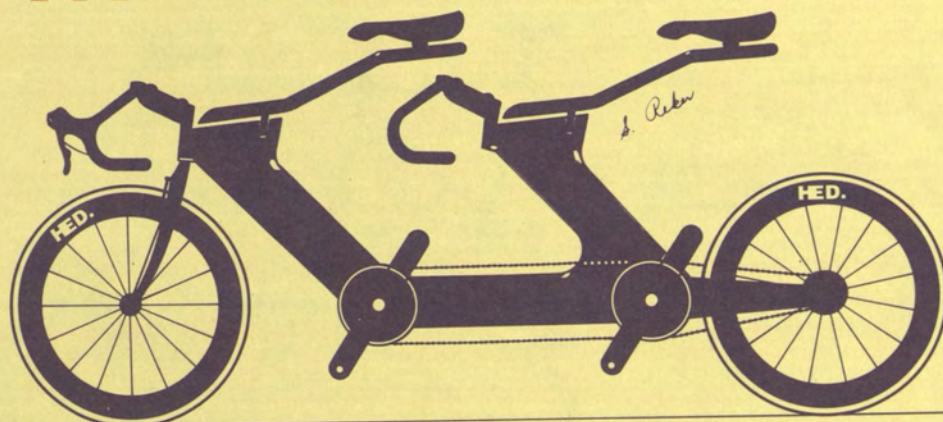


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"AN INTERNATIONAL CLUB FOR TANDEM ENTHUSIASTS"

DOUBLETALK



MARCH-APRIL
1995

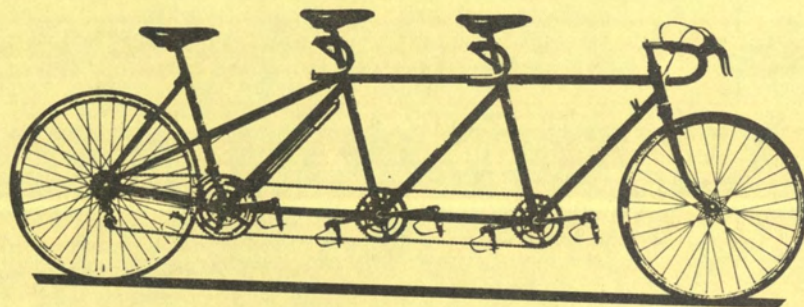
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the newsletter of the Tandem Club of America
Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors
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DOUBLETALK

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DEADLINE FOR THE MAY-JUNE, 1995 ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS APRIL 1, 1995

FROM THE EDITORS

We finally found an excuse for the typos in DoubleTalk. It was really quite simple, one we didn't even think about. We have a Pentium! Need we say more? It's obvious to us that, in addition to not being accurate in dividing very large numbers, it's also not very accurate in checking the spelling! Why didn't we catch this sooner? Now you know the real reason for the misspelled words that sneak in from time to time. It wasn't us, it was our computer!

We're trying something new this issue. We've received so many great articles on touring in England that we've decided to devote a large part of this issue to touring in the British Isles. From one tour alone -- Chris & Jenny Davison's Tour last fall -- we received 5 articles. Considering there were only 7 tandem teams, that has to be a new record. Then there are other articles from other tours, too, that we've had in our files for awhile. This "English Edition" will probably be the only issue we'll devote to a single country for the year, and we most likely will not be able to run any other articles about touring in England until 1996! We hope you understand and agree with our decision.

In March we welcome a new team to the Membership Managers' post (or is it posts?). Bruce and Judi Bachelder of Morganton, NC, are taking over the job of membership management from Malcolm Boyd and Judy Allison.

Malcolm and Judy have been on the masthead for so long that we'll be wondering if we're in the right magazine if we don't see their names each issue. Malcolm and Judy were the original members of the Tandem Club of America, and they've held every position on the masthead (okay, they haven't been regional reps in all of the areas, but that's only because they really haven't lived in all the different parts of the country), many of these positions simultaneously. Malcolm and Judy, on behalf of the entire Tandem Club of America -- THANK YOU!

Take a well-earned rest, and we'll look forward to an article or a letter from time to time, just to let us know how things are, or how they should be.

Is your membership about to expire? Last month we mailed out the annual membership directory to each member on the rolls as of January 1. Take a moment to look through it and see who's not there, then make a copy of the new membership brochure in the center of this issue and give it to them. Then look at the label on the front of your issue. The top line tells you how many more issues that you have remaining in your membership. Use the other copy of the membership brochure and send in your renewal to our new membership mavens -- Bruce & Judi Bachelder. Take a moment and introduce yourselves to these neat people. They're excited about having the opportunity to give a little back to the TCA by helping process your renewals. They welcome your comments and feedback (as do we).

We're taking a one-week tour the end of April, biking from Wichita, KS, down to the original Southwest Tandem Rally at Lake Murray, OK. (See the short note elsewhere -- we're still welcoming others who'd care to join us). This may cause a slight shift in the printing schedule for the May-June issue of D-T. We're not sure we'll be able to put D-T into the mail before we leave, but if we can, we'll be closing the membership rolls early in April. Make sure you don't let your memberships expire!

It's time to close this editorial again. Take care, and we look forward to seeing you on the road in '95!



Dear DoubleTalk,

The Jan/Feb '95 article CANDISC '94 OUR DREAM BICYCLE TOUR was a good sell job on me, but there was no information about who or where to call for registration information for the 95 tour. Do you have any leads?

Doug McCance
7 Rushmore Dr
Glen Carbon, IL 62034-1340

ed. By now you should have discovered one of the additional TCA benefits - your annual membership issue. This makes it possible to locate your friends in the tandem community. You can find Max and Tomi Blackburn listed in Missouri.

Dear DoubleTalk,

My wife, Cindy, and I have been avid tandem riders and DoubleTalk readers for several years now. Before tandem togetherness, my wife was an occasional recreational rider whereas I have been a fairly serious cyclist for many years. As a result of



our different riding interests and abilities, it was difficult for her to enjoy cycling at the same pace as myself. Riding the tandem has enabled us to greater enjoy the sport together.

During the past several years, I have noticed an increase in letters in DoubleTalk concerning technical issues. As the product design engineer for Wheels Manufacturing, I also receive several calls per week from bicycle shop personnel concerning tandem problems and potential solutions.



Wheel-related technical problems have always been a major headache for many tandem owners. The two major problems I receive calls on are "spoke breakage" and "axle breakage". My wife, me, and our tandem weigh in at a hefty 450 lbs, but I can say we have never bent an axle or broken a spoke. Our tandem is a custom Co- Motion with 36-hole, 26" rims. We ride several long off-road rides per year that definitely test my wheel setup! My first suggestion is to buy the best quality hubs and rims you can afford and have them maintained regularly. Use DT or Wheelsmith 14-gauge spokes in a cross 3 pattern (36-hole rims). Check around in your area for a really good wheel builder and make sure s/he knows that you ride a tandem and really need the job done right! I have been building wheels for 15 years and know that the difference between wheels built by a novice and wheels built by a "master" can be significant. Plan on taking the wheel sets back to the builder once or twice in the first several hundred miles you ride (if you are not comfortable tuning up your own wheels). Spokes will loosen on the first few rides and the wheel will lose its proper tension. Also, over time, spokes loose their ability to "spring back" and they become very brittle. This is the point when most spoke breakage starts to occur. I rebuild my tandem wheels every other season to avoid this problem.

Before buying tandem hubs, make sure the rear hub can be built "dishless". When building rear wheels, most rear hubs (on single bikes) require shorter spokes on the left side than on the right



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(gear) side. As a result, the angle of the left spokes, from hub to rim, is different than the angle of the right spokes, from the hub to rim. This difference is the "dish" of the wheel and it causes loads to transfer from rim to hub in an uneven fashion, further compounding the loading problems already inherent in the tandem rear end. I find that both the Phil Wood and the Hugi tandem hubs work fairly well. Serious riders should stay away from the cheaper hubs. I receive at least one call per week looking for an axle for Suzue tandem hubs. Replacement axles are extremely rare in the US.

When shopping for rims, keep in mind that availability is limited on more than 36 holes. Most companies make at least one rime with 40 holes in both 700c and 26" sizes. However, some of these rims are hard to find. One of the reasons for the increase in ATB tandems, with 26" wheels, is rim strength. Availability of good quality rims in this size are fairly abundant (in 36 holes), and many of the rims are strong enough to ride on tandems, even in the 36-hole configuration. For tandems with 700c wheels, 40 or 48 holes are usually recommended. Sun Metal is one manufacturer that makes several good rims with



The only way to get married!
Dave & Cindy Batka

40 and 48-holes. In any event, when you find a set of rims that work well for you, order a spare to have in case you have a hard time finding the same rim when you do have rim and spoke problems. Even better is to have an extra set of wheels so that you do

not lose days on the road because of wheel failures.

A couple of issues back, a couple was requesting information on indoor training aids. When I was the Interbike industry trade show this past September, I had the chance to meet a tandem couple training for the 1995 RAAM. At the time they were riding an Al Kreidler roller setup in his booth. They liked the setup and were riding tons of miles on it. I have not seen any other rollers or trainers that would work as well as this setup for indoor tandem training.

I will continue to keep working on finding solutions so that we all can enjoy this growing sport a little more!

Dave Batka
Wheels Manufacturing
Boulder, CO

Dear DoubleTalk,

Thank you for the article "Northern Expokesure" in the last DoubleTalk. A trip across Canada has been one of my favorite daydreams. That article makes it much easier, now, to see the trip in my mind's eye.

Enviously,
Wally Retan
Birmingham, AL

Dear DoubleTalk,

Santana is doing it again! Over 12,000 tandemists were polled in Santana's latest newsletter on where they want to attend a rally. The results are in. The top 2 responses were the California Wine Country and anywhere in Colorado. So, we've planned two more rallies this year in those two areas. Like all Santana rallies, Santana ownership is not a requirement. These events are open to all tandem riders. See the TCA Calendar for the dates of these exciting events.

Roger Haga
La Verne, CA

Dear DoubleTalk,

The Midsummer Tandem Rally III scheduled for July 14-16, 1995 in Atchinson, KS has been canceled.



Karen Winterhalter, the organizer of the rally, was injured in a bicycle accident on December 13, 1994. While riding here single bike she was hit by a pickup truck which ran a stop sign. Although she was wearing a Bell helmet, she suffered a head injury. She is currently recovering and hopefully will be fully recovered in the next few months. The rally has been canceled because deposits are due and she has been unable to do the preliminary planning work for it which she usually does over the winter.

Karen Winterhalter
13001 W 79th St
Lenexa, KS 66215

Dear DoubleTalk,

We wish to thank Annette and Colin Gough and Gary and Debbie Stowe for all their efforts in helping us with out 5th BART Tandem Rally held in Monterey, CA. Our congratulations go out to the Dumm's of Santa Rosa who won the Best Costume Award as Tweedle Lee Dee and Tweedle Lee Dum. Also, congratulations tot he BARTIFACTS Award Winners, the Randall Family of Redding, the three sons and Mom and Dad, had the best story of the day.

Our 6th Fall Tandem Rally will be held in Redding in early October. Watch for details in your DoubleTalk. We expect this to be our best rally ever. Don't miss it.

Bob & Terri Gorman
Bay Area Roaming Tandems

Dear DoubleTalk,

This is a progress report on our new friends, Phil & Louise Shambrook, members of the Tandem Club U.K. on their 25,000 mile around the world journey.

They arrived in the U.S. in early January on board the QE II after a problem filled Atlantic crossing and were finally deposited in Ft Lauderdale, FL. Phil, Louse, and their custom tandem named Thomas II, arrived at our home in Crystal River on January 15 for a few days of cycling in Citrus County before continuing their journey onward across the U.S.

Their westward American journey will conclude in California after traveling to Vancouver, BC. They will then cross the Pacific to continue their world travels.

Charlie & Mary Wade
Crystal River, FL

Dear Doubletalk,

TOIS has plans for your next Labor Day Weekend, September 1-4, 1995! MTR '95 is "Back Home Again in Indiana," celebrating the fact that the first Midwest Tandem Rally was held 20 years ago in Kokomo, IN. Midwest Tandem Rally '95 will be held in Indianapolis, IN.

LOTS TO DO: Highlights of the weekend will include a 20th anniversary celebration, riding on Major Taylor Velodrome, FREE Ice Cream Social, rides on all four days with FREE food along the way, top entertainment at the banquet under the "Big Top", workshops, vendors, door prizes, and a large choice of activities for all ages. Don't forget to dress up in your best costumes for the club costume contest! Winners will be announced at the Sunday Night Banquet.

COSTS GO DOWN: There has been a price reduction for several of the meals including the banquet.

HOTEL SPACE LIMITED - MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW: Space is already filled at the Radisson Plaza and Suite Hotel, and nearing capacity at AmeriSuites, but there are other hotels nearby. Indianapolis has several major events this same weekend including the National Drag Races and hotels will fill up early. Make your reservations as soon as possible. The application for MTR '95 includes a listing of hotels within a 10 mile radius of the Radisson.

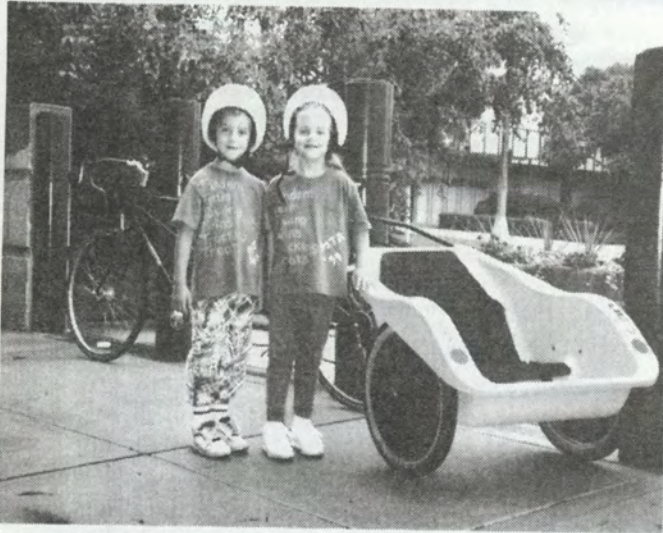
WE INVITE YOU TO INDIANAPOLIS: TOIS is looking forward to extending Hoosier Hospitality to tandemists from near and far. Be a part of this special event and register for MTR '95 today! See the TCA Calendar for the addresses.. Don't delay, registration deadline is July 15, 1995!

We'll see you in September!

TOIS (Tandems of Indiana Society)
P.S. If you don't know what a "Hoosier" is or how to pronounce it, come to MTR '95 and find out!



MIDWEST TANDEM RALLY '94



Jenny & Danny Sullivan enjoy MTR '94

Twas the night before the rally
And all through the streets
Not a biker was pedaling
Nor were kids tracking treats

The tandems were ready
all cleaned, greased and true
The tires were inflated
The innertubes new.

The kids in their jammies
all snug in their beds
Had visions of cookies
Dancing in their heads.

The bikers were sleeping
For one last long rest
So they would be ready
For tomorrow's great fest.

And then the alarms rang
The bikers arose
They started to dress
From their head to their toes.

They put on their spandex
Their jackets and cleats

Then they headed downstairs
To check out the eats.

The breakfast was waiting As were friends new
and old

What's happened since last year?

The stories were told!

Then off to the arena

The bikers did walk

And anxious excitement

Could be heard in their talk.

Each pair grabbed a tandem

Two helmets, a pump

Filled up their waterbottles

Then on their bikes they did jump.

The group was assembled

Ride choices mapped out

Then off went the tandem teams

On their favorite route.

There were Cannondale, Trek

There were Burley, Santana

There were Nashbar, Rodriguez

There were Schwinn and Miyata.

The routes were hilly

The wind it did blow

But that's all part of touring

As bikers well know.

A newlywed couple

Was riding that day

A honeymoon could be spent

In no better way.

The children were numerous

Both stokers and towed

All had a great time

And glad their parents rode.

Lunch stops and rest stops

Provide a great break

To refuel the body

These stops one must take.

The weather was dreary

The following day



But a few little raindrops
Won't keep bikers at bay.

Yet some choose a movie
Or hung out at the mall
Whatever they did
They all had a ball.

Then on Sunday evening
A banquet was thrown
And by looking around
You see how tandeming has grown.

The food was quite tasteful
The entertainment a delight
And the talk at the tables
Could have lasted all night.

The weekend was over
But tandeming is alive
We'll see you all in Indy Labor Day of '95!!!
Mary Sullivan
Canton, MI

THANK-YOU ETR

The tandem Club of America wishes to offer a BIG THANK YOU to the Eastern Tandem Rally group. 1994 ETR was a big success and the committee was willing to make a donation to TCA with proceeds. Donations like this help keep the newsletter affordable for everyone.

We know all the attendees would like to share in our thanks to Ted & Karen Ellis for all the hard work they put into ETR94.

An American Tandem in Queen Elizabeth's Court

After what seemed like months of intense thought, planning and preparation, May 10th had arrived and we were onboard a United Airlines 747, bound for Heathrow International Airport. The view must have been spectacular... but just about every window on that old bird had condensation on the inside of the glass. We had to be content knowing that there was some interesting scenery below us as we made our final approach toward British soil.

We had contacted the Tandem Club of the U.K. almost six months prior to our trip, and had signed up for a year's membership. After sending a letter to the Tandem Club Journal, stating that we were planning to invade their country and tandem around for a couple of weeks, we received several letters offering advice on what each author considered to be the choice cycling places in their country, and also several offers of places to stay for the night. Between this, and knowing that Bed and Breakfasts were inexpensive and readily

available, we left our tent and cookware at home taking just our sleeping bag with us in the event that we stayed with someone who only had floor space available. We could have just as easily left the sleeping bag at home, too; we never used it.

Since this was an international flight, the tandem was included as one of the two pieces of baggage allotted to each person. We had the tandem boxed up in a bicycle box provided by United Airlines (at the price of \$10.00), the wheels in a padded wheel bag, a rather large canvas bag that contained all four of our panniers (all pre-packed, of course) and the sleeping bag. We had hoped that the bicycle box would be in decent condition upon its arrival at Heathrow, as the story concerning bicycle box availability at United's Heathrow desk was uncertain. We had heard that a box would be available there, or that one could be ordered and would be waiting for us when the time for our departure arrived. We had also been told by an



international reservations clerk that bike boxes were not available at Heathrow. We figured we'd find out for sure once we got there.

Boxes were available, and it was a good thing that they were!

Our box arrived looking like the neighborhood kids had been playing in it for a week. This box was not in condition to be reused. During transit, the front timing ring had been bent and the chain rings were sticking out of the bottom of the box. The box itself looked like it had been dragged instead of carried; the end result was that the teeth on the exposed part of the large chaining had been totally ground off.

United Airline's representatives were very sympathetic and helpful about this, and took a damage claim immediately. They also provided us with a new bicycle box on the spot! Which answered the uncertain question about box availability. (They didn't charge us for the box either, stating that the other box would have been reusable if they hadn't damaged it!)

Country lanes are pleasant to ride on in that there is very little motor traffic present. They are usually paved, but often only wide enough for one car to drive on at a time. When two cars meet, they often have to gingerly move around each other; we never really found ourselves worrying about traffic overtaking us as the motorists there seem to have a lot more respect for cyclists than they do in our part of America. Many times we would be riding on a road with a car waiting patiently behind us until the other lane was clear so they could pass us. Another cute British passing trick was to simply move over and go by us, and if there was oncoming traffic that car would also move over in his lane to allow room for the motorist overtaking us. I'd like to see that happen in our area!

The down side of country lanes is that they often seem to be of a steeper gradient when it comes to hills. The "A" roads and most of the "B" roads we cycled had fairly tame grades, but some of the country lanes seem to go straight up and then straight down the hills. We've made climbs of much more altitude here in America, but we weren't prepared at all for some of the "little" hills in England. We died on several of them!

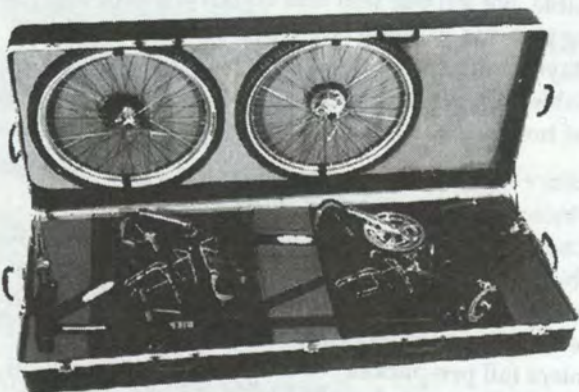
From Swanage we pedaled toward the city of Bristol, following a route that Chris Davison mapped out for us that mainly kept us on the lanes. Bristol was almost 100 miles away, so we made this leg of our journey in two days. (We had planned to take things slow, and not try to ride for mileage but rather for enjoyment. We were on vacation, not in the Tour de France.)

Our first lunch on the road came in the town of Bere Regis, where we both began our addiction for "lemonade". This is not what the American's would consider to be proper lemonade, but rather a carbonated soft drink that is lemon (not lemon-lime) flavored. The closest comparison that we might make would be ginger-ale.

The countryside was gorgeous, mostly rolling hills and farmland, but we did find a couple of hills that were just too much for us, and we temporarily became pedestrians. Our original destination was the village of Shaftesbury, but when we saw the area from a distance we decided to continue on to the next village. Shaftesbury was high on a hill, whereas Gillingham was just to the northwest and, from our vantage point, one with a nice view. As a result of



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one of our pedestrian sessions, we could see that the ride to Gillingham would be level.

The town of Gillingham was pleasant enough, with the conveniences of a larger town and still small enough to be, shall we say, charming. We stayed at a Bed and Breakfast run by an older couple, and stayed up much too late enjoying conversation with them.

The next morning we procrastinated about leaving the B&B (this wasn't the first time, nor would it be the last). It was rather humid that morning... okay, let's be honest; it was raining. The rain let up shortly before noon and we finally got underway. Not a smart plan for making good mileage, but at least we were dry! We rode mostly on the "B" roads this particular day. Many of the roads in England are designated by letters and numbers. The M4 is a motor way, and bicycles aren't allowed on it. The A362 is the next lower notch in the highway system, and the traffic is usually pretty heavy. The B3110 is lesser traveled than an "A" road, but much more in use than a country lane. Another clue someone gave us is that the fewer the numbers in a road (A36 versus A362) the lighter the traffic. We're not sure just how valid that observation was! Another pub lunch today, needed more for warming up than for food. We had run into a slight drizzle, which proved to be more annoying than soaking but a few of the climbs had left us sweaty and cold. The weather was cool and overcast most of the time we were in England; the day of our arrival was fairly warm, but it all seemed to go downhill from there, meteorologically speaking. There were a few fair weather days but they always occurred when we were on a train, or after we had given up cycling and had switched to "tourist mode" for the last few days of our trip.

As we neared the city of Bath, our road dropped us into a deep valley, and while the scenery was definitely postcard material, we knew we were in trouble -- the pessimistic adage of "what coasts down must climb up" came into play. The road was heavily traveled, there was no room to spare in our lane for the occasional weave, the grade was steep and we were cowardly as well. Yet another long steep climb that we walked.

The road into Bath was a long descent, but without the worry of a climb attached to it. Once in Bath, we were supposed to ask around for directions



to a cycle track that was built on an old railway bed that ran all the way into Bristol. Our first clue was to find a shopping area down by the river, and the track was supposed to be nearby. While at the shops, which were built in the former railway station, I phoned our host-to-be for the evening. Graham Syrett answered and assured us that once we were in Bristol he'd give us detailed instruction in how to find his home. Bristol is a large city, much of which is built on hilly ground, and the way British streets are often laid out seem to follow no logical order (in our minds, at least) and Bristol was certainly no exception!

While standing on a street corner looking stupid and lost, a woman on a bicycle stopped and asked if we needed help. (This happened quite a bit when we were stationary on the bike.) We told her we were trying to find the cycle track to Bristol, and she replied that we should ride with her as she was going all the way to the end of the track. As we rode, she talked about the attitudes of Britons toward cyclists and wanted to know if Americans rode much, and she also talked with great anticipation



about a cycle tour in Spain she was going on in just a couple weeks time.

Halfway into Bristol we heard some crazy guy yelling "Bridge, bridge!" Both of us looked around to see this man running along the path behind us, continuing to yell, "Bridge, bridge!" We finally stopped for a moment, to see if there was some cryptic message he was trying to convey. He caught up with us, out of breath, and said "Rich?" We then realized that an out-of-breath British accent could indeed sound like "bridge" instead of "Rich". Meet Graham Syrett, about eight miles earlier than anticipated.

After we had called, he borrowed a friend's lorry (truck) and thought he'd intercept us at a certain point on the cycle track, in case we were tired and wanted to quit riding. Heavier traffic had delayed him, and we had just passed the area right before he arrived. He asked some people at the car park by the path if they had seen a tandem go by, and they pointed down the track toward a tandem riding off in the distance, which was like the starter's gun for Graham's sprint.

We opted to continue to ride into Bristol although our riding companion was now out of sight. I had wanted to at least thank her for her help and conversation, and ad hoped she would realize that we hadn't dumped her purposely. We started riding down the track and soon met up with her; she had finally realized we were no longer behind her and had turned around to see if we had encountered trouble. We all had a good laugh about Graham -- it seems that she also thought this man was yelling about a bridge!

Once in Bristol, Graham was nowhere to be found. Our lady cyclist/savior said she was traveling very close to the Cotham section and would take us to the area. We snaked through car parks, alleys, bike lanes and city streets in such a way that I would never have been able to retrace my path, but we did end up at our destination. She pointed us up a hill, and said that the area we wanted was up at the top. Once there we needed to ask someone to point us toward the street the Syrett's lived on. We found some girls walking down one of the streets at the top, and they pointed us in the direction we needed to go. About three blocks later we were at our destination.

After spending a day walking through Bristol and then doing the same in Bath, we finally hit the road again (once we waited out yet another rain). Our destination was the village of Saul, about 30 miles away. We didn't get underway until 1:00PM, partly due to actually sleeping in that morning and also from waiting for the heavy mist to quit falling. The standard line we kept hearing from everyone we stayed with was, "The weather is usually much better this time of year; last year at this time it was hot!" Well, so we picked an off year for the weather. That's England for you!

Saul was located on one of the country lanes; all we had to do was find it. Our hosts for the evening said they would be riding out to meet us part way, as the ride might be difficult for someone who didn't know the way. As it was Rich missed a turn somewhere along the way and instead of riding the lanes we wound up back on the A38 from Bristol to Gloucester. This was probably easier in the long run, and we turned off at the next available road to Berkeley, the village in which we were to meet them. As we pedaled into Berkeley a tandem rode toward us and met our hosts for the evening, Nicholas and Irene Johnson.

They were indeed a Godsend; the route back to their village was one that only a resident would know. We would have been lost forever unless we had gone back to the A38 and followed it until it's nearest point to Saul. But we would have missed out on some fabulous riding along the way. Part of the ride was along a canal track -- a path alongside of a canal that was once used to tow barges toward Gloucester. More of a dirt single track than anything else, it was along this narrow path that the rain started to fall. We made it back to their home before the weather really hit, as the wind blew briskly most of the night and the rain didn't let up until the morning.

Nicholas and Irene rode with us into Gloucester to show us where the train station was. Along the way we noticed a few American institutions: McDonald's, Burger King, a Circle K convenience store and Toys-R-Us. Later in London we would also find a Wendy's and Kentucky Fried Chicken. England gave my parents' generation the Beatles (which they loathed); were these American chains their revenge?



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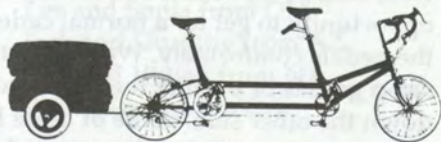
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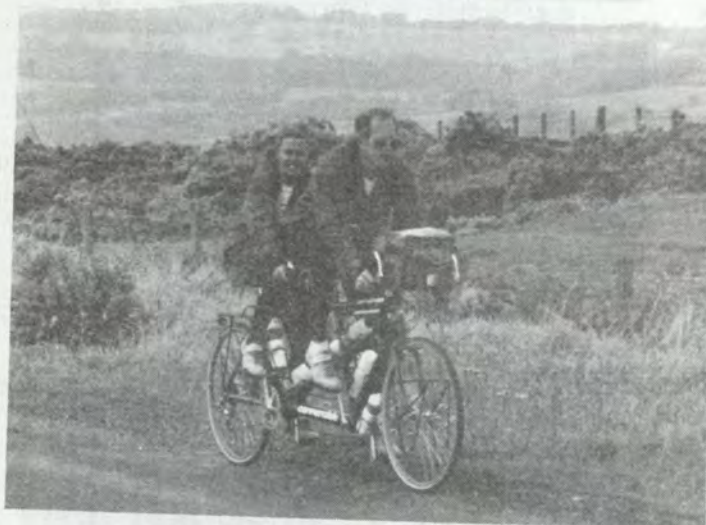
In praise of Bike Two'sDay

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



At the British Rail station, we were informed that tandems were not allowed on the trains. We had been told differently through letters and article's in the Tandem Club Journal (the British club's newsletter), and Nicholas had a letter stating recent acceptance policy of tandems on British Rail... which was unfortunately back at his house. He and Irene disappeared for a few minutes as we sat in wonder; would we be barred from the train? Would we have to ride back toward London, rather than mix bike travel with train travel? Is this the reason it's starting to rain again?



About ten minutes later the Johnson's reappeared. They had called Euston station in London, and complained about the lack of knowledge the station workers had concerning tandem policy; the British Rail office said they would call the Gloucester station and update them. They did. But the workers on the train knew what the policy was, despite the ignorance of the ticket counter, and we put the tandem in the guard van without any problem. A guard van is simply what we would call a baggage car, with an employee (the guard) who rides in the car to insure the security of items placed there.

The rest of our day was spent traveling via rail through some changing scenes in central England. Farming districts gave way to more industrial areas, which in turn gave way to the farmland again. As we arrived in Durham, located in the northeast of

England, we noticed two things. There were hills everywhere and it was starting to rain. Again.

We couldn't reach our hosts for the evening so instead found a Bed and Breakfast that had vacancies and pedaled off in the direction of Witton Gilbert, the village the B&B was located in. We had our rain gear on for this short ride as the rain this evening was more than just an annoyance. About a block from the B&B was a local pub, where Rich ate two dinners and Valerie had several cups of coffee. One thing about England is that you very rarely find a place that offers refills on coffee, unlike most American eateries. From a nearby phone Rich was able to contact Paul Harrison, and he and Janet Streeter met us at the pub and provided us with a map that showed how to get to their house.

The following morning we rode out and parked the bicycle for the day, taking a bus into old Durham to visit the castle and cathedral there. The castle was closed on this particular day (we sure had a way of picking 'em), but the cathedral, which was celebrating its 900th year, was open. The building was huge, and it prompted us to wonder why, when the population was so much less all those years ago, did they make the cathedral so big? Planning ahead for growth and development?

That evening we all ate in the Black Horse pub, which was out in what we'd call the middle of nowhere. Just a few houses around it and then the pub itself. Typical village, or so it seemed. This day celebrated Rich's 5th year of sobriety, and he pigged down a 26 ounce T-Bone steak, cooked to "raw perfection". Beef is rather expensive, so this was a treat. The next day our dinners were worked off when Paul attempted to kill the American invaders by taking them on a bike ride through the local area.

We only put on 28 miles that day. It sounds disgraceful, but we were glad to stop riding. There were hills everywhere, and hardly ever the opportunity to get up a normal cadence and just spin the pedals comfortably. We were either climbing steep grades or putting the brakes to the test going down the other side. Some of these hills had a 20% gradient sign posted! We muttered, we whined and we were whipped by these monsters! I think Paul secretly enjoyed our agony, but later in the evening he said that he and Janet had difficulty riding the hills when they first moved to Durham from down south in the "flatlands". In southern Idaho "flatland"



is the order of the day, with occasional hills (and even mountains) with less severe inclines. What an experience... what a humbling experience!

[It is at this point the TCA editors must make an apology to Rich and Valerie. Due to space limitations we had to cut their manuscript. The manuscript goes on to share many other wonderful touring experiences, and tells of their other addiction, roller coaster riding, and yes, Great Britain has some good ones. So if you're interested in hearing more, either contact Rich and Valerie, or the editors and we'll gladly send on the complete manuscript]

What we've learned from this trip is simple, really. Two and a half weeks is not enough time to

cycle in England, unless you concentrate on a specific region. We stayed at each of our anticipated stops longer than we had planned, but never with regret; there was always more to see and do than we had time for. I don't know if we'd ever consider cycle touring abroad again; there's plenty of places in our own country that we've never seen that are waiting for our arrival. But the riding that we did in England certainly will always be in our memory as one of the finest periods in time that we have shared in our life together.

Richard & Valerie McKay
Meridian, ID

TOURING THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE WITH THE TANDEM CLUB OF THE UK

[Editors' Note: Last September Chris & Jenny Davison, hospitality directors for the Tandem Club -- the English branch, that is -- hosted a tandem tour of Southwest England. This tour, attended by seven tandem teams from the United States, must have been really terrific, better even than the articles indicated. We received five articles from this one tour, and two of the teams sent "real time" reports via Compuserve while they were touring England! This report is a compilation/condensation from the articles we received.]

The participants:

Rich and Ina from GA
Lonnie and Caroline from AZ
Dave and Nancy from CT
Lee and Sonia from OH
Jack and Dorothy from AZ
Phil and Vivian from NY
Bob & Terry from CA

LOOK RIGHT -- LOOK LEFT! This admonition was our introduction to cycling in England with the Tandem Club of the UK. It was especially applicable to those of us who are in the "Springtime of our Senility".

Right turns were the most difficult thing for me to adjust to. I would promptly head for the right hand lane -- which is the wrong lane -- thus giving my sweet stoker the opportunity to use her hat pin to get me back in the left lane which is the right lane. Outside of this minor difficulty, cycling in England is a wonderful experience. English motorists are very polite, compared to Americans. We rarely heard a horn. Even truck drivers would follow us until there was room to pass. What I would give to have a picturesque country lane, complete with "horse biscuits", stone walls or hedges, and only a few cars to ride along. Of course, I like our Arizona sunshine better than the liquid variety found in England.

--Jack & Dorothy Beiler

Our tour of southern England was one of the finest cycle touring trips we have completed. Foremost in my mind: I didn't have to try to learn a different language, i.e., German, French, Italian... I didn't have to worry about mixing up my der's, die's, das's, le's and la's. I told Bob, "This is great. We all speak the same language." Bob's reply, "Just start talking and they'll know you are an American." I thought for a moment. Is he trying to say Americans talk too much? After six



weeks in England, I am now telling my friends to just "ring" me up, and "cheerio" is now in my vocabulary. Yes, we had a great time.

-- Bob & Terri Gorman

For us the trip probably started in late 1993 when I read a letter in DoubleTalk, from Chris and Jenny Davison, about their 1994 tour through southwest England. I jumped on the Internet and sent out a query, asking if anyone was going. I got two responses. Considering only seven couples were on this tour, that was an excellent response. After many letters and phone conversations, we found ourselves in Horley, England, early in September, 1994, ready to begin our adventure.

-- Rich and Ina Wolf

We arrived in London three days before the tour was to officially begin. After storing our bike's box in a home near Horley, where the official tour was to start, Bob & I left for a mini "pretour" to Rye, a small cobble-stoned town on the coast 100 miles away. The first day we reached Lingfield, only 25 miles from Horley. After being directed to an Inn that was

closed, we finally found rooms in a small pub. The next day we pedaled on to Rye, 75 miles away. The weather was perfect, and the sun was shining all the way. We found lodging in a local B&B in Rye.

The third day (the final day before the tour was to begin) was rainy, so we took the train back to Horley. The tandem traveled for free. We had to change trains, too, but that was no problem. It was only after disembarking at Horley did we realize a problem -- our tandem was still on board the train! We jumped back on the train and were able to disembark -- with tandem -- one stop before the London Station.

-- Bob & Terry Gorman

Our get together dinner, where we all met for the first time, was at the Pizzasta, or, as the locals call it, Pizza Disaster. We found it to be a small, very friendly place that served quite good pizza, and we enjoyed the evening thoroughly. Joining us for the evening were Jon & Allison, a local couple who were so helpful in keeping the boxes for us while we were on tour. They are quite a pair, both in their 20's, and they live and breathe cycling. They are the mixed tandem champions of England, and Jon has done 275 miles in 12 hours on his solo, finishing 3rd in that event. Allison's father was a bicycle racer who road with the great Eddy Merckx, so she, too, knows what cycling is all about. Their home is full of bicycles, at least 20, plus three motorcycles. Both Jon and Allison have nil body fat, and they ate everything in front of them.

The tour began from the Corner House, which is only minutes from Gatwick, one of the major London airports. In a few turns we were completely away from traffic and noise, heading toward our day's destination -- Arundel. We were in the midst of country lanes with the hedges on both sides -- just what we had imagined it would be like. Riding on the left turned out to be not as difficult as I imagined it to be, but the intersections were a challenge that first day. It is disconcerting to see cars coming at you from directions you don't expect.

-- Rich and Ina Wolfe

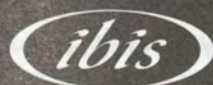
In the late 1800's torch light parades were popular in America. Imagine our surprise on our first night of the tour when we were able to watch a torchlight parade at the Festival in Arundel,



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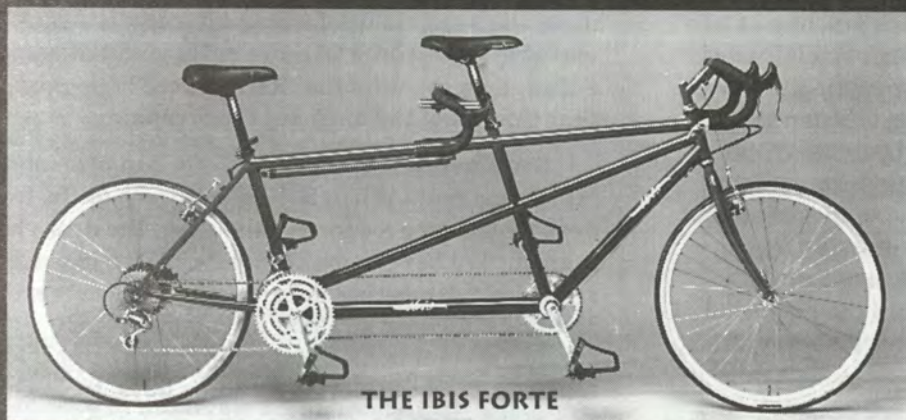


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complete with costumed marchers. Arundel Castle looks like a castle should look, too, with turrets and towers and gates.

-- Jack & Dorothy Beiler

After dinner, we went over to the Eagle pub to stake our place for the procession. What a sight! The local bonfire societies (this event has been going on for over 100 years) carried their torches through town and were accompanied by marching bands and other local organizations, including a group of guys dressed as ballerinas, "dancing" to Swan Lake. It was a real hoot.

-- Rich and Ina

East Meon is our next destination. We stopped in Chichester, another small village, for lunch, While Bob is off to a bike stop for spokes and nipples to return to Lonnie (yes, we had a flat and broke some spokes on our first day!), I am off with my camera for pictures of the beautiful cathedral. Every one else is touring and eating. This was a main complaint on the tour: all we did was eat -- tea in the mornings, lunch at noon, tea again in the afternoon, and dinner

at the inn in the evening. There was not enough time to tour all the villages.

Today was Jack's birthday, so we celebrated at dinner that night. Lee and Richard brought along their notebook computers, so they spent the evening on Compuserve, sharing the day's adventures with their friends back in the US.

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After a night in East Meon, we were off to Salisbury, a lovely town with another beautiful cathedral. We were led on this portion of the tour by Hannah and her father-in-law, Mike, on their solos. Mike was a fairly new rider, but Hannah led us up and down, up and down, and up and up the country roads. Somewhere on our way to Salisbury we lost Mike, but he caught up with us at Hannah's home where we had our morning scones and Devonshire cream (the best we had). We don't know where Mike had been, but we know he didn't pass us!

We spent our first rest day in Salisbury. Only one couple opted for the scheduled ride. The rest decided to tour the village by foot. One of the sites was the Cathedral, of course, the repository of one of



the four remaining original copies (is that an oxymoron?) of the Magna Carta. This document was not as impressive as we thought it would be, since it is very small (about 12" x 20") and written in very Olde English, using a lot of the standard abbreviations of the day.

Stonehenge is near Salisbury, and we couldn't miss that. Stonehenge is impressive, but the setting needs improvement. It is right at the junction of two major roads, and the road noise is constant. Despite the distraction, the attempts at discovering the uses made of Stonehenge are fascinating to listen to. It is called Stonehenge because the idols are made of stone, and it is surrounded by a henge, or earthen berm. Nearby is Woodhenge. Imagine the amount of physical labor used to move these massive rocks from as far away as 280 miles, and then assemble them as the ancients did. It was built over a period of 500 years, which says a lot about this ancient culture.

-- Bob and Terry Gorman
-- Rich and Ina Wolfe

We spent three nights in Swanage. Why Swanage? Well, quite simply, because in addition to being a lovely seaside home, it is where Chris and Jenny Davison have their home. They also operate a guesthouse, called Pennyfarthings. Chris is a gourmet cook, and he prepared us a delicious dinner, then Chris and Jenny took us for a ride on a restored steam train, owned and operated by a club that Chris belongs to. We got off the train and hiked to Corfe Castle. This unique ruin is one of the most popular castles in England. On another day we hiked along the cliffs above the North Sea. Alan and Ann of the TC(UK) led us along the Kennet and Avon Canal on their tandem tricycle. It was impressive watching Ann lean out on the corners, helping to keep both wheels in contact with the ground on the turns.

-- Jack and Dorothy Beiler

Bath was our next major destination, two days by tandem away from Swanage. It is a lovely Edwardian city ... city, not village. Double-deck buses, tour buses, tour guides, the Royal Theatre, Roman Baths, too much history to absorb in just one day. We highly recommend a visit to this city. We rode alongside a canal on a bike lane entering the city. Bob and I had a flat, and we considered hitching

a ride on a canal boat, a residence boat for many people. We also ended up exiting the bike path at the wrong exit: a cobble-stone path with a 10% grade. I thought since we survived that, we are now ready for anything.

It was in Bath that I tripped and fell on the uneven pavement and tore my rotator cuff. I was off work for three months. I think we can all think of nicer ways to get out of work. After my accident, I was able to ride only 50 more miles, and the tour ended. I am thankful that the accident happened near the end of the tour, not the beginning.

Unbeknownst to us, Rich Wolfe had also injured his knee in Bath. When Bob called down to the front desk to get some ice for my shoulder, the desk clerk replied, "We have to make more ice. Rich injured his knee also." Altogether the group had at least seven accidents. Richard strained his ligaments just moving around in his hotel room. The doctor told him to stay off the bicycle for three days, through the end of the tour.

One of the accidents happened on a narrow farm road. A tractor was passing Phil and Vivian when they fell over into the farmland as the tractor went by. At another point I heard Dorothy yell at Jack, "Don't drop me! Don't drop me!" Nancy and Dave had a minor fall getting on or off their tandem. But we all survived.

-- Bob and Terri Gorman

Our final day on the tour was a tour of Oxford, the town and the University. Actually, that is a misnomer. There is no Oxford University. That was news to us. Rather than one University, there are 41 separate colleges with names like Queens College, Pembroke College, etc. And there are a zillion bicycles there. The riders seem to follow the rules of the road, and the motorists do give them some room and respect them on the road and on the roundabouts. It must be nice to live somewhere where bicycles are a key part of the transportation system.

Chris and Jenny had arranged for us to be taken on our Oxford tour by a professor of German literature. She was very knowledgeable and energetic, and she took us on a very nice tour. We saw many of the spots to see, and we had a great time as the weather cleared. It was mostly sunny, but



breezy and cool. Chris told us that the two weeks we spent touring England that the weather was unseasonably cool. We can attest to that, as we rode in tights ("longs" in England) all but one or two days.

Saying good-byes is always a sad time, and this tour was no different. Despite the rain, the hills, the falls, we all became fast friends. Chris and Jenny, our leaders, did an outstanding tour. The sights were well researched. We made many new friends, and we have thoroughly enjoyed every part of it. We would come back to England on a bicycle in a heartbeat!

Rich & Ina Wolf, Atlanta, GA
 Bob & Terri Gorman, San Jose, CA
 Jack & Dorothy Beiler, Tucson, AZ

Prologue:

You should definitely tour in England. Take the country lanes. Get the Ordinance Survey maps (1:50,000) or the Michelin maps and prepare to get lost. Stay in moderate accommodations, and don't expect American standards. Eat in pubs. That way you don't have to leave the place you are drinking in. Bring foul weather gear. You'll need it. Talk to the British. They are very willing to talk, but rarely make the opening overture. Consider attending the Tandem Touring Club (of the UK) Birthday ride, August of 1995.

WHO DOES WHAT

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

MEMBERSHIP: Collects dues, processes memberships.

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

GRAPHICS DESIGNER: Artwork & graphics for DoubleTalk.

TREASURER: Money management, tax and financial reports. Pays the bills

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.

**TWO GIRLS, TWO TANDEM, TWO WEEKS,
 TOO MUCH FUN IN THE ISLES**

Two weeks in England? Just mom, dad, and the two girls with no support vehicle, no tour guide? Was it possible? Through all kinds of good turns, not only was it possible, but it turned out to be one of the best tandem vacations we've ever had.

The good turns took several forms, not the least of which was reading in DoubleTalk about a 1993 English tour taken by a number of TCA members. A couple of phone calls put us in touch with Chris Davidson in the UK, who was of immense help in locating B&Bs and someone to store our shipping boxes. Another stroke of fortune came in our having saved our route-highlighted maps from a 1979

EuroBike Tours' English tour. Finding out that good old Sears stocks "universal" roof rack clips for cars without rain gutters (our rack fits a rain guttered car), that you can get a rental car for two weeks in the UK for not much more than in the US, and that your car insurance works over there, too, iced the cake. Getting a good airline price made the whole thing possible (expensive, but possible).

So the wheels started turning, letters started passing back and forth over the Atlantic, and before you know it, we found ourselves in the London Gatwick airport with two wide eyed daughters (stokers Jessica, 13 and Allison, 10), two "big bicycle"



boxes, and the usual luggage. Putting our roof rack on the rental car proved a snap; we took the rain gutter mounting clamps off our rack, looped 1" wide nylon straps around the rail pedestals and through those really universal Sears clips, which were a perfect fit for our rain gutterless car. With that, we were off to a close-at-hand B&B for a much-needed 3 hour nap to re-set our biological clocks.

The afternoon was spent re-assembling the tandems, finding the train station, practicing shifting the car with the left hand, driving on the left, and negotiating roundabouts (the ubiquitous traffic circles placed at many English intersections). Our first full day in England was spent in London, sight-seeing all the usual spots and seeing Les Miserables. The next day found the bikes on the roof rack and us on our way to Cirencester, an old Roman center town on the southern edge of the Cotswold region (known for its steep and frequent hills). A stop along the way at Windsor Castle whetted our appetites for the many more historic sights to come.

That evening, mom and dad took the tandems out for a shakedown cruise. This was to make sure everything was in working order after the near-

complete disassembly required to fit each of them into the 69x8x29" boxes we made by telescoping two bike shipping boxes we got from a local shop. We used more than a large roll of duct tape to fashion the composite boxes, including reinforcing all the hand holds, corners, and bottom. We also made frame stabilizers by drilling large holes in 2x6s cut to width. The front and rear dropouts (rear derailleurs removed) sat in the holes in the 2x6s, anchored to the frame with shock cords. The composite boxes proved very durable but cramped. "Next time" we will investigate paired Schwinn Airdyne boxes, which come closer to the 69x9x39" limit imposed by most airlines, and would provide significantly more headroom for leaving saddles in the frames and fitting in wheels, helmets, etc.

With all systems demonstrated to be in "go" condition, we planned our next day's out-and-back ride to Avebury, 25 miles distant. Avebury is a very small village actually built inside pre-historic rock circle structure - sort of a cousin to the far more well known Stonehenge. The normal dose of elaborate thatched roofs, rough hewn stone houses, grazing sheep and cows, pre-historic "white horses" scraped into the chalk hillsides, and quaint villages with names like Wooten Basset, all made for a great first day out.

Our four nights (and three days riding) in Cirencester found us visiting the ruins of a Roman Villa and amphitheater, a cathedral once nearly as big as Salisbury but with half of it blown down in a storm 300 years ago, a 1/10 scale model of the village of Bourton-on-the-Water as well as the village itself, and a host of postcard-perfect English towns. In case you're wondering, we've got the post cards to prove it! The girls also discovered that the English really know how to do frozen treats, and Boomies, Calipos, Cornetto Magnificos, and Feasts from Wall's Ice Cream became a regular part of our vocabulary for the rest of the trip. A daily taste of "crusty" bread and rolls from English bakeries was also added to our "must" list.

We also came into the possession of a thrashed freewheel courtesy of a couple of long, steep (15%+) grades combined with the "mileage challenged" status of the cog set. The pawls were driven right into the metal of the ratchet face, so distorting the freewheel mechanism that it would no longer free wheel. For once, dad's tendency to bring along

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everything but the shop bench proved worthwhile, and a quick stop at the local motorcycle mechanic got the old freewheel off and put our spare into service.

With the Cotswold region behind us, we drove to a canal towpath with a decent riding surface that Chris Davidson told us would take us into the famous city of Bath. Given the hilly country and the amount of tourist and commercial traffic on the highways, traveling to within a mile of the city center without a climb or car to deal with was really a treat. The canals of England are still in use for recreation and we saw a wide variety of rented and privately owned long, narrow canal boats from all over the country.

No visit to Bath would be complete without tours of the Bath Abbey (looked like a cathedral to me!) and the ruins of the massive Roman baths which once graced the town. Fed by a natural hot springs, the essential plumbing of the facility is still in working order 1500 years after its construction. Bath is also famous for its Georgian architecture, naturally best appreciated at tandem speed and from the 360 degree vision afforded captain and stoker.

The girls are still talking about how the canal crossed the river twice with its own bridges (aqueducts). They're also still talking about the three pinch flats we got on the sometimes rough crushed rock surface. Next time, we'll pump up harder before going "off-road." A trek back up the tow path to our parked car saw us back on the road to Swanage and Chris and Penny Davidson's PennyFarthings B&B.

Swanage is an old fishing village cum quarry cum resort town on the English Channel about 50 miles west of Brighton. In the center of the Purbeck Hills, the area is called the Isle of Purbeck, even though it is a peninsula! Much of the stone that built London was quarried here, and the chalk cliffs are really a sight. We also saw the famous (first ever to break 100 mph) Flying Scotsman steam locomotive in operation as it passed right by the garden of the B&B several times a day. It turns out that the locals (with Chris Davidson in the forefront) are running and restoring a steam railroad and they arranged to have the Scotsman trucked in for the summer as a tourist attraction.

The Purbeck Hills are dominated by Corfe Castle, a massive ruin which was destroyed by



Cromwell's forces during the English Civil War (about 1655). It was probably nearly as big as Windsor Castle and had been a "home away from home" to one of the English kings before the war. Touring these ruins and trying to imagine its original grandeur was awe-inspiring. We were also awed and inspired by the mile long, 16% grade we faced on our return ride to Swanage!

When we leaned the tandems against a stone wall to visit the castle, there was a small stuffed dog perched there, probably forgotten by other tourists. On our way back to the bikes nearly two hours later, people told us our "guard dog" was still doing his duty. Realizing that its owner was not coming back and with rain threatening, we decided to adopt! "Corfie" is now a member of our family. The second day in the Purbeck Hills (!) found us visiting a nature preserve, another quaint town and church, and crossing the dominant ridge of the area on switch backs that climbed the 500 foot rise. As always, getting the sheep and cows to talk back to us added challenge and a feeling of accomplishment to the rides. The girls even wooed and met several local cats, as they missed their own back in Michigan.

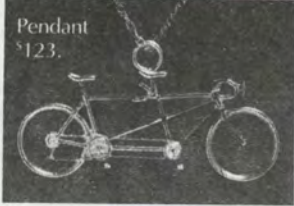
After three nights in Swanage, we moved on to Salisbury. Along the way, we did a park-and-ride to another Roman Villa ruin, and another church in Wimborne Minster. This church had an intriguing clock with no minute hand but its entire face was the sun and moon circling the earth, complete with the moon changing phases during the month. The sun formed a sort of analog twelve hour clock as it moved steadily from hour to hour. I don't suppose they were worried about fifteen minutes precision in a time when the clock maker, at least, thought the sun revolved around the earth!

Salisbury, of course, has its massive cathedral and is about 15 cycling miles from Stonehenge. Driving to Stonehenge looked to be nearly impossible given the traffic jam we saw on the main highway, but getting there by tandem was relatively easy on "undesignated" roads (only one very short 14% grade). We even saw a seven-gabled, thatched roof, long house along the way, as the motorized tourists crept along in 10 mph traffic on the main highway. Stonehenge is Stonehenge, an incredible testament to the efforts of a society without written history or much of any record left behind. The services have been upgraded though, and now are





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completely civilized (Walls Ice Cream available here!) A visit to the Old Sarum Castle ruin on the way back to Salisbury completed another day of history.

Day two in the Salisbury area found us heading off to one of the many English Manor Homes open to the public, Wilton House. Home to the 14th Earl of Pembroke (but who's counting) and more Van Dyck paintings than one could remember, it's really nice to see how the other half is getting on in these days of high taxes and the decline of the aristocracy. This proved to be the only day where we had to battle a bit the with notorious English "rain in places" weather - it rained in the place where we were. Patience proved a virtue however and we really didn't have to wait to long for it to stop. It does take a bit longer before the cow droppings on the road dry out, however.

Salisbury Cathedral is a treasure in itself, with its massive spire, huge organ, numerous interior chapels, and stunning construction. One of the four surviving copies of the Magna Carta is on display, and Allison even did her own brass rubbing for a souvenir. The town is quite well set up for tourists, and we even found a top notch fish and chips bar we

had sampled during our 1979 visit. Of course, McDonalds and Pizza Hut were available too.

After three nights in Salisbury, our riding was done and a tone of homesickness had begun to enter our conversations. Ahead still lay a visit to the Portsmouth Naval Museum and the HMS Victory, Lord Nelson's flagship at the battle of Trafalgar (England's equivalent to Old Ironsides, the USS Constitution). Another fine castle visit (Arundel), and we were back at our Gatwick B&B. One more day "in town" visiting the Tower of London, the Tower Bridge, and seeing another musical (Cats) left us fully satisfied, counting our English currency to make sure we had enough to gas up the rental car, spending our last pence on more Wall's Ice Cream, and packing for the return flight.

An eight hour plane ride found us back home and wondering if the two weeks we spent in England had really happened. A stop at the photo lab assured us that indeed we had really had a taste of the Old Country, and had a great time to boot.

Kerry Irons
Midland, MI

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).

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RAAM: The ultimate test of a marriage

Continued from January-February 1995

Last issue Becky & Nick Gerlich told of their experiences from the starters pistol to Pagosa Springs, CO. The race has been taking its toll as Becky has already had to visit the Durango hospital, though she was quickly cleared to continue. We left them as Nick told Becky that he wanted to see his lawyer.

After five minutes, we resolved to keep going, but we knew it wasn't going to be easy. Wolf Creek Pass, all 10,850-feet of it, was just east of town. It would take more than marital bliss to scale that peak. Little did we know that Wolf Creek would be the first of two watershed decisions in the next 24 hours.

The first few miles out of town were easy, but we knew the gradient would increase dramatically very soon. I was depressed. While I had won the argument, it seemed like both of us were losing the battle. For the first time, I entertained thoughts of quitting. Somehow, the idea of mowing our ten acres suddenly seemed like fun. As we struggled up the final eight miles of the ascent (which took two agonizing hours), I was busy calculating how long it would take us to drive home. A cold rainstorm that popped up didn't help matters any.

Finally, we reached the summit, and the sun reappeared. We dismounted, and I hopped onto the massage table for a rubdown. "How could we quit here?" I questioned myself. "What would the crew think? What would Becky think?" Realizing that everyone was counting on me, I gave up on cutting the lawn, and instead hopped back on the bike for one of the most hair-raising descents we had ever encountered. There's not much more fun than zooming downward at over 50 mph on a bike.

After 13 miles of exhilaration, we settled onto a long, flat stretch that took us through Alamosa and Monte Vista. Two surprises were in store for us that day. First, and most importantly, Jim rejoined us, in Alamosa. He had done his duty as expeditiously as our judicial system would allow, and high-tailed it to Colorado. However, because we had too much equipment and too little space, we had to send one crewperson home.

Our second surprise came east of Monte Vista when our UMCA friends Carl and Sara Sawicki, of Fredericksburg, TX, drove by honking and waving. They turned around and pulled up to chat for a few minutes, unwittingly giving us a big boost of pep.

By evening, we were ready to tackle Pass #2, La Veta, at 9400 feet. But it was now Becky's turn to be depressed.

While La Veta was a relatively easy grade to tackle, a cold rain made the going tough. At the summit, our digital thermometer read 37-degrees. It was ironic, because two days earlier we were melting in 115-degree heat. As we suited up in Gore-Tex for a bone-chilling descent, Becky had me do some mental calculations. Based on our average speed, it would have taken us 13 days to reach Savannah. While I was not amused at the prospects, Becky was even less so, and announced that she was now ready to go home and play with our dogs. Jim, having just joined the crew, was not about to go home yet, and was adamant that we continue.

A downpour at the bottom of the mountain caused us to seek our evening's sleep a little earlier than expected. We luckily got a room at a lodge in Cuchara, where we slept for three hours (at the mercy of the crew). It was a struggle to get up, but by 4 a.m., the skies had cleared, and it was time to ride up and over Pass #3, Cucharas, at 9900-feet. The nip in the air kept us awake quite easily, but Becky was really bummed. She had had about as much fun as she thought she could have. But as we plodded along up the steep grade, we spotted the blinking taillights of Ron Bell's van. Ron was the 61-year-old senior division rider. A surgeon from Cleveland, he had been in frequent contact with us throughout the race. We passed him, and exchanged greetings. He was looking ragged. We could only wonder how we looked. We reached the summit within minutes of one another, and all stopped for a clothing change. It was there that watershed decision #2 occurred.

Ron's crew spoke with me briefly about how impressed they were with his stamina and enthusiasm. They said that he was not going to quit, even if it took him a month to reach Savannah.



Suddenly we felt pretty small. There we were, in our early 30s, about to be beaten mentally, if not physically, by a man who could have been our grandfather.

Becky looked over at me, and asked me what we were going to do. I replied, "We're going to Savannah." She didn't say another word, in silent agreement. The decision had been made. While our crew had been telling us to "shut up and bike" for nearly two days, it took the inspiration of a fearless Ohio doctor to get us activated. And did it ever. It was about this time also that I realized that I was no longer feeling sick.

From the top of Cucharas Pass, we screamed downhill, dropping 4000 feet in 50 miles, and landing in Trinidad in under two hours. Two race officials who had been assigned to monitor us were surprised to see us. They thought we had quit. "No way," I said. If Los Angeles was our birth into the race, then Cucharas was our rebirth. We were "born again" cyclists.

As we flew over the foothills and prairies of eastern Colorado, it all started to make more sense to us. The mountainous beginning of the race (actually, the first 1100 miles) had caused us to lose sight of our goal. All of our time projections were based on mountainous travel, even though we knew it wasn't going to be that way all across the country. All of our lives in church, we had been taught that faith could move mountains. It took quite a bit of help along the way, but we did move those mountains, and now there was no stopping us.

With the Rocky Mountains behind us, the terrain began to more closely resemble that in our Texas Panhandle environs. We welcomed the familiar gusty wind, wide-open spaces, and low humidity. We were in our element, and knew that Savannah was ours, if we could be patient. Even when a powerful thunderstorm blew up south of Springfield, CO, it didn't slow us down. We kept going, across the state line to Boise City, OK, where we bedded down for 90 minutes while the storm ran itself out.

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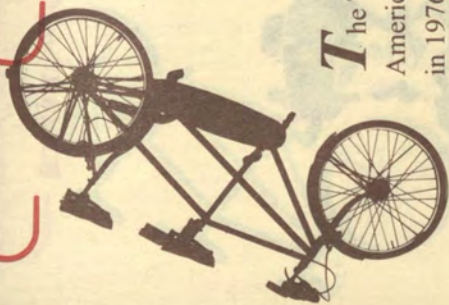
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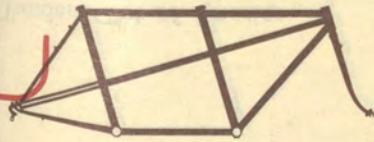


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The Tandem Club of America (TCA) was founded in 1976 by a group of tandem enthusiasts who wished to share their enthusiasm with the uninitiated and to exchange bits of information with other tandem owners throughout the country. Back in the '70's,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



DOUBLETALK for Tandem Enthusiasts

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



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

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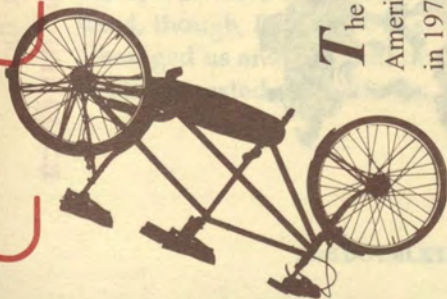
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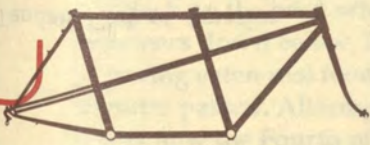
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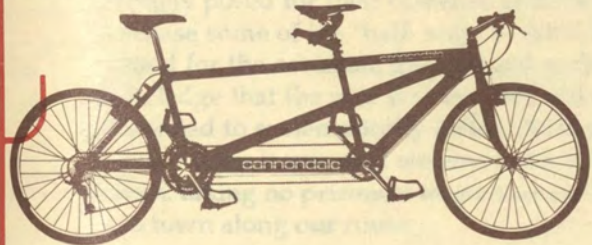


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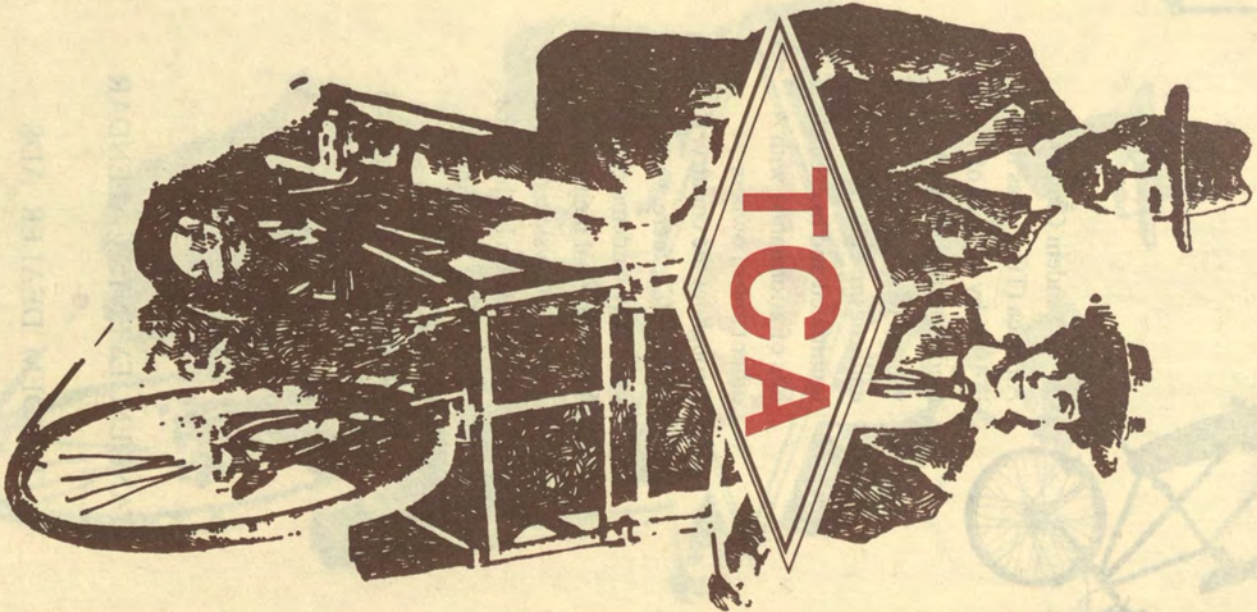


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As we ventured into Oklahoma that night at 1 a.m., we knew that, while most of the other cyclists dreaded 600 miles in the same state, we were looking forward to it. We were close to home, and the familiar environment made for easy riding. So, despite more rain that night, we kept our spirits high, and marched through Guymon, and made our way to the race's half-way point, in Slapout, where all six of the city's residents awaited at a gas station.

Sudden celebrities in this sleepy hamlet, we willingly posed for their cameras, and had our crew purchase some of the "half-way" t-shirts they had printed for the occasion. Encouraged with our knowledge that the race was one-half over, we proceeded to systematically tackle Oklahoma one city at a time. It was as if we were on a military march, taking no prisoners as we successfully battled each town along our route.

It was in western Oklahoma that the Famous Burrito Incident occurred. At about 5 p.m., we stopped on the roadside for a crew change and bathroom break. While taking care of business, I spied the relief crew dispensing Mexican food they had purchased in a nearby town. It had been days since I had munched on any real food. A lone burrito sat unclaimed on the dashboard, so I quickly grabbed it. Loaded with beans, raw onions and peppers, it was like manna going down. The crew looked on in disbelief, wondering if I was crazy. I gobbled it down like a wild animal, ignoring the warnings issued by the crew and Becky.

Back on the bike, while admittedly feeling a little heaviness down below, I was savoring the sensation of having eaten real food. That is, until about 30 minutes passed. Although the calendar read August, it was now the Fourth of July all over again. All the noxious substances rolled up in that tortilla proved to be rather combustible, sending me to the ditch and the crew scurrying to find some Tums. Lesson learned: skip the real food, no matter how good it looks.

After 24 hours of pedalling, we rolled wearily into Kingfisher, birthplace of retailing czar Sam Walton. Our friend, Bonnie Allison (RAAM '92 third place) was there to greet us. The only motel was filled, though, forcing us to sleep in a park. The crew massaged us and swatted mosquitoes for three hours while we rested. By 4:30 a.m., we resumed heading

east, bypassing the state capital in Oklahoma City, and picking up Rt. 9 east of Shawnee.

The rolling hills provided a pleasant change for us. They were easy enough to climb at full speed, yet long enough to catch good downhill thrills. Lake Eufaula tempted us, but the Arkansas state line was an even greater temptor. When we reached Fort Smith just inside "The Natural State," we realized that we had crossed Oklahoma in about 48 hours, significantly picking up our average speed. In fact, the crew informed us that our projected finish was now under 12 days.

Bolstered by that good news, we each took a dose of caffeine. Suddenly 10-foot tall and bulletproof, we felt like we should just go ahead and take Arkansas, all of it, that night. As the caffeine coursed its way through our veins, we stormed up and down hills like mighty warriors, confident far beyond our means.

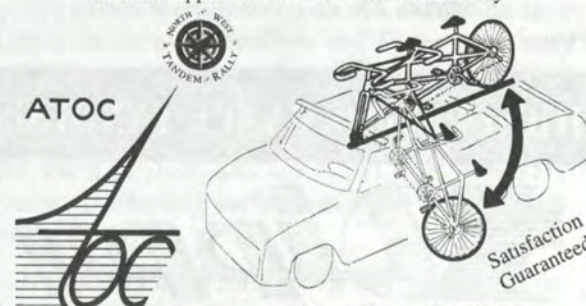
Of course, our crew knew that we were merely riding the crest of a fatigue-based euphoria, similar to a chemically-induced "high." Unfortunately, in

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this case, our crutch was caffeine, and when the crutch wore off, we came crashing back down to earth. The motel that the crew had found 60 miles up the road was waiting, but the last 15 miles seemed like an eternity. Whereas we had left Fort Smith tackling hills at over 20 mph, we could then be accused of tying up a funeral procession for going too slow. At 2 a.m., we reached the motel, for what, unknown to us, would be our last three-hour sleep for three days.

With about 1000 miles to go, we were back on the road by 5:30 a.m., ready to venture into Dixie, where heat and humidity would begin to take its toll on our tired bodies. I recall very little from Arkansas, other than struggling to stay awake, a rather bumpy stretch of Bill Clinton highway near Conway (perhaps a political statement from the Race Director?), and a nasty thunderstorm near Brinkley. At this point, Becky and I were just machines. Pedal, drink, pedal, drink, sleep a few minutes, and repeat. The sticky southern air only made the job that much more difficult.

At 2:30 a.m., we entered I-40 to cross the Mississippi River into Memphis (the Director had secured permission for our using the bridge). I couldn't help but think about John Grisham's *The Firm*, in which a young lawyer becomes entangled in a web of deadly deceit at a Memphis law firm. While my thoughts were wandering and we were pedalling our way through downtown Memphis, a sudden jolt quickly brought me to my senses.

...Continued next issue

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Don Roseman
Hobe Sound, FL

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MOUNTAIN MADNESS

Dale slowly hung up the telephone. "We have to climb nine miles up at an eight percent grade." she announced in a despondent voice. We have a grade that's marked at six percent near our home and that's as tough and steep a hill as we need. The nine mile route sounded like a mountain pass for professional riders in the Tour de France. Such a climb would take us over two hours of hard work in our lowest gear. Even though Dale was told we would have the option of using the sag van at any point on our trip, the ride sounded tough and we were not sure of our capabilities.

I've always wanted to travel the Blue Ridge Parkway as I hear many stories of the beauty of the mountains in North Carolina and Virginia. It was just luck that we saw the ad for the tour of these mountains put on by the "Two for the Road Tandem Touring Co." (Repeat that three times fast.) A bicycle tour in the area of the country we wanted to see, and a tandem tour also - a bonus. This should be fun. After some discussion about the difficult climbing ahead of us, we signed up despite the intimidating nine mile hill.

When we arrived at our Inn in Hendersonville, North Carolina we learned that Dale had misunderstood the details of the nine mile climb. We were now told that it was 17 miles at a 10 percent grade! Dale walked away mumbling something about Southern draws and the telephone. This major climb of the week would be on the second day.

The first day was cloudy and cold. We were told that we had brought the cold forty degree Canadian wind with us. We needn't have worried about the cold as there was plenty of climbing to warm us. Stops, however, had to be kept short or a chill would set in. We gulped down our picnic lunch standing and jumping around to keep warm. It was not an idyllic picnic and we were glad to get back to more climbing.

We took the time to visit Carl Sandburg's home as it is now a museum that depicts rural life in the 50's. The old appliances, furniture, books, and 25 cent Life magazines brought back memories of being a kid in my parents' house. How quickly we take for

granted technology that didn't exist a decade ago, let alone forty years.

After leaving the Sandburg home we suffered on a five mile grade in the middle ring. My front derailleur would not shift to our 26 tooth granny and I did not have a small screwdriver to reset the derailleur stops. When I packed our emergency tools I had no reason to add a small screwdriver to our emergency kit. Our usual big/middle rings are 54/51, but after driving through the mountains to our destination the day before, I switched the middle ring for a 41 tooth I brought with us. I had neglected to check the front derailleur operation after this change. Climbing was difficult. My stoker complained.

A beautiful downhill ended the first day. The thrill of flying down miles of switchback road made us forget the work and the pain of climbing. Unfortunately we had a layer of sweat from our hard work and the downhill speed and cold wind thoroughly chilled us. Hot showers, coffee and pastries in a warm Inn helped us thaw for dinner. Day two was the big one. We were going to start the 17 mile climb. Dale had proclaimed the night before that she wouldn't be able to enjoy her dinner if she committed to making the climb, so she decided to take the sag wagon. I didn't mind. By the next morning the weather was warmer, the day was brighter, and we both agreed we should at least start the climb. We could always wave down the sag wagon. One team decided at breakfast to sag to the top. We asked them to keep an eye out for us as we weren't too sure of ourselves and thought we may be joining them. After breakfast, the teams went their separate ways to organize their gear. We hurried through our preparations as we wanted to get a head start. We'd be slow, and we didn't want to hold anyone up. Starting early turned out to be a good decision.

If it hadn't been for the sag van parked by the intersection and the sign saying there would be grades of ten percent in the next seventeen miles, we would have thought we made a mistake when we turned on to route 215 and the now infamous road to the clouds. The road was a beautiful, winding, narrow, no-car-traffic route with a meandering



brook on one side, and a rock wall on the other. It was the kind of road where you could escape civilization and just enjoy the surroundings. We got mentally lost in the surrounding beauty. We were going uphill, but it wasn't a tough climb. We were in our middle ring, changing cogs with the terrain. It certainly wasn't the 10 percent grade that we had been fearing for the last few weeks. For thirteen miles it was one of the most enjoyable roads we've ridden. We saw the sag wagon pass us several times with one lonely tandem on the roof and thought that too big a deal had been made of this climb. We continued on by ourselves, enjoying the scenery and oblivious to what lay ahead. We were feeling cocky and confident.

At the thirteenth mile the climbing became serious and we understood what our tour leaders had told us. It was little ring, big cog time as the road snaked upward, turn after turn. We kept thinking the road would ease off around the next bend. We were close to the top, too close to quit. We started using all the road, going to the center on right turns and keeping to the far right of the road on left turns, avoiding the hollows in the road that are steeper to climb out of. Now and then we would gear up and stand for a short spell to ease our tiring muscles.

We saw our tour leaders tandem coming up behind. We stood and tried to sprint. With my competitive spirit we wanted to make it as tough as possible for them to catch us. Pride. Just as Dale started to groan a flat in the front tire stopped our progress. Keeping ahead of them would be a joke anyway as for straight uphill climbing I rated us third of the four teams on this tour. After quickly fixing our tire we set off together. We were both spinning in our bottom gears, however our granny had 26 teeth to their 32. They rode away from us.

There are special emotions attained from accomplishing difficult tasks. We felt exhilarated as we neared the top and could look over the mountains as the trees thinned. There is no feeling like the one we shared on the top of that mountain. We were a team. We could climb. The view was spectacular but it was a while before we could really take it in. At first we were too proud to see outside our own accomplishment, but eventually we settled down enough to appreciate the beauty of this place. Lunch was served at 5730 ft. and we had started the day three hours earlier at 2000 feet.

Strange things remain in your memory under euphoric conditions. I'll never forget the unopened chip bag, part of the lunch the tour guides had laid out for us, it looked like it was going to burst. It was distended due to the lower atmospheric pressure at our elevation. I thought we were feeling great because we arrived there on our own power instead of just driving to the top. I believed it was the endorphins kicking in, but a group of motorcyclists stopped, got off their bikes and proceeded to jump and shout, "It doesn't get any better than this!"

At lunch we were told that the major climbing was over and all that was left were a few rollers along the Blue Ridge Parkway. Rollers, to us, mean hills that you can coast half to three quarters the way up. They are hills you can stand in the big ring and power over the top. Rollers, to our tour leaders, mean roads with ups and downs that don't require a climb of more than fifteen minutes or so. These so-called rollers would fool us when we couldn't see the top of the hill and assumed it would be around the bend. We would get caught standing up in the big ring trying to maintain our velocity, when coming around a curve legs aching and exhausted, we would then see a mile of more climbing. All power would immediately drain from our legs. We did our best to give our tour leaders grief on their definition of rollers.

The hills were usually not too steep, but they were long. At home in the Niagara Peninsula we have short steep hills where we have reached speeds approaching 60 mph. Our top speeds on the roads chosen for us in these mountains were 45 to 50 mph. It's probably the good planning of the tour organizers that kept us from steep and dangerous descents.

I wish I could convey the fun, thrills and enjoyment we shared from coasting down these mountain roads. I'm lucky my stoker enjoys speed as much as I do. Dale gauges a good downhill by how far her mirror has been bent back by the wind. These extended descents were sensory overload for a tandem couple who had not cycled in real mountains. When we toured Vermont two years ago, we never found ten miles of switchback roads that seemed to go on forever. When our tour guides took the lead I was concerned they would keep the speeds too slow to really enjoy the road. They didn't,



although they were cautious in the corners. Everyone had silly smiles at the bottom.

Drum brakes were recommended and supplied on the rental tandems. We brought our own tandem that does not have a drum brake. Our combined weight is less than 300 lbs and we had no overheating of our rims. We use self-energizing brakes manufactured by Suntour and Scott. They allow a light pressure to effectively slow you for the tight turns as required. The Scott model that's on my front seems to have too much flex in it. Despite a generous toe-in on the pads, it squeals loudly when applied with force. This does have an advantage of acting like a loud horn when cars want to pull out. The rear, a Suntour model, seems stiffer and is quiet. We slept well that night knowing we had overcome the major challenge on our trip. Our legs could have used a masseuse as they let us know they had done the work that day. Whenever possible, stairs were avoided.

The third day was termed an "active rest" day. We did not have any major climbs, just rolling countryside with a few downhill thrown in for excitement. We stopped at the little village of Tryon which reminded me of Andy Griffith's Mayberry. On the door of the Police Department, which was closed, there was a note for the local constable to call so and so when he came in. I expected to see a youthful Andy Griffith at any time. I don't know what you were supposed to do if you needed the police right away.

Our next stop was at a local country store where we tried the local delicacy of boiled peanuts. We were introduced to some colorful Southern characters passing the time of day by giving us the benefit of their wisdom. We bought a jar of hot sauce they guaranteed would melt through cold steel as we listened to local lore of training hunting dogs on stray cats and the ins and outs of cock fighting. Our hosts confirmed in a matter of fact way that cock fighting was illegal. Legal or not, it seemed an intrinsic part of their sub-culture and they had no fear of talking freely about it to strangers.

We ended the day pedaling to Tryon and the fine Pinecrest Inn. The Pinecrest is rated in the top ten of who's who of Inns. It was like entering another world, one of opulence. Our guides had obtained relief from the usual dress code of tie and jacket due to our mode of transportation. Our every wish and



whim was taken care of as if we were the most important people in their lives. The food, or more correctly, the dining experience was a gourmet's delight. We could get used to that life.

We met more colorful characters on our fourth day as we again stopped beside a country store. Three elderly gentlemen were trading stories and couldn't help commenting on our bicycles.

"Jake, that's just what you need to get the girls." said a grizzly character. Half his teeth were missing, but that didn't stop him from smiling.

"I need more than that." quipped Jake, as he lifted up his trouser leg and pulled off his prosthesis, showing his stump and toothlessly chuckling at our shocked faces. His face was beaming with pride. We were too stunned to speak as the three bantered back and forth on the merits of tandems and "girls".

Our group, comprising of cyclists from California, Illinois, and Canada, had discussed impressions of the South at dinner the previous evening, and where these impressions came from. The winners for promoting the South were "Deliverance", "Dukes of Hazard", and "The Beverly Hillbillies". On our unscheduled backroad stops we met personalities that could be cast in the above, but these colorful characters, who added much to our trip, were found in rural, out of the way places. They only represent a minor part of the charming North Carolina community.

The cycling on our last two days became easier. We had acclimatized our lungs and legs the first few days and could now just enjoy the ride. The scenery, roads, and warmer 70 plus degree weather were as perfect as you get on a cycling trip. There were no major climbs or challenges, but there were still exciting downhills to always make us look forward to the next curve. The car drivers were most courteous, sometimes to a fault, as they would not pass until it was really safe to proceed. As I look back, we were just getting used to perfection. I've heard that we take for granted what we know we can have. Our expectations and recent memories were such that we were expecting and receiving the best of roads, scenery and weather. Now that we are back home to reality, we look forward to returning to this idyllic cycling area. We've been spoiled.

Lee & Dale Norton
St Catharines, Ont



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UNFOLDING THE FUTURE IN TANDEM™

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BART (Bay Area Rally) 1994

I guess I'll start the story with Friday night. Truck packed, everything ready to go, I hit the itty bitty shower...Being in the midst of a major remodel, our little 18 foot trailer is kitchen and bath both, and it's a small bathroom! Thanks to our contractors, the siding is up, and we get to sleep at 10 PM in our bed for the first time in weeks. Great timing. At 3:00 AM I wake up cold, thanks to no heat, and wet hair. So I coax my Captain into scooting in a little closer for added warmth. Within 5 minutes I break out into a sweat, I could of fried an egg on his butt!! So for the next hour I'm trying to find the correct distance to get warm enough to sleep without sweating out the 24 ozs of H2O I drank that night to be sure I was hydrated for the ride! I'm also cogitating over my last post re. stoker/stroking. While meant to be amusing, it apparently didn't work. So, for the record: My Captain/Hubby is the greatest, and we do have lots of fun on our tandem. Wouldn't trade it in, or him for anything. Ok, on to BART.

Arrived at 8:00 AM. In the fog and drizzle we found about 4 other Tandem@Hobbes Teams. We checked in to find out that there was no 60 mile ride as I had been told, 20,40 and 80. We didn't feel in shape enough for the 80, but 40 seemed to short. Oh Well. Pack start at 9:20AM. Following those written directions, 'lft here, rt there, do this do that', is a bit of a challenge. Most of the first part of the ride is on a narrow bike path along Hwy 1. We get to the split for the 40 or 80 mile ride. A stop to drop the jacket,

as the fog is starting to break, and a brief discussion regarding 40 vs. 80. "What you want to do? I don't know, well what do you want to do, I don't know....." So, we opt for the 40, and we're off. We finally join up with some other teams including a couple of @hobbes teams. Cruising along through the agricultural country. Roads are a little damp from the heavy fog. The farm workers along the way are tickled, and are hooting as we all fly by. Terry does a first, and drops his water bottle. So now we're doing a little catch up to get back with the pack. Just about caught up, it's a right turn. The whole pack makes the turn, we're just a little behind....Whoosh, Bang, Bumpity bumpity slideeeeeeeeeeeee.... and we are now enjoying the horizontal tandem experience!

First fall in 3 years! So, much for tuck and roll, this is a little more like grating cheese. We are quickly surrounded by other riders. I climb out from under the bike. Stand up, oblivious to the fact that

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Terry's still under the bike. (So much for my now dated emergency response training.) At some point I see someone putting the bike against a fence. Terry's sitting up. Then some people are helping Terry off the road. I guess it all happened so fast that I was kind of shocked, and not reacting real well. Someone gets little lady from house to supply some betadine, I clean Terry's elbow wounds. After some time to gather our wits, with the help of other wonderful riders who helped make sure we were OK, we decide were basically in one piece, even if a few bits were left on the road, and off we go. We survived our first crash! Yay! We ride the rest of the way with Gernot Hube and Sholom Surges. The route took us through some odoriferous agricultural and ranch areas, a little too much time on a busy Hwy, uneventful except for the quote of the day: Climbing up a mod. grade, Sholom says to Gernot "Well, are you peddling?" At which point Terry and I burst into laughter. It was great to have their company! Well, that's it, our two firsts, first Tandem Rally, first Tandem Tumble.

Carla Ruigh

Well, for people who dumped their tandem on Saturday, Carla and Terry looked pretty strong climbing a hill on Sunday. Having had a foggy ride Saturday, Norene and I went to the Sunday Brunch for the Monterey rally. The ride was short (~ 5 miles?), but up a pretty good hill. In fact, the elevation gave the Elks Lodge a great view of Monterey Bay! We enjoyed the brunch, especially the Bartifact awards (find something on the road, make up a story) and the costume contests. I think Terry got up and described finding road-rash and iodine on the road. My favorite costumes were the trio of Nancy, Tonya, and Oksana (two women on a tandem, with Oksana in drag on a single).

The winners were Tweedledum and Tweedledee, with a strong showing by Boris and Natasha, and applause all around. Next year's rally will be in Redding, so it should be pretty. Anyhow, having climbed most of the way to the top of the hill, Norene and I resolved to go the rest of the way up, and then ride down to Ansilomar and back to Monterey in the

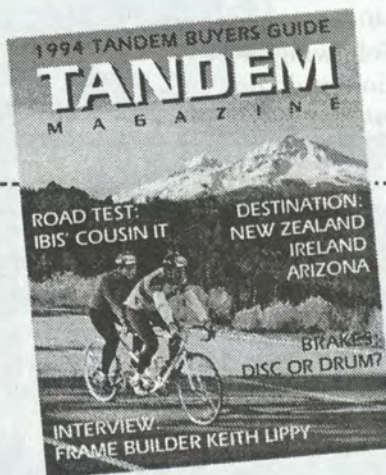
clockwise direction. We started off uphill, using our trademark Go-Slow approach to grind up Skyline and Skyline Forest - only stopping once to give map directions to some lost Boy Scouts and their adult driver (Hmmm, something wrong with this picture. After cresting the hill, we turned right on 68, and had a wonderful down-hill all the way to the ocean. We saw Carla and Terry heading up the hill, and gave a couple of war-whoops as we zoomed by. Like most of the other teams we saw, they'd gone back down the hill, and were doing the coast in the counter-clockwise direction. Of course, they'd covered about 10 miles in the time it took us to climb 1!

All in all, Sunday was gorgeous, exactly the sort of riding we like to have in Monterey! Now I just have to remember to stay off the pedestrian path.

Bruce Prickett
Fremont, CA

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TANDEM TECH TALK

How many of you out there have updated, modified or otherwise improved upon your current two seated mount? Quite a few of you I'd like to bet, which is what I hope to explore in this column. I think the tandem lends itself more readily to owner inspired modifications than any other type of bicycle. It's highly likely that the TCA membership is just chock full of ideas, opinions and information concerning frame design, wheel assembly, component choices and a host of other technical topics. If so than this column is for you. We need to hear what you have done to make your tandem more comfortable, more reliable or faster than it was when you purchased it. I will start this column off with a discussion of my current handlebar setup. If you have comments about what I have written or a question of a technical nature send them to me and I will put them in a future issue so our readers can debate the topic or answer the question.

As soon as we purchased our Fisher Gemini tandem I realized that the factory supplied straight chrom moly bar in the captain's cockpit would not be comfortable for rides longer than 10 miles. I immediately replaced it with a wide Scott AT-4 Pro bar. I had some previous experience with this bar mounted on a Klien mountain bike on a tour of Utah and I appreciated the numerous hand positions it offered. They are comfortable and stable both on and off-road and the connecting bridge out in front is an excellent spot for a small headlight. This worked out well enough until we decided to get married and do a honeymoon tour of VT, NY, PA and NJ. I wanted something that would allow me to stretch out in a full aero position but with more comfort than that afforded by the low, narrow, cramped position of most clip on aero bars. I found a solution in an aero bar from Pyramid, a low end accessories manufacturer. The elbow rests on this bar are 2" back from the handlebar and the unit is perched up 1.5" above the handlebar making it far more comfortable than most aero bars. The unit is well made and sturdy albeit somewhat clunky looking. The main problem with the Pyramid bar is the elbow pads which are slippery and poorly designed to support the forearm. I replaced mine with some elbow pads I found in a local bike shop that work fine. These pads

must be glued onto the bar to keep them from sliding off when you're down in the drops. Use rubber tube cement or 3M's Fastack adhesive for this purpose.

After completing the installation I felt like I was too stretched out while I was on the aero bars. A shorter stem was out of the question and my saddle was already pushed as far forward as it would go. An adapter can be purchased which will move the saddle forward an inch or two but I just turned my seatpost around achieving the same results. In order to return the saddle to a level position I folded up a piece of 1/16 x 1" aluminum and inserted it in the back of the seatpost clamp and tightened the whole thing down snug.

It has held up fine now for over 5,000 miles.

Bruce Martin
1126 Georgia Blvd
Orlando, FL 32803
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NASHBAR ROAD TANDEM

Ellen and I bought a rather costly domestic hand-built tandem that had some handling problems that intimidated us. Consequently we tried to economize by buying a Nashbar Road tandem so that we could feel more confident about a long ride we were taking. At under \$1,000 (now under \$900) it seemed a bargain. The model we bought had SunTour components, and the XC LTD front and rear derailleurs with bar-end shifters gave the best performance I have had on any bike in a long life of riding many machines. The bike was beautifully finished and was light and fun to ride.

It has some drawbacks, which readers might like to check before rushing out to buy one of these tandems. The top and down tubes have the same diameters as on my single bikes (I don't know what gauge, but from the machine's light weight I doubt that they were thicker) and the tandem is consequently very flexible. The cantilever brakes have no easy adjustment knobs, and one has to use wrenches to carry out the frequent adjustment required. The nice feature of a rear hub brake is vitiated by being matched to a hand-lever with insufficient travel to get decent braking.

The wheels are the worst feature. The drive-side spokes broke with depressing frequency as we went north into New Hampshire on our almost-brand-new tandem, and we could find no store with the right cluster-removal tool to allow it or us to use some of the substantial number of spare spokes we had brought. Even with 48 spokes, the breakage of one resulted in a wobble that slowed us down because of contact of the rim with the nonadjustable brake pads. Accordingly, we had to try to re-true the wheel at every break. After eight spokes had gone on the cluster side of the rear wheel we abandoned the trip and got a ride back. Wheels have been rated recently by *Bicycling* and Nashbar's have been found the worst by far among those tested. Nashbar issued a statement that it has since greatly improved its procedures.

Bike Nashbar did not seem interested when we wrote about the problems we had, although we eventually received an unsigned statement that future Nashbar Road Tandems would have larger

diameter tubes. I tried to buy stronger wheels, but Nashbar does not sell wheels for its own tandems. I could not even buy tandem hubs with 48-hole drilling and threading for a drum brake from Nashbar or anyone else I tried. I would like to fit 700x38 rims, but the cantilevers have, apparently, insufficient adjustment potential. I have rebuilt the wheel using top-quality spokes and have had only one break in some months, but I don't have much confidence that we'll make a forthcoming 275 mile trip without more spoke problems. This leads to some questions.

Why do tandems seem to come with wheels of a size like 27x 1 1/4" or 26x 1.95" and nothing in between? 27x 1 1/4" is only just adequate for a single touring bike, and totally inadequate, in my opinion, for a road tandem. Why, after I have owned six tandems dating from 1939 and extensively used one other, all without spoke-breakage problems, should we and others who have written to DoubleTalk experience such problems in the 1990's after supposed major breakthroughs in knowledge of everything about spokes and wheels and metallurgy? Ellen is svelte and light, and I'm rather skinny: how long would wheels and tires last if we were of average, or, heaven help us, above-average weight?

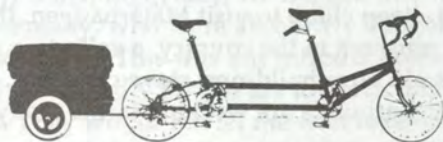
Dave Wilson
Winchester, MA





BIKE TWO'SDAY

This is an endorsement from the very happy owners of a Two'sDay tandem which is the brain child of Green Gear Cycling located in, arguably, the tandem producing capital of the world, Eugene, Oregon. It is the product that finally eliminates all of those annoyances and hassles associated with transporting a tandem by public conveyance, i.e.: how to pack the thing and what in, where to store



the container upon arrival, what if the tour starts at point A and ends miles away at point B, and of course those ever irritating special handling fees for tandems, (our recent experience is that the international air carriers are now getting into the fee act).

For those not familiar with this travel system, the tandem comes apart, folds and packs into 2 Pullman size Samsonite suitcases which are equipped with built in rollers and a handle, and which are routinely accepted as checked baggage by carriers. Clothing and personal gear are packed into a couple of soft duffel bags (purchased separately, which are also accepted as checked baggage. Upon arrival, the tandem is assembled, a hitch, axle and two wheels are mounted on one of the suitcases, the other suitcase is piggybacked on top of the first, the duffels and gear are stored inside the suitcase, which is now a trailer. The captain and rear admiral assume their positions, and the whole kit-and- kaboodle happily pedal off on another great adventure, secure in the knowledge that they are even environmentally correct, having left nothing behind.

Unpacking and assembly (conversely, disassembly and packing) time for us is about an hour and a half for the complete travel system set up for touring with tires inflated, 4 water bottles filled and installed, fenders and racks attached and the trailer hitched and ready to roll. For a quickie day

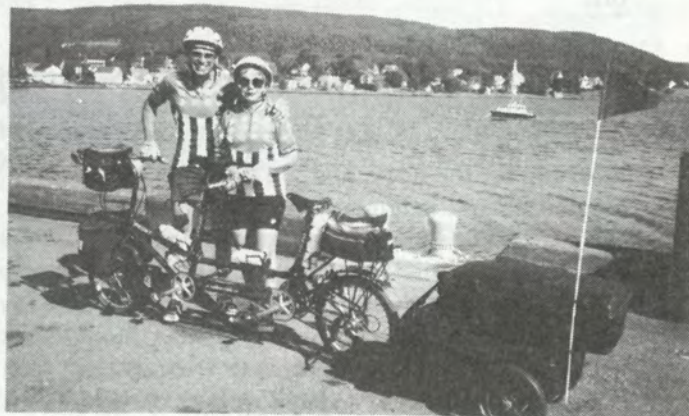
ride without fenders, racks and trailer, the time is cut substantially.

The thing that matters most is that once underway, unless you see your shadow or glimpse your reflection in a window, you forget you are not riding a standard tandem with standard size wheels. This is an excellent handling, quality constructed frameset equipped with top of the line components. Just be prepared to attract a crowd of curious bystanders when you stop.

We have now owned and ridden our Two'sDay for one year and have found it to be everything that Green Gear claims. We have taken it along on three commercial air flights - two weekenders and a tour which started in Portland, Maine and ended in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, 550 pedaled miles and two ferry crossings away. Our experience has been purely positive.

For anyone contemplating transporting a tandem by public carrier, this product certainly deserves full consideration.

Gene & Betty Newton
Arcadia, CA





N O R M A Y W I T H O U R T A N D E M

After reading of other peoples' travels and travails with their tandem, we wanted to share with you our "travailess" tandem travels this past fall. Bob and I took our distinctively appointed (yep, count 'em: 6 lime green water bottles, lime green carry-case, lime green/blue panniers and matching lime green jerseys) black Cannondale tandem to Norway for 28 days. It was a return for me after 43 years to visit the family I had stayed with when I was a teenager; for Bob, it was his first time to that country.

Bob packed the bike in a tandem box (one piece of luggage), with me carrying my handlebars with his seat. Bob was staying in Europe for an extra month, so his single bike was the second piece of luggage; one huge duffel bag (because we were going to be guests in Oslo and needed some non-bikie clothing) and a couple of tied together panniers: four pieces of luggage. No problem packing, transporting, damage or anything else to the tandem. People did question us on the advisability of biking in Norway due to the heavy traffic and narrow, winding roads. To two Californians from the Bay Area, it was a delight.

After spending the first weekend with our hosts (Siri and her husband, Osjbern) in their summer cabin 2 hours northwest of Oslo, they dropped us off on the side of the road outside of Dokka. Bob had previously opened the box and opined that all systems were go, so it took us about twenty minutes to put the final touches on the tandem and we were off.

We headed east to Gjøvik, hoping to take the afternoon ferry to Hamar to look at the 1994 Olympic ice skating venue. We decided to take advantage of the land of the midnight sun, not wait for the morning for the ferry, and we turned north and headed for Lillhammer, home base for the 1994 Olympics. We stayed 40 kilometers south (Biri), absorbing the quiet, pastoral country side, with automobiles and their drivers who were absolutely more than kind to us. The country's north-south artery, E6, Oslo to Trondheim is their equivalent to our interstate however, only one lane in each direction, and a very wide bike lane. When you

approach a town, there is a pedestrian/bike path, well marked, and well paved, to ease the nerves.

Lillhammer had not changed completely over the 43 years, though it is still an Olympic tourist center. We left the panniers at the hostel and took off to see the sites. It was amazing to stand below the ski jumps, with no snow, and imagine the 30,000 - 40,000 people standing/sitting there for opening and closing ceremonies. The ice hockey arena is spectacular and larger than appeared on TV. We did the short, steep climb to visit Maierhaugen, the first open air museum in the country, a collection of centuries old farm buildings, stave churches, etc. Parts of the grounds are working farms today.

From Lillhammer, we headed north on E6, past a few more Olympic sites. I had to stop and tilt my head while looking at the downhill and slalom ski runs at Kjittsville. No one can possibly stand upright on that hill and not fall off. No wonder they go down so fast. Along the way, we took the pedestrian/bike paths through little communities which included stave churches from the 10th century still in use today. With all our looking, we were not able to find any tombstones earlier than late 1700s. Rolling hills, green country side, every piece of land a farm of some kind; cars which wait for the oncoming car and then pass the cyclist; trucks that wait. Beautiful streams by which to each your lunch. And, almost every town has the familiar "I", tourist information bureau. Most knowledgeable and helpful.

We began climbing and heading West, towards the coast and the fjords. Biking past towns like Vinstra, 100K north of Lillhammer; we stayed at the old Vinstra Hotel, official accommodation site for a number of the media during the Olympics. Could we take the tandem with us into the room? Of course. Admittedly the bike is rather large, but then again we were reassigned to a larger room at no charge. On towards Grotli, through Otta and Lom. Our first taste of the new terrain. Hills? Would the Austrian or the Norwegian cross-country ski teams be practicing anyplace but in the hills? They were our companions at the hotel in Grotli (the only commercial building that we could see in that community). They were fascinated by this long



bicycle and that two of us would ride through this countryside on it. Oh, and from the seat of the tandem, look south and see the glacier that they are practicing on. The sights during the day: lovely, gushing running glacial streams, emerald green in color with spots of blue. Lots of white water.

Now the serious riding started. Along the glacier ridge towards the fjords. Note that we were biking along the glacier ridge and that fjords are at sea level. This was the only time that weather conditions made it prudent to change our biking plans. Rather than have the extra weight on the tandem for a 3500' drop on 15 switch backs, in a blustery, rainy, foggy day, we flagged down a couple from Germany, who were absolutely delighted to drive me down. This was our introduction on this trip of how friendly people are towards tandem cyclists. They would not let me wait for Bob at the bottom of the hill in the rain. Nothing would do but for them to make me tea, and when Bob arrived 20 minutes later soaked and cold, he had not only tea, but the offer of towels to at least attempt blot his clothes.

Our first ferry ride from Geiranger to Hellesylt. Not long in time on the clock, but the hinges of the jaw were not long enough for the beauty of the fjord. Billed as Norway's most beautiful fjord, it lived up to expectations. From one waterfall to the next, a constant changing landscape, all in green. Spectacular. Off at Hellesylt -- the name alone should have warned us on getting to the Hostel. Bob decided to take the pedestrian path; an error. Short, but 15% grade; he did push up fully loaded. And, once at the Hostel, it poured. We were not prepared to furnish our own meal and no way was I returning to town for dinner in that weather. But it stopped raining, we walked down, had dinner and found the reason for the sign showing pedestrians only. The road back was a nice, longer, gentler grade. But, the view from the Hostel was spectacular: across the fjord, up the valley through farmland toward the glacier.

On to Stryn, past Hornindal, with the stone bridge directly from the Roman empire, and Loen to Olden. We left our luggage at the hotel the following morning, and took a quick 14 mile ride to the Jostedalbreen glacier. We walked, along with the horse carts, to the edge of the glacier. Again, blue/green water. On returning to Olden, we made

arrangements with the bus driver that we would need a ride up the hill going toward our evening lodging in Byrkjelo. Just too long and too steep for us to climb up, fully loaded at 3:30 in the afternoon. We would be waiting at the bus stop in Utvik. Well, I walked around one of the tunnels we encountered along the way (I will not ride through one that I cannot see the end of) long before Utvik and lo! and behold, there is the bus driver helping Bob put the luggage and tandem on the bus. But, not our driver.



He was taken off the route, but did tell his substitute to look out for the two person bicycle and to make sure that we got up the hill. We did, in style.

There was no problem at any time with trying to take the tandem on any of the busses (we had to take one through a couple of tunnels where cycles were not allowed). They have a location mid-bus inside for strollers/prams, etc. along with needed straps, or the bike would go in the luggage bin down below. No charge, either, for the bike.



We were dropped at the top of the hill and we started our first descent in full sun. We had to stop at one point just to take in the lush valley below us. Probably the most beautiful scenic valley either one of us had ever seen. Farms, farms, green, green, with the normal glacial stream rushing down the middle. Very hard to describe the clean, neat, spectacularly clear vista with which we were presented. We stayed at the International Hostel, actually a working farm. The lady of the house was up each morning at 5:00 to feed her husband before he went to take care of the land and the cows, etc., cooked breakfast for the guests and then did her own farm chores. A lovely

lady in her 60s who spoke only the few words that were needed in English. She could make reservations, and take meal orders. That was the extent of her English. English is the second language in this country, but for those born before WWII, it was not a requirement. That is the age group that conceivably has the problem with the language.

To be continued....

Bob de Mille
Nancy Gordon
Palo Alto, CA

THREE GENERATIONS ON TWO TANDEMS

It all started during tax season two years ago. My parents (Bud & Sandy Weeks) had been riding a tandem for quite a while. Grover and I were interested in them. The tax refund provided the necessary cash. We drove to a local shop and took a memorable test drive (I tried to be captain and almost steered us into a tree). Mom and Dad bought Katy a child seat.

We rode throughout the summer. Katy loved the child seat, although she kept losing her shoes along the way.



Bud & Sandy Weeks (in the back), Becca & Grover Ireland (in the foreground), and Katy and Jake Ireland (in the trailer)

We discovered I was pregnant again, so we knew we'd have to have 4 seats before next spring. The

season was cut short due to Grover's deployment to Somalia in August.

After Grover returned, we started searching high and low for buggers. No lie, Katy probably tested out every trailer/bugger we could come across in three states. The problem? How do you fit a newborn and a three year old in one bugger?

We researched back articles of DoubleTalk, but I wanted to bolt a car seat into the bugger. Most of the popular designs will fit two kids. Only one seat allowed us enough room to bolt in a car seat and still have enough room for big sister...the Burley-roo.

Jake arrived in April. He was riding in the bugger at 4 weeks. He loved it. Katy loved it, mostly because she could play with him, and I couldn't do much to stop her (she's a great big sister?).

We took the tandem, bugger and assorted baby stuff all over the east coast this summer. We had a great time.

This riding season is over, also cut short due to deployment. We've already taken the car seat out of the bugger. We're looking forward to next spring when both kids can enjoy more room and more rides.

Becca Ireland
Ft Drum, NY



BikePro USA Doubles in Size

Phoenix, AZ - Bike Pro USA, the Phoenix-based manufacturer of packs, bags, and flight cases (including a Tandem Flight Case), has increased the size of its production facility by 100%.

"We've doubled the size of our manufacturing plant and have added a second shift," says John Alig, President. "We are growing rapidly and it's important for us to maintain the quick turnaround time our (customers) have come to expect."

Earl Bascom, Vice-president, comments, "This expansion has allowed us to accommodate new machinery. Because of this, ...expect some exciting new product changes for 1995."

A hand built tandem for \$2699?

Sebastopol, CA, Ibis Cycles has been hand building tandems for almost a decade now. For 1995, Ibis is offering a limited edition 700c road tandem called the EasyStreet. Known for their flawless welds, the EasyStreet comes with the famous "Hand Job" cable stop and "Toe Jam" pump peg topped off with an impeccable Blue Metallic Imron paint job. To accentuate the frame, the components include Shimano 8-speed bar-end shifting, Hugi tandem cassette hubs, Mavic 40-hole Mod 3 rims, sealed BB's and Specialized cranks. One ride on this tandem and you'll know why they call it the EasyStreet. Contact Ibis at (707)-829-5615 for your nearest authorized dealer.

TANDEM RACES



May 6, 1995. **Cedar Valley Cyclists, Finchford Time Trial & Road Race.** Cedar Falls, IA. 5 mile TT followed by 35 mile road race. USCF & citizen racers welcome. Please call Cindy at 319-277-0734 (day) or 319-266-9505 (home) or SASE to CVC, 4302 University Ave, Cedar Falls, IA, 50613, ATTN Cindy.

May 6, 1995. **Tandem Road Race.** Weston, WV. 42 or 22 miles. Mike McWhorter, 194 State Route 1, Jacksons Mill, WV 26452 (304) 269-7980.

June 1-4, 1995. **Tandemania 1995: The Stoker's Revenge.** Lake Vrynwy - Mid Wales, UK. Hill Climb, Freewheel Time trials. For information: Tandemania, Llangedwyn Mill, Llangedwyn, Oswestry, Shropshire SY10 9LD United Kingdom. phone: +44 (0)1691 780050

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.

July 15, 1995. **West Virginia State Time Trial.** Weston, WV. 16 mile hilly course, tandem category, Mike McWhorter, 194 State Route 1, Jacksons Mill, WV 26452. (304) 269-7980

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

1994 RACE FOR THE ROCK Plymouth, MA September 11, 1994

Tandem Results (20 laps)
[12.60 mi]:

1. Norton/Papineau
Cyclenavis 30:20
2. Grossbeck/Grossbeck
Putney West Hill 30:29
3. Schultz/Collins
Landry's/USABA 31:36
4. Angell/Washburn
MBRC/Sons of Italy
untimed
5. Rosenburg/Fernandes
untimed
6. Lanetski/Persin
Interon Durango
Inc. untimed
7. Commier/Hart
Annapolis Cycling
untimed

Submitted by Philip Shute
Hingham, MA



TANDEM CALENDAR 1995

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 5, 1995. **Colorado Tandem Club First Sunday of the Month Ride.** Boulder, CO. All winter events are RSVP to confirm ride day weather. Contact Kami or Andy White, Boulder, CO (303)-494-3092

March 11, 1995. **Chile Peddlers tour of "TBA".** New Mexico. Contact Tom or Joan Hendricks, (505)-856-7404

March 11, 1995. **T-Bone Maple Sugar Ride.** New England. Pat & Dave Berliner, 603-746-4822.

March 11, 1995. **Colorado Tandem Club, X-country Outing.** Keystone, CO. The Colorado Tandem club FINALLY admits that snow might slow the bikes down. \$ RSVP to Edie Stout in Fort Collins at 303-482- 2268 by March 9th.

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

March 19, 1995. **Colorado Tandem Club, Foothills Hike.** Boulder, CO. 1pm to do a 6 mile sunny hike on the Bluebell, Pawnee and Mesa Trail in South Boulder. The trail is mostly in the sun with some good climbing on the return. We'll have hot chocolate, and drinks at our home on return. RSVP & directions, Andy & Kami White 303-494-3092.

March 25, 1995. **T-Bone Brunch Ride.** Marblehead, MA. Emery & Ann Glass. 617-631-3239

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 1, 1995. **Colorado Tandem Club Mount Evans Family Ride.** Golden, CO. This April is the earliest Mount Evans Road will be open in many years. We'll make the record attempt starting in Golden, CO elevation 5680. We'll climb toward Evergreen and over Squaw Pass on Highway 103, elevation 9807 to get in a little warm up. From there we head down a several hundred feet then start up to the Mount Evans parking lot at 14,107. Edie and Randy will be riding their specially equipped tandem with HAM radio equipment for emergency service. there may be 12 foot drifts of snow in some areas, so be sure to bring your folding shovel, and avalanche beacons, just in case. Lunch will be at Echo Lake. The air gets a little thin above 12,000 feet, so we recommend augmenting your team with an oxygen tank in your packs. We'll be camping so the kids are welcome to come along behind in the trailer with your camping gear. We should be able to pick off a few mountain sheep for dinner, but the overnight temperature will get down below zero and winds over 200 so being your expedition gear. Knobby tires are recommended for the snow and dirt sections of the road, are required for the return trip down the tails on the back side. And if you show up, the April Fools is you.

April 2, 1995. **Colorado Tandem Club First Sunday of the Month Ride.** Boulder, CO. Summer(!) ride schedule 10am 30-40 miles. Safeway parking lot at 28th and Arapahoe. Contact

Kami or Andy White, Boulder, CO (303)-494-3092.

April 8, 1995. **Chile Peddlers Saturday Ride.** New Mexico. Contact Chris Jacobsen or Mary Cornish for information and meeting place. (505)-822-1737 or (505) 856-1225

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 15, 1995. **T-Bone Pot Luck Ride.** Warehouse Point, CT. Len & Liz Chapman, 203-627-0729.

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, 1995. **T-Bone Pot Luck Ride.** Newton, MA, Kevin Soll & Judi Burten, 617-630-5104

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 (AAA 4-Diamond property). Space extremely limited. 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.

April 28-30, 1995. **T-Bone NY Weekend**. Long Island, NY. Carolyn & Don Lane. 603-893-4766

April 29-30, 1995. **Tandem Rally & Sand Creek Folklife Festival**. Newton, KS. Fee and preregistration required. Includes folk festival entry, rides travel through areas of historical significance. Contact John Hobbs (316)-283-6055.

April 29-30, 1995. **California 200 Mile**. First annual tandems only fun ride. Group paced double century weekend. Groups will be split by riding pace. Fee required. Silicon Valley to San Luis Obispo. SASE to Richard Anderson, 87 Prospect Ave, Los Gatos, CA 95032. (408)-395-2988.

May 6, 1995. **T-Bone Apple Blossom Ride**, Hollis, NH. Dick & Jeane Sampson, 603-465-7444.

May 6, 1995. **T-Bone Ride**. East Derry, NH. Paul & MaryAnne Cronk, 603-437-9035

May 7, 1995. **Colorado Tandem Club 1st Sunday of the Month Ride**. Boulder, CO. Contact Andy or Kami White to confirm location, time and date. (303) 494-3092

May 12-14, 1995. **T-Bone Massachusetts Weekend**. Harwich Port, Cape Cod, MA. JeanMarie & George Lambert, 603-673-5975.

May 13, 1995. **Chile Peddlers Alamosa, Colorado Ride**. Call Harold & Lynn Trease for information (505) 662-1429 or (505) 667-0140.

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 20, 1995. **T-Bone Covered Bridge Ride**. Mont Vernon, NH. Includes pot luck. Earle & Carolyn Rich, 603-673-8695

May 20, 1995. **T-Bone Ride**. Ellington, CT. Joyce & Paul Swanke, 203-561-2686.

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

May 26-29, 1995. **10th Northwest Tandem Rally**. Victoria, British Columbia, Canada. This is the first NWTR to take place outside the United States. So set your bike computers to kilometers, and we will have tea for two waiting for you! For information, SASE to NW Tandem Rally, P.O. Box 69262, Portland OR 97201. Phone (503) 222-4922.

May 26-29, 1995. **Santana's Wine Country Tandem Rally**. Sonoma/Napa Valley, CA. Come visit the wineries in the Napa and Sonoma vallies, follow the Russian River, and explore the protected Redwood forests. Stay in the AAA 4-diamond Doubletree resort. Rides daily from 25-50 miles (there's too much to see for longer rides!). Limited to 125 teams. 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

May 27, 1995. **T-Bone Pot Luck Ride**. Bedford, MA. Susan Grieb & Jack Donohue. 617-275-3991.

May 27-28, 1995. **Heart of Dixie Tandem Gathering**. Birmingham, AL. Spend the weekend riding, eating, and socializing. Ride Saturday and Sunday, go out to eat Saturday night. Saturday night eat goes rain or shine!

Call Jack or Susan Goertz (205) 991-7766 evenings before 10 central time.

May 27-June 3, 1995. **Tandem Club of the UK International Rally**. Carnac, Brittany. Contact David & Carolyn McHale, 3 Eriboll Close, Linslade, Leighton Buzzard, BEDS, LU7 7XW, England phone: country code+0525-381505

June 2-4, 1995. **T-Bone Cornish Inn weekend**. Cornish, ME. Nate & Maryellen Carmen. 603-444-6887.

June 3, 1995. **T-Bone Ride**. Lenox, MA. Al & Sue Berzinis, 413-627-1718.

June 10, 1995. **Chile Peddlers Double Dam Ride**. Santa Fe, NM. Call Dennis Cooper or Dede Collins for information and meeting place. (505) 982-8846

June 10, 1995. **T-Bone Blind Stoker Event**. Arlington, MA. Laura Oftedahl, 617-923-7768.

June 10, 1995. **T-Bone Ride**. Greenwich, CT. Bea & Bob Luce, 203-637-0553.

June 24, 1995. **T-Bone Ride**. Litchfield County, CT. Doug Schick & Sue Frechette, 203-693-0142.

June 25, 1995. **Double or Nothing Tandem Ride**, Carmel, NJ. Small fee covers lunch, sag, patch & more! For more info, SASE to Mel Kornbluh, RR8 - Box 219E, Gynwood Drive, Bridgeton, NJ 08302. (609)-451-5104

June 30 - July 4, 1995. **T-Bone Kingfield, ME Weekend**. Hebert Inn, Ann & Emery Glass, 617-631-3239

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 3-5, 1995. **Santana's Rocky Mountain Tandem Rally**, Durango, CO. America's first rally catering to both road and off-road tandems. Come enjoy 5 days of fantastic routes in and around Durango, CO, the "Mountain Bike Capital of the World". Ride with Durango sports specialists Ed & Patti Zink (promoters of the Iron Horse



Classic and the World Mountain Bike Championships) and John Kukoda, equipment tester for Bike magazine. Choose each day from road or off-road routes through some of the most scenic countryside in all of Colorado. Limited to the first 150 teams. 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

July 8, 1995. **Chile Peddlers Jemez Mountains Ride.** Harold & Lynn Trease for information and start location. (505) 662-1429 or (505) 667-0140.

July 8, 1995. **T-Bone Ride.** Seabrook, NH. Linda & Bob Harvey, 603-898-5285.

July 9, 1995. **T-Bone Ride.** Hanscom Field, MA. Paul & MaryAnne Cronk, 603-437-9035.

July 15-16, 1995. **Heart of Dixie Tandem Gathering.** Birmingham, AL. Spend the weekend riding, eating and socializing. Ride Saturday and Sunday, go out to eat Saturday night. Saturday night eat goes rain or shine!. Call George or Judy Bacon for more information (205) 655-2808 evenings before 9 pm CST

July 21-23, 1995. **T-Bone Lancaster, NH Weekend.** Four Dorrs Motel, JeanMarie & George Lambert, 603-673-5975.

July 29, 1995. **T-Bone Ride.** Wrentham, MA. Lakeside cookout. Don & Regina Fisher, 508-384-6328.

July 30-Aug 5, 1995. **Tandem Club of the UK, International Tandem Rally.** Helsingburg, Sweden. Contact David & Carolyn McHale, 3 Eriboll Close, Linslade, Leighton Buzzard, BEDS LU7 7XW, England. phone: country code+0525-381505

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: RLTwoseat@aol.com

August 5, 1995. **T-Bone Pot Luck.** Lexington, MA. Bring the Kids, Gail & Harry Spatz. 617-862-8290.

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: RLTwoseat@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

August 12, 1995. **Chile Peddlers Tour de Estancia.** Contact Mitch & Linda Stucker for info. (505) 268-8968

August 18-21, 1995. **T-Bone Rockland, ME Weekend.** Dave & Pat Berliner, 603-746-4822.

August 18-21, 1995. **Tandem Club of the UK, National Rally.** Canterbury, England. Contact Julie & Robert Young, Lenwood Cottage, Lenham Heath, Maidstone, Kent ME17 2BS. phone: country code + 01622-859359.

August 19, 1995. **Chile Peddlers ride Colorado Century.** John Ormohundro & Cuba Wilmarth (505) 747-1145

August 20, 1995. **T-Bone Ride.** Londonderry, NH. Paul & MaryAnne Cronk. 603-437-9035

August 26, 1995. **T-Bone Pot Luck.** Warren, CT, Nan & Dave Scofield, 203-868-7067.

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 1-4, 1995. **Family Bicycling Weekend.** Southern New Jersey. Enjoy a weekend of bicycling fun geared to children and families. Rides with lunch and sag service will be scheduled both days. Other activities include swimming, a train ride, etc. Alan Yockey, 610-408-9129 or Cumpuserv 73024,3331.

September 1-4, 1995. **T-Bone Simsbury, CT Weekend.** Stay at 1820 House, \$\$, make your own reservations 800-879-1820, mention special T-Bone rate. Day rides. Alice & Bob Sawyer, 203-673-1181.

September 7-10, 1995. **T-Bone Bar Harbor, ME Weekend.** Joan Gillis & Buzz Buzzell, 603-669-3381.

September 9, 1995. **Chile Peddlers September Ride.** Jimmie and Mary Akins (505-867-3967

September 22-24, 1995. **17th Southern Tandem Rally.** Ashville, 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.

September 23, 1995. **T-Bone Ride.** Lenox, MA. Al & Sue Berzinis, 413-637-1718.

September 29-October 1, 1995. **Shelter Island Tandem Weekend.** Shelter Island, NY. Join the LITES (Long Island Tandem Enthusiasts) on the quiet Eastern end of Long Island. Explore beaches and quiet fishing villages. Waterfront accommodations. Limited to 50 teams. SASE to LITES c/o Team Forker, 122 Buttercup Lane, Huntington, NY 11743. (516) 271-0208.

September 29-October 1, 1995 **T-Bone Martha's Vineyard, MA Weekend.** George & Rosemary Milewski, 508-693-0798.

September 29-October 1, 1995. **BART 6th Fall Tandem Rally.** Redding, CA. Looking for a fantastic Fall tandem Ride; beautiful scenery, too. Come to Shasta Country. Prizes, Tee Shirts, Rest Stops, Food and Fun. SASE to Ron Mino, 3609 Bechelli Lane, #C, Redding, CA, 96002 or contact Lori at 916-246-4487.

October 7, 1995. **T-Bone Ride, Fall Tandemonium** Lexington, MA. Bob & Ruth Sawyer, 617-862-6517.

October 8, 1995. **Tandem Tour For Wishes III.** South Belmar, NJ. Fundraiser for Make-A-Wish



Foundation. 50 mile ride in beautiful Monmouth County, NJ. Fee includes marked route, sag, meals & door prizes. SASE to Team Rutch, 231 Brookside Ave, Laurence Harbor, NJ, 08879. (908)-566-9526

October 14, 1995. **Chile Peddlers Chama Valley - Espanola Ride.** contact John Omohundro & Cuba Wilmarth for information and meeting place (505) 266-3627.

November 11, 1995. **Chile Peddlers November Ride.** Paul & Alisabeth Thurston-Hicks (505) 266-3627

November 11, 1995. **T-Bone Ride.** Boxford, MA. Ann & Emery Glass, 617-631-3239.

December 9, 1995. **Chile Peddlers December Ride & Party.** Dennis & Lyndsey Morris (505) 343-8721.

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



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 _____





CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: Franklin custom marathon-style frame, 53x50. Phil BB, Chris King H/S. Campy Ergo levers & tandem components, 2 cassettes, Mod4 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, rackpack, seat wedges, Zefal fenders, gel saddles. \$1300. Rich Shapiro, Elmira, NY (607)-734-2372; E-mail to RLtoseat@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 derailleur. 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. Bill @ 1-800-371-6808 anytime (SD) 03/95

FOR SALE: 1987 Santana Arriva, 56x50 Red, 48-spoke wheels with Q/R, 4 bottle cages, 2 computers, adjustable stoker stem. \$1800. Call Ralph or Denise @ (703)-779-8107 7a.m - 7pm Eastern. (VA) 05/95

FOR SALE: 1988 Santana Elan, 21x20 Columbus SL fillet-brazed frame. Metallic Charcoal, Excellent condition, with Sugino GT 52/46/32 crankset - 170x170, Shimano 600 6-speed (13-32), Sun tour derailleurs, 27x1-3/8" Specialized Expeditions mounted on 48-hole Ukai rims. Arai drum brake, Suntour Accushift barcons, Blackburn racks, Zefal pump, Cateye micro and more. New tandem has arrived -- must sell old tandem. \$1500. Call George, (516)-467-8423 (NY) 05/95

FOR SALE: 1990 Schwinn DuoSport tandem, 21x19. 27" wheels, new tires, rear rack, fenders, Terry saddles front & rear. Tuned up for the 1994 Tour Des Lac. An excellent entry level tandem. See it! Ride it! You'll buy it! \$800/OBO. (509)-255-5837 (WA) 05/95

FOR SALE: 1994 Bilenky/Sterling Signature tandem, 56x52. Kelly Green w/yellow lettering. Campy components, including Ergo levers and rims. Scott "Drop-in" front bars, Sofride stoker stem, Phil hubs, Avocet 02 saddles, 5 cages and pump peg. Continental Grand Prix tires. Like new, ridden 600 miles. \$3500/OBO. Greg @ (510)-295-9220 (CA) 05/95

FOR SALE: 1984+/- Motobecane Interclub tandem, 22x20 frame with mixte rear, equipped with child stoker conversion kit. All original and in good condition. Huret derailleurs, TA cranks, Atom drum brake. Light blue paint. Professionally maintained. \$800/OBO. Call Peter @ (617)-926-5735 (MA) 05/95

FOR SALE: 1986 Sovereign S (predecessor to the Team). 22x21, white pearl, Campy cranks (triple), 40-spoked wheels on Phil Wood hubs, Phil Wood BB's, Dura Ace HG freewheel & chain, 7-speed indexed barcons, Blackburn rear rack, Look pedals, new cables. Excellent condition. \$2200. Call Arnold @ (810)-939-4601 or E-mail @ Arniedz@AOL.COM (MI) 05/95

FOR SALE: 1992 Santana Cilantro, 18x16. Aqua paint. Upgraded to 24-speeds, versatile 26" wheels work for road or mountain. Now setup for road with look pedals. ATB bars and stems included. \$2300. Jim @ (703)-486-8929 (VA) or E-mail @ Mudballs@AOL.COM 05/95

FOR SALE: 1896 Remington Arms tandem. This is the tandem that made the '90s gay, when the lady road in the front, but the gentleman steered from the rear. Restored from a great original, \$2000 plus shipping. Steve Carter (317)-839-1621 (IN) 05/95

FOR SALE: 1994 Franklin tandem, ridden 25 miles. 56x51. Two-tone fade from brown to green. Shimano XT components, Bullseye hubs. Chrome chainstays and dropouts. Continental tires/Chinook rims. This bike is brand new! Sale! \$1999. Call Brian @ (414)-954-6494 (WI) 05/95

FOR SALE: 1992 Santana Visa. Beautiful tandem, like new with only 500 miles. I love it, but my wife and daughter don't! Plum color with white Italia saddles. Shimano Deore components. WheelSmith wheels. Look clipless pedals included. \$1400. Dave or Lynn @ (404)-239-9873 (GA) 05/95



FOR SALE: 2 tandems, 1986 Kuwahara 56x53, blue marathon frame, barcons, triple cranks, 48-spoke wheels, Shimano cantilevers, Suntour hubs, extra bottles. \$750. 1981 Santana, 22x21, red, marathon frame, Phil Wood BB & Hubs, SS spokes, extra water bottles, TA cranks (triple), Shimano Deore XT derailleurs, \$1250. Both bikes in excellent condition. Many extras available. Purchase of new tandems force sale. Matt @ (310)-541-1456 or E-mail to MattKurz@AOL.COM (CA) 05/95

FOR SALE: 1972 Schwinn Paramount 22x22, double gents. S/M rear SE brakes, Phil Wood hubs, 48/40-hole hubs, rear for disc brakes. Converted to cross-over drive. Mostly upgraded components. \$925. Ray McAfee @ (916)-652-4087. (CA) 05/95

FOR SALE: 1993 Santana tandem, 59x53. Blue metallic Imron. Includes 4 water bottle cages, Arai drum brake, Shimano Ultegra barcons, DiaCompe stoker dummy rests, SPD pedals, 40-spoke WheelSmith wheels. Photos, references available. \$2000/OBO Ken Gellerman, (517)-426-4027 (MI) 05/95

FOR SALE: Motobecane Interclub, 22x19 Men's/Mixte, Dark Blue, Chrome fenders, rack. Upgrade rear wheel, excellent condition. \$750. Doug @ (618)-288-7193 (IL) 05/95

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

WANTED: Used but not abused Santana tandem, 1989 or newer. Will consider comparable non-Santana tandem, small or medium. Prefer 26" wheel frame with ATB bars. Willing to travel anywhere east of the Mississippi to inspect. Please call Janet, (315)-655-8933 (NY) 05/95

FOR SALE: Burley Child Stoker Conversion kit. Like new, \$125. Bolt-on shell, crankset, chainrings, and



chain. Dave/Lynn @ (404)-239-9873 (GA) 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. Hope 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

FOR SALE: Yakima Tandem adapter, used once. Originally \$220, now \$149. Call Brian @ (414)-954-6494 (WI) 05/95

FOR SALE: PedalPak hardshell tandem case. Never used, still in original shipping box. \$400+shipping. Dave/Lynn @ (404)-239-9873 (GA) 05/95

FOR SALE: 2 Wolber 27" 48-hole hard/ano rims w/Sansin hubs, \$40. 1 Chinook 27" 48-hole hard/ano rims w/Sansin hubs w/Shimano 13-30 cog, \$25. 1 Shimano Deore DX long-cage rear derailleur, \$20. 1 Suntour front derailleur, \$10. Barcons, \$20. 1 pr DiaCompe brake levers, \$10. Shimano Deore DX crankset, 54-44-28, \$100 (includes BB, cranks, chainrings, 38-T X-over rings), 1 pr Shimano SLR front canti, \$10. 1 pr Scot SE rear canti, \$20. 2 new Trek matrix, 40-hole 700c tandem rims, \$15 ea. Call Dick (813)-263-2728



(days) or (813)-262-3635 (evenings) (FL) 05/95

FOR SALE: TA Cranks, chainrings, bottom bracket parts. New and used, including new set of 4 165mm. Tandem crankarms and chainrings. Also some misc. Campy parts. Karl (815)-369-4407 for list (IL) 05/95

FOR SALE: Salsa custom stoker stem, 1.5" center to center, normal angle. Brand New! Fits 26.8 seatpost, 25.4 ATB bars. Black. \$75.00. Scott @ (719)-547-9011 (CO) 05/95

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: Blackburn front mountain rack in Neon Green (Da-Glo green to the old hippies out there). Used or new. Does your bike shop have one? Send us his telephone #! Karen Garner, P.O. Box 261, Shenandoah, IA 51601. (712)-246-5403 05/95

WANTED: Your trash, my treasure. Looking for cleat covers for traditional style (slotted) cleated shoes - any quantity. Also looking for 80's vintage Rhodegear rear trunk rack (bag), any color. Ron & Kathy Johnson, 16613 E. 51st Terrace Court, Independence, MO 64055. (816)-373-5940 05/95

HELP OFFERED: Touring England in 1995? Let us make a good trip into a great holiday! We offer help and advice on routes, accommodations, bikes by rail, and a great welcome! We're the touring directors for the Tandem Club (of the UK). Chris & Jenny Davison, Penny-Farthing, 124 Kings Road West, Swanage, Dorset, BH19 1HS England

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

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



TCA DEALER MEMBERS

Tandem Dealers

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)

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TOGETHER TANDEMS The Rocky Mountain region's only tandem-exclusive dealer. Large in-stock selection: Santana, Burley, Cannondale, Ibis, Co-Motion, Rodriguez, Sterling, Yokota. 2030 S. College Avenue, Fort Collins, CO 80525. (303)-224-0330 07/95

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BENT'S SCHWINN CYCLERY & FITNESS. 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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ALAMO BICYCLE TOURING COMPANY. Weekend and weeklong bicycle tours of the California Coast, featuring Big Sur, Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, and Santa Barbara areas. (800)-540-BIKE (2543) or ABTC, 1108 Vista Lago, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405 05/95 (11325)

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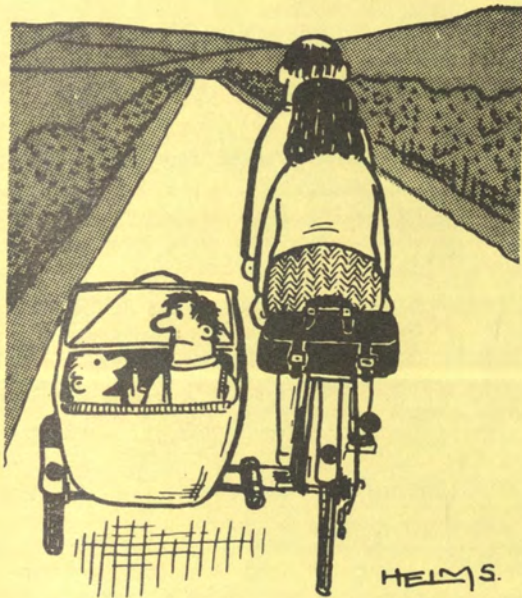
Bicycle Boutique presents cycling jewelry gifts collectables 14K- Gold tandem charm \$49.95. Tandem models red, black, blue \$24.95. Send SASE for brochure; B.B. 5901 Warner Ave #421, Huntington Beach, CA 92649. (714) 533-5392 11/95 (3715)

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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.



" Sssh, I'm a stowaway "

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
2 and 3 year memberships are encouraged

Membership

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

Tandem Club of America
Bruce & Judi Bachelder
306 W Union St
Morganton, NC 28655-3729

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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: _____

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Tandem Make: _____ Year: _____

Color: _____ Style: _____

Amount enclosed: _____ for (1) (2) or (3) Years

(Multiple-year memberships, 3 year maximum, are accepted at Dues Rate X Number of Years)
Is this a renewal? _____ Have you made any necessary corrections? _____

WHAT
IS *the*
 TCA ?



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! 👈