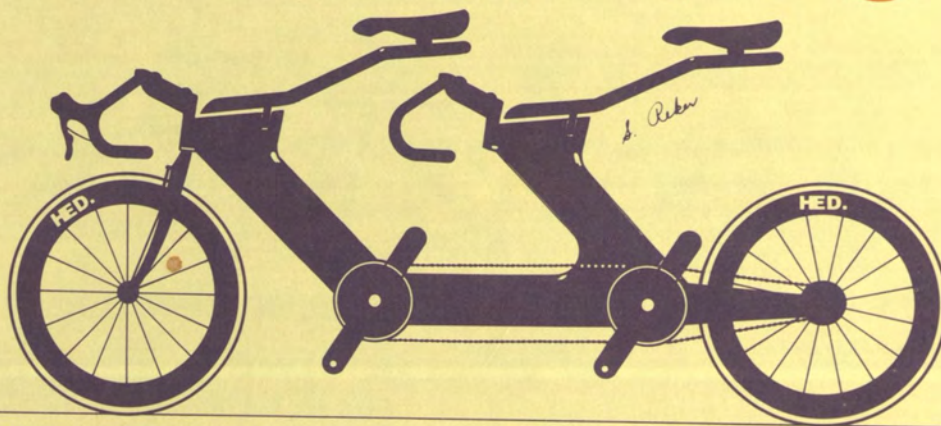


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"AN INTERNATIONAL CLUB FOR TANDEM ENTHUSIASTS"

DOUBLETALK



JANUARY-FEBRUARY
1995

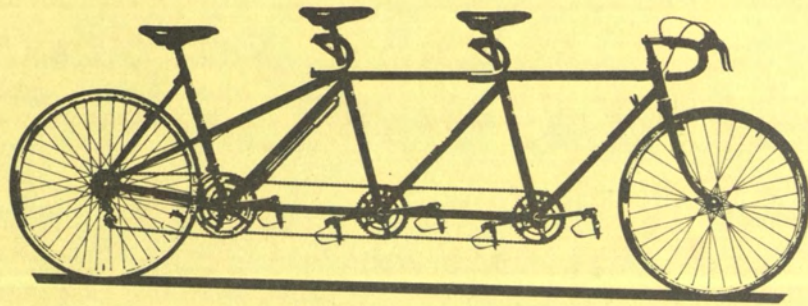
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the newsletter of the Tandem Club of America
Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors
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DOUBLETALK

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DEADLINE FOR THE MARCH-APRIL, 1995, ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS FEB 1, 1995

FROM THE EDITORS

It hardly seems possible that 1995 is here already. It's time to get the tandem ready for another great year, tuning up the gears, truing the wheels, repacking the headsets, checking the tires, all that routine maintenance that needs to be done once a year. As you do your maintenance, take a moment and remove the seatposts and pull the handlebar stem from the forks, too. Put a light layer of grease back on the stem and seatposts before reinserting them in the frame. This small, often-overlooked maintenance tip can eliminate a lot of heartburn, knuckle-busting, and choice words later.

We recently received a letter (to us, not to DoubleTalk), asking us about the mechanics of putting D-T together, how we did it, what we find to be difficult, in general, just some good questions that we'd like to answer. First, we really enjoy putting D-T together. We know there's a few typos here and there in the magazine. We do our best to catch all that we can, but I can state as a fact that I'll open this issue the day it comes back from the printer and find several misspelled words that were missed during proofreading. We're sorry, but they just seem to slip by our spell-checker sometimes. (We think our printer must retype some of these articles -- just kidding, Jeff). Our two hardest jobs each month are (1) finding the time to put the magazine together and (2) deciding which articles must run this issue because of the timeliness of their content and which articles can slip an issue. Often our selection of articles can disappoint some of our contributors, as everyone wants to see their article in print (and we do too). Sometimes we must edit an article for length, and that can be a surprise to the author, too. If it's a subject that can be delayed an issue, we'll send it back to the author for approval, but that's not always possible. And we also try to make sure we have a good balance of articles included. If possible, we like to run a tech tip or two, some domestic touring articles, one or two foreign adventures, and, of course, we do like to cover the competitive side of tandem riding, too. If we get a number of touring

articles from the same country, or from the same tour group, we'll select one or two of them for inclusion now and delay the rest to a more appropriate time when we need a tour or two to fill out an issue. We often receive several write-ups about the same rallies. We try to combine these into one report, and list all the contributors. Sometimes we do overlook a contributor, but it is unintentional.

How can you improve your chances of getting your submission published? First, submit it. We don't solicit articles (too often, anyway). If you wonder what to write about, write about something you know about, that you believe in. If it's a tour, look and see if it's in a tour to the same area as the tour published in one of the last three issues of D-T. If it is a tech tip, check it out and see if it really is a tip that can help someone else, or does it only work on your one-of-a-kind tandem? Short articles (4-5 typewritten pages, double-spaced) are preferred, but we do run longer articles. Longer articles may be continued into a future issue, at our discretion. Articles with good pictures are used before articles without illustrations (but we do use both). And while it is not necessary, sending us the text via the Internet (ZU02754@UABDPO.DPO.UAB.EDU) or on diskette helps save us time. We can read most IBM-compatible formats (but not Apple/MacIntosh, sorry!) Most importantly, though, you must send it to us. We publish 90-95% of all the articles and letters we receive, but it may take us several issues to find the space. Don't give up the hope! And don't stop sending us your articles.





LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

We're very pleased to hear that people have enjoyed Chris & Jenny's (Davidson's) tours of the UK, but I have to inform you that they have said that they will not be organising one in 1995. They hope to start again in 1996 or 1997. In the meantime Chris is hoping to persuade others to arrange tours in other parts of the UK, but no luck so far. So it seems unlikely that there will be one in 1995.

Peter Hallowell, Secretary
Tandem Club of the UK

Dear DoubleTalk,

The GOATS (Greater Ohio Area Tandem Society) is the official statewide tandem club for our area. An activity that was suggested to our club last year as our June (1994) activity was to host a tandem demo ride for one afternoon of GOBA (Great Ohio Bike Adventure). GOBA is a week-long annual cycle camping tour, attracting more than 2700 cyclists to our state each year.

We thought that it would be fun offering tandem rides to any GOBA cyclist who had never before had an opportunity to ride a tandem, and that it might also entice new members into the GOATS (and TCA, of course!). It succeeded beyond our wildest dreams.

We contacted 6 Ohio shops to determine if they had an interest in assisting us, and if they would bring a few tandems for test rides. We targeted those Ohio shops that we felt had the most tandem experience, and who stocked professional tandems as well as entry level bikes.

Three shops accepted our invitation and brought 10 tandems to GOBA for an afternoon of show and tell. Those persons interested in test riding a new tandem first signed a GOATS liability release, then took the new captain-to-be out as a stoker for a short ride with a GOAT as experienced captain. After this short intro, we then introduced the new tandem team to the shop of their choice. The shop personnel then fitted the team to a tandem and sent them on their way for a short test ride.

Some 75 new teams were able to try a tandem during the afternoon demos. These new teams ranged from the "We're ready to buy!" to "Gee, that might be fun!"

Regardless of their place in the tandem spectrum, each team had fun, and the GOATS enlisted several new member-teams.



The area shops that participated - one from Columbus, one from Oxford, and one from Bellbrook/Dayton - deemed the event a success from their viewpoint, also. The GOATS really appreciated their support and help, and we hope we can offer another afternoon of tandem demos during GOBA '95.

Dick & Kathy Denning
Celina, OH

A note to all ride & rally organizers:

We have great fun tandemming with our kids at events. They work hard and enjoy wearing a t-shirt from the ride. Many times kid sizes are not offered. Please offer them, we'll even wait until after the ride!

At two recent events kid sizes were offered on the pre-registration form, but we actually received medium adults. The kids were disappointed - especially our four year old. Please remember the many kids who ride at these events.

Kelly Iniguez
Lamar, CO

P.S. Kudos to Shimano who sponsored a kids ride at the Elephant Rock in Castle Rock, CO. All participants received a Shimano shirt and nifty medal for participating!

Dear DoubleTalk,

My wife and I are planning on pedaling around the world, and are soliciting advice about touring on



a tandem. We have several single bike tours under our belts, but no major tandem tour. We will have done tandem touring before we leave, but nothing extensive. Our route includes Eastern Europe, India, Nepal, South East Asia, Australia, New Zealand and various South Pacific islands. If anyone has experiences, positive or negative, they could share with us, we are very interested in hearing about them. Thank you for your help

Charles & Lisa Chancellor
P.O. Box 258
Cullowhee, NC 28723
Email CChance@wce.edu



Another case of the invisible Mom who makes sure everything works and never.. Well, hardly ever, gets to go riding.

Dear DoubleTalk:

We just returned from a "Dry Run" by auto of our tandem transcontinental trip for next April. We were hosted by nine TCA members, from Amarillo, TX to Quebec, PQ, Canada and were treated royally by each and every one. Maps and suggestions were abundant. Some were "HH" members --some were not but still offered to put us up for the night. The 19 members were of a variety of occupations and professions, from repair technician to psychologist. We have been invited back when we tandem through, and some will try to join us for a few days.

Because of the intensive driving of 8500 miles in five weeks, we didn't get on the tandem much. Weather permitting, a few hosts offered some really neat rides: Oklahoma City for the "Lake Heffner Streak" 50 mile ride with 1,000 others, Chicago for a scenic ride of the Lake Michigan shore, and tours of Montreal -- one along the lake shore and the other along the canal to and through Old Montreal.

It was really a wonderful experience, meeting and getting to know so many nice folks. In fact, it was so rewarding we have decided to add an "HH" (i.e. become a hospitality home) in front of our names in the Roster. Best regards,

Lue and Shannon Christian
Fresno, CA

Dear DoubleTalk,

Since purchasing our Rodriguez American off-road tandem over two years ago, Miryam and I have done quite a bit of off-road riding. We have ridden everything from mountain fire roads in north Georgia to technical single-track locally. Having participated in the Alabama Tandem Rally in 1993 and the ITR last summer, we thought it would be fun to host an off- road tandem rally in the Tallahassee area, (see the TCA calendar for date & address). There are many great rides in this area, including hundreds of miles of dirt roads and single track in the Apalachicola National Forest. There is also a very interesting flat ride in the St. Marks Wildlife Preserve, where the bird population will be peaking in February. Looking through ride logs for the past four years, the temperature is typically between 50 and 70 degrees. Miryam and I haven't the foggiest about how many teams will be interested, but if only one other shows up, the rally will go on. There is a large selection of motels in Tallahassee, and we can we can enjoy each others company after the rides. If you are interested in participating in what may be the first of this unique type of tandem event in the Southeast, please us soon or send us a note. The rides will be fitted to the group so let us know your preferences.

Marvin & Maryam Rubenstein
2815 Sweetbriar Drive
Tallahassee, FL 32312.
(904) 385-0534



Hi from Russia, dear friends:

I'm Yury Fedoseev from Nithay Novgorod, Russia. Recently from our Bulletin for cycling tourists I've known that in your country there is a tandem club. It is great! The matter is I and my wife, Marina, very like to travel with our tandem. During long time I (we) looked for colleagues for contacts and maybe joint trips. Early we had many days trips only inside our country (Caucasus, Crimea, etc.) and even didn't dream about outside ones. But everyting in our country changes so quick and I hope without returning.

This year we firstly traveled in Germany, 1300 km for 3 weeks. It was really great! A lot of new interesting meetings, beautiful people and funny cases.

A few words about us. I'm still work in scientific institute although it's so difficult now (no one needs science in Russia now). I am 30 years old. I'm graduated from University buy my main hobby is cycling touring. My wife, Marina, like me loves cycling and nature. In addition she is interested in languages. Both of us are members of N. Novgorod Region Cycling Club, RUSLAN, a Russian Cycling club that in 1995 will be 100 years old.

If somebody of you would like to visit Russia for sightseeing and cycling, just write me. I'll help with all I can.

Please write us about your club and activities. It's especially interesting for us because you are only we can contact. (There is practically nobody use tandem in Russia).

Best regards,
Yury Fedoseev & Marina Fedoseeva
603600 Yury Fedoseev
N.I.R.F.I.
25/14 B. Pecherskays Street
N. Novgorod, Russia

Dear DoubleTalk,

Santana Cycles and Blue Sky Events are proud to announce a major new spring tandem rally in the Southwest. This premier event is timed to coincide with the annual flowering of the lush Sonoran Desert near Tucson, AZ. Check, the TCA calendar listing for

dates, location, and contact information. Tucson is in the heart of spectacular Saguaro country, and the temperatures are usually in the low 80's. Those who can make it to this rally will have the opportunity to tandem past dozens of significant natural, cultural, and historic landmarks, including Mission San Xavier del Bac, Sabino Canyon Oasis, Saguaro National Park, and the acclaimed Arizona-Sonoran Living Desert Museum.

Like most tandem rallies, this rally is limited to tandem riders, friends, and immediate families (related single bikes and children in trailers is okay.) Although most teams will probably fly or drive to the rally, 22 tandem teams can begin their rally even earlier. We've chartered a rally coach which will carry those teams who chose to join us in Claremont, CA, and a support truck will carry the 22 tandems in an enclosed trailer. If you want to fly to Tucson, check with Southwest Airlines. They often offer specials, even 2 for the price of one (Friends fly free).

Roger Haga
Claremont, CA

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COMSTOCK SILVER CENTURY: CARSON CITY, NV

The Comstock Silver Century, Nevada's Historic Bike Tour, offers a tough 100 mile route, a moderately challenging 50+ mile route, and a 25 mile option.

The 100 mile route makes a loop NW from Carson City to Virginia City, then leads west to the top of Mount Rose (a 17 mile 4500' climb) then drops to the east shore of Lake Tahoe and returns to Carson City. The 50 mile option follow the century route but turns south on US Highway 395 to return to Carson City skipping the Mt Rose climb and the Lake Tahoe section. We selected this route.

I rode our 2-year old Rodriguez aluminum road tandem with my 9 year old daughter Julie. My wife Laura rode her Trek 1420, a good bike for climbing. She always leads us up the hills.

We rode east from Carson City around 7:30 am. A few miles east of town we encountered the original Volkswagon Bug. A welder has mounted a compete VW bug body on eight 15' high legs facing highway 50. It's pretty impressive. Unfortunately, no one was home to explain the story behind this unusual sculpture.

After turning north on highway 341 we had two possible routes to Virginia City. The shorter car route contains two sections of 15% grade. The truck route is a mile or two longer but the grade doesn't exceed



9-10%. We took and recommend the truck route. There is also less traffic.

We climbed almost 2900' before reaching Virginia City. In August the scenery is bare and brown on the way, but Virginia City itself is impressive. During the late 1800's, after the Comstock silver lode was discovered, more than 30,000 people lived here. Miners dug more than 700 miles of tunnels chasing the silver veins. We drove up to Virginia City the day before the ride and rally enjoyed touring the mining museum and the main street. Don't miss the chocolate fudge shop on the north side of Main Street.

After Virginia City the route continues north and west and drops down into Reno's south suburbs via an exhilarating 8 mile descent with lots of well banked curves and a great view to the west. I made heavy use of our drag brake.

We turned south on hwy 395 and encountered a long windy uphill on a shoulder that contained "wake up" cross grooves. This made for a rough ride for several miles. We soon turned off on old highway 395 and enjoyed a loop through a section of small ranches and a state park. Nevada parks are particularly well kept, with up to date facilities.

After the rest stop we again slowly climbed to the top of a hill overlooking Carson City to the south. We stared down at a 1 to 2 mile 6-8% downhill on smooth pavement with a wide shoulder. Julie leaned over my shoulder and suggested that we "go for it". That means don't use the drag brake unless absolutely necessary. I said, "OK, if you will sit still and hold on tight". Near the bottom we hit 53 mph. I was surprised how stable the Rodriguez felt at this speed in comparison to my single bike, a Davidson Discovery.

At the end of the ride, organizers proved an excellent chicken barbecue. We are planning to repeat this ride in 1995 and hope to see you there.

Jerry, Laura & Julie Edwards
Menlo Park, CA



TRAVELING WITH YOUR TANDEM

Consider the size of the tandem box that you are using.

Upon returning to the United States from England, Bob and I had our very first experience with the tandem; the tandem and its box was placed into an xray machine at Heathrow Airport. We use boxes from Amtrak. Our box is much smaller than the Santana tandem boxes. Those boxes would not have fit into the xray scanner. Thus, we would have had to unpack our tandem, slip it into the scanner, etc

The tandem was shipped as our luggage and no additional fees charged because we had a tandem. As I have said before in this column, the tandem is a bike and bikes are shipped abroad for free.

Bob & Terri Gorman
TCA Secretary

PRODUCT REVIEW

A solution to that ever present thorn-in-the-side, traveling on an airplane with your tandem. We purchased a BikePro shipping case and it has been a stellar performer. We've used it twice on flights to Europe, and the tandem arrived undamaged both times. Although pricey, we feel our \$3500 tandem is worth a \$500 case in the long term.

It particularly came in handy when, at the Rome airport, we were asked by security for an inspection of the contents of the case. We simply unzipped the full-length zipper, were inspected, and then went on our way. Compared to unpacking a box, this was obviously a great deal more convenient.

The only "gotcha" is that you have to find a place to store it. No helpful hints here...be resourceful. We usually stay one night at the airport hotel, and then ask to keep it in their luggage closet until our return. They are usually quite happy to do this without a fee.

Bruce Sanchez
Auburn, WA



TANDEMONTIUM 3 IS BEST ONE YET!

Several years ago, my husband and I attended our first tandem rally. It was a local rally hosted by Tim & Ann Newby. We were hooked on the rally idea after the first day. So much so that decided to host a rally ourselves. We were living in Naples, Florida at the time and the tropical resort town with its flat roads and lush landscapes seemed the perfect setting for a tandem rally. The first year we had 8 teams and a wonderful time. The small size made it very manageable for our first rally and a good learning forum for us. Tandemonium 2, (in 1993) was enjoyed by 22 couples. Again, a good time was had by one and all and by now we had 97% of the kinks worked out. This year went even better for us.

Tandemonium 3 had 24 couples in attendance although one couple was not able to ride. Many of you know Bob & Ruth Husky. You may not know that they suffered a nasty crash in mid-August which totaled their tandem (OUCH!) and left them with injuries that are still healing. Among this year's compliment of bikes was a new Burley Duet with that gorgeous Champagne paint and a recumbent with forward facing captain and stoker.

The rally is based at the Tropics Inn in Naples, a quaint old motel 2 blocks from the beach with 2 refreshing pools for post-ride soaking. The weekend kicks off with Friday night spaghetti dinner and socializing highlighted by Mr. Allen's Famous Spaghetti Sauce in the Big Ole Pot. It seems to be traditional now for there to be a torrential tropical downpour during dinner - just in case anyone is unfamiliar with exactly what the weather can do if it wants to! Anyhow, after that big downpour, the rain system seems to be purged for the weekend because it is usually beautiful weather from then on out. Saturday morning starts with an early breakfast of bagels and fruit with ride options of 34 or 54 miles.

There are some very desirable features of riding in Naples, namely, no hills, no railroad tracks, no loose dogs, and neighborhoods where the annual lawncare bill exceeds the cost of the average American home. In other words, it is a stoker's paradise. If you like getting out and hammering the pedals for mile upon mile without interruption, Naples will not be your favorite place to ride. Since we ride the neighborhoods and it is off season, traffic



is not really a problem.. A favorite of the Saturday ride is the abundance of Monster Cookies. Ann Newby provided the recipe for these gems which are loaded with peanut butter, oatmeal, chocolate chips, M&M's and pecans. Given that the recipe makes 20 quarts of dough, there are plenty of cookies to go around!

Saturday lunch is poolside and gives everyone an opportunity to talk about the morning's ride events, I.E. who was the biggest animal, (read: "ann-nee-mall" with equal emphasis one each syllable) and share pictures of recent tours. The afternoon leaves time to shop the local bike shops (of course!) and the exclusive boutiques of Naples merchants. It seems impossible, after breakfast, cookies, and lunch, but we do go out to eat Saturday! The Silver Spoon is a local favorite for personal size gourmet pizzas and outrageous desserts. This year, the Newbys and Posts were the last ones to get their food, but everyone fed them in the interim with scraps of pizza and lettuce - it was hard not to - with Tim looking like a lost Ethiopian child roaming table to table with his little bread plate sticking out and his lip quivering (good technique, Tim!). After dinner, there's more socializing and more laughing around the pool with coffee and - you guessed it - MORE COOKIES!!

Sunday we enjoy a 34 mile ride through the most exclusive neighborhoods in town. Chuck and I call it the "How the Other Half Lives Tour." There's time for a swim before checking out of the hotel and heading to brunch at the Naples Beach Hotel. This was definitely a food highlight, with Belgian waffles, cheese blintz, fruit, eggs Benedict, bacon, sausage, roast beef, chicken Florentine, tarts, ice cream sundaes and 30 other items that I didn't eat. It is a reminder that we ride to eat - as if there was ever any doubt.

In Memorium

On October 17, 1994, long-time TCA member Geff Fisher suffered a heart attack and died while tandeming with his wife, Lonnie. They were riding near his home in Vermont.

Our sympathy goes out to his widow, Lonnie, and to his family. We'll miss Geff's great articles and quick wit.

After thoroughly stuffing ourselves for one last time, we herd everyone past our van to divvy up the leftovers for the ride home - goodness knows we can't eat the rest of those cookies ourselves.

One of our favorite parts of the rally are the pictures and letters we get afterwards as people get their film developed.

Now friends pass registration letters on to new friends so the tandem network in south Florida is growing by leaps and bounds.

Tandemonium is growing in south Florida. We have been batting around ideas for a name for at least 2 years now. I think the end result will be "Tandemonium Zoo - we welcome all Animals, including COWS, CATS, MUTTS, etc." There are Tandemonium T-shirts available for anyone interested.

Chuck and I enjoy hosting the rally because it gives us an opportunity to show Naples to new riders and to meet new couples. It is a lot of laughs since tandem riders are some of the most fun-loving and social people we know. We would love to have some out of state riders next year.

Susan Allen
Tampa, FL



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A TALE OF 3 TANDEMERS

Dawn and I are not "serious" tandemers, we prefer to take our time, admire the scenery, look out for wildlife and generally take a leisurely approach - not for us worrying about average speeds, "centuries", computers, etc, hence the fact that we ride a 1938 Armstrong with Trivelox 3 speed gears. The Boston International Rally was the ideal opportunity to indulge our pleasures.

Other more able scribes have described Gordon College's domineering dinner ladies dishing up early school dinners, the basic student accommodation with 2 tiny towels which had to last a week, the 100 yard walk in the middle of the night to have a wee for the stoker (or nip into the gents hoping you're not caught with your knickers down), the non existent communications for the rally and worst of all for some - no alcohol!

However, our story is of 3 tandems, The Armstrong was nearly wrecked by Northwest Airlines on our outward journey. The machine is built like a battleship, yet they managed to badly bend the front chain wheel, and damage the front mudguard and the rear carrier.

During the Rally we were intrigued by the new Montague folding tandem which folds down to fit a suitcase 3 ft by 3 ft by 18 ins. We thought long and hard about it, especially the price tag of \$2,000, plus \$500 for the carrying case. Despite this, we decided it was for us. Montague told us we couldn't buy direct and that there was not yet an agent in the UK. Our best bet was to go to the nearest US agent at Belmont near Boston to purchase it. This involved 4 visits and several phone calls. On the day we went to pick up the tandem it had added saddles, the case was in San Francisco and it was \$100 more than we were originally told. To add insult to injury, they would charge \$20 for re-packing the bike in its original box for traveling. We had had enough by this time and canceled the order.

It was now the last evening of our holiday and by chance we visited a Costco Membership Warehouse, fortunately we are UK members, so we wandered round the store and amongst the blueberry muffins and waffles we came across a tandem for sale!! Motiv by name, 21 speed Shimano

and centre pull brakes, alloy rims, gel saddles - the lot - and price tag, would you believe, \$399! There was no way we were leaving this behind and just a few hours before we were due to fly home, we rode away from the store on our bargain.

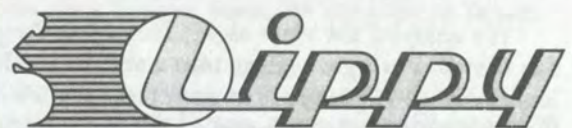
Northwest again did their evil best to wreck this new machine on the return journey and badly scratched it, despite careful pipe wrapping. The Armstrong also had a broken spoke, bucked front wheel and damaged mudguard. We were not amused. Northwest was able to make us sign disclaimer against all damage and then employ staff or agents who have absolutely no respect for the personal possessions they are paid large sums of money to transport.

Despite this, our holiday with its disappointing start had a happy ending thanks to the new tandem, whale watching, canoeing, beautiful New England and lots of lobster.

We would also like to thank the American folk we met who with their help and hospitality, made the whole Rally a lot better - Thanks Bob & Marianne Gooding from Ohio, Big Al Sauvageau and his wife from Beverly MA and Bob Sawyer and his wife from Lexington MA. We hope to see you all again some day.

Malcolm Richings
Bedford, UK

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NORTHERN EXSPOKESURE

We jumped out of bed early, with a sense of nervous anticipation. This was it! June 3! The day for which we'd been preparing the last six months. My husband, Jerry, and I were anxious to hop on our tandem and begin a long distance trip - one that would cover more than 5,000 miles. From our home in Anchorage, we planned to pedal our aluminum Rodriguez mountain bike out of Alaska and east through the Canadian provinces to Nova Scotia, then on into New England for a fall tour.

We packed all our food and gear - about 70 pounds of it - into four panniers: two in back and two low riders in front. This included biking, camping and cooking provisions. Our tent and sleeping system rolled up into a compact bundle which was strapped behind the "rear admirable's" seat. Bright orange covers (by Madden) protected our panniers from rain and helped to keep us visible in heavy traffic.



We enjoyed the view along Turnagain Arm on our way to Portage, cycling into a stiff headwind on busy Seward Highway. The next morning we caught the train to Whittier, hopped a ferry on the Alaska Marine Highway and took it to Valdez, Alaska - a picturesque coastal town rimmed by lofty mountains.

Pedaling out of town, we entered beautiful Keystone Canyon. Waterfalls, created by the heat of

the sun dancing across ice fields above, tumbled down from rock ledges. Wildflowers grew in garden-like swaths on either side of us: hot pink river beauties, lacy yarrow and purple-veined wild geraniums. The canyon led us to Thompson Pass, the first big challenge of our trip. After five miles of steady climbing, the 2,718-ft summit finally welcomed us - a tired and sweaty, but exhilarated, twosome.

A warm tailwind escorted us across Alaska to Tok and on to the Yukon border. The raw sense of wilderness hit us as we eased into Yukon Territory. Its ruggedness reached out to us, inviting us into a mighty land of rivers, lakes, valleys, mountains, boreal forests, grizzlies, wolves, coyotes and moose. Only one "reality check" dimmed our blissful reverie: the mosquitoes and black flies were merciless!

The Alaska Highway took us into Kluane National Park, where the natural beauty took our breath away. Its appeal was so irresistible that we took a rest day beside the turquoise waters of Kluane Lake. As we gazed at the mountains surrounding us, Dall sheep watched from ridges above. We spent a lazy day writing post cards, reading, eating, napping, doing laundry and taking walks on the cobbled shore.

Heading south toward Haines, Alaska, we climbed the 45-mile stretch up Chilkat Pass, into a killer headwind, with rain and cold temperatures nipping at us. We particularly appreciated being on the tandem that day - not only because we fed each other words of encouragement, but because we broke the monotony with conversation and a running narrative of unusual sightings. We celebrated at the summit with all of our layers on - 3,493 feet above the valley floor - gazing into the hooded eyes of the St. Elias Mountains.

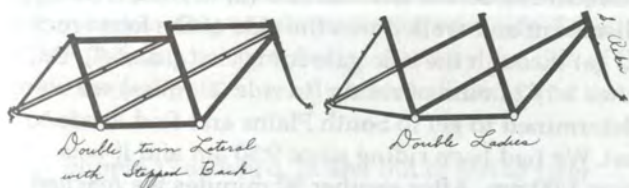
After a short stay in the busy fishing town of Haines (where we surprisingly ran into our tandem cohorts from Massachusetts, Marion Gorham & Al Shane), we took to the seas once again and ferried to Prince Rupert, British Columbia.

In a cold, drenching rain, the Yellowhead Highway (#16) drew us into a lush, green



(thanks to my captain's competitive spirit), and I wake up. We still have enough power to drag two racer- types for the last 20 miles. They know the route so I don't have to read cues. We both benefit. Wellesley! It's 8 am on Sunday. We made it. 76 hours and 2 minutes later.

Neil and Eileen Crone
Lititz, PA



Randonneurs are a new rapidly growing group of American sports enthusiasts. Randonneurs is from the French, meaning "long distance". A randonee is not a race, yet is a race; it's not a bicycle tour; yet it is a tour. It is a reliability trial or a kind of king to time trials. Paris-Brest-Paris and B-M-B are 1250 km (750 mile) events that must be complete with in 90 hours. The four qualification rides or brevets are the 200 km (125 mile) to be completed in 14 hours, the 300 km (187 miles) within 20 hours, the 400 km (249 miles) within 40 hours, and the 1,000 km (622 miles) within 75 hours. Approximately 26 clubs in America conduct these series of events. For more information, or to join the International Randonneurs, write to Konski Engineers, P.C., Old Engine House No. 2, 727 N Salina Street, Syracuse, NY 13208. For info on B-M-B, contact

QUITAQUE RAIL TO TRAIL RIDE

Are you a masochist? Are you into self flagellation? Do you enjoy riding for hours on that skinny little seat? The seat that leaves various important parts of you paralyzed? Do you ride in the beating sun, yet you have a nice air conditioned automobile at home? Do you enjoy arriving at your destination sore, tired/exhausted, cold, and possibly wet? If you answered yes to any of the above, then you would probably enjoy the Quitaque, TX "Rails to Trail" ride.

On this ride you will enjoy things like riding for hours on loose lava rock and railroad ballast stone. You will thrill with the joy of walking across a railroad bridge that has been converted to "rail to trail" use by simply removing the steel rails! It really is not necessary to have side guard rails or a plank floor. You can see the river below so much better when you only have to look between your feet. You will be delighted with the prospect of a seven hour ride where there are no services of any kind at any place along the trail. Imagine how tough you will become, going without food or water for that length of time. You will develop new muscles and strength in your arms and neck from seven hours of

hammering vibration from the rocks you are riding over and the strength it takes to keep the bike upright and the front wheel aimed forward. You will be able to recite with joy all the things along the trail that you read about and could have seen, if you could have safely raised your eyes off the area immediately in front of your front wheel. You will be able to amaze your friends with the story of riding through the longest railroad tunnel in the state of Texas. It is also the longest tunnel in the state of Texas filled with bat s--t, a smell you will not soon forget!

Now you know the highlights of the trip, I will fill you in on the rest. The first mistake we made was believing the story written in a recent issue of "Texas Highways". Really neat trail, beautiful scenery, historic area, longest tunnel in the state of Texas. What a crock.

The "rail to trail" is only complete (?) from Quitaque to South Plains, a one way distance of 25 miles. You pay your \$2 per person entry fee at the Caprock Canyons state park entrance, 5 miles from Quitaque. The trail head is 1/4 of a mile west of Quitaque on highway 86. We rented a 2 bedroom house from the Rails to Trail Lodge for \$70. The



Sportsman Cafe, the one with no visible sign, has huge, cheap meals. There is also one other cafe, plus a hardware and grocery store, and that is about it for Quitaque.

The first 10 miles of the trail are the best. It is smaller lava rock, about 1 inch in diameter. There is no area of the trail that you could describe as smooth, but this is the best. After 4 miles, you leave the cultivated area and ride through small arroyos and typical west Texas scrub and Mesquite. The bridges in this area are also completed, a nice touch. At about 10 miles you reach the tunnel. Because it had rained the day before, there was 4 to 6 inches of mud across the trail at the mouth of the tunnel. David David with his 26 inch wheels and a wide 2 1/2 inch mountain bike tire, fish tailed wildly, but rode across this 8 foot wide mud slide area. I had the biggest tire I could find on my 700c rim, a 38 mm. (David's tires seemed to be much better on this trail than mine, and handled both the mud and the loose rock better.) Janna and I mucked across the mud pushing the bike (I had not previously realized cantilevered brakes can become inadvertent mud scrapers.) The inside of the tunnel is very dim due to its 742 feet length, but you can see to ride through.

After the tunnel the trail surface gets worse and consists mostly of 2 and 3 inch lava and ballast stone. Several areas of 100 foot or more in length are very loose rock and very difficult to ride through. However, we only ran off the trail once, after being knocked sideways by a large rock. I tried to correct the steering in the loose rock, but the tire skidded and we went over the edge, but only with the front half of the bike!

As you get closer to the trail end at South Plains you have to (i) remove a few fences that the ranchers have strung across the trail and (ii) at road crossings, dismount and walk down the side of the loose rock to get through the side gate for cyclist (idiots?). But after 3 1/2 hours of riding (to ride 20 miles) we were determined to get to South Plains and find a cafe to eat. We had been riding since 9:30 am and it was now 1:00 pm. After another 30 minutes we reached South Plains. Guess what; there is nothing there but four houses and a farmer's office. David was quite desperate, about missing a meal, and went into the farm office and conned the farmer out of 4 canned drinks and four frozen sandwiches. Since it was Saturday, it was a miracle the farmer happened to be in his office. We paid him \$9 for the drinks and sandwiches. He warmed the sandwiches in his microwave for us. The farmer, like most west Texas people, was extremely friendly and hospitable and let us sit in his office while we ate our lunch plus use his rest room. He also offered to refill our water bottles. We suggested he could make a lot more money selling services to cyclists than farming. He offered that might be true, but we were the first cyclists that he had ever seen make it all the way to South Plains!

What did we see? We saw 3 deer, numerous quail and a large pheasant that exploded from the under growth next to the trail. We also saw a skunk 4 feet away on the right side of the trail. We were on the left. David, by pure chance, was behind us although for most of the trail we rode side by side. The skunk was scared and turned so that his rear faced us, plus he raised his tail to spray us. However, as David and Chris were behind us, and also 4 feet away, the skunk evidently did not feel he was being attacked and let us pass. If David had been on the right side of the trail in our normal riding position he would have passed 1 foot from the skunk and there is no question the skunk would have been so spooked he would have let us have it. With

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wonderland of rich vegetation, waterfalls, sheer rock cliffs, and forests of towering western hemlock and Sitka spruce. As we continued to pedal in the rain, along the picturesque Skeena River Valley, we heard a "POP" and came to a quick halt. Our first flat!

This was the best segment of highway we'd encountered so far; it was well-maintained, free of litter and graced with wide shoulders. And wildlife surprised us around every bend. In fact, we nervously pedaled past 2 or 3 black bears a day, including three sets of mother and twin cubs. Luckily, they chose to ignore us, content to forage on the sweet-tasting vegetation in the roadside ditch. Sleek, handsome coyotes also stood by the side of the road, viewing us curiously before slinking into the trees.

Slipping eastward, in and out of fertile river valleys, we noticed many log homesteads topped with red tin roofs. Near Smithers, we drifted through pastoral farmland flush with cattle, horses, goats and sheep. The Caribou Mountains presented a dramatic southern backdrop as we crossed the muddy Fraser River in the center of Prince George.

Yellowhead Pass took us up and over the Continental Divide into Alberta's Jasper National Park. We spent a few rainy days exploring Jasper, before hitting the famous Ice Fields Parkway. We'd heard a lot about the scenic roadway running along the Canadian Rocky Mountains from Jasper to Banff. We grew spoiled with shoulders the width of a



single car lane! Because commercial traffic wasn't permitted on the road, it appealed to bicycle tourists;

Do A Double Take

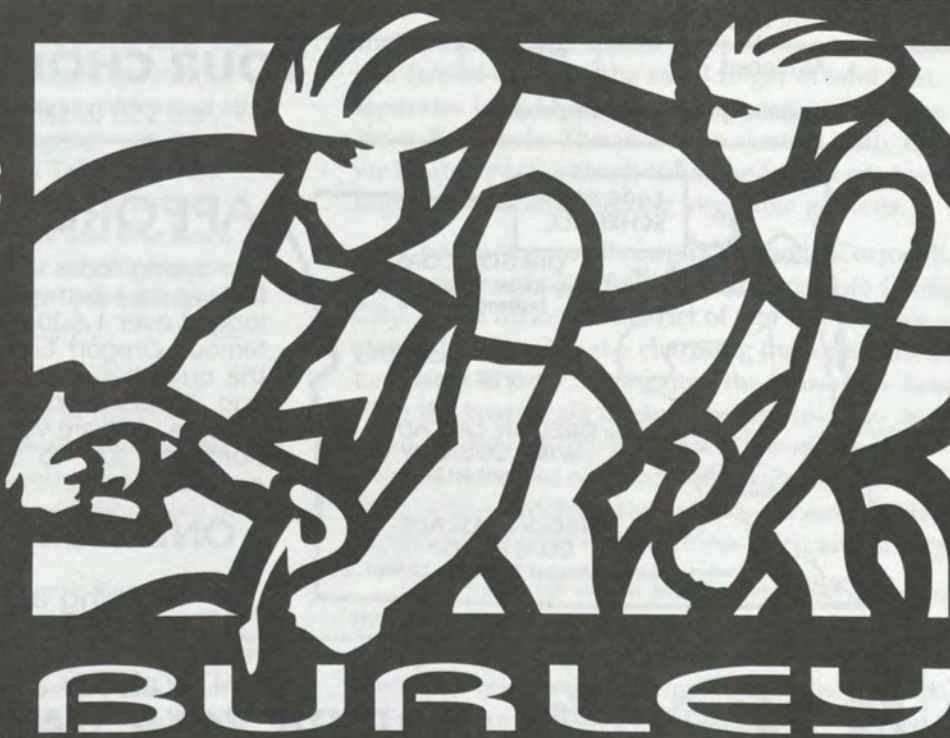
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we settled into campgrounds each night exchanging biking stories with our new friends.

After replacing a freewheel near Calgary, we entered the wide, open country of the Canadian plains. Many people had warned us this segment would be flat, featureless and devoid of life - in a word, boring. Instead, we discovered a rolling prairie, alive with activity. Gray-blue merlin, red-tailed hawks and petite kestrels perched on telephone lines searching the fields below for tasty morsels. We saw mule deer napping on grassy sand dune sand prong horn antelope sprinting through sweet-smelling sage. And a few times, we'd pick out the shaggy coat of a coyote standing, statue-like, in the middle of a wheat field.

Odd-shaped fields of green grains, yellow mustard and blue flax created a colorful tapestry through Alberta and into Saskatchewan. Every thirty miles or so, brightly painted grain elevators shot up straight and proud, marking each small town. With limitless views in every direction, the weather was a continual source of entertainment. We watched black, roiling thunder clouds move across the sky, releasing massive columns of rain.

We decided to take a train through Manitoba to avoid the flooding and heavy rains in the area. The Canadian rail system (Via Rail) was very clean, efficient and bike-friendly. With no problems at all, we rolled the tandem onto the baggage car, having checked our panniers as luggage. Taking a route through the aspen stands of Agassiz Provincial Forest, we viewed hundreds of ancient lake beds, swollen with the heavy rains. Our whistle stop was the small town of Redditt, Ontario, our official entrance into "Unsurveyed Territory".

We followed a curving road through the Canadian Shield, riding past some of the oldest rock in the world. Fossilized granite walls marked the way into Lake of the Woods country. Ripe blueberries grew in thick patches on either side of the highway.

On an isolated piece of road near Kenora, we found ourselves in a lean tuck, descending a hill at 18 mph. Suddenly, we heard a "twing" coming from the front of our bike. Within seconds, our front tire blew and we lost control. The next thing I remembered was Jerry's voice, a few yards from me, asking if I was all right. He had jumped up and was lunging to



save the tandem from being crushed in the road. Meanwhile, I was slowly rising, eager to take inventory of my body parts. Although very shaken, we felt lucky leaving the scene with only a couple of bloody "road badges" on our knees.

Our memories of southwestern Ontario are laced with powerful images of hot, muggy days; frequent rain showers; and thousands of lakes lined with resorts, rustic cabins, float planes and skiffs. Along the northern edge of Quetico Provincial Park, we experienced a "fauna" gathering of snapping turtles, skunks, beavers, white-tailed deer and more black bears. The wailing cry of the loons lulled us to sleep every evening as the sun dropped in a crimson sky.

After stopping in Thunder Bay for repairs and an overhaul (new chain, axle, heavy-duty rear tire, bearings, re-built wheel), we hit the narrow, shoulderless Lake Superior Circle Route. We encountered constant, heavy traffic; endless "roller coaster" hills; forests broken up with occasional viewpoints of rugged shoreline; waves cresting on blue-green water; and rocky bluffs streaked with veins of bright red sandstone.

East of Sault Ste. Marie, we turned south, glad to be off busy Highway 17. We dropped through the shale outcrops and inland lakes of Manitoulin Island and ferried down to the small finger of land that separates Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay - the Bruce Peninsula. The afternoon seemed to fly by as we floated past century-old stone farmhouses with sagging barns and thriving vegetable gardens.

Continuing east through Ontario to Cornwall, we again caught Via Rail for a side trip into Quebec City. In the historical district of Old Quebec, we stayed three nights at a charming Inn above the St. Lawrence River. Each evening the musicians' tunes from the boardwalk floated upward into our open window. Feeling like we'd been transported to Europe, we sat at outdoor tables sipping French wine, while watching the tourists stream by. The city captivated us with its boundless spirit and energy.

Our first taste of the Maritimes was rural New Brunswick. A thick forest of spruce, fir and white pine gave way to pastoral farm country as we rode through a misty rain. Riding south to the famous Bay of Fundy, we hoped to view the world's highest tide. We strolled up and down the docks, past weathered fishing boats draped with coarse-roped nets and





stained floats. For dinner we had our choice of fresh lobster, haddock, halibut, scallops or shrimp.

From Cape Tormentine, we ferried to Prince Edward Island, the land of red soil and potato farms. On rough roads, we cycled past sandstone bluffs, abandoned lighthouses and traditional fishing villages. It was hard to miss the "tools of the trade" of hard-working Maritimers: blue-bottomed Cape Islanders (lobster boats), oyster fishing skiffs and draft horses dragging the giant rakes of the Irish moss (seaweed) farmers.

Out of the rolling countryside, we came to the historical capital city of Charlottetown. Elaborate stone churches and restored 19th-century homes stood on tree-lined streets. We learned that PEI was first settled thousands of years ago by the Micmac Indians who had named it "Abegweit", meaning "land cradled on the waves". We stayed near the wharf at one of the many "tourist homes" on the island and gorged ourselves on fresh lobster, clams & mussels.

The Woods Island Ferry took us across Northumberland Strait to Nova Scotia, where we entered a world of dense forest sliced with narrow, winding roads. In a rented car, we drove the precipitous roads of Cape Breton Island's Cabot Trail. From the sea, the highlands rose dramatically to a broad plateau of forests, lakes, bogs and tundra. The island boasted four distinct cultures: French, English, Scottish and Micmac, each with its own colorful and unique history.

After returning the rental car, we cycled south so we could follow the coastline to Yarmouth. One of our favorite spots was Peggy's Cove, a quaint fishing



village founded in 1811. We saw fishermen preparing to head out in their brightly-painted wooden dories; lobster traps piled high on weathered docks; and tourists looking for treasures in gift shops and art galleries. The post office was a red-capped lighthouse built on top of smooth, granite slabs, wet with the breaking waves of the Atlantic.

In Yarmouth, amidst a riot of fall colors, we joyfully celebrated the end of our trip's Canadian leg. By then, October 1, we had begun to experience shorter days, colder nights, and closed campgrounds. The next day we rode the six-hour ferry ride to Bar Harbor, Maine, eager to continue with the final leg of our trip. Brilliant patches of red, orange and gold hardwoods greeted us from the U.S. mainland. It was perfect timing for a New England fall tour!

Rural Maine was every bit as charming as I dreamed it would be: white houses with contrasting clapboard shutters; pumpkin patches; apple orchards; rambling stone fences; white churches with tall, slender steeples; antique shops with hand-carved signs; and fallen leaves carpeting the ground. The pungent smell of autumn filled the air as we were swallowed up into the larger crowd of "Leaf Peepers" - intent on viewing the fall foliage.

We followed the coast of Maine south toward Durham, New Hampshire, through miles of farmland crisscrossed with creeks and hollows. The same fields that provided daytime cover for the ruffed grouse were hit each night by a cold, killing frost. We used maps from Bikecentennial to route us around populated areas on our way into Massachusetts.

Blessed with Indian summer weather, we headed west toward Amherst. We planned to spend time with our friends, Marion and Al, a couple we had met through the Tandem Club of America. Together, on tandems, we explored the gentle meadows and wooded hills of the Connecticut River Valley.

Taking back roads through a hardwood forest, we angled southwest into the mountainous Berkshires. In a single day, we'd traveled through three states: out of Massachusetts, over a corner of Connecticut and on into the cold, wet fall of New York. In the shadows of late afternoon, we shivered



past Arabian horse farms; private schools with vast playing fields; and stately, ivy-covered homes above the Hudson River.

Stopping for the night in Rhinebeck, we spent Halloween eating pizza and watching horror films in our warm, dry motel room. Earlier, we had watched the sun retiring in a bleak sky of gray, ivory and mauve. And as the clouds swept in, we entertained thoughts of bringing our trip to an end. In fact, that night turned out to be our last. We sent the Red-legged Kittiwake back to Alaska the next day as early snowstorms and frigid temperatures raged through the northeastern states.

Five months and 5,020 tandem-miles later, we tried to comprehend the full impact of our accomplishment. Even though we were thrilled-to-the-max, it took weeks for the realization to finally sink in. With our boxed tandem safely inside the Federal Express truck, we started to experience the pangs of separation anxiety. Our identity had changed overnight; we felt lost without our beloved two-seated "friend".

Marilee Clack Tande and Jerry Tande
Anchorage, Alaska

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.

A PERFECT 20TH ANNIVERSARY

The Mount Dora Bike Festival, an annual event, which takes place the second weekend in October is tandem friendly as well as budget friendly. This year was its 20th year, and it started with breakfast Friday and ended with lunch the following Sunday. In between there were scores of escorted rides for all levels, as well as rides combining canoeing, jungle cruising and dining adventures, as well as entertainment and educational seminars each evening. Mt Dora is a picturesque town set in a hilly area about 30 miles west of Orlando, Florida. Another attraction is the large number of beautiful interconnected lakes. There are some optional events that can raise the price slightly but for the 3 days our total cost for the two of us including all meals (provided by the Festival) and 3 nights of camping (the local high school athletic fields, cafeteria and gym facilities are used) was

\$175.00. Motel accommodations would be very expensive as well as difficult to obtain because of the popularity of this event and the fact that they have no problem reaching the cutoff point of 1500 participants. We saw about 20 tandems and met and talked to many of the owners. There were even a few tandems that changed hands during the event. We were doing volunteer work for the festival and missed out on a lot of the social events but still had a glorious time.

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Pompano Beach, FL

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Two Much Fun in The '94 BROOKLYN Biathlon!

Tandem history was made on Sunday, October 9, 1994, when my friend and I were the first tandem team ever to compete in a Biathlon! The race was the Brooklyn Biathlon, organized by the Race Director and Founder, Dan Honig of the Big Apple Triathlon Club of New York. I wanted to bring "tandem consciousness" to the biathlon and triathlon world of racing. My stoker and I certainly raised a few eyebrows and made competitors think about the speed of a two-person machine - especially when we passed them - boy, were they surprised! Too bad the cycling part was so short - only 18 miles. We were just getting warmed up, and it was over. We could easily have done 50 or more miles!

Since I was getting bored with foot races about 10 years ago, I started competing in biathlons. Then, I was getting bored with the Biathlon craze, and I felt it reached its peak excitement level for me. In 1992, I competed with my brother, Richard, in the only tandem stage race in the USA: the Burley Duet Race Series. It was in Eugene, Oregon, and it was organized by the friendly and knowledgeable people at Burley Cooperative. Burley is the company that has been making quality tandems for many years, and they organize and run this professional race series each year in July. Since I love the speed and enjoyment from riding my tandem, I thought, "Why not have tandems compete in a separate category in biathlons?" (Separate categories, since tandems go faster than single bikes, and because a bi- or triathlon is essentially a individual sporting event).

Dan Honig said that if 10 teams showed up, we could have our own category (with trophies, too!). My stoker, Peter Karlin, and I were the only tandemists in the race, but I am sure next year there will be more - enough to have our own category. I want to acknowledge Dan Honig for his consistent high quality and safe races, and his willingness to try something new: to let us compete on a tandem. I'd also like to thank Peter, my stoker: I couldn't have done it without him! Since major bike companies have been producing tandems for the past few years now, I bet that in 1995, you'll see many more

tandems on the road, and in biathlon competition, too. Who knows, you may be one of them! For 1995, I am thinking about organizing a tandems-only race event somewhere in New York. If you are interested, or have any questions, or suggestions, or ideas, contact me at the address listed below. I look forward to hearing from you.

D. Gambino
attn: Race Dept
12 Carolyn Way
Purdys, NY 10578

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CANDISC '94 OUR DREAM BICYCLE TOUR

If surfers keep surfing to find the perfect wave, then cyclists must cycle to find the perfect ride. In that case, my husband, Max, and I can hang the Cannondale tandem on the wall and become couch potatoes because we rode the perfect tour in North Dakota the summer of 1994.

CANDISC, Cycling Around North Dakota In Sakakawea Country, is a 485 mile, six day bike tour that promises a ride across some of the greatest frontier of North America. It delivered as hyped. As I relate the tale of the CANDISC ride, it has occurred to me that non-believers will scoff and say that I created a scenario of a dream ride that couldn't have happened. But, there are 125 other participants and published daily newspaper accounts that document the tour of a lifetime.

Thinking of the movie "Field of Dreams", I kept asking myself, "Is this heaven?".

How good was CANDISC 94? The roads were well maintained. There was minimal car, and almost non-existent truck traffic. The terrain was mostly flat and the hills were long grades that were easily managed without a triple crank. At the start of the tour, the weather began in the mid 80's with humidity under 50%, until a cold front blew in and the daytime temperatures dropped to the mid 70's. Is this heaven?

Now, let's talk wind. The first two days we pedaled north and the wind was from the south. The third day we crossed into Canada and as we turned south back into the United States, the wind switched and blessed us with a tail wind. (I'm not lying, I have witness es!) The fourth day, our second century on the tour, we left camp with the temperature at 43 degrees and a tail wind that blew for 100 miles. Is this heaven?

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The only head wind we faced was a 35 mile stretch on the fifth day of the tour. There were few complaints from the cyclists, because we all felt this was a little reality check to remind us of how lucky we had been for five of the six days. And get this! The SAG wagon for the riders who didn't fight the wind was a luxurious motor home with a bike trailer. (I'm not making this up!)

The roads, the terrain, and the weather all contributed to a great tour, but the secret ingredient of CANDISC tour is the wonderful people of North Dakota. We were treated like celebrities at each rest stop, each overnight campsite, and by the CANDISC hosts.

The rest stops were organized by local service clubs, mostly youth groups. The best homemade oatmeal cookies were baked by a young girl who had just won a blue ribbon for her recipe at the county fair.

Each town who hosted an overnight camp stop provided meals for a reasonable cost and we had nightly entertainment. Even though the Elvis impersonator, the trick roper, and the 11 year old drummer who made a valiant attempt at the

E

"Wipeout" drum solo were all memorable, the local residents who came to meet and greet us were the soul of North Dakota. We often told them how much we loved their state, but couldn't imagine surviving a winter. "It keeps out the riff-raff", they'd say with a smile. CANDISC organizer Dick Messerly, a park ranger at Fort Stephenson State Park where the tour begins and ends, was a meticulous planner and was always present to insure that the needs of the cyclist were met. Jim Fisher, the hardest working SAG volunteer in the North American continent, pulled a trailer with two porta-potties, and he had a keen insight on the bladder control of most of the cyclists. Blessed with a variety of talents, Jim also was the roving eyewitness video man who documented our six day journey. Just like the summer camps of our youth, Dick and Jim were our counselors whose sole purpose was to make sure we had fun.

CANDISC: beautiful, biker-friendly North Dakota, amiable cycling companions, terrific hosts, pedaling along with a tail wind and those two porta-potties on a trailer following us along the route. Yeah, that's heaven.

Max & Tomi Bluckburn
Marshall, MO

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B - M - B

A TANDEM CHALLENGE

Perched on the stoker seat of our Santana tandem, I watch the drops of rain run down the inside of my sunglasses. It's 3:45 am on an August morning. Neil and I are waiting the start of 3 1/2 days of endurance riding through New England. The event is called B-M-B, which stands for Boston-Montreal-Boston, a 750 mile randonnee modeled after Paris-Brest-Paris. To succeed, we need to complete the ride in 90 hours or less.

As we wait for the official 4 am take-off, the rain slows to a drizzle. I begin reviewing what I know so far about the ride. There are about 145 entrants in all, four of which are tandems. Our plan, formulated about a month ago in Lititz after reading the pre-ride literature, is to ride three 200-mile days and finish with a 150-mile day to get done about noon on Sunday, well before the 10pm close of the ride. I can

picture the words: "Terrain: Extremely Hilly in Vermont," on the data sheet. I reassure myself that we like hills and can climb well. We expect to sleep about 4-6 hours each night at three of the 11 checkpoints and ride daily from 4 am to 8 pm. We won't have to do a lot of night riding, so I should be able to function adequately (that means "pedal hard" on a ride like this) while on the bike with a minimal amount of sleep. But what about those ten or so riders who registered to start at 10 am? Some are RAAM riders, one is a tandem with two male riders. They will probably ride straight through with only short rests and attempt to break the record finish time of 51 hours. And, how can... It's 4 am, and we're off! What will happen on this four-day bicycling odyssey? Wellesley, Massachusetts, it quiet in the wee hours of the day. The rain falls steadily again, and I try to read



the laminated cue sheet with my mini-flashlight hanging on a shoelace around my neck. My job for the next 750 miles is to navigate our tandem west through Massachusetts, north into the Green Mountains of Vermont, along the west shore of Lake Champlain, into New York, across the border to Montreal and back again. Just a pleasant weekend ride through New England?

Day One is over. We're 235 miles into the ride, in Middlebury, Vermont, and according to the altimeter, have climbed 15,000 feet. Yes, Vermont is extremely hilly and, yes, we still like to climb... but "man, the top of Middlebury Gap and its 15% grade sure was tough, especially after 220 miles of riding in steady rain!" Little did we know, as we pull into the checkpoint at the local high school at 7:15 pm that we are the very first bike to arrive. I guess our tandem surprised some people, and we helped to dispel the myth that tandems can't climb. OK, now let's refuel those tired muscles and get some sleep. The lasagna, rolls, salad, cookies, and milk really hit the spot. While we sleep on a gym mat, others check in, eat and some stay to sleep. Many keep riding through the night.

Day Two starts at 3:45 am with our bellies full of pop-tarts, bagels, juice and CO, our jersey pockets bulging with bananas, energy bars, pb and jelly sandwiches, our camelbacks filled with spring water, and our water bottles loaded with sports drink. Are we ready to start our second day? The 191 miles go from rolling hills to cruising stretches along Lake Champlain, flat and extremely bumpy roads into Montreal (ouch, why didn't the data sheet tell us about the nasty bumps up here?) and back to Rouses Point, New York by about 5:30 pm. The sun even came out today, and our noses are red. I realize I'm quite saddle-weary (in simple terms, my butt hurts)... but it's hard not to keep going, as other riders come into the checkpoint, eat and then head on. Neil hesitantly agrees we need a break, and we bed down around the edges of the hockey rink to get some shut-eye. Not the best sleeping



accommodations, but any reclining position is acceptable at this point.

Day Three and we're pedaling swiftly under a gorgeous full moon at 2:45 am. I wonder if I'm awake, as we zoom along into a strong headwind coming off the lake. The miles pass. Real endurance riders would never think of stopping for eggs at a diner, would they? Am I a real endurance rider? Are eggs high in carbohydrate? Heck, no, and who cares? We stop at the local diner near Burlington, Vermont, and thoroughly enjoy the eggs, home fries and caffeine! Our final destination today is Brattleboro, Vermont, where we sleep in a real bed. But not until we check in at Middlebury and Ludlow and repeat the "extremely hilly" stretch which is supposedly worse from the north! We find we can still climb, pass numerous singles on the grades and bomb down (top speed about 57 mph) the hills. With 220 miles done, we arrive at our motel about 6 pm.

Hey, Neil, we're doing pretty good so far. I'm keeping a positive attitude (I thought I might be a total grouch), can still push those quads to their max, and we must be eating and risking enough because we haven't bonked! But, where's that other mixed tandem that blatantly announce at registration they were out to break the 85 hour tandem record? I can tell Neil's wondering, too. Oh, well, let's eat, soak in the tub and get some needed rest. We'll get up at 3 am and ride the last 115 miles with ease.

The next thing I hear is, "Get up, Eileen, it's midnight and the other tandem just went through." I stumble and fumble and just want to claim a few more hours of sleep... 20 minutes later, However, under a hazy full moon, we're pedaling on our way.

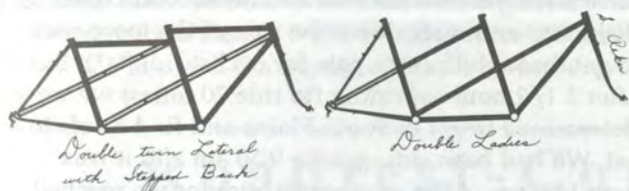
Day Four... flying down mountains in the dark is thrilling, so I keep telling myself! We only have about four hours of battery-powered light so Neil conserves by flicking the headlights off sometimes. At the next checkpoint, while stuffing pastries, juice and grapes in our mouths, we learn that no other tandems have come through - we're the first one. The 10 am RAAM rider tandem abandoned early because of Achilles tendon problems. The other two mixed tandems are still back. Neil relaxes a little. I long for that soft bed.

Back in the saddle, I try to take a power nap; I'm slacking off on the pedals. Neil struggles to keep the bike rolling. Riders up! Our pace quickens



(thanks to my captain's competitive spirit), and I wake up. We still have enough power to drag two racer- types for the last 20 miles. They know the route so I don't have to read cues. We both benefit. Wellesley! It's 8 am on Sunday. We made it. 76 hours and 2 minutes later.

Neil and Eileen Crone
Lititz, PA



Randonneurs are a new rapidly growing group of American sports enthusiasts. Randonneurs is from the French, meaning "long distance". A randonee is not a race, yet is a race; it's not a bicycle tour; yet it is a tour. It is a reliability trial or a kind of king to time trials. Paris-Brest-Paris and B-M-B are 1250 km (750 mile) events that must be complete with in 90 hours. The four qualification rides or brevets are the 200 km (125 mile) to be completed in 14 hours, the 300 km (187 miles) within 20 hours, the 400 km (249 miles) within 40 hours, and the 1,000 km (622 miles) within 75 hours. Approximately 26 clubs in America conduct these series of events. For more information, or to join the International Randonneurs, write to Konski Engineers, P.C., Old Engine House No. 2, 727 N Salina Street, Syracuse, NY 13208. For info on B-M-B, contact

QUITAQUE RAIL TO TRAIL RIDE

Are you a masochist? Are you into self flagellation? Do you enjoy riding for hours on that skinny little seat? The seat that leaves various important parts of you paralyzed? Do you ride in the beating sun, yet you have a nice air conditioned automobile at home? Do you enjoy arriving at your destination sore, tired/exhausted, cold, and possibly wet? If you answered yes to any of the above, then you would probably enjoy the Quitaque, TX "Rails to Trail" ride.

On this ride you will enjoy things like riding for hours on loose lava rock and railroad ballast stone. You will thrill with the joy of walking across a railroad bridge that has been converted to "rail to trail" use by simply removing the steel rails! It really is not necessary to have side guard rails or a plank floor. You can see the river below so much better when you only have to look between your feet. You will be delighted with the prospect of a seven hour ride where there are no services of any kind at any place along the trail. Imagine how tough you will become, going without food or water for that length of time. You will develop new muscles and strength in your arms and neck from seven hours of

hammering vibration from the rocks you are riding over and the strength it takes to keep the bike upright and the front wheel aimed forward. You will be able to recite with joy all the things along the trail that you read about and could have seen, if you could have safely raised your eyes off the area immediately in front of your front wheel. You will be able to amaze your friends with the story of riding through the longest railroad tunnel in the state of Texas. It is also the longest tunnel in the state of Texas filled with bat s--t, a smell you will not soon forget!

Now you know the highlights of the trip, I will fill you in on the rest. The first mistake we made was believing the story written in a recent issue of "Texas Highways". Really neat trail, beautiful scenery, historic area, longest tunnel in the state of Texas. What a crock.

The "rail to trail" is only complete (?) from Quitaque to South Plains, a one way distance of 25 miles. You pay your \$2 per person entry fee at the Caprock Canyons state park entrance, 5 miles from Quitaque. The trail head is 1/4 of a mile west of Quitaque on highway 86. We rented a 2 bedroom house from the Rails to Trail Lodge for \$70. The



Sportsman Cafe, the one with no visible sign, has huge, cheap meals. There is also one other cafe, plus a hardware and grocery store, and that is about it for Quitaque.

The first 10 miles of the trail are the best. It is smaller lava rock, about 1 inch in diameter. There is no area of the trail that you could describe as smooth, but this is the best. After 4 miles, you leave the cultivated area and ride through small arroyos and typical west Texas scrub and Mesquite. The bridges in this area are also completed, a nice touch. At about 10 miles you reach the tunnel. Because it had rained the day before, there was 4 to 6 inches of mud across the trail at the mouth of the tunnel. David David with his 26 inch wheels and a wide 2 1/2 inch mountain bike tire, fish tailed wildly, but rode across this 8 foot wide mud slide area. I had the biggest tire I could find on my 700c rim, a 38 mm. (David's tires seemed to be much better on this trail than mine, and handled both the mud and the loose rock better.) Janna and I mucked across the mud pushing the bike (I had not previously realized cantilevered brakes can become inadvertent mud scrapers.) The inside of the tunnel is very dim due to its 742 feet length, but you can see to ride through.

After the tunnel the trail surface gets worse and consists mostly of 2 and 3 inch lava and ballast stone. Several areas of 100 foot or more in length are very loose rock and very difficult to ride through. However, we only ran off the trail once, after being knocked sideways by a large rock. I tried to correct the steering in the loose rock, but the tire skidded and we went over the edge, but only with the front half of the bike!

As you get closer to the trail end at South Plains you have to (i) remove a few fences that the ranchers have strung across the trail and (ii) at road crossings, dismount and walk down the side of the loose rock to get through the side gate for cyclist (idiots?). But after 3 1/2 hours of riding (to ride 20 miles) we were determined to get to South Plains and find a cafe to eat. We had been riding since 9:30 am and it was now 1:00 pm. After another 30 minutes we reached South Plains. Guess what; there is nothing there but four houses and a farmer's office. David was quite desperate, about missing a meal, and went into the farm office and conned the farmer out of 4 canned drinks and four frozen sandwiches. Since it was Saturday, it was a miracle the farmer happened to be in his office. We paid him \$9 for the drinks and sandwiches. He warmed the sandwiches in his microwave for us. The farmer, like most west Texas people, was extremely friendly and hospitable and let us sit in his office while we ate our lunch plus use his rest room. He also offered to refill our water bottles. We suggested he could make a lot more money selling services to cyclists than farming. He offered that might be true, but we were the first cyclists that he had ever seen make it all the way to South Plains!

What did we see? We saw 3 deer, numerous quail and a large pheasant that exploded from the under growth next to the trail. We also saw a skunk 4 feet away on the right side of the trail. We were on the left. David, by pure chance, was behind us although for most of the trail we rode side by side. The skunk was scared and turned so that his rear faced us, plus he raised his tail to spray us. However, as David and Chris were behind us, and also 4 feet away, the skunk evidently did not feel he was being attacked and let us pass. If David had been on the right side of the trail in our normal riding position he would have passed 1 foot from the skunk and there is no question the skunk would have been so spooked he would have let us have it. With

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everything else that went wrong with this ride it is a miracle the skunk let us pass. It would have been a perfect ending to the day.

Do not expect the bridge to be complete. One is nothing but the original cross ties with the rails removed. While pushing the bike across, my foot slipped and went between the ties. Fortunately, I caught myself before I turned my ankle. Since we were 2 hours from any help on either end of the trail, it is best not to need help. In an all day ride we only saw four people, they were near the tunnel on horses. The trail is not patrolled. We made the return trip in 3 1/2 hours for a total of 7 1/2 hours to travel 50 miles. For 7 1/4 hours of the trip David and I looked down

at the trail surface immediately in front of the front wheel, trying to pick a best of poor choices route through the rock. Our wives saw more, but were generally so terrified of the trail surface they were afraid to move. It took nerve to reach for your water bottle.

Unless you have a mountain bike tandem and an extreme desire for abuse, I do not recommend this trail. Later we drove through Caprock Canyons State Park. A beautiful paved road through a small Utah look-a-like canyon landscape. We took the wrong ride!

Larry & Janna James
Garland, TX

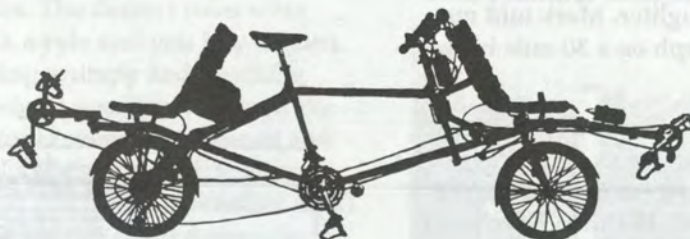
Roadtest-Counterpoint Trio The "Push me-Pull me Bike"

How do you roadtest a bike like no other bike you've ever ridden? Fortunately I have some experience with tandems, both regular and Counterpoint Opus'.

I've owned Opus #9 since 1984 and have over 25,000 miles on it. What happens when you add a second recumbent seat, faced backward, behind the captain as Jim Weaver of Counterpoint Conveyance has done? Well folks you get the most unusual triple you've ever seen!

Having never ridden other triples, I can't make that comparison either, but I can certainly tell you that I like this bike. I've been a fan of the creativity of Jim Weaver for many years. His bicycles are slightly eccentric, but generally quite functional and well built, and the Trio is no exception.

The front and rear stoker positions have independent cadencing like the Opus. Stokers can ride at any cadence or coast independently as they wish (although as captain, I prefer they not coast going up hill). The rear stoker pedals forward (clockwise), but due to a "figure 8" in the rear drive chain, that propulsion reverses direction prior to



being transferred to the rear wheel. The bike has the equivalent of 8 regular bike chains, but is remarkably quiet and smooth considering the

amount of chain. Chains occasionally ride on hollowed out in line skate wheels, a technique used on the Opus tandems but refined with the Trio. Someone usually asks, "Don't you feel weird riding backward?" or "Don't you get sick riding backward?". My 10 year old daughter loves it, and my wife says it really doesn't bother her as long as she looks out into the distance rather than down near the bike.

This bike certainly takes more strength stopping, starting, and holding up than a tandem, but this certainly is to be expected in a bike 12 feet long. When starting up, both stokers get into position in their respective clips, I kick off, get into the clips, yell out "pedal", and we're off. We have even started up hill, but I have to get in fast when we do. It doesn't take 550 pounds long to start to roll back. Once we get going, the bike seems very stable. The weight is supported by a pair of 20 X 1 3/4" ACS tires (100psi with thorn tubes to stiffen the sidewalls), 48 spoke



ACS hard anodized wheels and Phil Wood hubs. Pederson SE brakes have been adequate along with an Aria drum brake. The drag brake is almost a necessity for the hills in our area (NW Lower Michigan). Other than the tires and wheels the choice of componentry was left to the builder. Because of the larger chainrings (54/44/34) made necessary by the smaller tires, and because this was the first Trio built (after the prototype), componentry was a bit of trial and error, but everything has worked well including the Deore XT indexed shifting. My hands used to fall asleep holding onto this monster, but since I have become comfortable with the bike, I've been able to relax more and enjoy the ride.

We generally cruise along averaging 14-15mph, which is good for our hilly area. We are just slightly slower on this bike than on the tandem, but with a second strong stoker, I'm sure our speed would be equivalent. We find up hills are slow, but get out of the way when we're rolling downhill! Mark Owens of Portland, Oregon owns the other Trio and rides with his teenage son and daughter. Mark told me that they have averaged 20mph on a 30 mile hilly ride.

There is lots of room in the two bags which mount on the rear of the stoker seats for storage of gear. We have noticed that drivers give us a lot of room, and start their passes earlier than if we were on any other bike. I think they are slightly intimidated at someone looking at them as they approach from our rear. Another advantage is the rear stoker is deadly with the dog spray. Fido just can't attack from the rear. The stoker seats are great photo platforms and it is not uncommon for the rear stoker to be handed a camera by another cyclist with the request "Can you take my picture?" This is by far the friendliest bike I've ever seen. Because you are facing the rear, it makes it very easy to converse with cyclists coming up on us. Mark said his Trio is getting pretty well known in the Portland area where it is referred to as "the push me-pull me bike." I think that is a great description, don't you?

So if you don't mind a lot of attention and have a big bank account you might consider a Trio. Base price for this custom built triple is \$6500!

The booms on the front and rear fold up, making a vehicle 8'4" long. I have also built a custom hitch for our Burley making our total length with the trailer 16 feet. But with the Burley, our whole family

of four can be on one bike. We transport the bike in an enclosed trailer with Yakima racks mounted inside it. The trailer was 8', but fortunately I have friends that are handy with torch and sheet metal. The solution is to cut out a hole in the front of the trailer and build a sheet metal box to accommodate the bike. You would not want to lift a 67 pound bike onto the roof of the car too many times!

Wheelbase is 76", which I understand is short for a triple. We can turn the bike around on a two lane roadway without difficulty. Neither Mark or I can find any fault with the bike. It has exceeded both of our expectations. I think Counterpoint Conveyance has another winner!

Since this is a custom built tandem it is being sold directly by the manufacturer, Counterpoint Conveyance Ltd., P.O. Box 763, Edmonds, Wa. 98020, (206)776-6787.

Don Reed



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TANDEM TRAVEL CASES



IF TOUCAN CAN FOUR?

We've always loved touring by bicycle. We've traveled through England, did several cross state rides (including RAGBRAI) and we rode from Florida to Maryland on our tandem. We always wanted to complete the East Coast with a trip from Maine. At the Baltimore Bike Club's Chincoteague Weekend last November we mentioned to Jim and Michele Cooper that we were "thinking" about doing this trip. The next week their response was, "Get out of the thinking stage, we're going too."

At that time we had only known each other through some Toucan rides. We began the next week with planning meetings (dinner out every Friday night) and riding together through the winter. A close friendship blossomed quickly. We made rules like waiting at each turn for the other tandem and waiting at the top of a hill, not at the bottom. We made our DESSERT rules. The dessert rules were equally important, break a rule and you buy dessert. Miss a turn, cussing, being grumpy and anything else we could think of would result in a dessert. We assigned jobs. Sharon would work on the route and motels. Michele would be social director, laundry lady and cashier. Bob and Jim (also the weather man) would be the mechanics. Sharon poured over the BikeCentennial maps the entire winter, working on the route. We continued to meet each Friday to plan packing the bike, what to take and what we would see.

We selected what clothing to take - 2 T shirts, two shorts, three bike outfits (one of which would be our Toucan shirts) five pair of bike socks (worn all the time) rain gear, one pair of sneakers, bike shoes, bathing suit. Finally, we just swam in our bike clothing. We also took underwear, toiletries and one bottle of "VERY RED" nail polish and remover to be shared by carrying it every other day. We traveled with rear panniers, front handle bar bag, rack pack and bungee cords. Everything would be packed in plastic bags.

We purchased Santana boxes at a bike shop. Airline tickets were purchased, tool kits were checked and shared and we were ready! USAir was easy to fly with. To transport the bikes USAir required a charge of \$45.00 each. The bikes were

packed in the tandem boxes, with the pedals removed and handlebars turned. Then we were off to Bangor. Our arrival presented us with a filming of a Stephen King movie. We were finally on the road, headed into the town of Bangor, and of course, we missed our first turn. A young man on a bicycle was happy to take us to the correct road, via a "DO NOT ENTER" sign. We encountered hills our first day and (we think) sighted a moose. Michele decided immediately these were not hills but mountains. We traveled through Maine, passing Camdem, a beautiful port and met other BikeCentennial riders. We were on our way to Freeport with a stop at L.L. Bean. We requested a quick adjustment and needed to true one wheel. They were eager to please and our tandems disappeared into the building. We stayed in Ogunquit, Maine (by accident) and walked along their beautiful Marginal Way. Through New



Hampshire and on into Massachusetts, meeting people happily willing to help or be a part of our adventure. Finally we entered north east Connecticut, also known as the "Quiet Corner." Here we were introduced to "Grinders" and "The Inn on the Hill at Woodstock." We needed this treat! Riding across Connecticut and through Hartford was hilly but easy. BikeCentennial maps are difficult to follow and we found if we went over them each night and wrote a cue sheet it was a big help. Directions often say, "Ride two miles, turn left on unmarked road, 3



miles on unmarked unnamed road." Although hard to read they were very accurate. Also, each evening we did laundry and purchased breakfast food to start the next morning. We always left our motel by 5:30 - 6:00 and rode 25 miles before a real breakfast. It was cool in the morning so we would start riding in rain coats used as warm up jackets. We had rain only once for about 4 miles. It was a good thing our weather man was on the job.

On through Connecticut's Litchfield Hills, the Berkshire Hills into the traffic of Rhinebeck and Poughkeepsie and across the Hudson River. We were constantly asked, "Are you here for Woodstock?" I'm sure we looked like overage hippies and always disappointed them by saying we were going to Delaware. We arrived in Port Jervis and picked up the Delaware River through Water Gap. We hoped for flat roads along the river. At times the roads narrowed to only one lane but always showed us there was one more hill around the corner to climb. We followed the beautiful wild flowers all the way home. We met such interesting people including the lady that fixed us breakfast at the IGA store, and Rosie who tried to help us cross the Hudson without all the traffic. We stayed with Lorna at her Victorian Bed and Breakfast in Pine Plains N.Y. and had the run of the house. We were met by many dogs from Murphy who ate Bob's dog biscuits out of his shirt to the loose Rotweiler that wasn't impressed with us. The views were spectacular, the roads good, and the companionship excellent. We sealed a friendship that will last forever.

We made motel reservations in advance for Maine, but found the rest of the accommodations by stopping at restaurants for lunch and asking the local people. They were happy to help and always furnished us a phone. There were many Mini Marts, grocery stores and restaurants along the way. We carried lunch one day through the Water Gap. We all quickly tired of junk food. We ate pasta almost every night and craved vegetables and believe it or not we never even had dessert.

Through the 800 mile, two week trip we had one flat tire, and one broken spoke, and one broken chain between us.

I will admit it was a hilly ride for us flat landers. Some of the down hills were worse than the up hills.

Following the route south looked easier since there is a really BIG down hill near the Mt. Mohawk Ski Lift.

We were finally enjoying ourselves after Jim and Michele were sick the first week and hated to see the ride end, especially the way it did. Seventeen miles from the end, Jim and Michele hit a sunken pothole and dropped the bike. We received so much help from the local people. Jim dislocated his shoulder and Michele was bruised and shaken. The bike had a damaged rear wheel but they are back on the bike and have completed the Seagull Century. We are still having Friday night dinner together. Throughout the trip our favorite comment was "Just one more hill." That is the way life is and together we've learned four Toucans can and still do. Where will we go next year? Come and join us!

Jim and Michele Cooper -
Bob and Sharon Ventura



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SAN SIMEON TO SOLVANG CALIF COAST TOUR

We'd done this tour before with Oregon Cycling Adventure (OCA), now known as Scenic Cycling Adventures. We cycled their Oregon Coast Tour last fall, their California Coast Tour last April, their Northern Arizona Tour last May and plan on repeating their Oregon Coast Tour again next August. I guess we like OCA/SCA. Yes, cycling is an important part of our lives, even though we're late bloomers.

Early Saturday morning, most of the group of 93 arrived at the Zaca Winery near Solvang where SCA's Sandy Green welcomed us. The rest had checked in last night at Motel 6 in San Simeon with Richard Martin (the other half of SCA) and await our arrival later in the morning. There were six tandems in the entire group, half of which were members of the Fresno Cycling Club; Carol and Jim Hix, Corene Rank and Mike Bloom, and us, the Christians.

After luggage and bicycles are in and on the SCA vehicles, we piled into a large chartered bus and were on our way to San Simeon, renewing old friendships and making new ones. It was a beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky and the hoped-for northwest wind clearly evident.

A mid-way pit stop at a McDonalds, where some chose to have a bite, then we continued to the and pull into Motel 6 in San Simeon. Anxious to start, most of the northern group had already left. Soon we were on our tandem with the wind at our backs, bound for the Sandcastle Motel in Pismo Beach.

We'd barely warmed up when we were on Main Street in Cambria, enjoying the quaintness of this little city with all its interesting shops. Some of the northern group were here. Of course we stopped at the renowned Linn's Bakery for delightful pastry, a steaming cup of coffee, and hot chocolate. Because of the late start, most of us elected not to do the optional side trip up to Whale Rock Reservoir, an extra 11 miles, and instead rode through town and climbed up to meet Highway 1 again. At this point we were 6.5 miles into the day's ride, enjoying a nice view, then speeding down a fun 2-3 mile descent.

Remaining on Highway 1 and its "rollies", we entered Cayucos at 18 miles and followed ocean-front Pacific Avenue, then Studio Drive to a snack/water stop. Sandy and Richard had a great crew manning the different stops and sagging the route. Morrow Bay was 4 miles later with ocean-front roads boasting spectacular homes, inns and B&B's for the next 5 miles, then Morrow Bay State Park at 28 miles for lunch in a picnic area. Good fixings - pasta salad, cookies, fruit, drinks and all kinds of makings for sandwiches from peanut butter and strawberry jam to cheese, tomatoes, lettuce and cold cuts. Of course after you stuffed yourself, you faced a mile-long climb out of the park (when Richard says "moderate to steep" you'd better believe it).

We were having a great time! Five miles north of San Luis Obispo we got back on Highway 1 which offers a nice bike lane. With a reading of 39 miles, we reached the city and left the highway to skirt the downtown traffic. Passing the Avila Beach access, we eventually got on Palisades Road at 47 miles and rode by all the lovely beach-front homes and motels. Again, we enjoyed the ocean on different scenic roads until we reached Pismo Beach at 53.5 miles and the Sandcastle Motel. Fantastic view, and the motel is right on the beach for those who want to walk it or just savor it!





We checked in, rolled our tandem into the room and wandered out to the beach-front patio where some of our group were in and out of the hot tub, some standing in line for a rejuvenating massage. After freshening up, it was Happy Hour on the patio with wine, soda and snacks until everyone headed for Rosa's for outstanding pasta. Dinner was over and we were treated to a talk and slides by a young woman who cycled solo around the world. What makes her story astonishing is the fact that she'd never been on a bicycle before.

We were up early, and after some of Sandy's muffins, juice and coffee in the lobby we were on the road again under an overcast sky (being "older folk", we liked to get an early start). Destination was the Zaca Winery in Foxen Canyon where we parked the morning before. The temperature was pleasant.

Turning in Doliver, we rode through Oceano and passed some very nice ocean-side campgrounds. Back on Highway 1 we enjoyed the rollers through eucalyptus groves and sand dunes. It was starting to clear. About 6 miles out, we climbed a pretty good hill and enjoyed a fast descent to Highway 1 and some more good bike paths.

This section of the ride, on our approach to Guadalupe, was through flat-land farm country, with a variety of truck farm crops - a nice change from the hill and ocean scenery. At 15+ miles, we entered beautiful, downtown Guadalupe and stopped at a local park.

More farmland. At around 25 miles we reached Santa Maria and skirted around the south edge of town by the airport. Eight more miles and we parked our tandem for "lunch by Sandy" in a school yard. After lunch we felt compelled to check out a local bicycle shop. One must never ride through a city without visiting at least one bike shop. Everyone was having a good time. Most had caught up with us, some have passed.

At this point, we headed out of town east on Clark and looked down on crowded Highway 101. A couple of rollers come up, then a great descent found us in the foothills and canyons looking for Foxen Canyon Rd at 44 miles - a road one doesn't soon forget for its gentle, but never-ending 12 mile ascent. Foxen Canyon boasts strawberries, grapes, orchards,

cattle, wheat and wineries. You'll have to look some to find more diversity, so it's best to have your camera ready. With the gentle breeze, we truly saw "amber waves of grain." It's an area that's especially beautiful in the lushness of spring.

Happily and wearily, we spotted the Zaca Winery and turn in. Then it was fun time. Some signed up for another massage, others enjoyed fine wine in the tasting room, others dove into the snacks, wine and cheese laid out by Richard, while others simply stretched out on the grass to relax.

After exchanging names and addresses, those who were shuttled from Zaca leave in their individual cars and vans, some heading home, others to further explore. The northern group is shuttled back to San Simeon.

Let's do it again!

Lue and Shannon Christian
Fresno, CA

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RAAM: The ultimate test of a marriage

Southern California haze shrouded the coastline on July 28 as the contestants prepared to mount their trusty steeds for a race of epic proportions. The clock ticked slowly toward the 11:00 a.m. start, while nervous stomachs flip-flopped and fingers fidgeted. Support crew members and spectators lined the boulevard in anxious anticipation. The 1993 edition of the Race Across America was about to get under way, and my wife, Becky, and I were smack in the middle of all the excitement.

RAAM is a bicycle race like no other: a non-stop, 2910-mile, grind-it-out, no-guts-no-glory duel from Los Angeles to Savannah, Georgia. Becky and I were the lone tandem entrant that year, and were starting with the solo women and one senior male (the other solo men started two days later). With no competitors, we were forced by race director Michael Shermer to battle the clock: he allowed us 11 days, 12 hours for the journey. Seven crewmembers and two vans would be our life-support system through nine states and a string of sleepless days and nights that would become a blur long before we would see saltwater again.

As we stood there awaiting the signal to begin, I realized that I was not feeling my usual self. While I was certainly in tip-top shape (over 20,000 miles the previous 11 months), I was mentally exhausted, and felt like I might be coming down with something. As if just getting to the starting line wasn't enough of an ordeal, the four weeks preceding RAAM had been a personal nightmare that had stressed me to my limits.

One month before RAAM, just as we were getting ready to leave on a shakedown ride for the crew, one of our dogs was run over. He barely survived, requiring two major surgeries. Then a water main blew, flooding the yard, followed by a storm ripping a window from the house. To add insult to injury, while tightening a seat-post binder bolt on our Burley, I tightened it one turn too many, breaking not just the bolt, but also cracking the frame. While we were able to get the window and water main repaired, the Burley replaced, and our

dog stabilized, I was a wreck. In typical male fashion, I had internalized all of my stresses.

Just about the time I had convinced myself that everything would work out all right, our crew chief, Dr. Jim Owens, came by and informed us that he had just been subpoenaed to appear in Federal court in Dallas the same day RAAM started. Being a professor of Finance, Jim is often called upon to serve as an expert witness in federal court proceedings, and Uncle Sam was calling. No amount of begging and pleading with the judge could get Jim off the hook, so we had to head to Los Angeles under the leadership of another crewperson, Roger Mankus. Jim would, hopefully, be able to join us along the way.

So as Shermer announced the start, I stood there hoping that I would settle down after I had ridden a few hours. I wish it could have been that easy.

Just getting out of the Los Angeles area was enough to test one's tolerance for extremes. What seemed like hundreds of stop lights impeded our progress until we finally entered I-15 north of San Bernardino and crossed Cajon Pass, leaving LA's trademark smog behind once and for all. At Victorville, we left the freeway to get our kicks on old Route 66. We hit the second mandatory time station in Barstow just before dark, and re-entered the freeway for a mad dash through the desert to Las Vegas. The weatherman had been kind: it was only in the 90s as we sped by Devil's Playground and Baker in the pre-dawn hours.

The bright lights, magnificent hotels, and fit-for-a-king buffets tempted us on The Strip in Las Vegas, but we knew better. Our hourly bottles of liquid nourishment would be the extent of our dining pleasures for many more days. So, while vacationers soaked up the local culture, we sipped our bottles, got a quick mid-morning massage, and readied ourselves for more desert terrain. We were beginning to wonder why we had left the confines of our west Texas home, and our "Prairie Home Companions (nine dogs)."



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In praise of Bike Two'sDay

The thinking here is that this Two'sDay tandem is terrific. It is passing all of our shakedown tests with flying colors, including loaded with panniers or with trailer in tow. The day after it arrived we took it along via commercial airline to Phoenix, Arizona -- packed snugly away in the two suitcases which went through as checked baggage, no fuss, no muss, no questions asked. And the big bonus is that the stoker's Hydro Post has rejuvenated our marriage...

Betty and Gene Newton



As might be expected, the desert fired up rather quickly. Although Becky and I had spent a week in the Mojave the summer before in preparation, there is not much anyone can do except take it easy. As the thermometer inched upward to 115-degrees, we cautiously pedalled the barren expanses, crawling up the long grades, and coasting down the other side. One of the most intense moments of the entire race came as we left Littlefield, NV, and climbed 16 miles during the heat of the day. After two hours of climbing in the searing heat, we reached the summit, and gladly coasted down into Utah, where we reached St. George at dusk. We did not argue with our crew when they announced they had a motel room waiting for us.

A quick shower and three sleep-filled hours later, we were back on the bike. Our team of four massage therapists had worked on our aching muscles, while the remainder of the crew maintained our bikes and vans. We had three tandem bicycles with us, and twelve spare wheels. One van followed us throughout the race, while the other went ahead and scouted the route, did laundry, purchased food, etc. The crewmembers rotated positions every three hours, and somehow managed to get a few hours of sleep here and there.



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From St. George the route took us eastward as we hugged the Arizona-Utah border. Temperatures were more to our liking (i.e., only 100-degrees) because we stayed at over 5000-foot elevation much of the day. The dam on the Colorado River, and the resulting Lake Powell, provided breathtaking scenery as we crossed into Page, AZ, and Navajo country. Now in the third day of the race, I still felt queasy. Normally, I ride well in extreme heat, but under those circumstances, I found the cooler night air to be my ally.

It is little wonder that the Indians consider this to be sacred ground. The rock formations cast an almost mystical aura over the land. As we pedalled in the beams created by spotlights atop our van, we felt like explorers in a new world. It wasn't until we encountered a Burger King in Kayenta that we remembered where we really were.

Having baked in the desert for so long, our crew decided that another three-hour sleep was necessary to refresh our now-weary bodies. When we left Kayenta, we knew the next scenery-filled 100 miles would make the cycling mentally easy.

As the sun crested the horizon, we found ourselves dancing in and out of the shadows of the weathered peaks and hoodoos created when rain and wind eroded the red sandstone. More western movies and truck commercials have been filmed there in Monument Valley than anywhere else in the USA. It was through this part of eastern Utah that the Mormons tried to pass with horse and wagon, albeit with great difficulty. It wasn't much easier on bicycle.

But if the desert southwest was difficult for this "Texas Twosome," then Colorado was almost deadly. We knew what lay ahead: three steep passes, each over 9400-foot elevation. It would be a long time before we would see flat land again.

Colorado began rather deceptively. As we pedalled into the southwest corner of the state, we could see Shiprock Monument off to the southeast. A few larger mountains were visible to the northeast, but nothing looked like it was beyond our capabilities. However, the "flat" land on which we were riding was lying to us: we were climbing steadily, to 6500 feet at Cortez, and up to over 8000 feet on the way to Durango.



steadily, to 6500 feet at Cortez, and up to over 8000 feet on the way to Durango.

It was between Cortez and Durango that we had our first scare of the race: Becky was passing blood. The crew used the cellular phone to call the hospital in Durango, and alerted them to our impending arrival. Since Becky still felt alright, we pedaled and coasted the rest of the way into town (there was a 2000-foot descent just west of the city limits). At the emergency room, the doctor informed us our worst fears were baseless. Becky had a rather bad case of hemorrhoids, but was otherwise able to keep racing.

We were relieved to hear the good news, but it nonetheless took a little wind out of our sails, breaking our momentum. It was after Durango that lay the most difficult miles of the entire route, ones that would test our bodies, our spirits, and our marriage like no other miles ridden before.

While Becky was upbeat after her hospital visit, I was "crashing," a typical physical response when one stops doing whatever he is doing. I was so sleepy that I had to ask Becky to captain the bike (which we had been doing in alternate fashion throughout the race). For 60 miles, we rolled up and down between 6000- and 8000-foot elevation. I am convinced that I slept most of those miles (still pedaling, of course), because my only memories are of the hallucination-induced giant turtles lying beside the road.

At 4:30 a.m., we finally made it to the edge of Pagosa Springs, where our crew had sweet-talked a clerk into letting us rent a room at a lodge for 90

minutes. Dawn found us in the parking lot, trying to leave, but unable to. Our crew put us down on the ground for a quick massage, which revived us considerably. Becky and I were both a little miffed. We had wanted to get more sleep before tackling the three passes ahead. It just wasn't in the cards.

Rather than take it out on the crew, we foisted ourselves on one another. As we rolled through downtown Pagosa Springs, Becky was complaining bitterly to me about our slow progress and my lackluster performance. I stopped right in the middle of the street, dismounted, and announced that I wanted to see a lawyer. Our crew was unaware of our squabbles, and thought something must be wrong with the bike. One crewperson ran up beside us, and upon hearing the debate, commented, "I can drive the van, I can fix the bikes, but I can't help you here."

Continued next issue

Nick & Becky Gerlich
Canyon, TX

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WHEELING RED SQUARE ON A TANDEM

Editor's note: This article is a scene from a round-the-world journey on a tandem bicycle made by Sandy and Ron Slaughter, of Minneapolis, Minnesota. Their story is being written into a book by Kathryn Robinson, of Bryan, Texas who met them during their travels.

Round and round we went, slowly, through the crowds milling here and there, past St. Basil's, past the Kremlin walls, past the Lenin Mausoleum just as the soldiers marched out for the changing of the guard. "We did it!" Ron yelled. "We're wheeling Red Square!"

People turned to watch us. Some began to clap their hands rhythmically, chanting in unison. We stopped and asked one of the groups to take our picture. After a brief skirmish over who would do the honors, one of the men aimed the camera and clicked the shutter. There we were, forever balancing ourselves on our tandem bike in the middle of Red Square.

Citizens gathered round, wanting to say things to us. With friendly smiles on their faces, they

established an instant camaraderie even though we could understand none of their words, spoken in Russian. Several of them held out their hands offering friendship gifts of little pins to wear on our shirts. Others touched the bike and raised their arms as if to shout, "Go, Man, go!"

"Our trip is being blessed," I said. "I feel that they are marveling at the freedom we have to make such a journey."

We took a few more turns around, to the accompaniment of the clapping hands, then waved goodbye from the corner in front of the Gum Department Store. The thrill of the long anticipated wheeling of Red Square had been heightened by events leading up to it after stepping off the train from Helsinki.

Surrounded by the milling crowds of Moscow, I had gone into momentary panic. I couldn't read the signs or understand the blaring loudspeakers. Worried sick about the excruciating pains Ron suffered from the frostbite which crept into his feet



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on our ride to the Arctic Circle, I helped him to a bench.

Hoping for assistance from someone who spoke English, I got in line at the InTourist Office. By the time my turn came and the guide told me we should have gone immediately to the baggage car to get our bike, the train was pulling away from the station, the baggage car was gone.

I started running and shouting, "Where is the baggage car?" my arms waving like a windmill. A young man ran alongside me, helping flag down the train. We raced almost a mile down the tracks, the cars becoming smaller in the distance. My breathless companion stopped to ask what was the problem. When I explained about the bike, he told me to go to a shed a half-mile from the station, the baggage car should be there.

My heart pounding, mouth like cotton, I loped to the shed where handlers were ready to lock the doors. "I'm looking for a bicycle and trailer," I shouted. The men studied my wild-eyed face in bewilderment. Peering through a crack in the door, I saw the baggage car inside the shed. "My bicycle is in there!" I shouted, hysteria clutching my voice. Watching me warily, the men whispered among themselves in Russian, apparently not understanding English.

At last one of them pried my hand from the door, opened it, and let me go inside. Please let it be there, I prayed. Searching the dark interior my eyes found the baggage car. With crossed fingers I walked to its heavy door and slid it open. There sat our rig, looking rather forlorn. "It's here!" I shouted. The men tiptoed up to watch me hug the handlebars and caress the heels of the trailer. One of them nodded to

the others who helped me get bike, trailer, and the various bags onto the loading platform. Beaming smiles wreathed their faces as I pumped their hands up and down exclaiming, "Thank you! Thank you!" Each of them raided his hat in the air, shouting a Russian salute as I pushed the cumbersome assemblage back to where Ron waited with an anxious face.

"So far, Russia hasn't been dull," he said. "That peaceful interlude in Finland is over. Ever since we boarded the train in Helsinki, I keep wondering what will happen next."

Climbing on the bike, we pedaled out of the station into the city streets, more than a little nervewracking for travelers on a tandem bike, trailer bringing up the rear. Dodging menacing potholes, recklessly driven Lada cars, trucks belching sulfur fumes, and buses that lurched from stop to stop we managed to hang on.

Our goal was to reach Red Square if we could figure out how to get there. Knowing that we needed to turn left somewhere, that seemed impossible due to the "Do not turn left" signs at almost every corner. I started laughing hysterically at the sight we must make, tooling along through the city of Moscow on the rig which in many other countries had been taken for an apparition from outer space. I couldn't stop laughing, leaving it up to Ron to pedal us down the street until I could sober up.

He negotiated and maneuvered until, at last, we spotted the gleaming spires and dome of the Kremlin and Red Square. We rode up to a guard and communicated that we wanted to ride our bike on the square. "Nyet...nyet...nyet." He emphatically shook his head "NO," bushy mustache twitching.

We turned away. Out of his sight, we decided to cycle around the Kremlin and try to enter from another street. The two guards at that end, enthralled with us and the bike, kept saying, "Very good. Very good." After a proper time of admiring our ensemble, they waved us onto the square for the triumphal procession.

Katheryn Robinson
for Sandy & Ron Slaughter

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everything else that went wrong with this ride it is a miracle the skunk let us pass. It would have been a perfect ending to the day.

Do not expect the bridge to be complete. One is nothing but the original cross ties with the rails removed. While pushing the bike across, my foot slipped and went between the ties. Fortunately, I caught myself before I turned my ankle. Since we were 2 hours from any help on either end of the trail, it is best not to need help. In an all day ride we only saw four people, they were near the tunnel on horses. The trail is not patrolled. We made the return trip in 3 1/2 hours for a total of 7 1/2 hours to travel 50 miles. For 7 1/4 hours of the trip David and I looked down

at the trail surface immediately in front of the front wheel, trying to pick a best of poor choices route through he rock. Our wives saw more, but were generally so terrified of the trail surface they were afraid to move. It took nerve to reach for your water bottle.

Unless you have a mountain bike tandem and an extreme desire for abuse, I do not recommend this trail. Later we drove through Caprock Canyons State Park. A beautiful paved road through a small Utah look-a-like canyon landscape. We took the wrong ride!

Larry & Janna James
Garland, TX

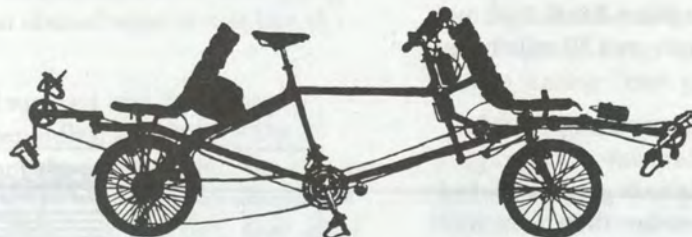
Roadtest-Counterpoint Trio The "Push me-Pull me Bike"

How do you roadtest a bike like no other bike you've ever ridden? Fortunately I have some experience with tandems, both regular and Counterpoint Opus'.

I've owned Opus #9 since 1984 and have over 25,000 miles on it. What happens when you add a second recumbent seat, faced backward, behind the captain as Jim Weaver of Counterpoint Conveyance has done? Well folks you get the most unusual triple you've ever seen!

Having never ridden other triples, I can't make that comparison either, but I can certainly tell you that I like this bike. I've been a fan of the creativity of Jim Weaver for many years. His bicycles are slightly eccentric, but generally quite functional and well built, and the Trio is no exception.

The front and rear stoker positions have independent cadencing like the Opus. Stokers can ride at any cadence or coast independently as they wish (although as captain, I prefer they not coast going up hill). The rear stoker pedals forward (clockwise), but due to a "figure 8" in the rear drive chain, that propulsion reverses direction prior to



being transferred to the rear wheel. The bike has the equivalent of 8 regular bike chains, but is remarkably quiet and smooth considering the

amount of chain. Chains occasionally ride on hollowed out in line skate wheels, a technique used on the Opus tandems but refined with the Trio. Someone usually asks, "Don't you feel weird riding backward?" or "Don't you get sick riding backward?". My 10 year old daughter loves it, and my wife says it really doesn't bother her as long as she looks out into the distance rather than down near the bike.

This bike certainly takes more strength stopping, starting, and holding up than a tandem, but this certainly is to be expected in a bike 12 feet long. When starting up, both stokers get into position in their respective clips, I kick off, get into the clips, yell out "pedal", and we're off. We have even started up hill, but I have to get in fast when we do. It doesn't take 550 pounds long to start to roll back. Once we get going, the bike seems very stable. The weight is supported by a pair of 20 X 1 3/4" ACS tires (100psi with thorn tubes to stiffen the sidewalls), 48 spoke



ACS hard anodized wheels and Phil Wood hubs. Pederson SE brakes have been adequate along with an Aria drum brake. The drag brake is almost a necessity for the hills in our area (NW Lower Michigan). Other than the tires and wheels the choice of componetry was left to the builder. Because of the larger chainrings (54/44/34) made necessary by the smaller tires, and because this was the first Trio built (after the prototype), componetry was a bit of trial and error, but everything has worked well including the Deore XT indexed shifting. My hands used to fall asleep holding onto this monster, but since I have become comfortable with the bike, I've been able to relax more and enjoy the ride.

We generally cruise along averaging 14-15mph, which is good for our hilly area. We are just slightly slower on this bike than on the tandem, but with a second strong stoker, I'm sure our speed would be equivalent. We find up hills are slow, but get out of the way when we're rolling downhill! Mark Owens of Portland, Oregon owns the other Trio and rides with his teenage son and daughter. Mark told me that they have averaged 20mph on a 30 mile hilly ride.

There is lots of room in the two bags which mount on the rear of the stoker seats for storage of gear. We have noticed that drivers give us a lot of room, and start their passes earlier than if we were on any other bike. I think they are slightly intimidated at someone looking at them as they approach from our rear. Another advantage is the rear stoker is deadly with the dog spray. Fido just can't attack from the rear. The stoker seats are great photo platforms and it is not uncommon for the rear stoker to be handed a camera by another cyclist with the request "Can you take my picture?" This is by far the friendliest bike I've ever seen. Because you are facing the rear, it make it very easy to converse with cyclists coming up on us. Mark said his Trio is getting pretty well known in the Portland area where it is referred to as "the push me-pull me bike." I think that is a great description, don't you?

So if you don't mind a lot of attention and have a big bank account you might consider a Trio. Base price for this custom built triple is \$6500!

The booms on the front and rear fold up, making a vehicle 8'4" long. I have also built a custom hitch for our Burley making our total length with the trailer 16 feet. But with the Burley, our whole family

of four can be on one bike. We transport the bike in an enclosed trailer with Yakima racks mounted inside it. The trailer was 8', but fortunately I have friends that are handy with torch and sheet metal. The solution is to cut out a hole in the front of the trailer and build a sheet metal box to accommodate the bike. You would not want to lift a 67 pound bike onto the roof of the car too many times!

Wheelbase is 76", which I understand is short for a triple. We can turn the bike around on a two lane roadway without difficulty. Neither Mark or I can find any fault with the bike. It has exceeded both of our expectations. I think Counterpoint Conveyance has another winner!

Since this is a custom built tandem it is being sold directly by the manufacturer, Counterpoint Conveyance Ltd., P.O. Box 763, Edmonds, Wa. 98020, (206)776-6787.

Don Reed



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TOUR D'FUN

This 104 mile trek from Tampa to Walt Disney World was aptly named. Along with 2798 other cyclists, Don and I were a part of the first ever "Tour D'Fun", sponsored by Target Stores and Walt Disney World, September 24-26, 1994.

The package deal included a Friday night stay at the Wyndham Harbour Island Hotel in Tampa and a warm-up party where we picked up our registration packet, T-shirt and Mickey Mouse ears and enjoyed lots of good food and fellowship.

On Saturday morning, Tampa's Crosstown Expressway was closed to normal traffic as the ride got underway. We were definitely not normal traffic. Try to picture 2800 cyclists with Mickey Mouse ears sitting on top of their helmets, led by 4 members of the Saturn Racing Team, Disney characters dancing on the sidelines, fireworks going off and you will have an idea of what it was like at the 7:00 a.m. start.

The route was well marked and there were rest/food stops every ten miles, manned by the cheeriest bunch of volunteers imaginable. The lunch stop at the 50 mile mark had more Disney characters running around, making sure we had fun. Don and I teamed up with another tandem couple, who were from Alabama. There were about 15-20 tandems among the cyclists, some of whom formed a mighty draft line and whizzed past us at warp speed.

The frequent stops and friendly atmosphere made the miles pass quickly and before we knew it we were riding through the gates of Walt Disney World, greeted by Mickey Mouse himself. There was more food and drink at the finish and a truck to transport our gear and bicycles to Disney's Dixie Landings Resort, where we would stay for two nights.

After a shower and a nap we boarded a bus for Epcot where a post-tour International buffet awaited us at the American pavilion. If you couldn't find something you liked to eat there, you were a hopeless case. The only "damper" on the evening was the thunderstorm that struck during dinner. It rained so much that the shuttle buses stopped running and we had to take the boat and then walk

to the bus stop where we boarded the bus to Dixie Landing. Don and I were both soaked. As an afterthought, we realized we should have purchased a couple of Disney ponchos.

Sunday morning we were back on the bike for a ride to MGM Studios for breakfast. The weather was threatening rain but held off as we breakfasted on the streets of New York, complete with a traffic cop straight from the Bronx. On this ride, which was 4 miles each way, Don and I were upset to see many families riding without helmets. The children were on small bikes and were all over the road. Fortunately there were no accidents, but on our critique sheet we stressed that helmets should be worn by all, regardless of the ride length.

Sunday evening there was an awards party for us at Pleasure Island. We didn't win any awards but had a good time and more good food. There was a Bike Expo on the grounds and members of the Saturn Racing Team gave out autographed posters.

Monday morning we got our gear together and put it and our bike in a big moving van. It was time to head back to Tampa. We rode back in a chartered bus and concluded that we definitely had "fun".

Don & Pat Boose
Pensacola, Florida





TANDEM TIRE SURVEY

Last fall, Richard Drdul of Vancouver, BC, conducted a tandem tire survey of the Tandem@Hobbes group on the Internet. The guidelines asked that the submissions be divided into three tire categories: 700c road, 26" road, and 26" off-road. The criteria for judging a tire's worth were: traction, durability (lifespan in miles), rolling resistance, puncture resistance, price, availability, personal preferences. What is the best tire? Worst tire? Report only actual tandem experiences. 38 persons submitted their opinions.

Top-rated tires:

700C -> Specialized Transition Armadillo
26" -> Specialized Fatboys/Avocet Cross (Tie vote)

Honorable Mentions:

700c -> Continental Supersport
Avocet Fasgrip
26" -> Avocet City K Slick/Tioga City Slicker (Tie vote)

Worst:

No tires were offered as the "worst" available.

Comments received:

700c

Specialized Transition/Armadillo averaged about 2500 miles on the front, somewhat less on the rear. Low mileage reported was about 500 miles. Some said they were susceptible to sidewall tears and that they had a harsh ride.

Continental Supersports wear well and provide good performance. They held up to pressures over 120psi. Mileage was less than reported for the Specialized Transitions (2000 mi front/750 rear).

Avocet Fasgrips also get excellent mileage (3000 miles on the front/1500 miles on the rear reported by one rider).

Avocet Cross tires were reported to be durable, but heavy, slow, "squishy" on the pavement. Not recommended for long road rides because of this. Reported wear was in the

middle of the pack (1000 miles rear/1500+ front).

26"

Specialized Fatboys (26x1.25) may be the best tire of all sizes. One rider says "I've stopped looking for a better tire". They accept high pressures (to 110 psi for the road). Some reports of sidewall failure.

Avocet Cross tires had similar comments for the 26" as reported for the 700c versions. The "squishy" tread did not instill confidence on high speed descents.

Avocet City slicks blew out the sidewall until the "K" model (Kevlar) came out. Puncture resistance seems very good for the Kevlar model, but the traction left something to be desired in loose surfaces.

General Comments

The most important thing to look for in a tire is the words "Made in Japan". Japanese tires are tight fitting, sturdy, and they tend to seat better than most others. Most teams preferred 700c tires with "file" tread for road riding, but if you choose the 26" wheels, then the slicks received the nod over the Cross tire tread patterns. Kevlar belts were highly recommended, but not Kevlar beads, which seemed to stretch over time with the high pressures and would blow off the rim.

This survey is not intended to be scientific or statistically correct. If you care to add your opinions to the survey, please send them directly to me. If the results change, or if other tires receive adequate mention, an updated survey will be published in a future DoubleTalk.

Richard Drdul
4630 West 7th Avenue
Vancouver, BC V6R 1X5



TWO COOL

Rosanne & I thought that we would share our tandem buying and cycling experiences with you right away, along with our TCA dues and membership application.

I had been riding single bikes on and off most of my adult life when I met Rosanne in a Cajun and Zydeco dance class just two years ago. Venus and Mars were apparently all right that night, because we started dating quite soon. That Christmas, I bought her a Jamis mountain bike, and was so impressed with it that I bought myself one, as well. We rode together the next eighteen months accompanied by gentle chides about our "disgustingly romantic matching mountain bikes."

After riding in the annual Multiple Sclerosis Tour for Cure, Rosanne was unhappy that it had been so difficult to ride together on all of the 150-mile route. Strapping ourselves together with bungee cords seemed, well, stupid and potentially dangerous, so I suggested a tandem. You would have thought the "M" was at the front of "tandem," with all the confusion with an M-word that also involves a heavy commitment, but a lot of gentle talk, and a day trip on a friend's Gary Fisher tandem convinced Rosanne that this wasn't a plot to get her pinned to the mat, and we found our first long bike at a church garage sale: a 1950s vintage Columbia Twosome in sad but rebuildable shape.

Most of our shared experience with the Columbia was rebuilding, rather than riding, it. The first decision made was that this classic bike deserved a sensitive restoration - no knobby tires, index shifters or neon paint jobs. Instead, white-wall balloon tires and coaster brakes were the order of the day. The green metallic paint was retained, in order to preserve the original decals, and the whole weekend restoration was topped off by white dice tire-valve caps -VERY retro! Alas, the Columbia is what it is and short, neighborhood rides are what it does best.

Talk of a "serious" tandem had waxed and then waned. Then, a copy of Cycle Seller arrived. I (Steve) only glanced at the want-ad paper, being much more

interested in the new goodies, but Rosanne was on a (secret) mission. "look, sweetheart," she said, "a 21 x 19 Schwinn Duo-sport is for sale. "Too big," I grumbled, propelled by twelve months of Rosanne's I'm-not-so-sure-about-this- =tandem-thing attitude. Then I realized the area code was in Mississippi, our neighboring state, and hey-fool-can't-you-take=- a-hint? We called the owners, in Ocean Springs, Mississippi - only eighty miles away! Still, we had to wait two weeks before seeing the bike, as I was leaving the next day for vacation in Montana with my son's Boy Scout troop. Finally, we drove to Ocean Springs. Carl and Lydia were nice, easy-going people, and let us take the bike on an extended test ride. Thirty minutes was all we needed, the bike was in great condition, the perfect size for us, and even within our budget.

It rode well, without too much flex, and was reasonably well equipped. Carl was happy to not have to ship the bike, so we stuck a deal with a minimum of bargaining. He even gave us a copy of DoubleTalk! We were so pleased with ourselves, we couldn't wait to get back to New Orleans to ride - we took our own tandem tour of Ocean Springs, a beautiful little town on the Gulf coast. (It would make a perfect tandem rally location.) Then the bike went on the roof rack - two Yakima bike carriers strapped together worked well - and back home, but not before christening the bike.

We've ridden "Two Cool" several times since then, although we agree that dodging the potholes and crazed motorists of city streets is a bit too much - back to the matching mountain bikes for city rides! And if Rosanne had missed the c-word significance, it was driven home by a friend, who, when he saw what we had done, said, "Bought yourselves a Schwinn COMMITMENT,eh?"

Steve Bourdreaux & Rosanne Ferris
New Orleans, LA



MONTAGUE FOLDING TANDEM

My wife and I just took delivery of a new Montague folding tandem. We have owned a Burley Samba (mixte frame) for several years, and have longed for a bike that we could easily take on vacation. I thought that others tandemists might be interested in our feelings about the Montague (since it's rather new on the market). We had seen the Montague advertised in a couple of places, and arranged for a test ride. We test rode the bike and it was quite a bit firmer feeling than our Burley.

Our Burley is the only tandem that my wife and I have ever ridden, so I didn't really know what to expect regarding frame stiffness. The Montague is

quite a bit less flexible than the Burley, but not as stiff as a Sterling that we rode that same day.

While I can give an overall description of the bike, what most people would be interested in is its foldability: (I only include the times here to show that the bike can indeed be completely folded in two minutes as Montague claims) - Bike weighs 45 lbs.

- The Montague uses eight quick release gizmos to control the folding: four on the captain's seat tube, four on the stoker's. - The two derailleur cables must be disconnected, but Montague has provided a neat little threaded connector in the center of the cables (on the Stoker's down tube) that separates the cables.

Montague has provided four small braze-ons for holding the loose ends of the cables when the bike is folded. 15 seconds. - The timing chain must be removed to fold. But the Captain's bottom bracket is mounted in a quick release eccentric. In 20 seconds or so, the chain can be removed.

- Front wheel must be removed. 10 seconds. - Rear wheel stays on. - Both seats come out, seatposts held by quick releases, 10 seconds. - Front handlebars come out of headset. Use the typical allen wrench - this is the only tool required. 20 seconds.

- Imagine that the two seatposts are the joints in hinges.

While its possible for one person to do all the folding, its easier to have an assistant to help hold the bike upright and help make sure all the cables are moving correctly out of the way, etc, but folding is really a snap. The bike fits into a custom case approximately 3

TANDEM RACES



July 1-4, 1995. **Burley Duet Classic.** 4 days of spectacular racing, 6 stages (3 road races, 1 criterium, 1 time trial, and the prologue). For more information and race application, contact Patricia Le Caux, Burley Duet Race Director, Burley Design Cooperative, 4080 Stewart Road, Eugene, OR 97402. Ph: (503)-687- 1644.

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



feet square by 18 inches high. The case has locks and four removable casters.

Assembly (unfolding) is just the reverse of the above steps. It takes a little longer, 10 minutes or so, because you've got to fiddle with the timing chain, and re attach all the cables and seats at the correct spots and heights. We used the Montague on our most recent vacation. We took it on a cruise ship from Montreal, up the St. Lawrence River, past Nova Scotia to New York. We flew from Newark New Jersey to Montreal. We didn't get charged by the airline for a bicycle or oversize luggage. (We certainly could have been, since the loaded bike case weighs 70 lbs.) We stored the folded bike in our cabin aboard ship.

At three of our ports of call (Quebec City, Sydney Nova Scotia, Bar Harbor Maine) I carried the folded bike down the gangplank. My wife carried the front wheel, and a bag with helmets and various bike stuff. We assembled the bike on the dock and rode off. We generally had a circle of on-lookers as we put the bike together. Members of the ship's crew were quite amazed.

All-in-all having the bike with us made the trip. Quite a combination: the hedonism and luxury of a cruise ship with the activity and personal freedom of having our own bike on board. Some specs: Cromoly frame, 26" wheels, 21 speed Grip shift, 46 lbs. suggested retail \$1995 for the bike and \$500 for the case.

Rich Williams

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 \$3.00, payable to Tandem Club of America, to Jack & Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430. The issues you order will be sent to you either via first class postage (1-4 issues ordered) or via UPS (more than 4 issues ordered).

Issues still available:

- November-December, 1994
- September-October, 1994
- July-August, 1994
- May-June, 1994
- March-April, 1994
- January-February, 1994

NEW TANDEM BICYCLE COMPANY ANNOUNCED

Jim Leis, former general manager at Santana Cycles announced introduction of six, American made, light-weight tandem bicycle models under the name Meridian Bicycle Works.

Leis, who after twelve years, left the tandem giant in mid April cited his love for tandems as the primary reason for the formation of the new company. According to Leis, "More and more people are realizing how much fun tandem bicycles are. Our goal at Meridian Bicycle Works is to introduce people to tandems by offering them, what I believe, to be the very best tandem bicycle value available which will be backed by a strong customer support program and a 100% satisfaction guarantee."

Meridian plans to offer three all terrain models and three road models all of which will be constructed with double butted chromoly tubing and complimented with the highest quality tandem components available. All six of the models should be available this spring.

Leis, who has been selling titanium bicycle components under the company name "World Class", will continue to develop that business as well. Leis said, "Currently we are expanding our component line to include titanium cranksets, tandem cranksets and other tandem specific components. I believe the two companies will complement each other and offer tandem enthusiast a comprehensive source for tandem bicycles, accessories and components."



TANDEM CALENDAR 1995

January 7, 1995. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists' of New England) 3rd Planning Meeting for 1995.** Belmont, MA. For more information call/SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton Street, Salem, NH.

January 21-22, 1995. **Heart of Dixie Tandem Gathering.** Trussville/Birmingham, AL. Spend the weekend riding, eating, and socializing. Ride Saturday and Sunday, go out to eat Saturday night. Saturday night eat-out goes rain or shine! Call George/Judy Bacon for more information (205)-655-2808 evenings before 9:00 p.m. CST

February 17-19, 1995. **Tallahassee Off-Road Tandem Rally.** Tallahassee, FL. Bring your off-road tandem and come cycle some of Northwest Florida's best trails. SASE to Marvin & Miryam Rubenstein, 2815 Sweetbriar Drive, Tallahassee, FL 32312. Ph: (904)-385-0534

February, 1995. **NEW ZEALAND (SOUTH ISLAND) TANDEM TOUR** We are currently planning a tandem tour of New Zealand's South Island. We currently have six tandems committed. If you'd like to join us, please call Carolyn and Don Lane, Salem, NH, @ (603)-893-4776

March 4, 1995. **Greater Ohio Area Tandem Society (G.O.A.T.S.) Planning and Scheduling Meeting.** Blacklick Woods Metro Park, south of Reynoldsburg, OH. Come present your ideas about the 1987 Midwest Tandem Rally (to be hosted by the G.O.A.T.S. or to volunteer to lead a G.O.A.T.S. ride in '95 or early '96. For more info, SASE to Norm & Rosemary Bernhardt, 2639 Morning Sun Drive, Fairborn, OH 45324.

March 18-19, 1995. **Heart of Dixie Tandem Gathering.** Trussville/Birmingham, AL. Spend the weekend riding, eating, and socializing. Ride Saturday and Sunday, go out to eat Saturday night. Saturday night eat-out goes rain or shine! Call George/Judy Bacon for more information (205)-655-2808 evenings before 9:00 p.m. CST

April 1-2, 1995. **Central Valley Tandem Rally,** sponsored by the Fresno Cycling Club. Look forward to varying routes of different lengths, traveling the famous Central Valley Blossom Trail and exploring the Sierra Foothills. Enjoy Sunday brunch at the oldest California dude ranch. SASE to Charlie & Corene Burns, 730 East Lewiston, Laton, CA 93242. (209)-923-4149

April 10-May 21, 1995. **ParaAmerica Bicycle Challenge -- Blind Ambition.** Join dozens of able-bodied and disabled adventurers in this inaugural ride from the Olympic Stadium in Los Angeles to the Olympic Stadium in Atlanta. Sponsoring organization is Tim Kneeland & Associates. Proceeds benefit The US Assoc. of Blind Athletes and other participating Disabled Sports Organizations. Significant entry fee required. For more information, contact TKA at 1-800-433-0528 or the USABA at (719)-630-0422

April 21-23, 1995. **Sixth Annual Alabama Tandem Weekend,** Auburn, AL. Come join us as we return to Auburn, AL, for a weekend of tandeming on excellent roads. Small fee includes tee shirts, social, and snacks. Luxury rooms at discount prices. Limited space available. SASE to George & Judy Bacon, 305 Snake Hill Circle, Trussville, AL 35173. (205)-655-2808

April 22-25. **Santana Southwest Tandem Rally.** Tucson, AZ. Cycle through Saguaro National Park, loaf around the campfire at Tanque Verde Guest Ranch, enjoy a candlelight tour of Colossal Cave, see the heavens at a private dark-sky tour of the Universe at the Kitt Peak Observatory. Stay at the elegant Westward Look Resort Limited space SASE to Roger Haga, Blue Sky Events, 1718 Bonita Avenue, La Verne, CA, 91750. ph: (909)-593-3277 or call Santana Cycles @ (909)-756-7570

April 28-30, 1995. **Fifth Annual Southwest Tandem Rally,** Lake Murray State Park and Lodge, Ardmore, OK. For registration/info,

SASE to Jim & Penny Speck, 3117 NW 62nd St., Oklahoma City, OK 73112 (405)-842-3055. Interested in a pre- or post-tour? Drop us a note in your SASE.

May 20, 1995. **9th Annual Miami Valley Tandem Rally.** Fort St. Clair, OH, State Park, west of Eaton, OH. Rides from 20-62 miles, with snack stop at Glen Miller Park in Richmond, IN on the longer loops. Catered lunch and socializing after the rides at Fort St. Clair State Park. Small fee. Sponsored by the Greater Ohio Area Tandem Society (G.O.A.T.S.) Non-G.O.A.T.S. must send #10 SASE to Norm & Rosemary Bernhardt, 2639 Morning Sun Drive, Fairborn, OH 45324.

May 24-June 3, 1995. **Netherlands Bike Tour.** Hosted by Steve Carter (high wheel transcontinental record holder). Limited to 90 people. Room and meal accommodations aboard a hotel ship for transporting us port to port. For an itinerary and trip application, SASE to Steve & Carolyn Carter, 559 Gibbs St., Plainfield, IN 46168. ph: (317)-839-1621

July 1-4, 1995. **1st Annual MATES Rally,** Williamsburg, VA. Join the Mid-Atlantic Tandem Enthusiasts at historic Williamsburg for a fun-filled event. Information will be available in early 1995. SASE to TEAM FRIEDMAN, 5514 Callander Drive, Springfield, VA 22151-1402

July 14-16, 1995. **A MIDSUMMER TANDEM RALLY III,** Atchison, KS. SASE to Karen Winterhalter, 13001 W. 79th Street, Lenexa, KS 66215. Info will be ready in April, 1995.

August 5, 1995. **Third Annual Southern Tier Tandem Rally** Elmira, NY. Rides from 17 miles to metric centuries. BBQ and swim following the rides. SASE to Rich Shapiro/Lindy Ellis, 850 W. Clinton St., Elmira, NY 14905. (607)-734-2372 E-Mail: RLtoseat@aol.com

August 6, 1995. **Tandems Only Century/Metric Century.** Elmira, NY. Rolling to moderate terrain, tandem



friendly. BBQ and swim following the rides. SASE to Rich Shapiro/Lindy Ellis, 850 W. Clinton St., Elmira, NY 14905. (607)-734-2372 E-Mail: RLtwoeat@aol.com

August 11-13, 1995. **Eastern Tandem Rally.** Hobart & William Smith Colleges. Come tandem through New York's scenic Finger Lakes. Limited space available. SASE to Chuck & Bonnie Dye, 288 Mulberry Street, Rochester, NY 14620. (716)-473-8041

September 1-4, 1995. **Midwest Tandem Rally,** Indianapolis, IN. The host hotel will be the RADISSON Plaza and Suite Hotel, 8787 Keystone



Crossing, Indianapolis, IN 46240. 1-800-333-3333 for reservations. SASE to Keith Conaway, 2164 Golden Oaks North, Indianapolis, IN 46260. 317-876-9663.

September 22-24, 1995. **17th Southern Tandem Rally.** Asheville, NC. A great weekend of riding in the beautiful mountains of NC. A few rolling hills with great views. Don't like hills? Choose the mostly flat ride along the French Broad River. Preregistration only -- limited space. SASE to Ron & Nancy Johnson, 16 Beaverdam Heights, Canton, NC 28716.



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

CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: 1993 Santana Vision, 18x16. Plum colored Imron. Versatile road/trail wheels, inverted Scott drop-in rear handlebars, auxiliary brake, computers, will box to ship. \$1900. (810)-231-3021 (Michigan) 01/95

FOR SALE: Classic 1964 Rene Hurse Touring Tandem, new white paint. 27x23 frame, Reynolds 531 tubing. Suntour SE brakes w/auxiliary drum brake. New Shimano Deore XT derailleurs/shifters. 18-speeds. Phil Hubs. \$900/OBO. Mike Murphy/Debbie Johnson, (312)-774-9434 (Chicago) 01/95

FOR SALE: 1990 Burley Duet, 20.5x18, w/child stoker kit & Burley D'Lite folding trailer. Everything in nice condition. Bike is light blue w/2500 miles. Components include Arai drum brake, adjustable stoker stem, & water bottle cages. Perfect for the family that wants to start riding together. \$1350 gets it all. Dick & Kathy Denning (419)-586-1125 (OH) 01/95

FOR SALE: 1985 Kuwahara Apollo 62/58. Happily ridden since new by 6'2"/5'8" team. Silver colour, Blackburn racks front and rear, computer, original Suntour XC barcons & derailleurs. 27" wheels w/48 spokes & Phil front hub. Marathon-style frame. \$750US/OBO. Murray Treloar (905)-728-0185 evenings (ON, Canada) 01/95

FOR SALE: 1992 Santana Noventa, 59x53, Columbus Nivachrom. Deep blue Imron. Specialized, Shimano Deore XT, and Dura Ace equipped. 48-spoke wheels w/Arai drum brake included. Excellent condition. One sweet bike at \$2975. David, (205)-233-4851 (AL) 01/95

FOR SALE: Cannondale 25x23, Blue Hyper-Hilite. Deore XT 7-speed w/barcons. 48-spoke wheels w/DT spokes. Cinelli bars/adjustable stoker stem/no pedals. Tandem is TOO BIG for us, we're trading down (in size, that is). First \$2250 makes this tandem yours! Call Barry @ (603)-444-3437 (NH) 01/95

FOR SALE: Ibis Cousin It, 18/16.5. Purple Imron pain, matchin stems, extra long seatposts. Specialized cranks, Suntour XC-Pro rear derailleur, Shimano XT front derailleur, Scott SE Cantis, Aria drum brake. Two sets of wheels (on/off road). All serious offers considered. Eric Vann (708)-668-8231 01/95

FOR SALE: 1992 Santana Rio, 20x18, Shimano Deore DX components, Scott AT-4 bars, adjustable stoker stem. Yakima tandem carrier included. \$1350. Mike Hill (803)-882-5065 (SC) 01/95

FOR SALE: 1992 Trek T100 22x20.5, w/Drop Bars, Shimano Barcons, Shimano derailleurs, Suntour 13-30 f/w, 48-spoke wheels, Sun rims,

Sansin hubs. Adjustable stoker stem. \$850/OBO (319)-277-5117 (IA) 01/95

FOR SALE: Motobecane Interclub, 22x19 Men's/Mixte. Light Blue, Chrome fenders, rack. Upgrade rear, excellent condition, \$750. Doug @ (618)-288-7193 (IL) 01/95

FOR SALE: Santana Classic, marathon-style frame. 22x19. Excellent condition w/Phil hubs & BB's. Drum brake. Many extras. \$1100. Kevin or Judi @ (617)-630-5104 (MA) 01/95

FOR SALE: Jack Taylor Touring tandem, double-diamond. 23x21. Classic TA components. Child conversion available, original paint, including boxed pin-striping. In excellent condition. Mike @ (318)-387-7490 (LA) 01/95

FOR SALE: 1993 Santana Rio, 20x18. Pecos Purple, Shimano Deore XT components, Shimano M525 SPD pedals. Stoker hydrapost. Only 1200 miles. \$1750 Michael Youngfellow (714)-854-5422 (CA) 01/95

FOR SALE: Schwinn DuoSport, 23x21 Men's/Mixte frame, 4130 Chromoly frame & fork. 18-speed indexed shifting, 48-spoke wheels. \$850/OBO (509)-838-9866 (WA) 01/95

FOR SALE: 1992 Santana Arriva, 56x53. Brand NEW! THIS BIKE HAS NEVER BEEN RIDDEN! Shimano components, adjustable stoker stem, computer, WheelSmith 48-spoke



wheels. Shimano 105/Look compatible pedals. Asking \$2295.00 (508)-263-9187 (MA) 01/95

FOR SALE: 1986 Kuwahara, 56x53, Blue Imron, Suntour hubs (48- spoke wheels), Sugino cranks, Suntour Barcons, Shimano derailleurs & cantilevers, Arai drum brake. Asking \$1150/OBO. Matt Kurzrock, (310)-541-1456 or (310)-541-6506 (CA) 01/95

FOR SALE: 1981 Santana Classic, 56x53, Red. Phil Wood BB's & Hubs, 48-spokes. TA cranks -- your choice of 170x170 or 175x170. 7 bottle brazons. Shimano Deore XT Derailleurs/Cantilevers. Arai drum with quick release. \$1550/OBO (310)-541-1456 or (310)-541-6506 (CA) 01/95

FOR SALE: Franklin custom marathon-style frame, 53x50. Phil BB, Chris King H/S. Campy Ergo levers & tandem components, 2 cassettes, Mod 4 40 & 48-spoke wheels w/conti tires. Black Imron/Chrome seat stays, chain stays, fork. Matching rack. No pedals. \$4000.00. (219)-269-3285 (IN) 03/95

FOR SALE: 1991 Burley Bossa Nova, 21-speed, drum brake, 48-spoke wheels. Stoker Hydra-post, two Cateye computers, adjustable stoker stem, rear rack, panniers, backpack, seat wedges, Zefal fenders, gel saddles. \$1300. Rich Shapiro, Elmira, NY (607)-734-2372; E-mail to RLtwoseat@aol.com 03/95

FOR SALE: 1993 Santana Arriva, 59x53. dark Sherwood Green, 48-spoke rear wheel, 2 computers, bottle cages, pump, rear luggage rack, Terry stoker saddle. Excellent condition. \$2500. Call (614)-653-5344. (OH) 03/95

FOR SALE: Santana Arriva, 22x20. Red, one owner tandem. Excellent condition. Barcons, indexed shifting. Updated to XTR derailleurs. Arai drum brake. \$1800 OBO. Call All @ (508)-922-3257 (MA) 03/95

FOR SALE: GT Quattrofoil DX Tandem. Performs well on trails, including single track. Tried and proven on western NC and Moab (UT) trails. Put on slicks or cross tires and enjoy the road. Excellent condition. Asking \$1000. (704)-293-9724. E-mail to CCHANCE@wcu.edu. (NC) 03/95

FOR SALE: 1992 Santana Arriva, 59x53. Purchased new in '93. Blue metallic Imron. Includes Arai drum brake, 4 water bottle cages, Shimano Ultegra barcons, Diacompe stoker rests, SPD pedals, 40- spoke wheels. Meticulously maintained, excellent condition. \$2100 OBO. Ken Gellerman, (517)-426-4027 (WI) 03/95

FOR SALE: 1992 Burley Duet, 24x21. Shimano XT components, 32x13 7-speed freewheel, Arai drum brake, 48-spoke wheels (recently rebuilt). Adjustable stoker stem w/drop bars. New Vetta-gel seats, Specialized Transition K4 tires, tubes, 5 water bottle cages. Many extras. Photos and references available. Asking \$1325. Carson, (701)-223-6143 (ND) 03/95

FOR SALE: Santana Picante Triplet, 24-speed, XTR, road package. Look pedals. 58x56x54. White with less than 500 miles. New cost was \$6000. This can be yours for only \$3900.00. Bill @ 1-800-371-6808 anytime (SD) 03/95

WANTED: Tandem frame, either 700c or 26". Cannot afford too much, but if you have a frame to sell, please call Dan Brown @ (702)-747-1413 between 11 a.m. and 6 p.m., PDT. (Reno, NV) 03/95

WANTED: Used triplet or quad. Components are not important. Darren DeDecker (309)-693-2973 (Peoria, IL) 03/95

FOR SALE: Thule Roof Rack (rain gutter mount) with fairing, set up for 2 singles and 1 tandem. Additional ski mounts for 6 pair skis. Call (614)-653-5344 (OH) 03/95

FOR SALE: Hugi rear hub, 48-hole, 140mm, threaded left side. Shimano cassette compatible, \$250. Shimano XT rear hub, 40-hole, 135mm, 7-speed, \$120. Shimano XT rear hub, 36-hole, 135mm, 7- speed, \$95. 140mm spacing kits for XT hubs, \$25. 45cm Stoker bar, cow-horn style as standard on Fisher Gemini \$22. Specialized crankset, 175/170, 54/44/28 w/42t timing rings, \$210. Topline crankset, 175/170, no rings, \$395. Hpe Disk brake w/thread-on disc, \$295. Call Kevin @ (403)-288-8197 evenings. (AB) 03/95

FOR SALE: Campy Tandem hubs laced to 700c Sun Chinook rims, \$250.

W/freewheel, \$275. W/freewheel & drum brake, \$325. Sansin 40- hole tandem hubs laced in 26" Mavic 261 rims, \$210. W/freewheel, \$235. W/freewheel & drum brake, \$275. Both wheelsets are in excellent condition. Leon @ (409)-690-0861 after 7pm CST (TX) 03/95

WANTED: TA Cyclo-Touriste tandem crankset, Simplex Bar-end shifters, Huret DuoPar rear derailleur, Ideal sprung seats (similar to Brooks B-66), Atom drum brake/parts. Must be in very good condition. Cornel Ormsby, P.O. Box 1867, West Sacramento, CA 95691, (916)-373-0039 01/95

WANTED: I love ride patches. If you have patches you no longer want, please send them to me. I will give them a good home. Judy May, P.O. Box 360127, Cleveland, OH 44136-0003 03/95

WANTED: To hear from tandemists who may wish to join us on our trip -- all or any part -- from Fresno, CA, to Quebec, Canada. Leaving early April, 1995. Total trip is about 3700 miles, and we're planning to rest every 4th day. About 50-55 miles each day we pedal. We're seniors, and this trip is planned for us. We'll motel it all the way. Planned time is 90-100 days. Our route is planned. If anyone's interested, just give us a call. Lue Christian, (209)-226-1801 (CA) 03/95

HELP OFFERED: Touring England in 1994? Let us make a good trip into a great holiday! We offer help and advice on routes, accommodations, bikes by rail, and a great welcome! We're the touring directors for the Tandem Club (of the UK). Chris & Jenny Davison, Penny-Farthing, 124 Kings Road West, Swanage, Dorset, BH19 1HS England

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

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



TCA DEALER MEMBERS

Tandem Dealers

Williamson Bicycle Works We know tandems! Featuring quality tandems from Ibis, Cannondale, Miyata, Rodriguez, and others. Expert sales, service, & wheel building by a tandem riding staff. 1201 Williamson St., Madison, WI (608)-255-5292 01/95 (6344)

SOUTHAMPTON BICYCLE CENTER

Tandems by Rodriguez & Ironhorse. Tandem canoes by Wenonah. Inexpensive trailers, Thule racks, wheel building, advice. Owners tour and race on tandems. 122 Brickyard Rd, Southampton, MA 01073. Ph: (413)-527-9784. 01/95 (5482)

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WHEELWORKS: the New England source for tandems. Burley, Cannondale, Ibis, Santana, Trek, more. Test rides by appointment, bike fitting, wheel building, parts, service. 480 Trapelo Road, Belmont, MA 02178 (617)-489-3377 v. (617)-489-5807 f. 01/95 (11184)

Ambridge Bike Shop One of Western PA's largest full-service shops. We carry Burley, Trek and Santana tandems with a full selection of accessories, clothing, and shoes. 518 Merchant St., Ambridge, PA 15003 (412)-266-1111 01/95 (11182)

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Richardson Bike Mart. Come test ride the 1995 Santanas, Treks, and Burleys at the home of high tech bikes and old-fashioned service in Richardson, TX (214)-231-3993 01/95 (1847)

Tandem Matchmakers Touring, Racing, Family, Mountain, Track - New, Used - over 50 Tandems, Triplets, Quad. Rentals. Long Tests, One-day Service. Wheels, Brazing. Odd Parts shipped worldwide. Mt. Airy Bicycles. (301)-831-5151 (MD) 01/95 (10987)

TANDEMS EAST Demonstration rides by appointment. Sales, Service, Parts, Child Adapters & Wheel Building. Burley-Rodriguez-Sterling-Cannondale. Free '94 catalog. Fax: (609)-453-8626, RR#8, Box 319E Gwynwood Drive, Bridgeton, NJ 08302. Ph: (609)-451-5104. 03/95 (5072)

BICYCLE WORLD, YOUR TANDEM CONNECTION. Tandems in stock. Bike fit and service our specialty. Wheel building, frame refinishing, repair. Probikefit Dealer. 747 South Broad Street, Lititz, PA 17543. (717)-626-0650 05/95

FREE CATALOG! Expertly-built tandem wheels; reliable shipping; expert advice; Totally Tandems, Inc., the complete tandem supply company. 1-800-255-0576. TOTALLY TANDEMS, INC., P.O. Box 702, Ames, IA 50010-0702. FREE CATALOG! 05/95 (11324)

TANDEMS, LIMITED. Stocking America's finest tandems/parts. Call to discuss wheels, kidbacks, upgrades or tour support. Edco/IGP Hydraulic Brakes available NOW. Test rides by appointment. 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430. Ph: (205)-991-5519 v/(205)-991-7766 f 09/95 (431)

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Trek 200 (Deore XT, Look) \$1399 (Retail \$2500); Trek 100 (Deore LX-XT) \$1099 (Retail \$2000). Santana, Cannondale. Steve & Vicki Bent - active tandemists since 1977. Lakeland, FL (813) 688-3013. 11/95 (585)

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Discover Custom Tandem Clothing. Factory Direct. Printed with your Team Name. Men's or Aerotech Women's Proshorts \$29.95. Jerseys \$34.95. XS - XXXL. Other custom Available. **Schnaubelt Shorts**, 1128 Fourth Avenue, Coraopolis, PA 15108. 1-800-783-8326. 01/95 (11185)

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SPORTEA, all-natural, high performance beverage that climbed Mt. Everest! Contains ginseng, electrolytes, vitamin C. No calories, sugar, sodium. Send \$2.00 for samples. **PVS for Fitness**, 676A Front St. Hempstead, NY 11550 09/95 (11351)

BYCUE: Cue Sheet holder. Easily clips on & off handlebar. \$8.95. Tie-Dyed



Rainbow Swirl short sleeve tee. 3 rear pockets. 100% pre-shrunk cotton. \$23.00. S-M-L-XL-XXL. Visa/MC (800)-522-2640 or BYCUE, Box 14152, Silver Spring, MD 20911-4152 (09/95)

Bicycle Boutique presents cycling jewelry gifts collectables 14K- Gold tandem charm \$49.95. Tandem models red, black, blue \$24.95. Send SASE for brochure; B.B. 5901 Warner Ave #421, Huntington Beach, CA 92649. (714) 533-5392 11/95 (3715)

Two for the Road Tandem Touring - All-inclusive weekend and weeklong tours in North Carolina, Virginia, and Florida. Santana Rentals. Deluxe accommodations. Van supported. Call 1-800-2BIKE42 for 1995 catalog. 11/95 (6592)

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Become a TCA Dealer Member! A \$45.00 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.



TCA Merchandise Order Form

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

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

T-Shirts: Child: Small (6-8) _____ Medium (10-12) _____
Adult: Small _____ Medium _____ Large _____ X-Large _____

Total Qty: _____ X \$8.50 _____

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

Total Enclosed: _____

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

Ship To:

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





Dues

United States \$15.00/yr Canada \$20.00/yr
Other International \$25.00/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? _____

WHAT
IS *the*
T C A ?



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. If you want to join with other tandem enthusiasts throughout the world, just fill out the attached membership application form, and

 you will soon be receiving your own copy of Doubletalk in your mailbox! 