we've had someone keep the box for us until we completed our tour. Another time, we checked our bike box at "Left Luggage" (in London) so that we could pick it up before our return.

As Willa and Bob Freidman mentioned in their letter to DoubleTalk, we've gotten varying responses from the airlines about traveling with tandems - Usually we just say we're checking "one bicycle" and avoid any sticky questions.

Sarah & Mike Casseday
Chevy Chase, MD

Dear DoubleTalk,

I recently learned that at 41 years of age I have osteoarthritis in both hips. I saw the x-rays and it is for real. I first noticed it this summer when I had pain and difficulty lifting my leg over the top tube to mount. If any of you are riding with osteoarthritis in the hips ore have had hip replacements please contact me and share your experience. I need encouragement. My orthopedist is not a cyclist and has little empathy, I have consulted a cycling physical therapist and a cycling chiropractor. Both were supportive but offered little to correct the problem. Can I make adjustments to my bike? Will any exercise help? What kind of pain control do you use? I'm not ready to sit still. Help!!

Brian Schexnayder
1240 Greystone Rd
Arbutus, MD 21227

Bonjour DoubleTalk,

Now we are at ANKARA TURKIE (Turkey). We are stopped again by the snow and to get an Iranian visa. At this moment they only want to give us a transit visa for 7 days and if we don't get a tourist visa at least for 1 month, we must go through Iran by bus and follow on tandem in Pakistan. Anyway we are waiting for our Indian visa (no problem to get) and for the snow to go away.

OK we left Bucarest with the new wheel, -- thank you all who helped -- and pedaled to the Hospital Handicap Children at the border of Rumania and Bulgaria. We worked there 1 week with Irish volunteers. The situation is incredible in this country (Romania). After that (experience), our funny and hard story trip began. We took a transit visa through Bulgaria (less expensive than tourist) but we had only 30 hours to cross 320 kms to Turkey. - We drove 18 hours and were 30kms from the border with 2 hours left on our visa when a Terryette woke up with strong wind and rain. We walked our tandem, but it was more or less impossible, We rushed to get a small village, paid a man, put the tandem in a truck and got to the Turkish border.

In Turkey, we went to Istanbul. Nice town, but now we are in an Islam(ic) country and it is really different from western county. To get to ANKARA we had a accident with a crazy car. We had only small injuries on our body, and we repaired our tandem with the local people. Oh I forgot to tell you a dog bit Sandrine's leg.

Now I going to get my Pakistan visa.

Lionel & Sandrine Poletti
Ankara, Turkey



Tandem Club of America -- Financial Statement, 1992 (Unaudited)

January 1, 1992	Assets	Liabilities
Cash in Checking Acct	\$3274.10	
Cash in Saving Acct	\$27913.59	
Patches on hand, 744	\$1,082.52	
Tees on hand, 179	\$1,069.55	
Owed Dbltalk issues, 10293		\$15,954.15
Total Assets on Hand	\$33,339.76	
Total Liabilities on Hand		\$15,954.15
Net worth, 1/1/92	\$17,385.61	

1992 Income

Personal Memberships, 1904	\$24,991.05	
Deadbeats		\$68.00
Foreign Collections		\$73.00
Patch Sales, 142	\$568.00	
Tee shirt Sales, 104	\$895.50	
Interest Earned	\$731.49	
Dealer Memberships, 23	\$690.00	
Doubletalk Advertisements	\$3,345.75	
Back issues Sold, 91	\$228.50	

1992 Expense

Dbltalk Printing, 6 issues + ML		\$26,571.16
Dbltalk Postage, 6 issues + ML		\$4,571.00
Dbltalk Layout		\$250.00
Office expense		\$50.28
Non-Dbltalk Postage		\$175.70
Brochure & Misc Printing		\$246.64
Misc Expenditures		\$16.43
Tee shirt costs, 98		\$734.60
LAW Affiliation		\$75.00
Immaterial Loss		\$12.82

Total Income, 1992	\$31,450.29	
Total Expenses, 1992		\$32,844.63
Net Gain (Loss)		(\$1,394.34)



	Assets	Liabilities
Cash in Checking Acct	\$7,619.77	
Cash in Saving Acct	\$21,945.08	
Checks on hand	\$216.50	
Patches on hand, 602	\$875.91	
Tees on hand, 171	\$1,210.29	
Owed Dbltalk issues, 13944	\$31,397.24	
Total Assets on Hand	\$31,867.55	
Total Liabilities on Hand		\$31,397.24
Net worth, 1/1/93	\$470.31	

Treasurer's Comments:

All material goods are valued at their cost when purchased. Foreign collections are bank collection charges on Canadian and English checks, plus some checks collected as Canadian funds, not \$US. Deadbeats include bank charges and loss of face value of check.

Immaterial loss is the net end-of-year accounting error. Projected liability cost of each outstanding issue of Doubletalk is increased from \$1.55 previous costs to 1993 costs of \$1.93, plus an additional factor to cover the cost of the Membership list. With the agreement of the Editors, we have been working towards reducing the net worth of the Club, as we believe that the TCA should not be accumulating funds. To do this, for the past two years we have added a Jan-Feb issue separate from the Membership List. In effect, this increased the number of issues per year from six to seven. This extra issue, along with increased variable costs, has driven the net worth ("the profit") of the TCA to zero.

Margie Elsberg

With this issue we would like to introduce Margie Elsberg, you'll see her sketches here and there from time to time in DoubleTalk. Mickey sent us a group of sketches and this short note:

When Margie bought us a Santana Visa for my birthday last February, her one hangup was what she would do for hours on end while I was making use exclusively of her legs.

True, stoking is moderately mindless, but she quickly discovered that my bike shirt pockets made a great pigeonhole desk, and thus was launched a series of "Views from the Back", and assorted other sketches. Also true is that as long as her feet go round (with some effort), and she bends over into a head wind, my dear wife can do anything her dear heart desires back there.

Mickey Elsberg
Potomac, MD





The Second Annual Central Valley Tandem Rally

March 20-21, 1993 -- Fresno, CA.

This year 120 tandems teams had pre-registered with 113 tandems showing up to take part. Temperatures were in the high 60's to low 70's with light breezes and lots of sunshine on both days.

This past winter, Fresno county received over 13 inches of rain. This, along with warm weather over the last month has made the foothills bloom with wildflowers and green grass.

Saturday morning we offered three routes of 40, 65 and 85 miles. Registration opened at 8 am at Woodward park, riders picked-up their route sheets, maps, t-shirts and registration packets. Just after 9 am we held a mass start for all 3 rides.

Saturday evening 186 tandem riders gathered at the "Old Spaghetti Factory" in downtown Fresno for a spaghetti dinner. After dinner and desert we raffled off some 3 dozen prizes donated to the rally. Grand prize this year was a gift certificate worth \$300 on an Oregon Cycling Adventures Tour. The certificate was donated by Richard Martin of Oregon Cycling Adventures.

Sunday morning we met in Sanger CA about 20 miles southeast of Fresno for our brunch ride to Wonder Valley Resort. At 9 we held a mass start in front of the Sanger Chamber of Commerce. Our 23 mile route to Wonder Valley Resort took us through vineyards and orchards in full bloom and along the Kings River into Wonder Valley.

The first tandems arrived at the resort at 9:45 and for the next hour tandem teams rolled in. Brunch was excellent, plenty of good food and great company. The ride back to Sanger was a bit slower at a more relaxed pace. An

added bonus to Sunday's ride were photographs of tandem teams by Natural Light Photography. If you had your picture taken and wish a copy, contact Miles J. McClelland at (916) 456-3493, 4931 Michele Lane, Sacramento, CA 95822.

I want to thank the tandem teams/workers of the Fresno Cycling Club for helping put this event together.

Circle March 19-20, 1994 on your calendars and plan on attending the 3rd annual Central Valley Tandem Rally.

Dave Smith
Fresno, CA



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1992 Eastern Tandem Rally

Late, But Better Than Nothing, Report

Our Ride to the Rally

About one month before the start of the ETR, Brenda and I had decided that we needed an extra challenge with our trip to the rally in Poultney, Vermont. We thought instead of driving one full day, why not ride for three? The distance was about 700 kilometers (only 434 American miles), an average of 233 km per day. Four days would have been easier, but we were looking for a challenge. We knew what effects the distances have on our physical state from our experiences in the Toronto Randonneurs Club at rides up to 400 km.

On Tuesday, July 4th, we left a bag of extra clothes and a tandem car rack fitting with Doug and Joanne Barlow. Our thanks go to the Barlows who were attending the rally by car, and who gave us a drive back. Our three children spent their 'holidays' with their Grandparents in Bowmanville for the five day duration.

July 5th dawned bright and a slight westerly wind. Our wheels were turning by 7:30 am down Concession St. We were able to comfortably manage 25 kph all day with this wind! Into Newcastle and onto Hwy 2 with unusually light traffic, this normally avoided route turned out

to be one of our main roads all the way to Brighton. South on Hwy 33 into Prince Edward County and it's holiday atmosphere and views of Lake Ontario. Directly east of Consecon the county road was recently paved, direct and lightly traveled. The ferry past Picton is a welcome break for stretching or a snack. After keeping a low profile riding past the penitentiaries, an Italian restaurant in Kingston proved to be a welcome fuel stop. A quick phone call to our B&B stop that night for directions and an hours ride half way to Gananoque brought us to the long driveway leading to the century old farmhouse that was to be our home for the night.

On Thursday morning the odds of good weather were being beaten. It was again glorious for cycling, about 20 C., sunny and steady westerlies. Just past the Ivy Lea Bridge the excitement of the bikeway here was too much to resist all the way to Brockville. A relaxing picnic lunch at a riverside park here made it difficult to continue. A certain freighter steamed past us at this point and proved to be a worthy race competitor all the way to Morrisburg. Soon there was another bike path to get us off the highway. We enjoyed it for 15 km, all the way into Cornwall. By this time the application of topical analgesic to the quats and Gastrocnemus were hourly. After dinner, the ride across the bridge from Cornwall proved interesting, stopping at every expansion grate on the bridge to lift the tandem over the jagged gaps! Near Massena, signs told us: "Remember OKA? You're in Indian Country now.", so we had our first flat outside of a Casino and proceeded to change it and mind our own business. As the road direction turned southward, the daylight lessened and the climbing increased all the way to Malone. Here we were lucky enough to find one of a few hotel rooms left in town. Perhaps we should have had the insight to reserve ahead.

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Amazing! It was like having our own good weather sentinel. On rally day our choice of route was also proving to be the best of our three choices. Most of the roads had wide paved shoulders and light traffic. Those tandem-hating Adirondack Mountains were just being sideswiped by us on our route to Plattsburgh. They still managed to taunt our 32x34 tooth low gear on several climbs south along the shore of Lake Champlain. After a great sourdough pizza in Westport, the bridge at Crown Point and the Vermont sign on the other side seemed a milestone to us at about 6 pm. This meant at this point we knew we could make it today. 50 miles to go and nothing could stop us now. The last 20 miles were ridden in the moonlight on a non-shouldered road with enough traffic to make it tricky riding. The generator light faded to nothing at every climb, requiring Brenda to wave our flashlight rearward at oncoming traffic. Arriving in Poultney was anticlimatic, getting lost at the entrance roads of town. One hour later, at 11:30 pm, our dorm room door opened, revealing our extra bag, rally package and a bed for sore muscles.

The Rally

On August 8th, tandemist welcomed each other at breakfast and prepared for the day's rides. TTC was represented by the Wilsons, Barlows, Carnegies, Dyes and us. The rides left in informal groups on 21 mile or 57 mile rides. The catered lunch stop was at the Lake Bomooseen State Park. Gourmet salads, sandwiches, desert and optional swim in the lake left everyone searching for motivation for the ride back. A tandem flea market was at 4pm followed by dinner, and some short presentations. An eastern guitarist-singer, John Gilmour, provided the well received evening's entertainment. Even the sky responded with a thunderous ovation and rainstorm.

Sunday forced most riders to think twice about extravagant cycling plans. Six TTC members, however, packed raingear, started out and ignored the fine drizzle and chose the 54 mile ride because it included a '14%' long climb. The picnic lunch itinerary was changed to the din-

ing hall after the ride. Halfway back to Poultney, we all stopped at a general store which was built over a small river gorge. It had a floor window looking down to the rapids below. The sun signaled the call for our bikes. A long steady 40kph descent into Poultney finished the day's ride. Lunch was followed by packing and good-byes to friends. The Barlows drove us back to Bowmanville via Lake Placid and Cornwall, arriving home at about 3 am.

Upon reflection the next day, I wondered how far it is to Lansing, Michigan; the 1993 Midwest Rally?

David & Brenda Vandavelde
Mississauga, ON

Is Tennessee Flat?

We are Team Flora and our dog makes three, did our first tandem rally in Tennessee.

Met by a committee lead by Ken & Vicki, a goodly bag with T-shirts and maps so tricky.

Started out early, don't want to be last, followed a team, but they were too fast.

Some teams got lost and didn't know what to do, asked help from a sheriff, but he was lost, too!

Felt like more hills were up than there were down, over a hill into a quaint little town.

I sped down a hill and my stoker did scream, around a curve is a cool mountain stream.

They are called hoots and hollows, we call it hilly, we also had a lesson on how to speak hillbilly.

Heard a young stoker say her rear end is sore, won a nice gift, didn't complain any more.

Saying good-bye was a little bit sad. Now we can rest, said the committee so glad.

We were asked, what does Inkie do? She is our watch dog and hood ornament, too.

It's time to go home, we had so much fun, now we can't wait, 'till we go on our next one!

Bill & Carol Flora & Inkie
Lakeland, FL



Jim and Jill's Superior Adventure

A few years ago, my wife and I were driving back from a pleasant weekend stay at a bed and breakfast on Minnesota's north shore of Lake Superior. We noticed that there was probably some nice biking there. From this observation sprang the dream of biking all the way around the lake. However, upon examining a map, we realized that biking around the largest lake in the world would be much more challenging than the casual day tours which are our custom. Our dream trip was tabled for several years.

After moving from Minnesota to Baltimore, we forgot how big Lake Superior is. We took the trip last summer. We plotted, planned, and schemed through the winter, and in mid-July we headed west for a spin around The Lake.

I had taken loaded tours before, and I knew that hauling 30 pound panniers up a long steep hill bears little in common with what my wife thinks of as "enjoyable biking". So we decided to stay at motels, eat at restaurants, and limit our luggage to a few credit cards and a couple of tooth brushes. We actually ended up carrying a front handlebar bag, full of personal items, and a seat bag full of tools.

Before we left on our trip, we procured as much information on the route as possible. The TCA representatives from Ontario, Dave and Brenda Vandavelde, and from Michigan, Robert Dickieson, were very helpful. They sent information on the area, including maps and accommodations.

So, there we were, in Duluth, unloading our Santana Targa from our roof rack. The University of Minnesota was kind enough to let us park our car in their lot for the predicted two week duration of the trip. We started up the north shore, biking through mostly flat terrain, and the occasional afternoon shower. We eventually arrived at our day-end destination in Tofte, Minnesota. Our first night we were both a little depressed; the thousand mile trip

seemed a little overwhelming. The thought of biking back to Duluth to spend our two weeks doing day trips was quite appealing. Then there were the little things, like being eighty miles from the nearest change of clothes.

The next day, after a good night sleep, things looked much brighter. That day we biked to the Minnesota/Canadian border, stopping briefly at Grand Portage, the sight of a historic fur trading post. After a night at a busy little motel which was in site of the border, we mounted our bike, and attempted to cross into Canada. We must have looked suspicious, because the customs officer did a thorough search of our handlebar bag. "Do you have anything to declare: handguns, grenades, crack, ..., MACE! Well, we didn't have any crack, but we did have a can of Halt! dog repellent, which we thought might qualify as mace. We still don't know if it is Mace, but we eventually did get through customs with our can of Halt!.

Just across the border a deer darted out on to the road in front of us. We expected it to immediately jump back into the trees. Instead we witnessed some rather unexpected behavior. The deer headed down the center of the road, maintaining about a fifty foot lead on our tandem. This continued for about a quarter mile, and probably would have lasted even longer if an approaching car had not scared it away.

Our tandem had started to develop a creaking noise, and we had used our one spare inner tube on a flat we had outside of Grand Marais, Minnesota. So, we stopped in Thunder Bay, Ontario at what seemed to be one of the only two bike shops in town, and had several of our chain rings tightened. When we pulled up in front of the bike shop a crowd of people poured out of the shop to stare approvingly at our tandem. And, the mechanic was glad to do the repairs; he was excited just to be able to touch a quality tandem, which I gather from my conversation with him are scarce in those parts.



After the repairs, a few muffins purchased at a nearby bakery, and a stop at a bank to buy some Canadian money, we were off again, for about ten miles down the road when we had another flat. Two flats in as many days looked a little ominous. However having been warned by the bike mechanic that there were no bike shops, and therefore no new inner tubes, for 500 miles, I had purchased not only a new tube, but a patch kit as well. The flat was quickly repaired, and we were on our way again.

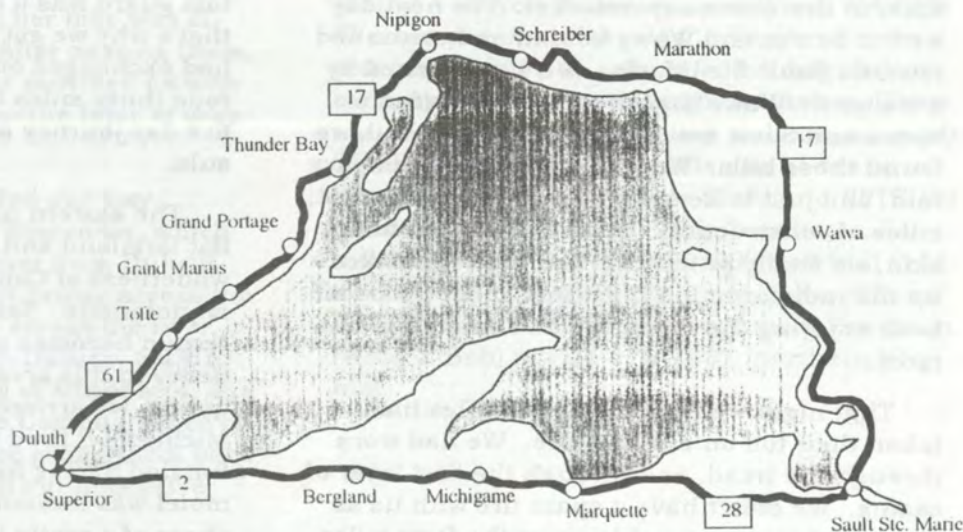
Just outside Thunder Bay is The Terry Fox Memorial. The memorial commemorates Terry's run half way across Canada. The run was most notable because Terry was dying of cancer and had only one leg. This puts a little ride around Lake Superior by a healthy tandem team with four legs into the proper perspective.

We had been warned about the hills east of Nipigon. And, they were there waiting for us. This country is beautifully wooded with breathtaking views of Lake Superior from high ridgetops, and deep river valleys winding their way into the lake. Long steep climbs would end in equally long and steep descents. All this climbing started to take its toll on us, and we arrived hungry and tired at our day's destination, Schreiber, Ontario. Schreiber has the largest per capita number of motels of any town I have ever been through.

The next day we did the stretch between Schreiber and Marathon. This stretch was also fairly hilly, and in numerous places the road



was under construction. We passed another cyclist on a single bike. Later that day, by chance we met him in the Marathon shopping mall and had dinner with him. His name is Benoit, and he is a student in Quebec City, who by now has completed his epic trip across



Jim & Jill's Route Around Lake Superior

Canada. Benoit is one of the very few cyclists we saw in Canada.

We left Marathon in fog and drizzle which had rolled in the evening before, rode into an area which has few towns, and few motels. Our destination, Wawa, the closest town to Marathon of any consequence, was more than a hundred miles away. This was our longest day, and Jill's first century ride. On the way we passed an active gold mine. The entrance road to the mine was aptly named "The Yellow Brick Road".

We took our first rest day in Wawa, and spent the day seeing the town. Although our motel was a couple of miles out of town, the motel owners were kind enough to give us a ride into and from town. An old iron town, Wawa has seen economically better times. Many downtown businesses are closed and



boarded up. I don't believe that the towns people were accustomed to sightseers clad in jerseys, tights and moccasins. The display of interest in our attire was enough to make us a little self conscious. But, with only one change of clothing, it was difficult to blend in with any crowd, unless it was a crowd of bicyclists.

We met Benoit once again, but for the last time, in the Wawa supermarket. The next day we left Benoit and Wawa behind and continued towards Sault Ste. Marie. We were warned by a waiter in Wawa that the terrain between Wawa and Sault Ste. Marie was hilly. Well, we found those hills. We also found miles of heavy rain, and just to keep us from escaping too fast, miles of construction. Cold, and soaked to the skin, we finally pulled into our motel, cranked up the radiator to full blast and spent about an hour enjoying the sauna we had created in our room.

That night we notice that the miles had taken their toll on our rear tire. We had worn through the tread, and through the first layer of casing. We didn't have a spare tire with us so the next day we set out to cover the forty miles to Sault Ste. Marie, expecting to hear the sickening explosion of a blowout at any time. Amazingly we made it to a bike shop, and we felt pretty lucky until we discovered that they didn't have the tire we needed. They sent us on our way with directions to a second bike shop. And, of course, on the way to the second shop we had the expected blowout. We walked the

tandem the few remaining blocks to the shop, where we bought a tire. The second shop, however didn't have a tube to replace the one we had just lost in the blowout, so we ended up stopping in a third shop for that.

Several hours after arriving in Sault Ste. Marie, we finally had our wheel operational again, had cleared American customs (The custom guard was a tandemist. We're convinced that's why we got through customs so fast), and had exchanged our Canadian money. We then rode thirty miles to our motel, beginning our five day journey across Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

The eastern part of The Upper Peninsula is flat farmland and forest, which, after the rugged wilderness of Canada, seems somewhat monotonous. Near Marquette, however, the terrain becomes more hilly. The traffic is also heavy in this area. After riding around Marquette, we arrived at the days destination, Michigame, tired from a long day of biking, with frazzled nerves from playing in the traffic. Our motel was located off the highway, right on the shore of a pretty little lake (Lake Michigame). In our state of fatigue, it seemed as if the motel was so far from the highway, that it was on another planet. But we finally arrived there, and composed ourselves and walked back to the highway for the Friday night fish fry at the only place in town, and discovered that the motel was not on another planet, but rather only a leisurely ten minute walk from the highway.

Leaving Michigame we rode against what felt like gale force winds. After a long day and many rest stops, we finally made it to our destination, Bergland, Michigan, where we took another rest day. We figured that if we were going to have any more gale winds to face, we were going to have to do some pretty serious resting. So, we spent our rest day in our motel room, washing our clothing in the sink, watching the Olympics on the TV, and emerging only at meal times to feed ourselves at the restaurant across the street. We spent the next two days cycling across Northern Wisconsin.

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This included a chance meeting with a couple on single bikes, out for a weekend camping trip. As we crested a hill, we first saw the man. His bike was so loaded with gear that at first it was not clear that he was riding a bike at all; only that he was seated on a pile of gear, and somehow moving down the road. When we eventually had the opportunity to inspect the woman's bike, it became apparent why his bicycle was so heavily burdened; her bike was almost completely unloaded. After passing them, their equipment arrangement provided us with several miles of discussion on the topic of women's liberation.

On our last day, we wended our way through the city of Superior Wisconsin, which is just across the St. Louis river from Duluth, and eventually found the only bridge across the river with a bike path. Once across the river, we threaded our way through Duluth, back to the Campus of the University of Minnesota, and our truck. After a visit to the Campus Police office (to let them know we were giving them back their parking spot) we started our long drive home to Baltimore.

At the end of the trip, after living in them constantly for two weeks, Jill wanted to burn her bicycling clothes. At the end of the trip we had sore behinds and weird tan lines. At the end of the trip we wondered why they serve gravy with french fries in Canada, but not in the U.S. And at the end of our ride our precious Santana was filthy. Now, two months later, the tandem's bearings have been repacked, and it's clean again. Our behinds have recovered, our tans have faded, and although we didn't burn our clothing, some of it has been thrown out and replaced. We're still wondering about the french fries and gravy. And our dream of bicycling around Lake Superior has been fulfilled. There are, however, always more dreams where that one came from.

Jim Gil de Lamadrid
Jill Zimmerman
Baltimore, MD

Calling all Critters --

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If you are interested in tandeming in the Baltimore-Washington DC and northern Virginia area (southern Pennsylvania and all of Delaware please join us) The CRABS (Couples Riding A Bicycle Simultaneously) and WABITS (Washington Area Bicycles In Tandem) have compiled a full ride schedule that begins in early April and runs through November, Rides are primarily social and often well attended (10-25 teams). The ride schedule can be found in the BBC (Baltimore Bicycle Club) and PPTC (Potomac Peddler Touring Club) Newsletter. For info on CRABS and CRABS rides call Phil Feldman at 410-536-0419 (Baltimore). For info on WABITS and WABITS rides call team Freidman (Willa & Bob) at 703-978-7937 (northern Virginia)





A Great Family Vacation

Or

Touring With A Toddler, Tandem Style

Have you ever considered a week long bike tour with the kids? We were hesitant at first, but after some 'practice' we plunged right in. GOBA was the answer for us, it could be the answer for you too. The Great Ohio Bike Adventure is what it stands for, as well as FUN. When our son Philip was only 8 months old, we did GOBA91, leaving him at home with his grandparents. We really didn't think of taking him since he hadn't been on too many trips up to that point in his life, and besides you don't see that many little kids in trailers on big rides. Needless to say, by the end of the first day, we knew he would join us in his Burley trailer for the next year's tour.

But first, what is GOBA? It is a week long bike tour of 50 miles a day, run by Columbus AYH and sponsored by Bob Evans Restaurant. Each year a different circular route is chosen, stopping in small towns throughout Ohio.



Trucks transport your gear from town to town, where you camp or arrange for your own motel. Meals are provided by church or social groups and there's some kind of entertainment every night. It's similar to RAGBRAI, only on a

smaller scale, both in mileage and number of riders. In 1992 there were about 2500.

The 50 mile days turned out to be ideal for us travelling with our 1 1/2 yr old. If we go too much further, he gets restless and bored, having to sit longer. However we never felt rushed to finish, yet 50-60 miles is far enough that it feels like you got somewhere that day. They had towns about 25 to 35 miles along organized for lunches, oftentimes with playgrounds handy. We met lots of nice families during the week, many of whom were tandeming. Tandems pulling trailers became commonplace by the end of the week, not the oddity like when we take Philip on other rides. Faces and bikes become familiar, even if you don't know the names of the riders. The names we did end up knowing were those of the other kids. Tyler and David, both in Burleys behind their respective parents; 3 year old stoker Amanda, who won the prize for being the youngest rider; birthday girl Deidre; Uncle Will with his bride (on their honeymoon) with nephew Jason and niece Katie in tow. There were a lot of other kids too, in kid seats (a 10 month old), in trailers behind singles, as stokers, and on bikes of their own.

As you might have guessed, GOBA is a family affair. Over the 12 years my husband and I have been cycling, we've gone to many cycling events. Weekend rallies like GEAR and MTR, our own bike camping trips, TOSRV and one day centuries all have the same sort of composition as far as the riders goes. This was the first ride we've been on that had so many kids of all ages. We're now trying to convince all our friends with kids to come next year, it's definitely possible.

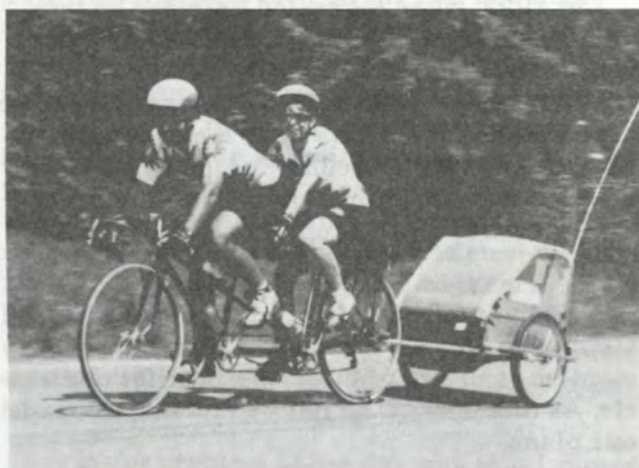


Now for the advice. If anyone is considering taking their kids on a ride like this, there are a few things we would recommend. First, do a couple of all day rides of at least 50 miles to see how your child and you make out. Having them get used to putting on the helmet is the first hurdle. (After a while they actually seem to tolerate it.) Second, camp out, if even in the backyard, so the kids can learn to fall asleep in the tent. Prior to GOBA this year Philip did about 3 or 4 rides from 35 to 50 miles as "TOSRV training" then did 1/2 TOSRV (50 miles a day with a night of camping in-between). He did so well, we had no qualms taking him for a week.

We were able to pack in 4 bags: 2 regular army duffels, one 42" bag and one 30" bag. No 'good' clothes were necessary, but plenty of changes for Philip saved on laundry during the week. Remember, you can pack a lot more kids clothes in the same space as adult clothes. We also packed a full package of diapers, which just about lasted the whole week (the only time the luggage got emptier as the trip went on!). Of course they can be bought in any town very easily, but we decided to bring as many as fit in the luggage. We didn't use particularly lightweight gear. Our tent is a Eureka! Aurora 4, and we used a van sized air mattress and sleeping bags for ourselves, and a child's air mattress and sleeping bag for Philip. Fortunately he thinks it fun to sleep in a sleeping bag!

There also was a good amount of stuff in the trailer full time, especially toys for Philip. Take simple, relatively small toys. Of the things we took, we would recommend: a travel Magna-Doodle, small stuffed animal, a 6" nerf ball and a train whistle. This year we'll add a few favorite Hot Wheels cars now that he's into playing with them. Another trailer necessity is snack food and a water bottle. This is important because rides like this usually take very rural routes and the only places to get food are at the halfway point rest stop. Once we would stop, all the kids wanted to do was run around (they haven't been pedalling!) and play with each other. Philip wouldn't be hungry until after we

got back on the road, even if we made him eat something while stopped.



Other parents who have taken their kids on similar trips may have some other ideas, but these worked well for us. The most important thing is, if you have the inclination to do a trip like this, try it- you all may love it! Philip had the time of his life on our vacation, and so we're looking forward to GOBA93 and seeing all the friends we made on the roads of Ohio.

Lynn, Chuck and Philip Ejzak
West Mifflin, PA

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TANDEMING IN EUROPE

In 1992, when we cycled Vermont by tandem, we said that Europe would be next. We wanted to sample bicycling in an area where the bicycle was used daily by a large percentage of the population. Years ago I met a couple who had spent a year traveling Europe by bike. Over a campfire we recounted many stories of their adventures of how Europe was made for cycling.

We have a friend, Karen, who is stationed in Germany with the Canadian Military. She invited us to use her house as a base for our travels. As this offer could not be refused, we made our plans.

Our first challenge was shipping the tandem by air. We were told by Canada 3000 Airlines that due to regulations, you **MUST** have your bike inside a crate, or it will not be shipped. I heard from others who traveled with their bikes that they just wheeled them up to the luggage check in counter, but they had not gone with Canada 3000. (In Germany we noticed several bikes had been shipped by Canada 3000 without boxes.) As we were unwilling to take the chance of being told we'd have to leave the tandem behind, we purchased a Bike-Pro soft tandem bag and had it shipped to us in the final week before our flight. UPS lost it!

"How do you lose a 6 foot long box?" I asked.

No answer. It was found two days later on a truck commuting between Niagara Falls and Buffalo. There was no extra charge for the additional miles.

Charter flights are relatively cheap and our bike flew free. However the plane was cramped as the seats had been positioned for the maximum number of passengers possible. Due to the minimum space, everyone was only allowed one piece of carry-on luggage, but this was not enforced. Lets just say we were glad when we finally landed in Dusseldorf. Our bike arrived

with no damage except for where the handlebars had been rubbing the paint off on the frame. (On the return trip I covered any potential rub spots with duct tape.) The two problems with a tandem bag is that people love to comment and snicker on the large size of your suit case, and it is so big you better have a place to store it when you arrive. This is where Karen came in. She picked us up in a truck and carried our bag to her garage.

The roads and signs are different in Germany. We traveled by autobahn from Dusseldorf to Karen's house. I noted that the drivers were assertive. Dale called them aggressive. Drivers don't sleep or poke along in the left lane, or the right lane for very long. We witnessed a tractor-trailer use the ditch to pass a slow car on the right, and the car was in the right hand lane!

From that first ride we would never have guessed that these same drivers were the most courteous that we have ever experienced on our bicycle. We just had to wait to meet them on secondary roads to find this out.

The road maps in Germany look like you have a long way to go, however all villages/towns are close together with farm country in between. Country is farms and cows, etc., not Yuppie mansions as we have here. It common to see tractors, pigs, and chickens in the villages as laws forbidding certain animals do not exist. Dogs are allowed and regularly accompany their masters into restaurants and grocery stores. (Pooper scoopers are also unheard of!) Windows have no screens, allowing any winged species to fly in and out at will. Bees were everywhere and would fly around and land on your food as you ate. (They were tranquil and no one was stung in our presence.) Germany struck us as a very tolerant society.

We were taken out for dinner on our first night. As we entered the restaurant, Karen caught the eye of the owner, said "Good



Monday, June 15, 1992 - Ruby's Inn at Bryce, Utah - NO BIKING!

Our day started out with us finding out that we could stay here an extra night and just explore and relax with no biking. We were delighted!



We went on a two hour sightseeing tour around Bryce Canyon by van...instead of bike. Bryce Canyon is incredible with uniquely reddish colored rock formations throughout the park with are very slowly eroding with time. We could see all the hiking trails through these rock formations. The next time we are here we plan to do some hiking. The sightseeing trip was really neat and we avoided biking up another seven miles to the summit at 9,000 feet.

We went on a chuck wagon dinner ride with an old time hoedown this evening. We started

the ride out in an old covered wagon riding out to the place where we ate barbecue chicken, dutch-oven spuds, corn on the cob and home-made cherry cobbler. The hoedown part was a family (whose ancestors had arrived here by covered wagon three generations ago). The Dansey Family had eight children and they all participated in the show including the youngest girl who was just eight years old. They also had a fake Indian attack during the covered wagon ride to the dinner place which was cleverly put together. The music was great and it was a delightful evening...even though the wind was very, very cold. We were all wrapped up in our tights, gortex jackets and the blankets over our legs as we were watching the show.

A major problem of the day was that I ripped my only pair of shorts - not on some dramatic biking accident. Instead, I was walking a level path over the Trolls Bridge at the petting zoo across from Ruby's Inn. I tripped on the dirt path and went sprawling over the ground. We found some new pants at the store which are quite a bit longer than I am used to wearing and Dolores thought they looked hilariously funny on me. She did not make me feel very good because she laughed so much at my new pants! I will have to get even with her at a later time. She says that was the highlight of the day.

Neither of us missed biking on our day, and we thoroughly enjoyed relaxing and having fun.

Tuesday, June 16, 1992 - Bryce to Bull Frog Lodges, via truck!

This day was intended to be the second day of our two days off to enable us to recuperate from the last several days of biking. In that spirit, we got up late, did our laundry, and were too late for breakfast. We decided to skip breakfast and wait for the lunch buffet at Ruby's. Our clean clothes again really excited Dolores!

We convinced the tour operator at Ruby's Inn to take our bike and us the 150 miles from Bryce to the Bull Frog Lodge in their small pickup truck. Looking at that map, we had ex-



The Dutch border was only three miles from Karen's home allowing us to tour the Southern portion of Holland. English is the second language in Holland and was spoken widely. Without detail maps showing all minor roads and bicycle paths, it is not a cyclists nirvana to tour Holland. When you follow the normal maps you are constantly in traffic and following the mainstream through towns, constantly stopping at traffic lights. You are traveling on your own path, with your own traffic lights and you are quite safe from motor vehicles, however, it's not fun.

To find the rural roads and empty bike paths and get to where we wanted to go, we started using our compass and followed any path or country road heading in the right direction. This worked for awhile, but distances are short and the path/road soon ends and it's time to find another. At this point we were wishing we had signed up for a guided bicycle tour.

After traveling over sixty miles on strange roads in a country where we did not know the language, we got lost returning to Ubach Palemburg. We were back in our village, but nothing looked familiar. It was like entering the twilight zone and we didn't know how to ask someone in our broken German on how to get to where the signs said we already were. We got out our map of the village (which we luckily had) approached a gentleman and pointed to the spot we wanted to go. He gave us a long explanation of which we understood little except turn left at the next road. After another few miles of bewildered cycling we suddenly saw a familiar sight and knew where we were and where we had been. We were now only a mile from home, which was lucky as we were hungry and tired. Ubach Palemburg consists of a series of villages/country that the road signs did not differentiate.

When we finally knew where we were, we stopped at a restaurant where I had the most delicious pasta and meat sauce I have ever experienced. After the delectable meal, the owner/waiter spilled beer on our table, and to make up for it, served us two mighty good liqueurs.

We were light headed when we finally ended the day. We slept well.

A few days later, armed with detail maps of the area, we again toured through the Southern portion of Holland, near Valkenburg. Valkenburg is a tourist town for the Dutch, known for its hot baths, castle, and the fact that the Tour de France passed through a few weeks before we did. Even with maps and knowing the "good" roads are found at the edge of towns, they were still difficult to locate. We spent about half our time on busy roads, half on quiet ones, and most of the time, lost.

We started asking questions about the best areas to tour and were quickly directed towards the Moselle Valley in the area between Koblenz and Trier.

We took the train to Koblenz with plans to return by train from Trier four days later. This route was the highlight of our trip and is recommended. You can travel second class by local train with your bicycle at any time except Friday and Sunday. We left at five in the morning to begin this adventure.

I was worried that we were going to have trouble as the length of our tandem equaled the full width of the train and I partially blocked the passageway between the trains. (Only the larger routes had special bicycle carrying cars.) When the conductor came by I did my best to turn the front wheel so he could get by, all the time praying that he wouldn't kick us off the train for obstructing the exit corridor. I needn't have worried as this conductor and all the other conductors couldn't have been more friendly, nor more helpful. They indicated I didn't have to bother turning the front wheel as they could squeeze by. (Tell this one to Amtrak!)

On the trains that do carry a special car for your bicycle it is helpful if you carry a bungee cord to support your bike to the rails on the inside of the car. I used my U-lock for this purpose.

Trains in Germany leave on time, and they are listed in the station according to their de-



parture time. When you change trains, look for your next departure time on the sheet, and then across to the track the train will leave on. This method worked perfectly for us until we were in Cologne and there were two trains leaving at exactly the same time. Neither had any names for a destination that we recognized. Luckily we had enough time to go the information booth with our tickets and ask for the correct track.

We arrived in Koblenz on time and prepared to leave with a short stop for the toilet. Women in Germany always pay half a Mark for the toilet whereas men rarely do despite the signs. Dale got really ticked off with this until I had to pay one lady for the pleasure of using a urinal.

The Rhine and Moselle Rivers merge at Koblenz. It was easy to find our way from the center of town to the bicycle path by the river and the start of our Moselle tour. We felt odd cycling through a major city as we would be afraid to do this back home. The day was sunny with only a breeze and we soon left the city behind. We had been up since 4:00 a.m. and only had 30 miles to bike to Cochem, our destination for that evening.

Cochem is a touristy area, complete with castle and numerous outside cafes. About 10 miles from this town, clouds appeared complete with a headwind. We put our heads down, forgetting the beautiful scenery with the vineyards climbing the steep slopes on both sides of the river, and time trialed to our destination. Our maximum speed was a paltry 14 mph.

We reached Cochem and a hotel before any rain fell. After a quick shower we found ourselves outside sipping a beer and looking at flags blowing in the wind. The wind had changed 180 degrees and the sky was now clear!

We spent the evening wandering through Cochem and hiking the steep hill to the castle. We learned to pay more attention to signs; we arrived at the castle gates only ten minutes before it closed for the day. We then decided to



sample the local wines even though neither of us are particularly fond of German wines.

The wine exported from Germany, we were told, was the swill. The blend of all the grapes not good enough to use for the locals. North Americans will never know the difference, we were told. Well we know the difference now. These local wines were excellent. We slept well.

The price of Hotels always included breakfast, and a good smorgasbord meal it was. As cyclists we ate our moneys worth.

The next several days were the cycling tourists dream. We would travel from 15-30 minutes in the country before hitting a quaint old village with narrow cobblestone streets and interesting cafes and Weinguts. (Wine tasting places.) Each village had a charm of its own as did each section of country between the villages. We never worried about going hungry as the next cafe was always near.

Tandems were the minority. We saw only one other quality tandem during our two week trip. We were traveling out of Cochem on the bicycle path beside the busy main road when we saw a mountain bike tandem outfitted for street touring coming the other way. All four of us saw each other at the same time and shouted Heyyyy . HI! They were then gone at a departing speed of 30 mph. There was too much traffic to turn around. Maybe we will read about their story in DoubleTalk.

Lunch stops were always a treat. There are no quick stops for lunch as the pace is relaxed. Restaurant staff seem to want you to spend the day or evening. There is no tipping. The price you see is the price you pay. When we rounded up the bill to the next whole Mark, gratitude would be shown. (On this side of the ocean you would probably have the money thrown back in your face if you tried giving such a trifling tip.) German's usually get two hours off for lunch in order to accommodate the pace and its impossible to do any shopping between 12 and 2:00 pm as stores are closed.



Our most memorable lunch was on the second day of our Moselle tour. We stopped at a cafe that dated back to 1400. Inside the archways were only about 5'-6" high at the center, with neat cavern type rooms going off in all directions (We were making our way to the wash-room.).

We had our English/German dictionary out trying to understand the menu (all the choices had at least sixteen letters in each word) when our waitress asked us in English if she could help us. This was a relief as being adventurous at every meal was losing its intrigue. We noted that the waitress English was too good so when she came with the bill we asked her where she learned it, her accent sounded British. She smiled, winked, and twanged out "Oklahoma". She had traveled to Germany after High School eight years earlier, and having bad memories of home, had successfully lost her drawl.



Porta Nigra in Trier

Our third day on the Moselle was supposed to be a short one to Trier, however we missed noting that we had to cross the Moselle at Sweichburg. We kept traveling along the river, sampling the villages and never wanting the trip to

end. Then we entered Trier on the wrong side of the river where the only bridges were auto-bahns and verboten to bicycles. It took us awhile and some miles to figure this out.

We managed to get directions from a girl who spoke High School English. She sent us back several miles and we were finally able to cross the river. Entering Trier was little fun as the beautiful paths that we had traveled ended as quickly as they had begun. We were now on busy city streets making our way in a sea of cars.

Trier dates back to approximately 2000 BC, depending on who you believe and is filled with pre-Roman and Roman architecture. We headed towards the train station to find a hotel for the evening. The first hotel took one look at our spandex and said that there was no room. The second hotel, across from the train station made us welcome and showed us the private courtyard where we could safely leave our tandem.

They said we could have a shower located down the hall, if we wanted to. In Europe it seems to be customary to take weekly showers as body odor is not viewed as being unpleasant or negative as in North America. One crowded train on a hot day will confirm this. We immediately asked for the key to the shower. When in Rome do as the Romans do goes only so far, and this was Trier, not Rome.

Trier is a must see for history buffs. Roman baths, museums, etc. are all there. Trier was considered as the new capital of the Western Roman Empire for a short time, but was nixed when it was found to be much harder to defend than Rome. We spent the evening and the next day touring the city and getting our share of culture before embarking on the train for our return trip to Ubach.

If we have one memory of our trip it is the friendliness of the people and the tolerance of the society. Whether we were in touristy areas or simply enjoying one of the villages, people were continually reaching out to us. Officials, like the train conductors, seemed to have a "no



problem" attitude. This is embedded in our minds as it was so unexpected.

If you are planning to tour Europe on your own you may wish to consider the Breiten-sportkalender (all the words over there seem to be this long!). This is a calendar of over 1600 permanent and scheduled weekend/day tours and is available free in most Fiat dealerships or cycling clubs. Distances vary between 30 and 175 kilometers and from one to several days. With these tours you will have the opportunity to meet locals attending these events.

We used the Green Michelin guide for its coverage of maps and information about the cities that we visited. The guide should be available through travel agents or book stores.

In Germany a legal bike has a white light in the front, red in back; reflectors on the front, back, spokes and pedals. A bell is also required and useful on the many bike paths to alert other cyclist and walkers. In reality many bikes are not properly equipped, including ours, which was missing reflectors on spokes and pedals. We used and recommend the new LED

flashing lights now available. They are bright, light, and the original batteries are still working in ours.

Since the bicycle is so ingrained into the society I expected bikes and accessories to be relative inexpensive. Not so. The prices in stores were about twice what we pay for them in North America. I was also surprised to see that Campagnolo and Mavic were not better represented. Shimano/Suntour were the main components as they are here. Some things are better at home.

You really can use the bicycle for daily transportation, leaving the car for special events, or when the weather is inclement. Distances are short and the whole society is designed around using the bike. There are always racks for parking and paths to let you come and go without being in danger of having cars hit you. Wouldn't it be marvelous if the bicycle was so accepted here?

Lee & Dale Norton
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T A N TIMELESS TRAVEL THROUGH DRIFTLESS DAIRYLAND

May, 1992, was a very memorable month for us. Jerry and I left our home in Anchorage, Alaska, with several inches of snow still left on the ground, and flew to the Midwest for our wedding and honeymoon. We had a beautiful outdoor ceremony on the deck of my folks' house in Owosso, Michigan -- vows were exchanged to the melodies of goldfinches and cardinals, beneath the budding magnolia tree. But the best was to follow: a honeymoon trip in Wisconsin on our beloved bicycle built for two - an aluminum Rodriguez mountain bike tandem, a.k.a. the Kittiwake.

Our tandem was shipped via Federal Express from Anchorage to Mondovi, Wisconsin, in a modified Delta Airline box. Our honeymoon trip started from there - Jerry's "hometown". We were impressed with the gentle handling of the bike, and the fact that they were able to ship it directly to this small town (pop. 2,500) in only 2 days. Upon arrival, we eagerly assembled it and rode off on an overcast, cool summer morning. Mounted on our back panniers was a large, colorful sign that read: JUST MARRIED!! We enjoyed many honks, friendly waves and spontaneous grins as folks drove past us from behind.

We planned to bike a large loop in a part of southwestern Wisconsin known as the "driftless" area - a hilly area which, many years ago, was left untouched by glaciers and their smoothing action. Instead of establishing a detailed route with daily destinations, we sat down with the map each evening and picked our course as we toured. The B & B's and motels we stayed at were clean and comfortable, with charming hosts. Temperatures ranged from a cool, damp 40 degrees to hot, muggy 80 degree days, with the weather extending surprise lightning & thunderstorms, hail and even a tornado watch.

As for tires, we brought along both "slicks" and "knobbies", but since we found ourselves primarily riding on paved highways and surfaced county roads, the slimmer tires won out. We left Mondovi on a narrow, hilly road characterized by many ups and downs. Travelling along, we encountered steep climbs up several "dugways" -- roads that have been dug right into the side of a hill -- followed by fast, exhilarating descents. We rode south toward the coulee region of the Mississippi River, stopping at the small town of Galesville, known locally as the "Garden of Eden". It was named by a minister in 1869 who had been inspired by the gently rolling hills, rocky limestone cliffs, spring-fed streams, fertile fields, thick hardwood forests and abundant natural beauty.

We bicycled through rich farming country, a



Marilee & Jerry Tande, near Pleasantville, WI

mosaic of green and gold strips contouring gently rolling hills. There were many enormous turn-of-the-century houses along the way with ornate, colored gables and turrets, loft windows



and meandering wrap-around porches. We rode past many carefully-tended green lawn-sand thriving vegetable gardens. Flowers, bushes and trees were in full bloom, offering vivid splashes of color and subtle fragrances. The sweet scents of lilac, rose and flowering crabapple filled the clean, country air. A host of birds, waterfowl and butterflies escorted us along the back country roads and river trails.

Continuing southward to the old, historical river town of Trempealeau, we accessed the Great River Trail (part of the Rails-to-Trails system). We were pleased with the smooth, hard-packed surface of crushed limestone, as we wove our way past grassy marshlands brimming with soft-shelled turtles sunning themselves on half-submerged rocks. After riding into LaCrosse, we decided to stay an extra day to soak in the flavor of this charming college town.

Via the LaCrosse River Trail, we pedaled over to Sparta - the bicycling capital of the world (so they boast!) - also the beginning of the popular Sparta-Elroy State Bike Trail. This hard-packed trail, with all of its subtle railroad grades, led us through the captivating hills of "Hidden Valley" country, bursting with trillium, phlox and lupine. Along this canopied path, we negotiated three cool, damp tunnels, the longest of which was 3,810 feet! Each of the arched entrances led us into a black, sunless world where natural spring water dripped from all sides of the rocky walls. These tunnels offered a welcome and refreshing relief from the sunny, humid afternoon. Walking the bike through each one, we found ourselves drawn to a single, distant pin-point of light at the opposite end.

Riding through Amish country was a soothing experience. We could spot the plain white houses and black horse-drawn buggies from a distance. Bushy-bearded farmers in dark-colored clothing and broad-brimmed straw hats were seen riding behind antiquated plows, each with 6 stocky workhorses abreast. Red-cheeked children with round, sparkling eyes and bright smiles ran into front yards to greet us. Women and girls wore long, sturdy dresses

with white cotton aprons and scarves tied at the chin. Because it was summer, the kids wore no shoes. These gentle folks seemed very content to lead simple, quiet lives apart from the fast-paced world.

Heading south again, we rode as far as Viroqua, where we cheerfully devoured some homemade ice cream at the local dairy and watched squirrels play beneath huge oak and maple trees in the town park. One particularly hot afternoon after that, we accidentally discovered a natural artesian well flowing out of the ground, so we quenched our thirst with long, satisfying gulps of cold, clear water.

Cows watched, lazily chewing their cud, as we pedaled past countless dairy farms, many of which were modern and prosperous. Huge pieces of machinery stood poised, ready for action and long hay slides dropped down from towering barn lofts. Often we would catch the quick flash of a cat's tail twitching as it gracefully crept through the fields, hunting mice and other small prey. And early one morning, a lone farmer, after putting his cattle out to pas-



The Root River Trail, MN

ture, approached us with a friendly greeting and a sweet-smelling sprig of lilac. The image of that spontaneous and heartening gesture re-



mained with us long after the blossoms had wilted.

Starting our loop back north and west, we headed toward Minnesota to access the paved Root River Bike Trail. It wound its way past small farms, meandering creeks and high sandstone cliffs above the Root River. We saw several white-tailed deer bounding along the edge of a field; counted many hand-crafted wooden boxes perched on fenceposts, offering shelter for tiny vagabond bluebirds; and were inspired by the blue brilliance of indigo buntings and the scarlet patches on red-headed woodpeckers.

Our last leg took us north over the Mississippi River at Winona, MN. Great blue herons and white egrets posed elegant profiles as they winged their way through the Upper Mississippi Fish & Wildlife Refuge. We gradually pedaled uphill, leaving the Trempealeau River Valley behind us. Past Arcadia, WI we discovered a narrow, winding road to follow on top of Montana Ridge - a broad, scenic ridge with grand vistas extending in each direction. Facing one way, the view of this driftless area offered a series of blue-grey hills rolling away into the distance; the opposite view presented lush, fertile farms alternating with colored patches of forest.

All too quickly, our trip was over; we had completed a 650-mile loop, rolling into Mondovi after two stimulating weeks on the road. Touring on our tandem was a fun and satisfying way to spend a vacation; we truly felt we had escaped the busy-ness of our everyday lives -- it was certainly "timeless travel".

In fact, it reminded us of a favorite quote: "No other form of travel can hand you the world in such a rich and varied form. Only the long-distance cyclist moves fast enough to experience a patchwork of landscapes and cultures, yet slow enough to glimpse their connecting threads. Indeed, such a vacation is not so much a happening, as an unfolding."

Marilee Clack Tande
Anchorage, Alaska

TCA Tandem Hospitality Homes

Having toured cross country on a bicycle I know the meaning and special importance of Hospitality Homes. The folks who shared their homes with me became special people in my eyes. I have a pleasant warm feeling toward them for the hospitality and friendship they shared with me. For this reason I'm thrilled to help develop the TCA hospitality list. The list will be available to TCA members and will be published annually. Specific requests will be handled when accompanied with an SASE.

A Hospitality Home provides touring cyclists a place to stay for a night. It need not be fancy,, a spare bedroom or even a tent site will do. The cyclist will need shower facilities and an opportunity to launder their clothes and a meal. The touring cyclist will call you well in advance and make arrangements; no surprises.

Are you willing to become a TCA Hospitality Home? If so please fill out the form (below). If you would like to discuss this with me give me a call and we can talk about it.

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telephone (414) 757-6561



An Adventure on a Tandem

Phoenix, Arizona to Wichita, Kansas

June 4 to July 5, 1992

[Editors' Note: When we last left Don & Dolores, they had just arrived at the Utah border. We pick up their journey from that point]

Saturday, June 13, 1992 - Kanab to Mount Carmel Junction, 17 miles

Today was intentionally an easy biking day. When I originally set up this schedule, I knew we would definitely need a breather from the pace of the last several days. We slept late and planned on doing our laundry. Most importantly, we got on the phone to try and rearrange our schedule. We finally figured out that the easiest way to change the schedule was to stay an extra night at the Bull Frog Lodges and somehow find a taxi or airplane to take us from Bryce Canyon to the Bull Frog Lodges Marina. We talked to a lady taxi driver in Kanab, Kevin Graney (her first name really is Kevin) who says she will take us from Bryce to Bull Frog, if necessary. However, she suggested we find a driver at Bryce Canyon when we arrive there tomorrow since it will be sixty miles closer to Bull Frog. We told her we would call her when we got to Bryce Canyon.

We had lunch at a Subway shop while our clothes were in the washer and then went to the supermarket while the clothes were in the dryer. We were getting this biking down to a science by this point.

Our ride today was about a two and a half hour ride since we were in no particular hurry. We had a brief pit stop at the Moquri Cave to use the restroom. The cave was unique in that

it had a manufactured dinosaur, a tyrannosaurus rex for the entrance with some supposedly actual dinosaur footprints on a rock outside the entrance. We climbed from 5,000 feet in Kanab to an estimated 7,500 to 8,000 feet over the first ten miles of this ride and then had a delightful descent to 6,000 feet at Mt. Carmel Junction. All the motels we are passing show a "no vacancy" (including ours) so we are definitely glad that we have reservations! We passed up an extra forty-four mile round trip to see Zion National Park. That trip will have to wait until another time.

Sunday, June 14, 1992 - Mt. Carmel Junction to Bryce, 60 miles

In hindsight, Dolores wonders whether this was really sixty miles. She suggested that we count these miles again since it sure seems a lot farther than sixty miles!





We started out with her not feeling very well. We tried orange juice and bran muffins to get her going in the morning but the bran muffins were awful and the orange juice didn't seem to do the trick. Our going was relatively slow. We stopped for a bathroom break in Orderville and always thank the restaurant host for letting us use the bathroom...without ordering anything. We then proceeded on a long slow climb up the Long Valley Junction where the elevation was 7,513. Because of the name of the town, we expected Long Valley Junction to be in a valley. Instead, it was really at the summit of the beginning of a long ride downhill and a beautiful long valley.

Things looked up after that delightful ride down to the town of Hatch where we stopped at the Acapulco Restaurant for the best mexican food north of Mexico. Hatch is a town of probably one hundred and it was quite unexpected to find an outstanding local Mexican restaurant in

this small town. I had "Meno Special" which was a large flour tortilla with ground beef, beans, lettuce, tomato and cheese. It was phenomenally delicious. Dolores had a cheese enchilada. The rest of the ride to our turn off at Route 12 went fine.

Then, we turned right into Red Canyon for the last fourteen miles to Ruby's Inn at Bryce Canyon. When we turned right, we were going east with a strong south wind blowing at an estimated thirty miles per hour...with higher gusts. Those were very slow miles since the fourteen miles included a seven mile uphill climb where we averaged four to six miles per hour. We later talked to some people that had driven campers and vans along this route and they could feel the wind continually buffeting their campers and vans. After we told them we could feel the wind too, they asked us what kind of camper we were pulling. We told them it was just us and our little bike!

The last mile to the motel was due south into the wind. The only redeeming feature about that mile was that we could see the sign for Ruby's Inn Best Western just ahead of us. We were motivated.

Ruby's Inn was opened about eighty years ago and is still operated by the same family. Not only do they have an excellent Best Western Motel here at Bryce Canyon, but a number of shops across the street. The food is well worth the ride since we had a great buffet the evening we arrived. I had been looking forward to a buffet for a long time since I like a wide assortment of food. We were both extremely hungry.

We are trying to change our plans and take a day off tomorrow. We arranged for the local sightseeing company to drive us to Bull Frog Lodges either Monday or Tuesday. We will decide which day to go after we see whether or not we can stay over a second night there at Ruby's Inn. We are really looking forward to a day of not biking and this is a very special place to have this extra day.

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Monday, June 15, 1992 - Ruby's Inn at Bryce, Utah - NO BIKING!

Our day started out with us finding out that we could stay here an extra night and just explore and relax with no biking. We were delighted!



We went on a two hour sightseeing tour around Bryce Canyon by van...instead of bike. Bryce Canyon is incredible with uniquely reddish colored rock formations throughout the park with are very slowly eroding with time. We could see all the hiking trails through these rock formations. The next time we are here we plan to do some hiking. The sightseeing trip was really neat and we avoided biking up another seven miles to the summit at 9,000 feet.

We went on a chuck wagon dinner ride with an old time hoedown this evening. We started

the ride out in an old covered wagon riding out to the place where we ate barbecue chicken, dutch-oven spuds, corn on the cob and home-made cherry cobbler. The hoedown part was a family (whose ancestors had arrived here by covered wagon three generations ago). The Dansey Family had eight children and they all participated in the show including the youngest girl who was just eight years old. They also had a fake Indian attack during the covered wagon ride to the dinner place which was cleverly put together. The music was great and it was a delightful evening...even though the wind was very, very cold. We were all wrapped up in our tights, gortex jackets and the blankets over our legs as we were watching the show.

A major problem of the day was that I ripped my only pair of shorts - not on some dramatic biking accident. Instead, I was walking a level path over the Trolls Bridge at the petting zoo across from Ruby's Inn. I tripped on the dirt path and went sprawling over the ground. We found some new pants at the store which are quite a bit longer than I am used to wearing and Dolores thought they looked hilariously funny on me. She did not make me feel very good because she laughed so much at my new pants! I will have to get even with her at a later time. She says that was the highlight of the day.

Neither of us missed biking on our day, and we thoroughly enjoyed relaxing and having fun.

Tuesday, June 16, 1992 - Bryce to Bull Frog Lodges, via truck!

This day was intended to be the second day of our two days off to enable us to recuperate from the last several days of biking. In that spirit, we got up late, did our laundry, and were too late for breakfast. We decided to skip breakfast and wait for the lunch buffet at Ruby's. Our clean clothes again really excited Dolores!

We convinced the tour operator at Ruby's Inn to take our bike and us the 150 miles from Bryce to the Bull Frog Lodge in their small pickup truck. Looking at that map, we had ex-



The Dutch border was only three miles from Karen's home allowing us to tour the Southern portion of Holland. English is the second language in Holland and was spoken widely. Without detail maps showing all minor roads and bicycle paths, it is not a cyclists nirvana to tour Holland. When you follow the normal maps you are constantly in traffic and following the mainstream through towns, constantly stopping at traffic lights. You are traveling on your own path, with your own traffic lights and you are quite safe from motor vehicles, however, it's not fun.

To find the rural roads and empty bike paths and get to where we wanted to go, we started using our compass and followed any path or country road heading in the right direction. This worked for awhile, but distances are short and the path/road soon ends and it's time to find another. At this point we were wishing we had signed up for a guided bicycle tour.

After traveling over sixty miles on strange roads in a country where we did not know the language, we got lost returning to Ubach Palemburg. We were back in our village, but nothing looked familiar. It was like entering the twilight zone and we didn't know how to ask someone in our broken German on how to get to where the signs said we already were. We got out our map of the village (which we luckily had) approached a gentlemen and pointed to the spot we wanted to go. He gave us a long explanation of which we understood little except turn left at the next road. After another few miles of bewildered cycling we suddenly saw a familiar sight and knew where we were and where we had been. We were now only a mile from home, which was lucky as we were hungry and tired. Ubach Palemburg consists of a series of villages/country that the road signs did not differentiate.

When we finally knew where we were, we stopped at a restaurant where I had the most delicious pasta and meat sauce I have ever experienced. After the delectable meal, the owner/waiter spilled beer on our table, and to make up for it, served us two mighty good liqueurs.

We were light headed when we finally ended the day. We slept well.

A few days later, armed with detail maps of the area, we again toured through the Southern portion of Holland, near Valkenburg. Valkenburg is a tourist town for the Dutch, known for its hot baths, castle, and the fact that the Tour de France passed through a few weeks before we did. Even with maps and knowing the "good" roads are found at the edge of towns, they were still difficult to locate. We spent about half our time on busy roads, half on quiet ones, and most of the time, lost.

We started asking questions about the best areas to tour and were quickly directed towards the Moselle Valley in the area between Koblenz and Trier.

We took the train to Koblenz with plans to return by train from Trier four days later. This route was the highlight of our trip and is recommended. You can travel second class by local train with your bicycle at any time except Friday and Sunday. We left at five in the morning to begin this adventure.

I was worried that we were going to have trouble as the length of our tandem equaled the full width of the train and I partially blocked the passageway between the trains. (Only the larger routes had special bicycle carrying cars.) When the conductor came by I did my best to turn the front wheel so he could get by, all the time praying that he wouldn't kick us off the train for obstructing the exit corridor. I needn't have worried as this conductor and all the other conductors couldn't have been more friendly, nor more helpful. They indicated I didn't have to bother turning the front wheel as they could squeeze by. (Tell this one to Amtrak!)

On the trains that do carry a special car for your bicycle it is helpful if you carry a bungee cord to support your bike to the rails on the inside of the car. I used my U-lock for this purpose.

Trains in Germany leave on time, and they are listed in the station according to their de-



resses outside singing to the truck driver "You are so beautiful" so they could stop having to tell all of the patrons that they were out of everything.

In order to catch our water taxi, we had to ride about a mile down the road to the boat rental dock. The last three blocks of this ride was on an all dirt, unpaved, gravel road where we ended up walking our bikes. It is impossible to pedal on a gravel road. With this impressive resort, why couldn't they pave the last three blocks of their road?

We hauled our bike onto the boat and Paul, our boat driver, appeared somewhat dense, but was able to navigate us across the lake to the Hall's Crossing Marina where we arrived at about 9:15. After purchasing some Anacin for Dolores for her headache, we were finally on our way.

We had biked through desolate country before, but today we are setting a new record for extremely desolate land. We periodically saw a car pulling a trailer to Hall's Marina, one Frito Lay truck, one Pepsi Cola truck and one UPS truck...but virtually no other traffic. For the fifty miles from Hall's Marina to State Highway 95, we did not see one farm house along the way! We saw three cows and one fella on a horse looking for some cows. We also saw a lot of lizards and desert rats crossing the road in front of us. We wondered what they had to eat since we never saw any water along the road during that fifty mile stretch. The land was either sand, rock, or sage brushes.

This seemed to be our day for bike problems. The crank shaft seemed to turn slowly and with some difficulty. We stopped the bike and got out our WD-40 can which somehow I managed not to throw out as we were pruning

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down our supplies to take on the bike. We squirted everywhere we could think of to squirt, and it seemed to help the pedals in turning. At the ten mile mark from the Hall's Marina, we stopped at the Hall's Crossing Airport to use their bathroom and refill our water. This airport was out in the middle of nowhere and was a very welcome sight. After the airport, we did not find any other place to get water for the next fifty miles.

We then had another major bike problem in that we had a blow out on our rear tire. Our self-sealing tube with a six month guarantee had lasted about one week. It exploded and burst the tire in the process. Since the tube was suppose to seal itself from any punctures or leaks, the only thing we could come up with that could have caused the problem was that we had filled it with a CO2 cylinder. It could have been that the CO2 gas might not have worked well in combination with the sealant inside the tube. In order to change the rear tire on the bike, I had to take off the saddle bags and all the other stuff on the back. Since we had not expected this problem, the only tire I had to replace the blow out was the tire that I had taken off a few days ago and already had a splitting side wall in the tire. So, I put a tire on the bike that was already defective. Things were not going well! The day was very hot and very dry. The map said it was only forty miles to the State Highway. After forty-seven miles, we finally arrived at the State Highway. How could the map makers miscount the miles by seven miles?

We were running low on water since we had used all four of our water bottles and had broken into our two liter bottle that we were carrying for reserve. We were close to finishing that bottle when we arrived at State Highway 95 and still didn't see any stores or sign of life to get more water. We still had forty-eight miles to go to reach Blanding. Lacking water and with a rear tire losing air, it was not a pretty picture. We were very tired from the last sixty-mile stretch from Hall's Crossing and after the first ten miles on 95.

Having run out of water, we flagged down a car and asked them if they had any water they could spare. They had a canteen with enough to fill two water bottles which we greatly appreciated. By this time, it was past 5:00 in the afternoon and we had had very little to eat all day. A pop tart and granola bar doesn't go very far in supplying energy when you feel like you just rode across the desert without enough water to drink.

The defective rear tire that we put on was losing air so we had to call it quits for the day. The challenge now was to find a way to get to Blanding by hitch hiking with a tandem bike.

We finally flagged down a truck with some geology students and instructors from City College at Santa Barbara. They took pity on us when they saw our condition and they were going to take us back to the Ranger Station at Natural Bridges National Monument. When they talked to the Ranger on the radio, the Rangers still weren't sure how we would get into Blanding. We decided to take our chances hitch hiking along the road with our bike. They finally took enough pity on us and offered to drive us twenty-five miles out of their way in their truck to the hotel at Blanding. Joe Rodriguez and Skip from City College really were our saviours this day. They took two very exhausted and dried out people to the Best Western in Blanding. We still haven't solved our back tire problem although the most immediate problem was getting us a bed and a place where we could get water and food again. We had Navaho tacos again at the Cedar Pony in Blanding, a three block walk from our hotel. While the Navaho taco wasn't as good as the one at the Cameron Motel, it certainly hit the spot. We also had a lot of water to drink.

After dinner, I spent a fair amount of time talking to the desk clerk at the hotel, Lana, and the couple managing the hotel, Betty and Luananna about finding us a ride from Blanding to Durango. We knew that the next town where we could by a new tire for the bike was Durango and there was no way we could ride that one hundred and twenty five miles with a tire



leaking air. We went to bed without that problem solved and didn't have any trouble falling asleep after the exhausting day.

Thursday, June 18, 1992 - Blanding, UT to Durango - via truck (125 miles)

We had breakfast at the Elk Lodge Cafe. Their pancakes and french toast were delicious. They even had milk so we were able to have cereal for the first time in days. The manager finally found someone to take us in their truck to Durango. David Wood, a chief pilot from the local Blanding airport, came to see us at about 11:00 a.m. in the morning. We talked about the trip to Durango and he finally decided that his assistant pilot, Dean, would take us.

We ended up making the 100 mile trip from Blanding, Utah to Durango, Colorado by pick-up truck - differently than we had expected...but very welcome. The change in the scenery between Utah and Colorado was amaz-

ing. From the desolate desert of southwestern Utah with few living creatures to the rolling green fields of Colorado was a most welcome change. We could see life again along the road which was so different from what we had seen over the last two weeks in Arizona and Utah.

We had dinner at Pronto's in Durango, a favorite local italian hang out to the locals. The Pedal the Peaks bicycle tour across Colorado was also staying in Durango and most of them had heard of Pronto's too. They had an all you could eat spaghetti dinner for \$3.95 with homemade pasta. Since this was only the second pasta we had had during our trip, we definitely got our money's worth.

To be continued. . .

Don & Dolores Daseke
Dallas, TX

Growing up on a Bike for Two

"Amy, Mommy said not to do that," I stated matter of factly as my sister and partner in crime deliberately stuck her fingers down her throat and as what happened all the previous times, she started gagging and tears rolled down her cheeks. Innocently, I giggled. Noticing the attention she plunged her small finger down her throat again but simultaneously this time the small trailer in which we rode, pulled by my parents who were pedaling on the tandem, hit a bump and for a brief second Amy's wrist disappeared. I watched horror stricken as the wrist reappeared along with Amy's meals. Whether purposely or not, she threw up all over me and I burst out in tears and hysterical wails. My mother hurriedly jumped off the bike before my dad could even stop and rushed the few feet to the trailer. There, Amy, for a brief second smiled before too, joining me in a fit of tears and cries. After cleaning us both up and lecturing Amy about not sticking her fingers down her throat,

they then scolded me for not stopping my younger sister. (Even then I was blamed for most things.)

"John, you're four now, and you're a big boy so you've got to watch out for your little sister," my Dad stated, and I nodded obediently but over his shoulder I saw Amy sitting contentedly in the bugger (trailer) sucking her thumb and smiling.

After a few miles, all the misery and trouble of before was forgotten and we made up a new game of seeing who could be the first to stick their fingers in the interesting but rapidly turning spokes of the large trailer wheels. Of course this game was short lived. When my mother saw us craning over the side of the bugger and making jabs with our short arms at the large and dangerous wheels, the tandem came to an immediate stop. The end result was another scolding and a tightening of the safety belts.



Another game defeated, we sat dejectedly as other riders rode by. Occasionally we passed a few stragglers. For the third summer we were spending a weekend at the tandem rally. This year it happened to be at a small college in New Bedford, Massachusetts and we were spending the time riding around the area and meeting other biking families, some of whom became great friends.

Five miles passed before we were able to devise another scheme. This involved our shoes and the frequently passing riders. After unsuccessfully trying to kick Amy, and her, I, I reached down and took my shoe off and playfully threw it onto the road. Inspired, Amy improved the game by throwing both her shoes at one unsuspecting rider. They fell harmlessly short and I, too, failed in hitting the speeding target. Without any more shoes this game fortunately ended before we could cause any damage. My parents were a bit confused, however,

when our target glared at them threateningly as he sped by, and especially when sometime later a van stopped our precession. The driver, a complete stranger handed over two small pairs of shoes to my parents and pointed out the two pair of shoeless feet of their sleeping toddlers.

"Mommy, Daddy and Amy are going to get there before us." I pleaded, "Pedal faster!"

"That's because Daddy is faster and stronger than Mommy," my patient mother tried to explain, but she had long before learned that you can't explain things to a tired and hungry eight-year-old.

My sister and I had outgrown the bugger, and now we rode as stoker, I behind my Mom on the new tandem, and Amy behind my Dad on the older one. Suddenly we heard Amy's familiar wail and we unexpectedly caught up to Amy and my Dad. Amy had one hand on top of her white and red striped helmet and she was waiving the other hysterically. As we approached my Mom and I both realized that her pointer finger was actually stuck in one of the holes atop her helmet. My mood suddenly changed, I started giggling uncontrollably at the ridiculous sight. Enraged, Amy waved frantically and tried pathetically to free her finger. My Mom, however didn't find here predicament as humorous and a bit angrily, she asked my Dad why he hadn't stopped to help poor Amy who by now was in a hysterical fit complete with piercing screams and violent kicks (while we were riding). Struggling to keep control of the lurching tandem my Dad grumbled, "Look behind us, Pam." Both my Mom and I turned our heads around and looked across the vast grazing fields and quickly noticed the dark, ominous clouds following us. We could actually see the torrents of rain pouring down on the lonely, open road and we could hear the rumbling of thunder. Even I realized we were in trouble. I stopped giggling and pedaled with all the power my little legs could muster.

Our two tandems sped ahead through the open fields like they never had before but the storm overtook us as we crossed on a bridge over a raging river. The drops stung as they



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pelted my back but I kept pedaling. On the other side of the bridge there was an abandoned town where we quickly stopped and huddled under a porch.

Some sight that must have been. My Dad was standing out in the rain trying to hitch hike a ride back to the college (but who in their right mind would pick up a hitch hiker with a bright yellow helmet, tights and a fluorescent green shirt?). We were on the porch, huddled against the bikes. I was clinging to Mom's leg while Amy stood crying uncontrollably with her finger still stuck in her helmet. We watched the cars speed by Dad who had now started to jump up and down and wave his arms frantically.

Eventually the rain subsided and we silently straddled the bikes, we had freed Amy's finger, but before we could start a truck sped by sending a wave of muddy water which, of course, crashed down onto us. As we watched the truck go by we noticed that sitting in the boat it pulled was a little man with a bright orange shirt and helmet. It was Dan, a man who seemed to always show up during a bad situation and his over friendliness and warmth always made it worse. His ear to ear smile and exaggerated wave was too much for my Dad. He got off the bike and drop kicked his helmet across the street.

We managed to get back to the college, but for the rest of the day all my Dad did was mumble and walk aimlessly around the dormitory room. Even Amy and I behaved well; we refrained from our usual pillow fights and other violent, trouble causing games and stayed out of his way. However, once the weather improved, so did his mood, and he even managed to laugh when Dan brought the episode up at dinner. I did notice, though, that Dad was clenching his butter knife rather tightly.

As I rode from my house to Foodtown on my Dad's ten year old, silver Myata, I adjusted my yellow helmet and fastened the velcro on my padded biking gloves. The sun beat down on my back as I reached down to tighten my toe clips. It was a typical July morning; warm, bright, and clear; a perfect day for a ride. This wasn't any



ride. It was the first organized ride I was going on by myself - it was kind of my declaration of independence. I wasn't really nervous, just sort of anxious. As I flew into the parking lot I immediately spotted two cars with bike racks. In a ignorant way I was disappointed to see all older riders, but their warm smiles erased my first impressions.

My first adversity wasn't a flat tire or a derailed chain but the ride leader himself. Before we started, he made it clear that anyone under eighteen, namely me, needed a parent or guardian, but before I could protest, three older women offered to "adopt" me. I was overwhelmed by their friendliness and I guess so was the ride leader because, even though he wasn't very pleased, he let me ride. With that cleared, up our thirty-five mile excursion through Hillsboro and Neshanic began. The pace was slow but I didn't notice because I was enjoying interesting conversation with my new friends. They wanted to know all about my family and our biking adventures and I was more than glad to share it with them. I told them all about my sister and my adventures and schemes in the bugger and the rallies. I told them all about the friends we had met who also spent a good part of their childhood in the saddle; Jed and Natalie Kornbluh, Randy and Derek Stekete, Gregg Sachs and Megan Yockey and all our adventures at the many college dormitories we stayed at; Poughkeepsie, Kutztown, New Bedford, and Stockton. They heard all about our water bottle squirt fights from the backs of the tandems, the Monopoly and Risk games on rainy days, the refreshing lakes at the end of the rides, fishing for lobsters in Maryland, the bed and breakfasts in Maine, and even about my seven month pregnant Mom captaining the tandem. They learned all about the chaos we caused, great times we had, and the great friends we met. As I told them all of this, I realized how many memories I had of biking, and how fond of biking I was.

As the ride got hilly and the roads got narrow and winding the talk subsided and I reflected on how much cycling had played a part in my growing up. I had always looked forward



to the rides, although I dreaded the hills and many miles of pedaling. I specially had looked forward to seeing Randy, Jed, and the rest of our "gang".

Unfortunately, the tandem rallies have become too expensive and all our busy schedules leave little time to ride together but because so much of my childhood was spent in a bugger or on the back of a tandem, biking has become almost a part of me. As long as there are roads ridden and there is a bike to ride on them, biking will remain a part of me; and the memories are forever.

The group pulled into a small, quaint general store. It reminded me of the many such places where we, on rides, had stopped years ago and an ice cream or soda seemed to always miraculously give my tired little legs energy to pedal further. As I sat down at a picnic table on the rickety, old porch among my new friends I wondered about the future. I'd love to ride cross-country or around Europe but my thoughts were interrupted by an offer of lunch. My hungry stomach couldn't let me resist so for now thoughts of the future and far away places were replaced by an Italian sub and an ice cold lemonade. I guess, for now I'd be content to ride about New Jersey with my new friends, old friends and ones I'm sure to meet along the way. After all, there were still roads unriden right here at home and even so...there are always the memories.

John Ruggini Jr
Rartan, NJ



NEW ROUTES NEEDED

I know there are lots of you across the USA and throughout the world who have many favorite routes that you could share with all the TCA. I have volunteered to collate and catalog any submitted ride descriptions, but I need your help to make this happen.

Please send me a description of your favorite ride, and a sketch of the route. A map would be great, but I can do with just a sketch (and a description of the route). Send me what you have, and I'll make the map part with my computer. Together we'll work up the cue sheet. A sample of what I'm looking for, and what I can produce, was printed in the January-February issue of DoubleTalk.

Jack and Susan have promised to print these maps/ride descriptions in DoubleTalk on a space available basis. As I accumulate these rides, a tremendous resource for the TCA can be developed. At first, I'll send out an index of what I have cataloged and the requested route to those sending an SASE. As the list grows, we'll determine the best way to make it available to TCA members.

I'd really like this collection to include routes all over the US (world?), but it can't grow without you!

Please send your submissions to me at my new address, listed below.

Dennis Bell
7100 35th Avenue NW
Seattle, WA 98117
(206)-784-8446



TANDEM CALENDAR 1993-1994

May 7-9, 1993. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Weekend at the Beach** Harwich, Cape Cod, MA. Contact Jean-Marie & George Lambert, P.O. Box 81, Milford, NH, for directions and information about the lodging. Phone (603)-673-5975 (7-9pm EST)

May 8, 1993. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Barrington Ride** Approx 31 mi. Starts at Barrington High School. 616 E Main St/corner of Lake-Cook & Hart rds. Hans & Diane Predel (708) 255- 4029.

May 14-16, 1993. **COWS (Couples on Wheels) Spring Rally** Port Washington, WI. The weekend begins with an Ice Cream ride on Friday and ends with Sunday morning rides through the beautiful WI countryside through rural Ozaukee County. For more information, write (SASE, please) or call Irene & Gary Sanderson, 5005 North Palisades Road, Milwaukee, WI 53217. Ph: (414)-964-5026

May 14-16, 1993. **Sun Coast Tandem Rally**, Apollo Beach, FL. Send SASE to Tim & Ann Newby, 5807 22nd Avenue Dr. East, Palmetto, FL 34221 for more information. Registration closes April 15, 1993.

May 15, 1993. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) North Conway, NH Ride**. 10:00 a.m. from Shaw's Plaza on Rte 16 in North Conway, NH. More info from Nate & Mary Ellen Carmen, RR Box 639, Bethlehem, NH 03574. Ph: (603)-444-6887

May 16, 1993. **Colorado Tandem Club - Ft Collins area**. starts at 9:30 am at Bancroft Park, 2400 block of West Colorado Ave. This is a casual ride of 14-20 miles with brunch somewhere in route. There will also be a more aggressive ride option. Bob Smith (719) 528-6834.

May 22, 1993. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England), Cape Ann, MA Ride**. 30-35 mi. & 55-65 mi. options from the Montserrat Railroad Station, Beverly, MA. For information, con-

tact Anne & Emery Glass, 1 Dodge Road, Marblehead, MA 01945, ph: (617)-631- 3239

May 22, 1993. **7th Annual Miami Valley Tandem Rally**. Ride park to park, state to state. Start at Fort St. Clair near Eaton, OH ride to Glen Miller Park in Richmond, IN and return. Flat to rolling terrain with 15, 20, 36 & 55 mile ride options. Grand buffet lunch after ride. For information send SASE to Norm Bernhardt, 2639 Morning Sun Dr, Fairborn, OH 45324 or phone (513)426-2796. Must be Pre registered.

May 22, 1993. **MUTS (Michigan United Tandem Society) Spring Lake/Grand Haven area**. Hosts are Joel & Lind Engel, (616) 773- 6620, and Dale & Alice Maxam, (616) 846-1737.

May 28-31, 1993. **11th Annual Kent County Spring Fling** Chestertown, MD. Hosted by the Baltimore Bicycle Club. Be one of the many tandem teams among the 600 friendly cyclists who enjoy this very popular event. Many rides expressly for tandems each day. \$152 per person, which includes lodging, 6 meals/person, and more. For info and an application, send an SASE to BBC KCSF, c/o Al & Ruth Schaffer, 3212 Midfield Road, Baltimore, MD 21208. Ph: (410)-484-0306 (h) or (410)-444-6153 (o)

May 29-31, 1993. **8th Annual Northwest Tandem Rally**, Mt. Vernon, WA. Sponsored by the Skagit Valley BC. \$32.00/team, tax included. optional meals available. Applications now available with SASE to NWTR'93, P.O. Box 803, Conway, WA 98238. or phone Ron & Debra Sprague @ (206)-445-3306 or Jay & Linda Hardcastle @ (206)-734- 0275

May 29-June 5, 1993. **International Tandem Rally**. Chateau L'Hirondell campsite near Oteppe, Belgium. 200 tandems expected from all over the world. Oteppe is a small village between Liege and Namur, about 120 miles from Ostend. Booking forms are available with a SASE to ITR, c/o Jack Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242. Routes and



campsites are now being researched. Information that's not on the booking forms can be obtained from Martin & Jay Halls, 106 Aylestone Hill, Hereford HR1 1JJ, England. Telephone number is 0432 354938.

June ?, 1993. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Michigan Wine Ride** Phone Tom & Sherry Masters for more info (708) 358-7797.

June 5, 1993. **CIBA'S TANDEMS: 20, 30 & 40 miles** ride start 8am. CIBA offers a warm welcome to **TOIS (Tandems of Indiana Society)** and to any other tandem team. All tandem riders are invited to meet and ride with other tandem enthusiasts. The leaders will be leading the way on a pleasant ride south of Indianapolis, IN. For information contact Gary & Sue Robinson (317) 865-0208.

June 5-6, 1993. **Camping & cycling around Arrow Rock, MO.** Join us for rides along country roads and some of Missouri's Rails to Trails system. Leaders will be camping in Arrow Rock State Park, B&B's & hotels nearby. For info contact Jim & Susan McGerson (913) 962-1638 or Chris & Allyson Baum (913) 451-3058. Sponsored by the Kansas City Bicycle Club.

June 11-13, 1993. **T-Bones' (Tandem Bicycles of New England) Weekend in VT.** Headquarters is Rabbit Hill Inn, Lower Waterford, VT. It's pricy, but worth it! For full information, contact Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton Street, Salem, NH 03079. Ph: (603)-898-5285. Rabbit Hill books early, so call soon!

June 13, 1993. **FAB (First, Another, or Best) 200** 25 to 200 miles 6am. CIBA would like to invite all **TOIS (Tandems of Indiana Society)** tandem enthusiasts to come join them on this double century northwest of Indianapolis, IN. Choose your distance between 25 and 200 miles. For information contact Jan Wilson (317) 875-8093.

June 13, 1993. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Wauconda Orchard Ride.** Two 17 mile loops each from the apple orchard. Phone Hans & Diane Predel (708) 255-4029 for more info.

June 13, 1993. **MUTS (Michigan United Tandem Society) Midland/Bay City area.** Hosts are Lewis & Renae Pavlovich (517) 643-5864.

June 25-28, 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. For an application, send a SASE to TEAM FRIEDMAN, 5514 Callander Drive, Springfield, VA 2151-1402.

June 26-27, 1993. **TRINA (Tandem Rally In Northern Arizona),** Flagstaff, AZ. A fun ride (on Saturday) and race (on Sunday) in the high country (7000' elevation) near Flagstaff. For information, send SASE to John or Rebekah, c/o Loose Spokes Bicycle Shop, 1529 So. Milton Road, Flagstaff, AZ 86001 Ph: (602)-774-7428

June 26, 1993. **MUTS (Michigan United Tandem Society) "Guide Ride".** Michigan School for the Blind in Lansing. This is a volunteer ride to give the blind students an enjoyable afternoon. Contact Doug or Jan Plzak for more information. (313) 373-7564.

June 27, 1993. **Bay to Bay Ride** Betterton, MD. Betterton beach front, tandem start 8am, 72, 86, or 107 miles, flat; \$8.00 until June 10, 1993, after that \$10.00. Helmet required. Includes: map, marked route, sag, waterbottle (first 500 riders), food stops. Send SASE to Bay to Bay Ride c/o Jim Gent, 7 Cedar Chase Court, Chestertown, MD 21620-1665

July 2-6, 1993. **League of American Wheelmen 1993 National Rally.** Kutztown University, Kutztown, PA. Sponsored by the Lehigh Wheelmen Association. Special events just for tandems. Possibly a pre-tour (in conjunction with the ETR Post Tour, maybe?). For more information, SASE to Pete & Mindy Sessler, 3450 Mountainview Circle, Bethlehem, PA 18017. Ph: (217)-758-8209

July 10, 1993. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Ride from Contoocook, NH** Several rides of varying lengths up to a century. Contact Pat & Dave Berliner, 37 Iron Works Road, Concord, NH 03301. Ph: (603)-746-4822 (early evening).



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August

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- Oregon Cascades - Coast Loop - Aug 8-14
- Oregon Cascades - Wine Country - Aug 15-21

September

- Oregon Coast - Sept 19-25
- Oregon Cascades - Coast Loop - Sept 5-11
- Oregon Cascades - Sept 12-18
- Oregon Tandem Tour - Sept 26-Oct 2

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July 10, 1993. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Long Grove Tandem Ride** Repeat of a nice event from last year led by the Lippere. A good ride, time for lunch at the tavern and even shopping in Long Grove. (708) 705-8879 Joe & Sue Lippere.

July 16-18, 1993. **A Mid-Summer Tandem Rally**, Lawrence, KS. Pre-registration only by June 25th. "The Wheelmen", the national organization of antique bicycle collectors is also holding their national convention in Lawrence, KS this weekend. For more information send SASE to Karen Winterhalter 13001 W 79th, Lenexa, KS 66215. (913) 599-0430

July 23-25, 1993. **Neopolitan Tandemonium 2**, two days of riding and fun including a jazz concert and lunch on a paddlewheel steamboat. Saturday has ride options of 30 or 50ish miles, Sunday has a 25ish mile ride. Naples is a beautiful, tropical settin on the Gulf of Mexico with flat riding and plenty of sunshine. For details, send SASE to Chuck and Susan Allen, (813)455-0025, 1526C Trafalgar Lane, Naples, FL 33999. Registration must be postmarked by July 6th, 1993.

July 24, 1993. **T-Bones Saturday in Andover**. More information will be available from Lida & Scott Jenny, 6 Shore Rd, N. Reading, MA 01864. Ph: (508)-664-0625

July 24, 1993. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) DeKalb Corn Ride** 65 miler from DeKalb into farm country - phone Hans & Diane Predel (708) 255-4029 for info.

July 24, 1993. **MUTS (Michigan United Tandem Society) Lansing area**. Hosts are John & Jackie Urbain. (517) 669-5060.

August 6-8, 1993 **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Weekend in Maine**. Contact Dave & Pat Berliner for more information about this great weekend, but do it soon! August is the prime season in Maine! The Berliners, 37 Iron Works Road, Concord, NH 03301. Ph: (603)-746-4822 (early evenings)

August 14, 1993. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Predel's BBQ ride** From Arlington

Heights. BBQ at the Predels home after the ride. Hans & Diane Predel (708) 255-4029.

August 15, 1993. **Double or Nothing Tandem Bicycle Ride** Carmel, NJ. Meet at the Carmel Fire Station for this fun-filled Saturday. Fee covers a buffet lunch, maps, and spaghetti dinner. For information and registration form, contact Mel Kornbluh, RR8 - Box 319 E Gwynwood Dr., Bridgeton, NJ 08302 or call 609/451-5104 after 6 p.m.

August 21, 1993. **MUTS (Michigan United Tandem Society) Sturgis area**. Hosts are Alan & Kathy Hahn. (616) 651-1352.

August 28, 1993. **T-Bones Ride Through Mystic, CT** Details will be supplied by Bob & Alice Sawyer, 26 Cliff Drive, Avon CT 06001, Ph: (203)-673-1181

September 3-5, 1993. **Northeastern Family Weekend, 1993**. Watson Family Homestead near Corning, NY. Rides geared to families with children. Other activities include swimming and ballgames. We're limited to 24 families, so call soon. Alan & Jayne Yockey, (215)-322-5091

September 3-6, 1993. **Midwest Tandem Rally**, Lansing, MI. Join the M.U.T.S. in this great annual event! Make your reservations now at the Holiday Inn South/Convention Center, 6820 South Cedar Street, Lansing, MI 48911. (Phone 1-800-333-8123 or 1-517-694-8123). More information will be published in DoubleTalk as it becomes available.

September 6-10, 1993. **MTR Post Tour -- Tracks along the Lake**. Enjoy a ride along the shores of Lake Michigan and the adjacent wine country. SASE to Rick & Shelley Pulliam, 703 West Capital Avenue, Bellevue, MI 49021

September 11, 1993. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicycles of New England) New Hampshire Pot Luck** Mont Vernon, NH. Call Carolyn & Earle Rich, 19 Horton Road, Mont Vernon, NH (603)-673-8695 for information and to find out what to bring!

September 18, 1993. **COW (Couples On Wheels) TANDEM ONLY Metric Century**. Half-



metric option. No fee, no frills, just good friends on a fall adventure. The route will start/finish in Appleton, WI. We will ride to De Pere and return along the Fox River. For more information, SASE to Tom Thalmann, N1583 Skyline Drive, Appleton, WI 54915

September 18-19, 1993. **Fall Mountain Tandem Weekend.** Come enjoy the trails of the scenic Berkshire hills in western MA. Send SASE to Al & Sue Berzinis, 178 Hubbard St, Lenox, MA 01240. (413) 637- 1718 evenings before 9:30pm eastern time.

September 19, 1993. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) "Dick Tracy Ride"** Ride from McHenry College on Rt 14 west of Crystal Lake, IL to Woodstock & back. Led by Hans & Diane Predel (708) 255-4029.

September 24-26, 1993 **BART (Bay Area Roaming Tandems) 4th Fall Tandem Rally**, Sonoma Valley Wine Country, north of San Francisco. Three fun-filled days of tandeming in the prettiest area of northern CA. SASE to Terri Gorman, P.O. Box 2176, Los Gatos, CA 95031. Ph: (408)-356-7443 or (415)-599-1703

September 26, 1993. **New England Blind Stokers Tandem Ride.** Calling all captains - We need you and your tandem(s) for this 25/40 mile ride (and picnic) from Arlington, MA. Singles welcome too! Sponsored by NE Region Ski for Light, a group that introduces blind people to vigorous outdoor activities by pairing with sighted enthusiasts. Contact Laura Oftedahl, 104-7 Coolidge Hill Rd, Watertown, MA 02172, (617)923-7768 before 9 pm eastern time.

October, 1993. **1st Annual Make-A-Wish Tandem Rally.** This rally is to benefit the Make-A-Wish foundation of NJ. The Make-A-Wish Foundation is a non-profit organization whose goal is to grant wishes to terminally ill children. Come on out to Monmouth County, NJ, and help support a worthy cause! For more information (including the actual dates, when they are finalized), send a SASE to Joe & Joy Rutch, 231 Brookside Avenue, Laurence Harbor, NJ 08879

October 2, 1993. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Fall Tandemonium.** Lexington, MA. Pot Luck Dinner after the rides. Please CALL to find out what to bring. After dinner, enjoy Bob's collection of antique bicycles. Bob & Ruth Sawyer, 3 Flintlock Road, Lexington, MA 02173 Ph: (617)-862-6517

October 10, 1993. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Leaf me alone ride.** From the Crabtree Nature Center to Algonquin for breakfast at Reeses or Langes restaurants. Hans & Diane Predel (708) 255-4029.

October 23, 1993. **CATS (Chicago Area Tandem Society) Chili Pumpkin Patch Ride.** Phone Tom & Sherry Masters for info on this ride (708) 358-7797.

October 29-31, 1993. **15th Annual Southern Tandem Rally**, Greensboro, NC. For more information, please send SASE to Bruce and Judy Bachelder, 306 West Union Street, Morganton, NC 28655-3729. Applications/Information are now be ready!

Labor Day, 1994. **Midwest Tandem Rally.** Rochester, MN. SASE to Joe Roque, 917 19th Street NE, Rochester, MN 55906-4243

The TANDEM CLUB OF AMERICA wants to list your rides in the 1993 TANDEM CALENDAR. Rally and Ride Organizers, please send the information about your 1993 (or 1994) 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



TANDEM RACES -- 1993

May 1, 1993. **1st Annual Pepin Hills, WI, Gran Prix.** USCF Permit pending. Very beautiful hill country with 660 feet climbing per lap. Twisty 50mph descent. Tandem race is 40 miles (4 laps). Cash prizes, hill climbing primes, other prizes. Contact Bob Benedum at 2319 Afton Drive, Menomonie, WI 54751. Ph: (715)-235-4343

May 8-9, 1993. **Cedar Valley, IA, Tandem Race.** Road race and criterium. USCF & citizen classes. All start together, but results will be by class for prizes. Contact Cindy Dodd at 122 Parkgate, Cedar Falls, IA 50613. Ph: (319)-233-2150

May 15, 1993. **Discover Columbus Challenge Duathlon.** Columbus, IN. Yes, this event now has a tandem class. Run-Bike-Run. Registration forms from The Bicycle Station, 1005 25th St, Columbus, IN 47201. Call Charlie Zaharako or Scott Hunter, (812)-379-9005

May 23, 1993. **Long Beach, CA, Criterium Series.** USCF only. Contact Marilyn Sonye, MTS Cycling, PO Box 3213, Anaheim, CA 92803-3213. Ph: (714)-738-5954

May 29-31, 1993. **Miami Valley Stage Race.** Road race, criterium, and time trial. USCF only. Organizer will assist with housing. SASE to MVSR, 6351 Adams Circle, Dayton, OH 45459. Ph: (513)-436-9045

June 13, 1993. **Century Bicycling Racing Club 20K Time Trial** Beltsville, MD, Agricultural Research Center. For application, send SASE to CBRC, 1121 Spotswood Drive, Colesville, MD 20905 or call Jay Bozievich at (301)-384-0837

June 19-20, 1993. **National 24-Hour Challenge,** 2212 College SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49507. Ph: (616)-241-1969. Tandem Class available. Entry forms now available. Send SASE to the above address.

July 1-5, 1993. **Duet Cycling Classic** Eugene, OR. The "biggest and baddest" tandems-only

stage race in North America. Time trial, criterium, and four road races. Two fields/\$6000+ cash prizes. Contact Russell Morton or Patricia Ellis at Burley Design Cooperative, 4080 Stewart Road, Eugene, OR 97402 or call 503/687-1644

July 4, 1993. **Long Beach, CA, Criterium Series.** USCF only. Contact Marilyn Sonye, MTS Cycling, PO Box 3213, Anaheim, CA 92803-3213. Ph: (714)-738-5954

July 4, 1993. **Fourth of July Firecracker Criterium,** Middletown, CT. USCF only. Contact Andy Raymond. Ph: (203)-347-0798

July 19-26, 1993. **USCF Masters National Championships,** MO. 40km Time Trial for National Championship. USCF age-graded competitor in St. Louis, MO. Contact Mike Murray at 4454 Lindell Blvd, #31, St. Louis, MO 63108. Ph: (314)-652-9939

August 15, 1993. **Long Beach, CA, Criterium Series.** USCF only. Contact Marilyn Sonye, MTS Cycling, PO Box 3213, Anaheim, CA 92803-3213. Ph: (714)-738-5954

August 16, 1993. **Orrville, OH Milk Race** Tandem class. Send Inquiries to Orrville Milk Races, Rich Corfman, 418 S Walnut St, Orrville, OH 44667. (216) 683-4393.

August 15-16, 1993. **Alamosa, CO, Record Challenge.** 40km Time Trial and 80km road race. Dead flat time trial course (100' rise on 20km) at 7500' altitude. Road race is on flat, 40-mile loop along country roads. Contact Eric Burt, c/o San Luis Valley Cycling Club, 7565 West Highway 160, #11, Alamosa, CO 81101. Ph: (719)-589-9759

August 27-29, 1993. **Midwest Ultra-Marathon Cycling Festival** Okawville, IL. Includes Midwest RAAM Qualifier, Midwest Super Randonneur and midwest 24 hour challenge. A training series of 11 non-competitive events is being offered in conjunction with the festival.



SASE to Brian W. Williams, Midwest Ultra-Marathon Cycling Festival, 292-B Clovis Dr, Ballwin, MO 63011. (314) 394- 6122

September 12, 1993. **Lake Country, TX, Classic** 25-mile road race in Ft. Belknap, TX, for mixed tandems. Citizens race, no USCF license required. Trophies to top 3 teams. Contact Randy Stephens, P.O. Box 1385, Graham, TX 76450. Ph: (817)-549-3918

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

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)

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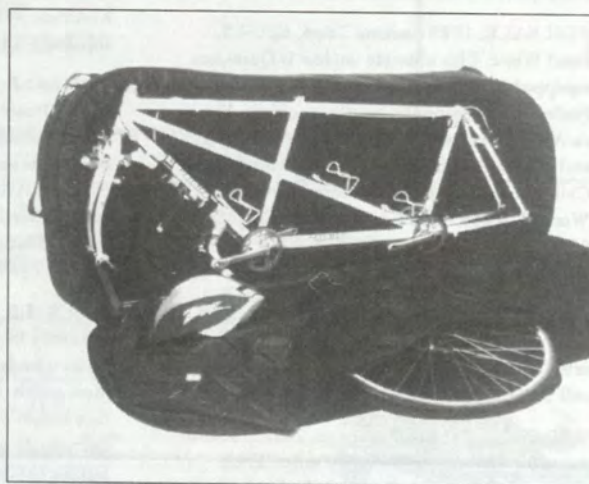
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FOR SALE: 1991 Cannondale Tandem, 23x21. Blue Pearl with extras, water bottle cages, Ciclomaster computer, extra rear wheel, rear rack, Scott SE rear brake, Arai brake drum. In super shape. Asking \$2000.00. Tom Thalmann, N1583 Skyline Drive, Appleton, WI 54166. Ph: (414)-757-6561 05/93

FOR SALE: 23x21 Gitane Tandem. Excellent condition and low miles. Includes child conversion crank and chain. Asking \$525.00 Call Mark @ (717)-560-9294 05/93

FOR SALE: 1989 Santana Team, 62x54.5, Pearl White. This ultimate tandem is Dura-Ace equipped for the serious touring/racing couple. Perfectly maintained by master mechanic. Dura-Ace SIS bar-end shifters, derailleurs, cranks, and clipless pedals. Many extras. All for \$2900. Call John & Ruth Long for more information. Work (314)-469-4167. Home (314)-625-4802 05/93

FOR SALE: 1991 Cannondale Tandem. 23x21, Black. Shimano Deore 21-speed. Like new, spotless, only ridden three times. Must sell! Will accept first reasonable offer. Please call Todd at (505)-983-4342 05/93

FOR SALE: Santana Sovereign, 24x22. \$3100 value for \$2000. Less than 300 miles. Ernie Fisher is handling sale for lady who lost her captain. Call Ernie @ (515)-226-0172 for more information 05/93

FOR SALE: 1990 Schwinn Duo Tandem. Low mileage. 23x21 frame in prime condition. Rear rack and speedo included. Will accept best offer. Call Shannon or Lue at (209)-226-1801 05/93

FOR SALE: Schwinn DeLuxe Twinn tandem with rear seat post shortened and 4" cranks installed to fit child stoker. We've had many hours of enjoyment. Only 4-speeds (the fifth doesn't work), and a pink paint job. \$175 and you transport. Charles McCarty, 704 E. Vine, Ft. Branch, IN 47648. (812)-753-4898 (home) or (812)-464-3694 (work). 05/93

FOR SALE: 1991 Santana Arriva, 53x50. Like new, very few miles. Fully equipped for touring, with 48-spoke wheels, hub brake, racks and many accessories. \$1995 OBO. Call Tom @ (413)-596-9643 before 9 p.m. EST. 05/93

FOR SALE: Santana Solana, 21x19, circa 1985. Excellent condition, low miles, all origi-

nal. TA, Suntour, Mafac with Arai drum brake. Reynolds tubing, double-diamond, flawless cherry red frame. Includes full Santana child-stoker conversion kit. \$1400 for all. John Phillips, Jupiter, FL. Will deliver reasonable distance. (407)-575-7584, or (407)-355-1566 days. 07/93

FOR SALE: 1991 Santana Rio, 18x16, red, excellent condition, never ridden (really), road tires, Avocet women's seat on stoker. Asking \$1350, delivery negotiable. Charles & Linda McClary, 1713 Greenbriar Ln, Bloomington, IN 47401. (812) 335-8102. 07/93

FOR SALE: '90 Fisher Gemini MTB, 18x16, Black. 1 pair Shimano SPD XT pedals, Blackburn mountain rack & cages, 2 sets of tires: Avocet Cross and Specialized Ground Control Extreme, Avocet 50 computer w/ front and rear mounts. Well maintained (ridden on 2,000 miles). \$900. Lou & Leslie Cavaliere Waltham, MA (617)-891-6477. 07/93

FOR SALE: 56x53 Santana Arriva. Like new, used only for day trips. Touring package w/48 spoke wheels, drum brake, bar-end shifters, clipless pedals. \$1500. Yakima car rack with tandem mount & locks. Used on mini-van, will fit any vehicle with gutters. \$150. Call John or Debbie (817)-629-3256. Eastland, TX. 07/93

FOR SALE: Classic JACK TAYLOR, 24x21. Flamboyant Purple with white box lining. Reynolds 531 tandem tubing (Tourist Model). Phil Wood disc brakes (frt & rr). Phil hubs & BB's, Avocet gel saddles, racks & other extras included. A modified Atkins Graber car top rack also available for transport. Less than 1000 miles. Asking \$2500 + freight. Contact G. Lee Wright, 7 Dunraven Ct, Madison, WI 53705. (608)-833-1130. 07/93

FOR SALE: 1988 Santana Elan, 53x50. Light blue. 18-speed Shimano Hyperglide drivetrain with down tube shifters. 48-spoke wheels with Arai drum, spare front wheel and rim. Eclipse rear rack with 2 panniers, Zefal fenders and more. \$1100 plus shipping. Chris Merz, 7301 Dorset Ave, St. Louis, MO 63130. (314)-862-8894. 07/93

FOR SALE: Santana road tandem, 23.5x20.5 marathon frame, w/rear rack & other accessories. Asking \$1000 w/toe clips and straps. \$1100 w/Look compatible pedals. You transport. Carol Shaw (408)-730-5224 (Sunnyvale,

CA). Husband has switched to recumbent bicycle. 07/93

FOR SALE: R&E Child stoker kit, includes adjustable BB, cranks, and pedals. Mint condition, \$195. Women's Flolite touring Saddle, \$15. Mafac cantilever brake set w/dual control lever and Mathausser pads, \$25. New 27x1.25 tires, \$10 each. Joe Galloway, (607)-723-9765 05/93

FOR SALE: Thule model 558 Tandem Bicycle Carrier, like new. \$150 includes UPS shipping. Dayton OH. Ed & Sheila Copher (513)-294-2759 anytime. 07/93

WANTED: Companions for tour around Lake Ontario. We are a father/daughter tandem team (39 & 13) with touring experience. We are planning to circle Lake Ontario in 7-10 days this summer, beginning in late July. Approximately 550 miles beginning/ending in Rochester, NY. Self-contained (no sag), prepared for light camping. We intend to buy meals on the road. Anyone interested or willing to share information/accommodations, please contact us. Bob & Melissa Fuss, 4 Parkwood Lane, Spencerport, NY 14559 ph: (716)-352-1906 05/93

WANTED: Used recumbent tandem and back issues of DoubleTalk. Blake Poland 436 Herkimer St, Hamilton, ON Canada L8P 2J3. 07/93

WANTED: Two tickets for the Denver Ride the Rockies (June 20-25), 1993. Glen & Patt Reck-Powell (316)-267-2091 work or (316)-733-4276 evenings. Wichita, KS 07/93

HELP OFFERED: Touring England in 1993? 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 Veduggio 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.



MOVING?

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

Send your address corrections to:

Doubletalk
c/o Jack & Susan Goertz
2220 Vanessa Drive
Birmingham, AL 35242

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:

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City: _____

State: _____ ZIP _____ Country _____





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Santana & Schwinn Tandems in stock at the **KICKSTAND SCHWINN CYCLERY**, 1303 East Chicago Road, Sturgis, MI 49091. Ph: (616)-651-5088. Midway between Detroit and Chicago, 5 miles north of the IN Tollway. 07/93

NOBILETTE CYCLES. Custom tandem frames starting at \$1200. Complete tandems available starting at \$2200.00. Custom stoker stems and child adapters. Repairs and repainting available. 220 Felch, Ann Arbor, MI 48103. Ph: (313)-769-1115 07/93

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ROCKFISH GAP OUTFITTER. Stocking Santana, Burley, Cannondale & Schwinn Tandems. Parts & Accessories. Owners Matt & Dorothy have been tandemists for 15 years. Route 250, Waynesboro, VA 22980 ph: (703)-943-1461 09/93

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Tandem Vacations: Various levels and terrain. Includes meals, van support, deluxe accommodations, unique guest services, nightly entertainment. Santana rentals. **Two For The Road Tandem Touring**, Route 3, Box 552, Greenville, NC 27858. Ph: (919)-756-4885 11/93

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



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): _____

Please Print your name or Paste Your Label below. Make any necessary corrections.

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

City, State, ZIP: _____

Phone (Including Area Code): _____

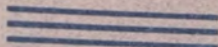

Tandem Make: _____ Year: _____

Color: _____ Style: _____

Amount enclosed: _____ for _____ Years

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

Is this a renewal? _____ Have you made any necessary corrections? _____



The Tandem Club of America (TCA) was founded in 1976 by a group of tandem enthusiasts who wished to share their enthusiasm with the uninitiated and to exchange bits of information with other tandem owners throughout the country. Back in the '70's, there weren't all that many tandems out there! These original members created a newsletter, called Doubletalk, to be the voice of the TCA. Since those humble beginnings, Doubletalk has become one of the most visible signs of the Tandem Club of America.

Doubletalk is now published six times a year in a magazine format. It contains articles and tips about tandems and tandem touring, all written by TCA members. You can find out what is happening in the world of tandems (and throughout the world) through TCA's Tandem Events Calendar, published each issue in Doubletalk. A Classified Ad section is included, also, to help you sell that extra set of wheels or that tandem that doesn't fit this year's color scheme!

Through the years, TCA has been instrumental in promoting rallies for owners of long bikes. From the original rally held in 1972, there are now numerous regional rallies and many state and local events to choose from. All, while independent of the TCA, are heavily promoted and supported by TCA members. You can find out the when and where through Doubletalk!

