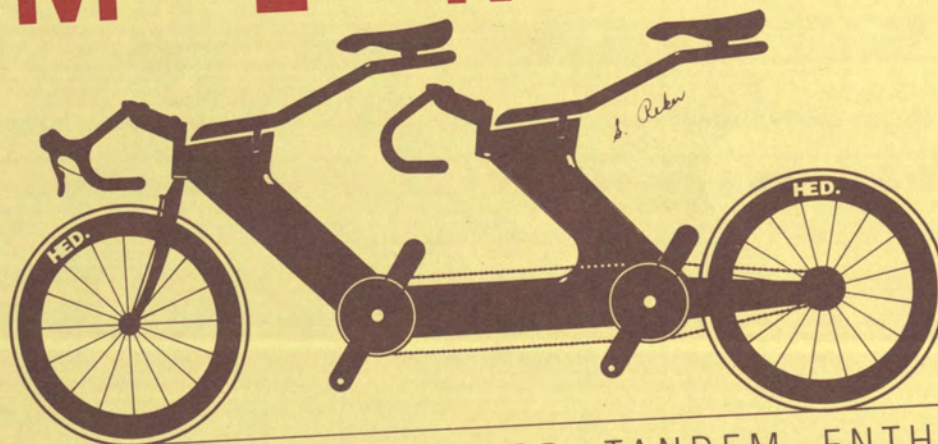


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DOUBLETALK



NOVEMBER-DECEMBER
1995

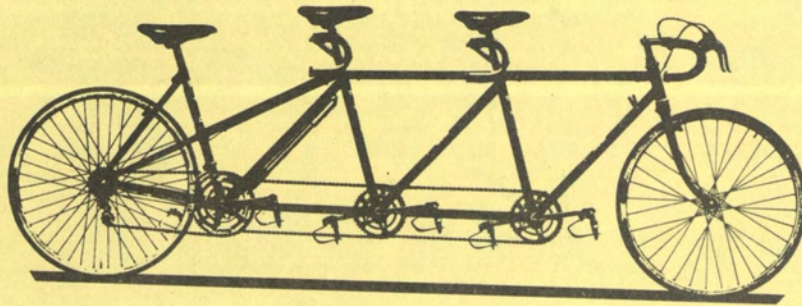
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DOUBLETALK

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DEADLINE FOR THE JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1996 ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS DECEMBER 1, 1995

FROM THE EDITORS

This is our Christmas issue, and it is time to reflect on the past year. It has been a good year, tandem wise, with the opportunity to visit many of our friends from around the world as we attended rallies all over the Eastern part of the US. It is always enjoyable to see our New England friends at the Eastern Tandem Rally, our Midwestern friends at the Midwestern Tandem Rally, and our Southern friends at the Southern Tandem Rally. Read about these and other great rallies in this issue and in the next, and plan on attending one or more rallies in '96. You'll be glad you did!

One of the more popular activities in the news has been the Internet. It seems that every magazine, newspaper, etcetera has articles on how great the Internet is for staying in touch and keeping up with what's happening. We (Susan and I) have had an Internet address for sometime now, and it is great. We have a new, easier to remember address for those of you who are electronically enabled. If you need to get in touch with us, you can send an electronic mail message to tandems@mindspring.com. (We told you it is easier to remember). We can accept articles for DoubleTalk at this address, and we encourage that! Of course, you'll need to send your photos via snail/mail to our address at the bottom of the page.

Need to contact the Membership people? Bruce and Judi Bachelder, the people you send your dues and renewals to, can be reached on CompuServe. Their Internet address is 73237.2373@compuserve.com. Our TCA Merchandise people are online, too. Stan and Marilyn Smith can be contacted at WriteTool@Aol.com. All of us check our e-mail frequently, so your message won't lie in an inbox too long before you receive your answers.

Want to sign up and become a Hospitality Home? You can do that via e-mail, too. The

coordinator for the Hospitality Homes list, Tom Thalmann, can be reached at Sealord3@Athenet.net. Is this list worth it? Read the article from Phil & Louise Shambrook, two British touring tandemists, and see how they used the list to make their journey across America even better.

We have several volunteers who are willing to help with reading DoubleTalk onto cassettes for distribution to visually-impaired tandem teams. Unfortunately, we have yet to hear from a volunteer who knows how to coordinate this effort on a national basis. If any member knows who to contact to arrange the recording and distribution, and is willing to lead this effort, please let us know. The interest seems to be very high, we just don't know where to go from here. Once we have a lead volunteer, we'll turn over the names of our other volunteers and then we'll keep all the TCA posted as to the progress.

Please take a moment right now and check your address label. Is the name and address correct? Do you still have 2 or more issues remaining? Now is the time to correct any mistakes and send your updates to us or to the Membership team. If it's just a correction, you can do this electronically by e-mailing the updated information (please include your membership number from the upper left corner of your label, above your name) to us at tandems@mindspring.com. If you are renewing, you'll have to relay on good old snail/mail to get your update and your check to Bruce & Judi Bachelder. Their address is on the membership application form in the back of this issue of DoubleTalk. It is extremely important that you send your updates/renewals to us quickly. Those who are members as of December 15, 1995 will receive the membership list.

Whew! That's a lot to cover. And it's Christmas time! Susan and I wish the happiest of holidays to all Tandem Club members, wherever you may be this holiday season!



LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

A little more on bike lighting systems. You will recall that I wrote of the short battery life that developed in my Vista system last winter. This year I decided to replace the battery rather than to invest in a new system. I contacted the mail-order bicycle equipment supplier from which I had originally purchased the light. The price quoted for a replacement battery curled my hair. Local "battery dealers", listed in the Yellow Pages, seem to deal with large size batteries, suitable for starting automobiles or running golf carts, but the "electronic equipment supplier" listing in the Yellow Pages led me to a source of the same battery that comes with the Vista system, for a cost of \$10.50. Even with the additional cost of a lightweight soldering iron and a little solder with which to move connections from the old battery to the new, the total price tag came to less than half the price I was quoted for a new power supply. There are battery upgrades available, too, to stretch out the time the battery can be used even a little further.

Wally Retan
Birmingham, AL

Dear DoubleTalk,

We are very happy that we attended the Eastern Tandem Rally in Geneva, NY this past August. We feel it was well organized and seemed to flow smoothly. There was an excellent selection of routes for riders of varying abilities and ambition. We had to choose mostly shorter rides, due to the stoker's recent foot surgery and the captain's tendency to cruise easy when riding alone, but the variety was there.

We thought the meals were very good, especially Saturday evening's, and we really enjoyed the Dady Brothers show. It was refreshing to find decent family entertainment.

Other highlights for us were the excellent Sunday lunch at Cayuga Lake Park (a beautiful spot) and the opportunity to try out a Montague.

We are not sure of the names of people on the planning committee, but we wanted to let the TCA know that we feel they did an excellent job. It wasn't their fault that we had a flat and were packing the wrong size tubes! Again, we thank the committee for a job well done. We are relatively new to tandeming but this was our best experience to date.

John & Judy Rusho
Fulton, NY



The attendees of the Southern Tandem Rally know that Jaimie and Lily Garcias took a bad spill near the end of Saturday's ride. They dropped us a note soon after saying all was well and asking that we thank all the Southern Tandem Rally attendees for their concern on their behalf.

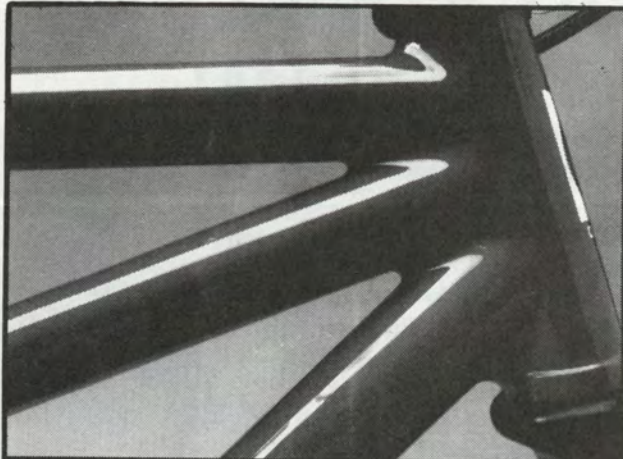
Since then we've heard that they've headed north again and are off riding their tandem on the Natchez trace.

The editors

Dear DoubleTalk,

For all TCA members who have ridden with small children (either in a trailer or as stokers with conversion kits), please send us your tried and true methods for keeping little ones happy so the ride is enjoyable for all.

We have two girls (2 1/2 years and 10 months) that we pull in our Burley trailer. We started the first at 6 weeks in her infant car seat and biking was great. Baby #2 came along and we pictured more happy family outings. A totally different temperament combined with close quarters, and biking's not so great anymore!



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We've come up with a few methods to keep them entertained and out of each other's hair, but we'd love to hear what you've done.

Susie & Dave Jones,
7600 Bakers Hill Road,
Chesterfield, VA 23832

Dear DoubleTalk,

We are preparing an article for DoubleTalk about humorous, inane or witty remarks made to us while riding a tandem. examples -

He/she is not pedaling

Someone is following you

Aren't you sitting too close?

Please send your contributions to

Alvin Golub
1659 W 7th St
Brooklyn, NY 11223

KANSAS TANDEM RALLY '95

Father's day weekend quickly arrived complete with all the fun things like mega sleep deprivation, excitement, a little anxiety shall we say and anticipation of a fun filled entertaining weekend for all.

Not wanting to experience the emotional roller coaster, the weather man and his entertainment segment so often provides, I found myself consciously avoiding his commentary. It did cross my mind that it might be a wee bit difficult to keep 100 people entertained should it rain all weekend!

Suffering from a personality change associated with sleep deprivation I hitched up a tandem Adams Trail-A-Bike (trailer bike for two kids ages 4-10 that allows them to pedal or coast) to our new Santana Sovereign tandem. Mickey Mouse had the privilege of stoking for Fivel (tied them on). At that point it only seemed logical to add the AllyCat trailer bike to

the rig that was now taking on the appearance of a small train. Bubaloo the bear proudly brought up the rear!

At the 11th hour I decided to double check with the Lawrence Police department about a previously discussed assist leaving the Ramada Inn and crossing McDonald Drive which incidentally handles the Lawrence related Friday evening Kansas Turnpike traffic! You guessed it, the man to see was out and there was no record to refer to. They did come through, though, and with flying colors. Once again we thank the men in blue, or was it gray?

Forty five (45) teams participated that weekend (the Lawrence paper said 80) despite competing with BAK and Father's Day. Teams came from as far away as New Mexico, Michigan and South Dakota. The rally was kicked off with a 15 mile ice cream social ride/race? (We marked the course - big mistake for a



social ride!) The ride was billed as follows: "THE GENTLE COURSE PROVIDES FOR 15 EASY AND HOPEFULLY TRAFFIC FREE MILES AS WE MEANDER OUR WAY TO AND THROUGH THE MOSQUITO INFESTED KANSAS RIVER VALLEY. BEWARE OF ALLIGATORS KNOWN TO INHABIT THE LAKEVIEW AREA AND AS ALWAYS, PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE ALLIGATORS!"

And we were off! Quickly understanding the physics of the parking lot hill and towing two trailer bikes with battery operated stuffed animals (50-60 lbs.), I wisely shifted into granny and you guessed it, dropped the chain for the first time on our new bike. I said "Oh darn it!", quickly solved the problem and we soon experienced the rush of speed down Rockledge as I gripped the bar with my "Century Lubed" hands. We shot across 4 lanes of traffic held at bay by Lawrence's finest. Tandems were both front and rear as far as one could see in the seemingly never ending parade. Many of the waiting autos were thrilled? - expressed by tooting horns, thumbs up and flashing lights.

Upon arriving at Lakeview a big momma alligator was spotted with a school of her young just off the bridge. There was a suspicious string tying them together but the K-mart sticker was the dead give away.

The ride instructions asked everyone to please dismount for the U-turn at pavement end and announce their intentions to those around them. That mostly went unheeded by the expert long bike handlers and without mishap. And yes, yours truly did negotiate the U-turn on our hinged 5 seater without clipping out! The post ride ice cream was a hit on that warm Friday evening evidenced by the rate of consumption necessitating a quick run to the store for more.

Bill McCready, president and owner of Santana Cycles highlighted the evening with a very entertaining and informative tandem seminar. He loves what he does and it showed as he related the evolution of Santana Cycles, why he designs tandems with seamless double butted round and oval tubes, quad butted tubes on some models and many other features unique to his tandems. We also learned how a Santana can weigh as little as 36.5 pounds out of the box and why they have a truly different ride and feel noticeable even in a parking lot!

He related that people buy tandems to go faster (his original interest in tandems), improve their health and their relationship, eliminate the problem and frustration experienced by two riders having different physical abilities trying to do the single thing (definitely our interest) and to eliminate embarrassment of someone new going to a group ride and not being able to keep up combined with uncertainty associated with their developing bike handling skills.

Bill pointed out that if a person spends time doing fitness, they can't spend time together and the relationship suffers. Tandem riding develops trust, faith, common goals, a sense of accomplishment and an opportunity for small talk conversation (we guys need a lot of practice here). He reminded us that a good captain knows that the stoker is always right!

A significant happening in the cycling world is underway as is evident in the phenomenal growth experienced by the tandem industry. Something is going on with tandems, after all how often do sales in a select cycling market double every year for three years straight! Tandems can do magical things and they work for people, even for those who think it will not. We now have many of the answers thanks to Bill and his willingness to take time out of his busy schedule to come all the way from California to share his knowledge and wisdom with us.

Saturday morning we awakened (quite early after retiring late again!) to a beautiful day. Many couples tried out the new Santana's and were very appreciative of the personal attention received from Bill, Sue and myself and others who actually know and ride tandems.

The Saturday ride led everyone west out what is locally known as the "Farmer's Turnpike" (parallels the Kansas Turnpike) and to Lecompton. The city park provided much desired shade for the SAG and was one block from Lane University museum which was opened specially for our event. President Eisenhower's parents met and were married there. It was also to be the capitol building of Kansas at one time. Many took the opportunity to see a little bit of Kansas history before returning to Lawrence or extending their ride by crossing the Kansas (Kaw) River and either going out over Lake Perry dam or enjoying the rolling wooded terrain as they looped up to Oskaloosa. Yes it was up hill going away from the river but the studious teams were rewarded with

T**A****N**

7 miles of gentle downhill on the return run to the Kaw river.

All enjoyed the poolside catered lunch prior to a relaxing dip in the pool or seeking refuge in their air conditioned rooms.

Bargain hunters were rewarded by attending the Swap Meet prior to the evening banquet. After everyone had eaten and all the door prizes were drawn and given away, Bill McCready sparked what may well become a tradition with the Kansas Tandem Rally. He inspired (threatened, taunted and teased {not really that bad}) his audience into telling memorable tandem stories starting with the couple who had been riding together the longest, i.e., Bob and Jean Watts (sorry Bob!). Amusing story after amusing story was heard to the enjoyment of everyone.

Those who purchased the Sunday "Lawrence Journal World" while waiting on breakfast were rewarded with a nice picture of Kansas City's own Bob and Darlene Arnett (Johnson County Bike Club president) and Brian and Stacy Jones as they left the Lecompton SAG. The picture was captioned with a blurb of our weekend happenings. We awakened to

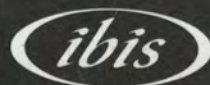
yet another beautiful day on Sunday. After the previous day's rolling terrain, everyone was treated to a gentler (flat) ride to Lone Star Lake (36 miles) with an option to continue on to Centropolis and Baldwin. The extended loop (60 miles total) riders experienced the thrill of descending the Baldwin hill (50 mph+) as they dropped down to the Vinland community. The return leg for both routes toured the University of Kansas campus giving riders views of fountains, old time architecture (don't know the technical jargon) and the fraternity and sorority houses on the hill.

The Rally was declared a success as the weekend regretfully came to a close. Riders left with many warm memories, newfound friendships and anticipation of getting together again.

Special thanks go to all of those who helped and who volunteered to help as it could not have been done without you. Thanks again!

There is next year.....! Kansas Tandem Rally '96.....!

Mark & Sue Johnson
Shawnee, KS



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FRASER VALLEY TANDEM WEEKEND

A long-time, dedicated tandem cyclist, Colin King, approached Dan and I last spring and suggested we organize a tandem weekend. Colin lives in Vancouver, and he loves to come to 60 miles out into the valley to ride. My wife, Marie and I were introduced to the sport few years ago by Dan and Jennifer and we all love the time we get to spend on the big bikes.

We gave Colin's idea some thought and decided we should give it a try. Dan, Jennifer, Marie and I organize a Metric Century every spring, so we thought this would be a reasonable task. We thought we could organize two days of riding with a barbecue in between. We made a few promises to ourselves before the planning began. The weekend had to be inexpensive and we had to be able to ride. Our metric century always seems to keep us too busy to ride, so this event had to be different. We figured we could pull it off for \$10 per person. The fee would include the rides and barbecue.

Invitations were sent out to TCA members in BC and Washington, and we hoped for the best.

The weekend arrived and so did more than 30 tandem teams. We had teams from as far away as Edmonton, Alberta and Yakima, Washington. The weather co-operated; we had beautiful sunny skies and two days of great riding. We are particularly proud of our scenery and lack of traffic, and from the reactions of the riders, I think our pride is justified. After a 60 km ride, we had about 60 people to the barbecue on Saturday night. I think we successfully met the challenge of feeding them, although we might have been in trouble if there had been many more. We started early on Sunday and rode distances ranging from 50 to 120 km. There were hills, flats (both terrain and tires) and eats. We saw a few of the group after the ride on Sunday and have heard from some since the weekend. It sounds like everyone had a good time. The organizers even did. We organized, we rode and we barbecued. We survived it all, a little tired but with a great feeling of satisfaction.

Probably the best compliment received came from a seasoned tandem rider. He said the weekend reminded him of early tandem rallies before they

became big and impersonal. The smaller group gave everyone the chance to meet and talk to everybody else, and make some new friends.

Will there be a second in 1996? We discussed the idea over a beer on Sunday evening. Maybe it was the beer, or maybe the fatigue, but we decided we would try it again. We want to keep it small and friendly. We hope everyone will come back. The date is September 21 & 22, 1996.

Ron Goldfinch
Chilliwack, BC

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.

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

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



WHAT COULD BE SOUTHERN ABOUT NEW YORK?

This girl from Georgia was really curious about the "Southern" Tier Tandem Rally taking place in New York. There were also other reasons I decided to attend:

- 1) To escape the 100 degree weather (HA!)
- 2) because town names of Elmira, Utica, Ithaca and of course, Attica, had always seemed fascinating.
- 3) And.. because her Captain and bicycle were already in Vermont!

Even though this event takes place in the "Southern" tier of New York state, the most "Southern" thing about this rally was the wonderful hospitality of our hosts Rich Shapiro and Lindy Ellis, who carefully orchestrated a delightful weekend of activities out of their home in Elmira.

My captain, Rich Wolf, and I thought we'd have traveled the farthest but were outdone by a couple of gents from Oregon who brought their Tandem Two'sDay for all to see and try.

This was great two-day event for couples and families with many choices of rides, concluding with a great barbecue feast and swim party each day. Rich and Lindy overlooked nothing - with detailed maps and cue sheets (including elevation info), local police assistance assuring a safe start, plenty of rest stops, change and shower facilities, etc.

Creeky Crawly, Big Flats Petting Zoo, Scenic Chemung Valley, Hogback Heaven, and a Metric Century were Saturday's ride options. These routes of 18 to 64 miles ranged from generally flat along the Chemung River to hill climbers with great views, and over 40 tandem teams participated. Unfortunately, the rains came and most of us did our "swimming" before we got back to the pool. The soggy weather did not, however, interfere with our enjoyment of great food back by the pool.

Ride choices on Sunday included a Century/Metric Century or shorter routes from Saturday. Weather was much improved; and over 30 tandem tams all complete their intended rides (or longer), and then enjoyed another poolside feast of Rich's "stand in line for" ribs and veggie lasagna.

This tandem rally in the Southern Tier of New York was a truly fun weekend, and it's easy to see why *Bicycling Magazine* (8/94) called it one of the "19 great Tandem Rides."

Ina Thompson
Atlanta, GA



The registration umbrella set the tone for Saturday's ride



1995 EASTERN TANDEM RALLY

Hobart and William Smith Colleges in Geneva, NY hosted this year's Eastern Tandem Rally (ETR). This small city sits at the northern tip of Seneca Lake. Seneca and the other Finger Lakes provided a beautiful setting for riding.

The 200 tandem teams started to assemble late Friday afternoon. Captain Jack Vinson and I didn't arrive until dinnertime. We had a leisurely dinner at an Italian restaurant in town with friends. Although we didn't make it back to campus in time for the ice cream social, we did get a picturesque view of the nearly full moon over Seneca Lake.

Saturday morning, caffeine from the dining hall provided the necessary jump start. The college dining service was well-stocked with coffee and tea, but they seemed unprepared for the carbo-loading cyclists and kept running out of French toast. There were no mass starts, so we opted to ride with Victor and Susan, the couple with whom we'd had breakfast. Although we had just met them in line that morning, Jack already felt like he knew them since they are fellow subscribers to the tandem@hobbes Internet mailing list.

The next decision was how far to ride for the day. A selection of four rides was offered for the morning, all leading west to the lunch site at the Granger Homestead in Canandaigua, but ranging in length from 17 to 47 miles. A similar selection was offered for the afternoon, but the morning rides dipped down to the south and the afternoon rides rose to the north, so that one could see different scenery. One could ride as few as 34 miles, as many as 93, or almost anything in between.

We originally considered the 47-mile route, figuring that we could always take a short ride back if we were tired, but the forces of nature were against us. It was raining for most of the morning, rather heavily at times. The advantage of being a stoker was that, since I didn't have to watch where we were going, I could keep my head down and stay a bit drier. When Jack tried to tuck into a more aero position, he got an unappetizing mouthful of road spray.

Fourteen miles later, Victor and Susan took the turn-off for the full 47-mile route while we opted for the 39-miler. I had noticed the warning "Say hello to Granny" on the cue sheet but its meaning didn't sink in until I looked at the huge hill facing us. So we shifted into the granny gear and I shifted into Marco Pantani mode to get us to the top. It was a bit disheartening to see the accumulated rain water squishing out of my shoes with each downstroke, though. The rain took the fun out of the eventual ride down the other side, too. The clouds obscured what would have been a perfect view of Canandaigua Lake and the wet, slippery road conditions prevented us from zipping down the hill.

The cluster of bright yellow ETR jerseys made the lunch stop at the Granger Homestead easy to spot. Although it remained gray, the rain stopped by lunchtime. The picnic lunch was catered at the site. The ground may have been wet, but it was no wetter than our shorts. Some chose to tour the 19th century home, if only because the line for the restrooms was shorter than the one for the porta-potties outside. Although the skies looked threatening at times, we made it back to Geneva dry, taking a 28-mile route.

After a much-needed shower to scrub off road-spray, we took our bike over to the dining hall. The swap meet was in front of the building, and the bike rodeo in the parking lot behind. For the swap meet, some people bought tandems to sell; others just cleaned out their closets of old spare parts.

Shoes were popular items simply because they were dry. The Trek Wrench Force was along for the weekend, providing free repairs and low-cost parts.

We swung around back to the rodeo and decided to try a pair of events. The Chungbin team completed the slalom in under 30 seconds, besting the field by about five seconds. They also won the slow race, nearly doubling our second-place time. The path was about 20 yards with a slight downhill, and competitors couldn't touch the ground and had to remain moving.

Before we arrived, Scott and Nan Stekete tied with Irv Housinger and his stoker Pat, who had ridden with him just for the competition, in

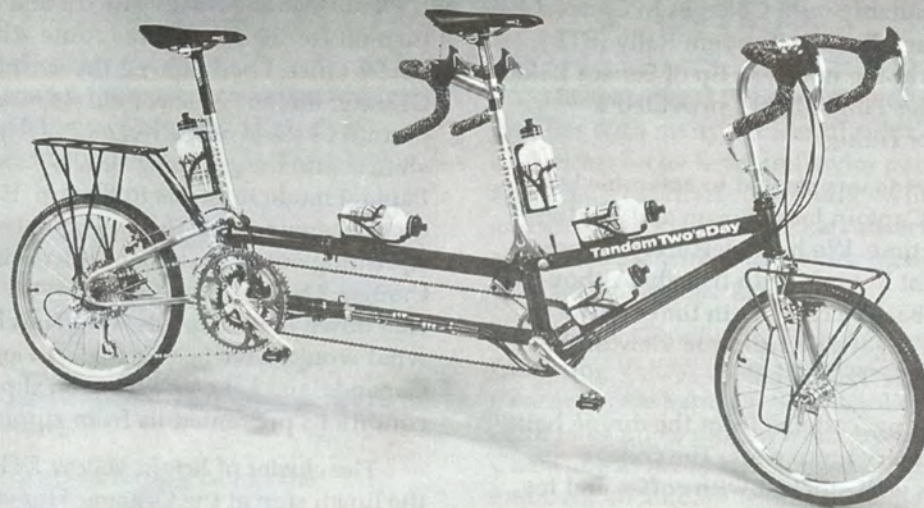
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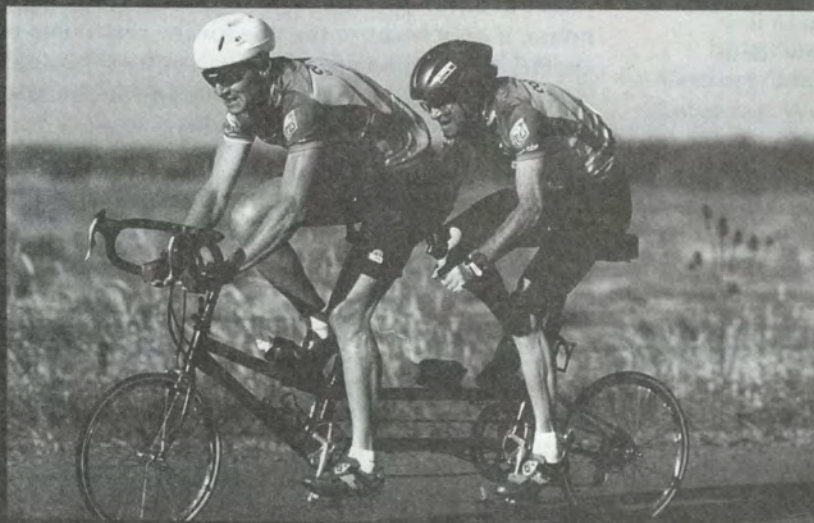
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Betty and Gene Newton
California



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powerball race. In this event, the teams had to grab balls out of a basket and deposit them in other baskets around the course while riding.

Dinner was back in the dining hall, but was more elegant than breakfast. Although we still had to line up for our entrees, the tables were swathed in linen and wait staff served our salads and desserts. Again, the cyclists' tendency to carbo-load caused delays, this time at the pasta station. Some people became rambunctious waiting for their turns to be called to the buffet line, but a pair of clowns circulating around the dining area and forming balloon animals helped keep spirits in check.

The evening's entertainment came from the Dady Brothers, an Irish folk duo. They included both traditional favorites and original compositions. The biggest hit of the evening was "Daisy, Daisy," which had all the tandemists singing along.

Sunday's weather was far more inviting for cycling, clear, a bit cool and almost no humidity. The day's rides went east to Seneca Falls and on to a picnic lunch on the shore of Cayuga Lake. The terrain was just hilly enough to be interesting. In Seneca Falls, we passed the home of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and a lock on the Erie Canal.

Cayuga is the shallowest Finger Lake and therefore the warmest, making it popular for swimming. Some cyclist brought swim suits to go for a dip at the lunch stop; others just doffed their shoes and socks and dipped their feet in the water. Over lunch we read the article about ETR that ran in the local paper. I met someone from Philadelphia who told me there was a pair of couples at the rally from my hometown of Dresher, but I was never able to find the former neighbors. Meanwhile, Jack gave short test rides on our Allsop beam to some stokers we'd met. They quickly became convinced of the value of suspension.

The ride back to Geneva offered no ugly hills but a beautiful view of Seneca Lake as we approached from the east. We chose a 27-mile ride that included a stretch along the eastern shore of Seneca. The cue sheet advised us that we would pass the Drainage Tile Museum, but we decided to skip the tour. We headed back to campus, packed our smelly bike clothes, and said good-bye to the old friends we saw and new friends we made before driving home.

Marci Cohen
Sunderland, MA

MTR 95

Well, the long bikes deserve a long message. We're home from a great time at the Midwest Tandem Rally in Indianapolis. The weather forecast looked wonderful, and after some last-minute errands we loaded the bikes and headed southeast from Chicago. We had a delightfully uneventful trip with minimal traffic (and none from the Highway Patrol), and rolled into the host hotel (the Radisson) in mid-afternoon.

We picked up our registration packet and t-shirts, and after some minor confusion with the hotel (the clerk insisted that I had specified a smoking room), we headed out to the car. It only took my wife and associated bystanders about 5 minutes to explain to me that we had to drive to the Major Taylor Velodrome (and, gee, I thought I was only supposed to be brain-dead after a ride).

At the velodrome, my sister and brother-in-law rolled up on their bike (Michele and Jim Cooper), along with a good assortment of the east coast contingent (if any of you were offended by the CRABS or Toucans from Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania, well, it's my fault that they're coming to the midwest). We rode the relatively short (12 mile) ride looping around the velodrome (ya gotta earn the ice cream somehow). My wife decided that discretion was the only part of valor, but willingly signed the release form to send my son out on the track with me. I, of course, had already signed the release for my daughter and me, and was ready to roll.

The track is a bit of a surprise -- much more steeply banked than I expected. I've ridden the velodrome in Northbrook, Illinois, and expected this one to be similar. Similar in shape; but shorter, and,



as I said, much more steeply banked. I've been part of a world-record setting team at Northbrook (the 100-person, 4 kilometer Team Time Trial), and I hoped that we could do something similar at Indianapolis. I sent a letter (along with a copy of my UCI certificate) to the organizers; but after seeing that track, I could guess that the logistical and liability aspects were insurmountable. Still, it would have been something to set a tandem track record!

Midway through my (purely self-limited) time on the track I switched kids, so that my son could have a turn. Photos later proved that all three of us were smiling while riding.

After our ride, we were treated to the "dual-captain" tandem of Steve and Lorraine Gebert (I think) of the COWS of Wisconsin on the track. The bike has a saddle and handlebars in each direction, and crossed chains so that both captains can peddle in the normal direction while propelling the bike in only one. We enjoyed an early desert of the ice cream supplied by the organizers (I think we all went for Death By Chocolate).

Friday evening we walked to a local restaurant for dinner, and while walking back to the hotel were surprised -- for the first time all summer, we were chilly in the evening! In Chicago, we were within a tenth of a degree of having the hottest summer on record; I can guess that Indianapolis has been similar.

Saturday morning broke clear and pleasant. After breakfast at the reasonably well stocked buffet in the Radisson (I'm sure that they did not expect the plague of locusts that descended), we loaded the bikes, and rode to the staging area, a parking lot north of the hotel. My daughter had ridden with me for the road Friday, so Saturday was my son's turn. We were early enough that the parking lot was only about half full, and we got near the back of the lot with the my sister, brother-in-law, and the rest of the easterners mentioned above. By nine o'clock the lot was surprisingly full; shortly after we knew that the starting announcements were being made (although we couldn't hear them), and then the ride began.

We wound around the area on side streets through office parks and residential areas, with police holding traffic at major intersections. After a while, we had, of course, passed the policed intersections. I had noticed that the lights were

incredibly quick to change to red for the side streets. Rolling up to one intersection, with a group of thirty or so bikes ahead, the light changed to green. Guessing that it, too, would be quick, I yelled "SPRINT!", as much to encourage other teams as to encourage my son. Not surprisingly; it is easier to accelerate a 250 pound team than one that is somewhat more gravimetrically challenged, and we usually win traffic light sprints against most tandem teams. Much to my surprise, two other teams sprinted with us (I don't even remember who won, which means it probably wasn't us)!

We ended up riding a good part of the morning with one of the teams, Larry Barnhart and Sue Gramza of Indiana. My son got to learn the beauty of drafting other tandem teams (I doubt that we dropped below 20 mph for a good portion of the ride). Larry and Sue paid us what I consider to be a wonderful compliment -- they waited for us after they proved to be faster than us up some of the hills. Sue, as Phil Ligett would say, absolutely "dances on the pedals" when they climb.

I could tell I was tired when, rolling through the town towards lunch, I twisted my foot to unclip my pedal. Unfortunately, I still use toeclips on the tandem; fortunately, I didn't pull an Artie Johnson, but got the foot out anyway. At lunch we were treated to what I consider to be the best MTR lunch we've had in our four years of attending. After lunch, we decided to skip the longer route back. The kids (of course) went for a swim at the hotel (we never seem to tire them out completely); I wandered around the exhibits a bit.

Sunday morning was my daughter's turn to take a longer ride with me. Again the weather was wonderful. We rolled off, my daughter and I to do the medium route, my wife and son to do the short (if a 44 mile route is a "short" route).

The ride to the first rest stop was uneventful; the route from the rest stop went north for a short distance, and then turned west to cross a fairly major highway (labeled Stop or Die! by the route markers). We finally got a break in the traffic from our left, and rolling toward the median spotted some clear road behind the tractor-trailer coming from our right. I, of course, shouted "SPRINT!", and my daughter rose to the occasion. We won the light, and the next hill or two. My daughter was tickled with the compliments she received by teams that passed us later.



The route wound north and then west through farmland, and then south past, among other things, a reindeer farm. After carrying the bike across the bridge under construction, we headed toward lunch. Seeing a bike on the side ahead of us, I got ready to ask if they needed help. I then noticed that the trailer from the Trek Wrench force was there; so I knew they were in good hands. As I passed, I noticed that only the Trek triplet was there, and the guys were fixing their own rear wheel... Rob Templin (from Burley) was riding the rear of the triplet on Sunday, leaving his Bike Friday from Saturday at the hotel. He was forced to find alternate transportation because Lon Haldeman couldn't fit MTR into his schedule between PBP and the PAC tours!

Lunch was at the village center in Carmel, and while they didn't let us park bikes against trees, they actually let us play in their wonderful, multi-tiered fountain! Lunch was up to the standard set by the one from Saturday. After refuelling and a quick pit-stop, my daughter and I headed back for the hotel. We rode out from lunch with a number of other teams, most of whom I assume decided to drop way back after we came really close to losing it in a gravelly corner. On the way back, I can remember drafting Alan & Becky Hartwig from Sewickley, Pennsylvania; guys, I loved the touch of using electrical tape to attach the t@h sticker!

Finally, the kids were tired enough that they didn't even want to swim in the afternoon. (Yay! I was successful!) We lounged around a bit, heard the amazing Northwestern-Notre Dame football score (Expect Victory?), and eventually headed over to the banquet.

The banquet was held in a large tent pitched in the parking lot behind the Radisson. After dinner came the announcements and entertainment. A new group, the PIGS (Paired Iowans Going Somewhere) entertained us with their theme song; the COWS gave (in bucolic costume) thirteen reasons why everyone should come to Appleton, Wisconsin, for MTR '96; and we voted to go to Columbus, Ohio for MTR '97.

After dinner entertainment was provided by Reed Steele, a mime (and a cyclist). Among other things, he enacted an old Red Skelton routine, staged a silent movie (with audience members as the actors, and my son as the "take boy"), and performed an



"astronut" routine with "weightless" segments that I've never seen anyone else perform.

Monday's weather was again, wonderful. My son and I went for a short spin, came back to the hotel, and packed for another uneventful trip back home. I got a chance to chat with Mark Bettinger, who was paying his dues manning the bike storage area.

Some of the stats that I remember from the rally (please forgive me if my memory fails):

- 1300 attendees (estimated)
- 582 registered teams (making this the largest tandem rally ever) 29 states represented
- 2 foreign countries represented (Canada, and Nepal!) 9 members from one family (the Hatch family from New Berlin, Wisconsin had four teams, four tandems, and the littlest one in a trailer)
- 147 Combined age of the oldest team
- 23 Combined age of the youngest team

My compliments to the hosts. We had a wonderful time; the TOIS and CIBA did an absolutely great job.

Mike Pechnyo
Wilmette, IL



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Listen to Your Body!

Sunday, June 11th, I led a 38 mile tandem ride out of Bealton, Va. The weather was more like you'd expect here in July and August; temperature and humidity both hovering in the low 90's. At the rest stop at the 25 mile mark many of the riders (42 in all) were really feeling the effects of the heat. Everyone sat in the shade by the store, drank cold drinks, and we got a bag of ice for those who wanted to put something cold on the backs of their necks.

A good friend, Bill Oberle, had experienced some mild chest pains before getting to the break but hadn't told anyone other than his stoker. Kathy (my wife and stoker) and I waited at the rest stop until all the riders were in and accounted for and then left for the last leg of the ride.

Back at the ride start we were just preparing to start our post-ride picnic when a team rolled in and said that Bill's chest pains had gotten worse after he left the rest stop and that they had told him to wait where he was and they would come back for him with his car. Since we have a van we decided to go

back for Bill. Just as we were leaving another team came in riding in a car driven by a local resident. They said Bill had insisted on getting back on the bike and had collapsed after another mile. His stoker and two other teams administered CPR until the ambulance arrived and transported Bill to the hospital. By the time we arrived at the hospital Bill had died.

This was a tragic loss of a good friend and super guy. Bill was the coordinator between our two local tandem clubs, CRABS and WABITS, and spent many hours promoting tandeming in our area.

If there's any lesson to be learned here it's probably that we need to pay closer attention to our bodies while riding, especially during adverse conditions. We need to overcome the macho impulse to keep going no matter how bad we feel. Listen to your body; it's trying to tell you something.

Dick Edwards
Alexandria, VA

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MY FIRST 200

I am 12 years old and have been biking on and off since I was 8, but only in the past year have I gotten serious about it. When I was 8, my dad and I rented an Ibis mountain tandem to ride the TOUR OF NAPA VALLEY metric century. It would take us about 6 hours to finish, we did the ride each year until I was 10. On my 11th birthday I got my road bike. it is a Trek 1100. I rode my first century on it. That century took me 10 hours including rest stops. All the rest of the "real" rides that I do have been done on tandems with my dad. Before we bought a tandem, we rented a Mikkelson tandem and we did a 5 hr 10 minute century on it. We just got a new CoMotion tandem with a beam on back for me.

Well, I think you know enough about me and my bikes now, so I'll get right to the point. I want to tell you about my first double century, and yes, I did do it in one day. I feel the need to qualify that because whenever I tell my non-biking friends that, they go, "so exactly how many days did that take you?"

Since this was going to be my first 200 mile ride, we decided that the grand tour would be a nice ride to start on since their lowland route is so flat. When we got to Malibu we hooked up with some of our friends from previous rides and they talked us into doing the highland route that has 7,800 feet of climbing, because the "knew" I could do it.

The day of the ride, I woke up at 4am to be able to start the ride at daybreak at 5:30am. I rolled out of bed and got dressed while dad went down to put the bike on the car for the drive to the start. I had an awful breakfast of untoasted crumpets and warm orange juice. My stomach was in turmoil for the first 10 miles of the ride.

Once we started riding we really cruised. We averaged 21.1 mph until I got into a slump at mile 80. I wouldn't eat or drink unless someone told me to. At mile 100, we came to a grocery store where a lot of bikers were stopping to rest. I got a coke and a candy bar to get some quick energy but quitting was still a possibility. Two of our friends, Lisa and Melissa (who are doing the Furnace Creek 508) came by and I didn't want to admit defeat in front of them, so I kept on going. We biked along with them but not wanting to burn ourselves out, with another 100



Curt Simon & Lindsay Barnes have fun riding.

miles to go, we just went at our own pace, which was considerably faster with that sugar in my system but slower than them. Sometimes we caught them at rest stops. It was so hot that Melissa poured water down my back. I thought it would be funny to pour some nice refreshing ice water down dad's back, but he didn't think that it was as funny as I did. OOPS!

Usually I don't see other kids, but on this ride I met a girl who is my age and already has earned her Triple Crown which means she bikes three 200 milers this year and has been biking the Grand Tour since she was 8. Her 9 year old sister was doing the Lowland Route on a tandem with her mom. Kristen, the 12 year old, was on a tandem doing the Highland Route, like my dad and me. Kristen's dad does the 400 mile Grand Tour. Last year my dad set out to do the 300 mile ride but got heat prostrations so he had to quit.

Melissa told me that the last 20 miles would be the hardest part of the ride but she was wrong. It was the last 40. Towards the end I was saying, "OK, dad, only 31.4 miles left. We started at 5:30 am and fished at 8:45 pm so it took us about 15.25 hours including rest stops. When we finished I didn't really believe it and I thought I was dreaming and I still had to do the ride. The next morning I finally, really believed that I had done it. I told my dad that I would get a lobotomy before I did another 200 mile ride, but looking back, not only wasn't it as bad as I thought, it was actually pretty fun.

Lindsay Barnes
San Rafael, CA



SHARE THE FUN!

We had reached Dallas, Texas. Phil and I were two months into what became a seven month tour cycling across and through America. Our precious mail was waiting for us at the home of Anne and John, tandemists we had met at the International Rally in Boston in 1994. Our copy of DoubleTalk was amongst our other letters and I eagerly scanned the pages. Amongst the tales of derring-do and techno-weenie talk a quarter page notice caught my eye. Tom Thalmann was advertising for TCA members to become Tandem Hosts, thereby offering accommodations to fellow members on tour, on vacation or just passing through. "Hey, Phil, this sounds good, and fun too!" A quick phone call to Tom and a few days later we received a computer list of all the Tandem Hosts in the selected states our route would continue to take us through.

by coincidence Anne and John turned out to be on the Host List. They explained that they had been hosts for some time but had never had anybody come to stay. This turned out to be the case with other hosts we visited. What a shame! What a missed opportunity! The hosts List is a great idea. We have even written to the Tandem Club back in England suggesting they consider a similar list.

We have now stayed with eleven tandem couples. In every case we have been welcomed into their home, been fed and watered, laundry done, tandem cleaned and maintained if necessary, and had a delightful visit. We have made friends, swapped tandem tales and experiences, learned firsthand about life in America and had a lot of fun. Although the Host List is intended to provide one, or maybe two nights accommodation we have frequently been invited to stay longer. We always respected this point, happy to stay longer if the offer was made and if it fitted our schedule, but understanding if it was not and still very grateful to have visited with our hosts.

Each host has enriched our travels. We have enjoyed cycling with other tandemists, seeing their local area, riding pretty routes that we would not have discovered otherwise. But even more unusual delights have been shown to us. We stayed with Charlie and Mary in Florida and saw manatees

swimming in quiet back-waters. With Tom, Margaret and their daughter Mandy we toured around Orlando and visited Universal Studios. In Dallas, with John and Anne we rode the St Patrick's Day ride with 20 or so other tandem teams. We were adopted by fluffy, long-haired cats and returned to our childhood playing with an amazing model train layout at the home of Tom and Joyce in Amarillo. John and Carla in New Mexico introduced us to a newborn mule and Paul and Janette in Arizona introduced us to the pleasures and pitfalls of cross country skiing. Karen and Dave took us trout fishing in Colorado Springs and we explored Boulder with Patrick, Suzanne and baby Bryce. In Loveland, Colorado Phil and Carolyn invited us to join 37 other people on a week's cycling holiday to Utah. In Idaho, Rich and Valerie gave us one of their precious 16 pints of Ben and Jerry's Wavy Gravy Ice Cream. And in California, Kevin and Kathy force fed us more! To one and all, a heartfelt thank you. When we were in the northern states people said "Don't go south, the people are not friendly down there." When we were in the south we were told not to go north "the people are not friendly up there." The same thing in the east about the west and vice versa. We have found friendliness everywhere. By using the Host List you have the opportunity to learn about and see the 50 different "countries" that make up your wonderful country. At the same time you can share an interest you all have in common - tandeming.

Next time you are planning a tour, trip or vacation why not call on a fellow TCA Host member? Or why not become a host yourself? As well as possibly meeting quaint Brit's like us you will meet wonderful Americans too.

But one please, if you become a host. If your guests arrive by tandem please quell your eagerness to show them your favorite ride - they may appreciate a day off the bike before happily riding with you!

Phil & Louise Shambrook
World Travelers



TRANS-WISCONSIN TOUR

We drove down to Eugene to pick up a loaner tandem on the Wednesday before our Saturday flight. We dropped in at the Bike Friday factory and the loaner tandem was already out for us. Hanz Scholz scrounged around for a trailer, gave us a quick introduction to how the bike folds, and we left Eugene with a tandem in the trunk of our Accord. Thursday and Friday evenings were spent assembling and adjusting the bike. We mounted our own rear rack, adjusted the brakes, and took a few quick test rides. We also swapped both the seatposts and the stoker bars from our own tandem.

Most of Friday night was spent trying to pack the bike into the two suitcases. This took both of us many hours, as we folded, put in, took out, re-arranged, re-folded, etc. This task was made much more difficult, I think, due to 3 important factors: 1) We were trying to put our own bars and seatposts in, and they are bigger than the Bike Friday standard; 2) The stress of knowing the flight would be leaving in the morning and we needed to get the bike on that flight with us somehow; 3) It was our first time folding the tandem. (Our single bikes had been easier

because we had seen it done, and we only had a picture of the folded bike to help us.)

Saturday, the trip begins! We checked the bikes in their Samsonites at the airport and flew to Rochester, Minnesota. We rented a car at the Rochester airport, put the bike/luggage in back, and headed out.

Breakfast the next morning was a major disappointment. A free continental breakfast in the motel lobby consisted of stale donuts and Tang. We spent an hour this morning extracting the tandem from its suitcases (undamaged) and assembling and adjusting. After we stuffed the mostly-assembled tandem into the trunk of the rental car (a Ford Tempo), we started out again. We had planned for an easy, leisurely day. We ate a picnic lunch at a park in Fond du Lac before heading North to Green Bay. We did a little sight-seeing and shopping along the way and ended up getting to the Green Bay airport about 4:15 P.M.

We checked in the rental car, changed into our bike clothes, re-assembled the bike, packed everything into the trailers and pannier bags, and

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began our tour. As we rode away from the airport, I felt a special kind of glee at using a bike in the world of cars, buses, and airplanes. We stopped 3 times in the first 5 miles for map analysis. We had an excellent bike map (courtesy of the Wisconsin Department of Tourism), but it skipped some detail in congested areas causing a fateful wrong turn. Hitting a T intersection in a town that wasn't on the map, we knew we needed help. We pulled into a gas station for directions, and were shocked to find out that we were a full 10 miles away from our intended path. Confidence gave way to anxiety, but we had little choice but to press on.

Preparing to ride after dark, we attempted to call our motel; but I didn't have change for a long distance call. We also tried to find the head light we had packed (failed); so ended up strapping a traffic caution triangle around Rhoda's waist. It was solidly dark for about an hour before the moon rose. We were pedaling like mad and making occasional stops to try to read the map in car headlights or under a "Pabst" sign. My thoughts were varying between "this is neat", "God, don't let us get a flat", and despair. I wasn't brave enough to share these thoughts with Rhoda at the time.

We stopped at another bar in South Chase to try again to call the motel. It was still long distance, but I could afford it this time. I let them know we would be arriving late. I was quite relieved after reading in DoubleTalk about the tandem riders who spent the night in a 24-hour cafe.

I learned a few things about riding in the dark over the next hour. 1) It's even more of a thrill than normal because you can't see which of the barking dogs are loose. 2) If you look into the headlights of oncoming cars, you will be temporarily blinded. 2) The series of bumps to alert drivers of a stop sign ahead can scare the daylight out of a bike rider who can't see the bumps in the dark.

Seeing the lights and then rolling into the town was thrilling. We found a gas station, the only open business, and got directions to our motel. Fireworks went off over the motel as we wheeled in at almost 10:00 P.M.. We assumed they were for us, but it turned out they marked the closing of the County fair.

Both of us were relieved, but still tired, sweaty, and tremendously hungry. We walked back to town, hunger screaming from our bellies, and were ecstatic to find hamburgers, french fries, hot dogs, and strawberry-kiwi Snapple at the fair. Expensive, but we would have paid much more not to dine on PowerBars.

Monday we got up late, feeling much better. We rode back to town, and enjoyed a big 11 o'clock breakfast, and we were on the road just before noon.

The day was muggy, and we started sweating quickly. The first stretch was flattish, with many cornfields. We probably snapped 10 farm/barn pictures before we realized that we would have many more opportunities for such shots over the next two weeks. The map worked much better today, although we were confused about what road to take out of Pulcifer. Getting directions in a bar got us headed right.

We headed through an Indian reservation. The scenery was more wooded, with lakes, vacation houses, and youth camps. We stopped after about 25 miles at a road side "trading post" near Keshena for lunch and a water bottle refill. From here we began to follow the Wolf River. We knew we were going slowly, but we blamed fatigue from the previous day's ride. Only after about 10 miles did we realize



Dan & Rhoda (behind the camera) Watson and the tandem Two'sday pause crossing the Wolf River

that we were going upstream. It was pretty riding, though, on a two-lane highway through the forest without much traffic.

Our home for 3 days was Island Lodge located on an island in Archibald Lake. The lodge has been in the family of a friend since the 1890s. We had two nice days here relaxing and visiting with friends.

When we finally left for Crandon an unusually early rising time allowed us to see a calm morning, the lake was like glass. Chipmunks were chirping outside. After a breakfast and pictures, we were off. Archibald Lake road was unpleasant riding this time, since the air was thick with bugs.

Crandon seemed to be a vacation/resort area, judging from the nice houses with lake views. We found the Courthouse Square B&B by mid afternoon, and I must say we were happy that this day had been easier than the first two.

The B&B itself was in a nicely restored old house, with a nice garden that overlooked a small lake. Bess, our hostess, brought cookies and iced tea out to us in the garden. We chatted a little while about our trip, cycling, Oregon, and why she was a B&B owner in Crandon. Later that evening, we watched a video with Bess and her husband in their living room, and then shared peach pie and chatted in the kitchen.

Bess provided us with a breakfast to remember, pumpkin pancakes, sausage, fruit, juice, scones, and muffins. It set a standard that was going to be hard to beat. Bess took our picture for her files and gave us some more muffins for the road. The road out of Crandon was rolly, just a little too steep for a tandem with a trailer. We tried to power over the first few hills, wearing ourselves down, then gave up and used the granny over the next ones. The road finally flattened out and we were passing farms with huge machines chewing up hay and then spitting bales into the air towards a trailer behind. There was little traffic-- we had one stretch leading into Pelican Lake of 11 miles with no traffic.

When we crossed over a major highway and passed a Harley-Davidson factory, we knew we had reached Tomahawk and a motel night. We walked back to town for dinner in a cafe that had more flies and more cigarette smoke than we're used to. Four-star cuisine seems difficult to find in Northeast Wisconsin.

The forecast was for thunderstorms for the next day. We were not excited.

Rising early the next morning in an attempt to stay out of the thunderstorms, we went to a bakery for breakfast. All we could find that we wanted was a bag of oatmeal cookies. We were on the road by 9:15, eating cookies as we went.

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The highway to Ogema is perfectly straight and mostly level, which made for quick but boring riding. We had been warned of road construction and detour signs that would point us in the wrong direction, so we were still feeling confident when we detoured in Spirit. We were feeling less confident, though, when we reached our next intersection to see a sign "Road closed 4 miles ahead" in the direction we wanted to go. While we were trying to decide between belief that we could get through on our bike or the detour, which we knew was hilly, a local in a minivan stopped and offered us help. The driver kindly confirmed that we could get through in the direction of the "Road closed" sign. We were off again.

The day was cool and humid, with gray skies. This heavy air was now becoming an ominous sign of the severe weather we knew was coming, and we pressed on harder through the headwind to try to get in before the storm hit. This section of road was straight but hillier, and the farms had more cows and less corn. I was keeping my head down and really didn't see much but pavement.

We rode all the way into Ogema only to discover that the B&B was back 5 miles in the direction we

had come. We knew we wouldn't be out riding later that night if we could help it, so we bought some pasta and sauce before heading back. Out on the street, there was the usual crowd looking at the tandem, but today they added the comment "don't you know there's a tornado watch?" We rode hard all the way back to Timm's Hill B&B arriving five minutes before the rain started.

This B&B was an old farmhouse the owner had restored himself. After a shower, we experienced the B&B welcoming ritual again, with sweet rolls, orange juice, and conversation in the kitchen. This was much needed and appreciated, since we had started early without much breakfast and hadn't stopped for lunch. Another local family was visiting, which made for a friendly and fun afternoon. Outside, the weather was fierce, and we heard a tree blow down.

We cooked our pasta in the kitchen, and the owners were kind enough to give us some fresh corn. I ate drastically more than I should have, since there wouldn't have been anything to do with the leftovers. Channeling the energy towards digestion wore me out, though, so I took a nap that evening. Rhoda woke me from my nap with an invitation to

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come downstairs for pie and ice cream. Another fun day ended.

We got up with our legs still feeling heavy from yesterday's hard ride. It had been a warm, muggy night, but with the windows open and an overhead fan running we were quite comfortable. Cinnamon toast, blueberry muffins, grapes, bananas, orange juice, quiche, eggs, and sausage were great breakfast fare. Of course, we also got some muffins and fruit as snacks to take on the ride. The weather had cleared.

We rode back to Ogema and found the Pine Line Trail we were hoping to ride down to Medford. This particular trail was "paved" with a loose, fine aggregate of some kind, and pulling the trailer along it seemed more like pulling a plow. Our speed dropped down to 7 mph; we switched to the highway at our first opportunity. The highway here wasn't too busy, and the shoulders were nice and wide, but the traffic was fast. Luckily, a strong northwest wind gave us a nice boost going south. Even so, we were glad to turn off the highway and into the wind on County Road M. This road was straight and much narrower, but there was little traffic, so we could enjoy the wooded views.

Another turn took us the last 12 miles through Mennonite farmland to our B&B in Curtiss. We were welcomed with fruit, cranberry juice, cheese and crackers on the back porch. After our shower we were also given fresh chocolate chip oatmeal cookies. As we relaxed and munched that afternoon, we would occasionally see a Mennonite family returning home from church in their horse-drawn wagon.

We had enough cookies to spoil our appetite, so we had only a light dinner down the street at the Olde Saloone. This old saloon has been restored, filled with all sorts of "olde" and antique objects, and is now run by an energetic 80 year old snowmobile racer. We went back to the B&B after dinner for more conversation with our hostess and another battle with cookie jar.

We got up at 8 again this morning and faced another huge breakfast: fruit salad, juice, toast, potatoes, bacon, sausage, scrambled eggs, marinated tomatoes, and zucchini bread with warm maple syrup. I was still bloated when we started out at 10:20, but thinking clearly enough to get some more cookies for an on-the-road snack.



The route to Chippewa Falls went generally East but crossed the main highway several times. These roads took us through rolling farmland-- dairy, corn, a little hay-- and occasionally past a creek or a pond. This was nice riding, but very slow into a 20 mph headwind.

The second half of this day was probably the worst of the trip for me, due to my worsening attitude. Just when I wanted to rest, a dog would chase us. Just when I started to appreciate nice pavement, cracks would reappear. Just when I thought the traffic was thinning, a stream of cars would come out from behind a school bus. What should have been pleasant rolling riding became a head-down grind. Miles would pass slowly; knees and saddles were complaining. About 10 miles out of town, the scenery got a little woodier, and houses started appearing that weren't farms. Of course, this brought on more traffic, and it wasn't long before the rush of cars gave us a dreary reminder of city riding. We ended up riding right through downtown at about 5 o'clock before finding the motel. We were tired and hungry, and we slowly trudged through the rest of the day at a strip-mall Chinese restaurant and then at a smoky Laundromat.

Tuesday, we woke to a solid rain. We dashed over to a grocery store for a banana, bagel, and juice breakfast. We dashed back to the motel to watch the weather channel for 2 hours, hoping against hope for good news. We finally set out at 11:15 during a dry spell.

The riding out of Chippewa was mostly residential and fairly easy. Once out of town, the landscape gave way to rolling roads and a mix of farm and forest. We made it about 15 miles to the outskirts of Eau Claire before the rain started again, so we stopped at a Burger King for Whoppers and fries.

We set out again in the rain, and managed to successfully navigate our way through Eau Claire. The rain now was steady but not too heavy, dripping eyelashes but not a stinging face. Our clammy/slimy rainwear made the riding less comfortable as we passed through the now-familiar farming countryside. We did get to see white-tailed deer bounding into one of the wooded lots. All in all, it was a pleasant day after we got started, not too windy or hot. We found our B&B outside Downsville after a series of not-so-rolly uphills. This



was a strange "6-level" farmhouse (kind of like two 3-level houses stuck together wrong), perhaps built in the 1970s, with paneling, drop ceilings, and shag. A woman who rents out a downstairs apartment greeted us this time, which made it seem less homey than the other B&Bs had been. They did have a dog and a kitten for us to play with, and some cookies in the cookie jar. Dinner that night was at the Creamery, an oasis in the broasted Wisconsin desert. Rhoda had shrimp and crab cakes on fettucine; I had grilled shrimp on rice. After a week of broasted chicken with choice of potato, this was a welcome relief.

We were up at 8 o'clock after sleeping poorly; the bed just wasn't comfortable. Luckily, the weather was nice again. Our breakfast hostess (Barb), the owner, was more pleasant than our greeter from the day before. Breakfast was fruit, orange juice, peanut butter bread pudding mush surprise, sausage, and french toast. Conversation with Barb also unveiled the identity of some of the mystery crops we had been riding past: ginseng, horseradish, and kidney beans.

Our destination for the day was Wabasha, Minnesota, and we were hoping for some route

advice. Barb didn't know much about cycling routes, but she was kind enough to call up some cyclist friends for guidance. We ended up following county roads into Durand, where we stopped for lunch at the Durand House looking over the Chippewa river. From Durand, we followed county roads to Urne and Nelson. This was by far the most difficult riding of the trip, with significant hills. We had one long stretch of huffing and puffing at 4.5 mph, and also our first 40+ mph descent. Each grind up in granny was hard to face and passed slowly. Most of the hilly stuff, though, was tandem-friendly rollers along ridgetops.

The final descent into Nelson gave us our first view of Minnesota, which was good for a rush. From Nelson, we had several miles of highway/bridge to cross over wetlands and the Mississippi. The highway had a wide shoulder, but the fog line had just been painted, so there were traffic cones for us to dodge. Also, the bridges through the wetlands had no shoulder, so we would try to time our bridge crossings for holes in the steady traffic flow. The scenery here was beautiful, but we were both worn down by the day's hills, and it was hard to enjoy.

The Anderson House in Wabasha was one of the highlights of the trip for us. This is an old hotel that has been restored without losing some of the old touches. They try to compete with the B&B business by offering an overnighter package (includes dinner and breakfast) and keeping a cookie jar at the front desk. Our room was small and old, but quaint and serviceable. The hotel also has some 15 resident cats available for guests to "check out." The cats have their own room, where we watched them for a few minutes to try to pick one out. At the recommendation of the desk clerk, we checked out Aloysius, a 20 pound Tabby. She was friendly and purred loudly, but couldn't take the place of our own Ceilidh and Griffin.

This our final morning on the road was quite cold and foggy. We walked around town a little bit to hunt down lunch supplies, (downtown Wabasha is nicely restored and attractive), and we found a map of Southeast Minnesota at the Visitor Center. It was lucky for us that we found this map, since we had been planning on a route that turned out not to be paved.

Heading West from town we were faced immediately with more big hills, the first one



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dragging on for 2 miles at 5 mph. After this monster, it was mostly rolling for the next 40 miles, but again the type of rollers that had us down to granny before we crested. We quickly escaped the fog, but it was still a cold day, and we were donning and doffing our jackets repeatedly to try to find a comfortable riding style.

This part of Minnesota didn't seem any more hilly than Wisconsin, but the roads were laid out more straight up and down the hills, which made for more challenging riding. The scenery was similar to the last part of Wisconsin, but there were more cows and even a few pigs.

The roads got noticeably smoother and flatter as we got closer to Rochester, and we probably averaged 16 mph over the last 10 miles. When we spotted our first Dan Henry for the Tandem Rally, the end-of-ride excitement really kicked in. Our minds and legs were weary when we arrived in Rochester again, this time with 500 tandem miles under our belts. We got to put the bike in our hotel room (which was easily the fanciest of the entire trip).

Trip Summary

We logged 500 miles in 10 days, 40 to 63 miles per day. Our average speed while moving was somewhere around 13 to 14 mph; I tried to allow for 10 miles per hour counting stops, but we were usually faster. Wisconsin was great tandem territory - light traffic, no big hills, good maps, scenic, and frequent taverns for water, food, or a bathroom stop. People and drivers were friendly (but dogs were not).

The Tandem Two'sDay performed well for us, steady and stable when climbing at 4 mph or descending at 40+. Packing and flying is much easier than with conventional bikes, and the suitcases converted into a nice trailer.

Dan and Rhoda Watson
Wilsonville, OR





TALES FROM THE AMERICAN WORLD TRAVELERS

As we hit the ground, I glanced over my left shoulder to see Lisa's condition. She was almost on her feet staring wildly at me wanting to know what happened. I was wondering this too and the gasps from the 150 people enjoying the plaza in Bath, England provided no answer. Our crash had taken their attention away from the bag piper, violinist and beautiful buildings surrounding the plaza. I was looking on the cobblestones for the extra large banana peel we must have slipped on when I noticed a front flat tire. The tire had collapsed in a turn and on the cobblestones I lost control.

Our excitement in anticipating Stonehenge was not dampened by the British downplaying it as a "pile of stones". We were still impressed except for the two major highways that pass within rock throwing distance of the "pile". The post cards are very carefully framed to leave out the transfer trailer trucks and RVs. We arrived a day before summer

solstice and were welcomed by police and military patrols complete with helicopters. They were preventing hordes of "New Age Travelers" from converging on Stonehenge. Apparently over 3,000 New Age Travelers showed up three years ago and camped uninvited for days in various fields, still full of crops. Many farmers lost several crops that year and since then the authorities have prevented a reoccurrence. New Age Travelers believe that the rocks are arranged in accordance with the summer solstice and they believe something special happens at Stonehenge on the longest day of the year. This was explained to us by a tourist information agent, when we asked what exactly a New Age Traveler was. This same agent told us not to worry, we would not be mistaken for them because we did not "have dreadlocks, aren't wearing crystals, aren't driving a beat up multicolored VW van and don't smell like incense." That was the only definition we could get. We only saw one multicolored VW van and they did not stop so we could ask them their definition.

Late one evening six of us biked into a small village to get water before we camped. We split into two groups so not to overtax one shop or home. Lisa and I rode to a guy doing yard work. He gladly gave us water and his family came out to visit. They were just mentioning that their neighbor was Terry Waite, (Anglican envoy and ex middle eastern hostage) when he drove up. We were shot a "don't mention the Middle East glance" as Terry Waite walked over. He was wearing a vest just as I remember from all of those pictures in the newspapers and on television. He was very warm and friendly, joking about us riding our tandem and the arguments that must ensue. All I could think of was his imprisonment in the Middle East and how he had been in the news daily during that time, and the picture of him being reunited with his family after four years as a hostage. After we went inside the water giver said it was good I didn't mention the middle East. During their years as neighbors he had asked Terry about it only once and Mr. Waite's reply was "Have you read my book?" While we were meeting one of the biggest, although reluctant, celebrities in England, the rest of

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People have been very good to us, giving directions, providing us with places to camp and giving encouraging (we thing) yells and hand gestures. Actually one new hand signal from a trucker in Austria turned out not to be nice, when we found out what it ment three days later! Our first night in Belgium we camped in the side yard of a retired couple. They spoke no English and our Flemish was rusty, so they called their son-in-law to come translate. While we were waiting on the translator the husband brought out a racing bicycle in immaculate condition. We figured him to be 65 years old, but were surprised to learn he was 80 and rides 50-60 km daily. He went for his ride as we were leaving the next morning, dressed like he was in the Tour de France and riding like he was a contender. Through out Belgium we saw and wee passed by several senior men on racing bikes, we joked that they were probably over 100 years old but only looked 70. Our 80 year old host had been a bike racer before WWII broke out.

In Luxembourg, England, Belgium and Holland we were constantly reminded of WWII and the part American soldiers played in liberating the respective countries. The reminders are in forms of monuments, memorials, parades, large plaques in small churches and the people themselves. While on a bike path in Holland we smiled and I said, "Hello," to a gentleman walking his dog. He immediately stopped us and asked if we were Americans. We, of course, said yes and he insisted we go to his house for refreshments. it was a hot day and a cool glass of juice sounded good. After serving us juice, soup and cookies he wanted to take me to his office downtown, he said something about shirts and a quick tour of his city, Delft. He explained that Delft, Holland is called Venice of Northern Europe because of its extensive canal system. We passed along very close to these canals in his speeding BMW. This made me wonder how deep they were. He held my arm with one hand while using the other to point out important buildings and blow the horn at pedestrians who probably had thought they were safe on the sidewalk. We came to a screeching halt beside an organ grinder street musician, where my new friend yelled "play something good, he is an American." Tears came to his eyes as e proudly described the history of his town, starting with the Roman Conquest. I and every person who had seen the black BMW flash by breathed easier when it



pulled into his office complex. The complex consisted of several offices full of computers and drafting boards. He owns a remodeling business and the wood shop is below the offices. He took me down to the shop and shoed me an old wooden wheeled push cart his father started the business with in the 1920s. He explained that whenever he feels things are tough he comes downstairs and it reminds him how tough things used to be.

His sense of pride and knowledge of local history was impressive. Some of his earliest memories are of WWII and German occupation of Holland. He also said he remembered the American soldiers liberating his town and for this reason he helps Americans every chance he gets. We very much appreciated his generosity and hospitality. He gave us cycling jerseys of a local team of policemen and policewomen that he sponsors. Now we are able to look the part of racers, ... except for all the baggage on our bikes!

Entering the former East Germany from West Germany was easy to tell even though there were no signs. no border crossings, nor evidence thereof. Our map didn't show the border but a gentleman we met gave us a rough estimate for the direction we were



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going. We were riding along the German countryside enjoying the sunshine when we passed on of many beautiful quaint villages. As with many west German villages this one was very tidy, orderly, full of flowers and looked as if the whole town had just undergone spring cleaning. We climbed a small hill passing a familiar sight of a small roadside chapel and large fields of healthy wheat and barley. We descended the hill and looked forward to seeing the quickly approaching village. Fifty yards before the village the road changed from smooth as silk asphalt to a rough as a cobble surface of broken pavement, cobblestone, and dirt. We bumped and rattled our way into a town that was in disrepair. The buildings were a bleak gloomy gray with large pieces of plaster falling off the walls. The main street was more suited for a 4 wheel drive and there was very little that looked kept up. If the signs had not still been in German we would have thought we had entered another country or world. In reality just five years ago these two villages two miles apart in distance had been worlds apart in many other ways. Out of the town, the fields were in poor condition as a few struggling stalks of wheat were all that grew amidst the weeds. Farm machinery was sitting idle and rusting away. We saw many buildings that had been

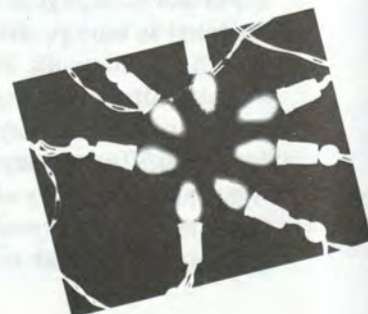
factories, now vacant and crumbling. The Mercedes and BMWs we were used to being passed by, were replaced by smaller noisier, smokier cars, Trabants, Wartburgs and Ladas. We passed many of these sitting on the side of the road, and I began timing myself on how quickly I could dismount our tandem and help someone push one off, or out of the way.

Not all eastern German towns were as bad off as the first one we saw, and most all were undergoing a face lift. Eastern Germany is currently one large construction site. According to a construction worker we met, "maintenance and reconstruction were mostly absent in the 45 years of communist rule and now there is much catching up to do."

Surprisingly the Czech Republic, Slavokia and Hungary have much better roads than Eastern Germany. Obviously this was a pleasant surprise. An elderly man in the Czech Republic insisted on giving us directions even though we weren't lost or even confused. He was on a one speed bicycle that looked 50 years old. We were communicating in the 10 words of German I had recently learned, and of course hand signals. I would say he was the town champion at Scrades. Apparently I did not appear to understand his directions as clearly as he wanted so he took us in the rain about three kilometers to the road he wanted us to take. He was attempting to have us miss a steep climb. As we were under a tree saying good-bye he said he had met Americans before and he like them. He explained he had been taken by Hitler to be in his army. He was then captured by Americans and held in a POW camp for six months. He like the pow camp better than Hitler's army.

We have been recipients of the kind of hospitality any good southerner would be proud to show. The acts of kindness are too numerous to list, but they are not forgotten and are much appreciated.

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FREEWHEEL '95

Dave and I have now had our tandem for almost four years and this makes the third time we have biked the Free Wheel on it. FreeWheel is a bike tour across Oklahoma, usually south to north, held the first full week in June. We try to bike in three states - starting on the Texas border, across Oklahoma and into Kansas, and occasionally on in to Missouri. FreeWheel is a bike ride with no times taken, no awards given, but the time to renew acquaintances and compare "road Horror" stories. The ride is sponsored by the Tulsa World Newspaper, the Bartlesville Pedalers, the Tulsa Bike Club, and the Tulsa Wheelmen. We camp out in our tents in small town football fields or city parks, and load our duffel bags (Dave's job) each morning into a semi-truck that follows us to the next town. This is an incentive to finish each day's ride since everything you will need for the week is at the next town.

This year we biked about 450 miles from the Red River, through Oklahoma, and into Kansas. Four hundred and fifty wet and windy miles. We experienced 85 MPH winds, torrential rains, funnel clouds, floods in camp and in our tent, head and crosswinds of speeds of over 50 MPH, but other than that, what a blast!

Saturday, June 3, after arriving at Snyder, Oklahoma, we set up the tent about 30 yards from a dry, tiny creek bed. This proved to be a BIG mistake. Dave and I then loaded our tandem on to the semi and rode a bus to the Red River so we could bike through three states. The 37 miles from the Red River to Snyder were ridden under overcast skies and a slight breeze.

Back in camp that afternoon we renewed an acquaintance with Clyde Lay from Knoxville, Tennessee. Clyde, a retired firefighter, had already biked 850 miles in the weeks before FreeWheel. He parked his truck in Sedan, Kansas, hopped on his bike and biked west to Boise City, down through Dumas and Pampa, Texas and up toward Colorado. On the way to Colorado, he realized that the weather was getting too cold in the mountains, so he turned around and biked through Sayre and Altus and on to Snyder a week before FreeWheel.



Dave & Barbara at the Kansas/Oklahoma line

The mayor of Snyder welcomed us to the town and invited us to enjoy all the great food at the numerous food booths set up around the campground. Once again we expected to gain a few pounds on FreeWheel because of the homemade food along the way. For the next week we will bike and graze our way across Oklahoma.

Sunday, June 4, Snyder to Elgin, 53.52 miles. The sirens went off at 8:30 PM Saturday night because of tornado warnings, so we stayed in the community shelter for several hours. The rains were heavy and the winds were gusting to 85 MPH. Finally at 1:30 AM the all clear was sounded. When we went back to our tent, the rains were heavy, but we thought we could outlast the storm. Dave was up several times checking the rising "dry" creek bed. Finally at 3:00 AM we had to get out of the tent, and in the pouring rain, pull up the tent stakes, and pull the tent back about 15 feet. At 3:30 AM as we tried to sleep, the wind came up more, bent a tent stake, and flooded our tent with four inches of water. The tandem was in water above the back wheel axle, our camelbacks were washed away, because some foolish person, me, had put them under the tandem to keep them dry. We hurriedly put on our biking clothes, took down the tent, packed the duffel bags, loaded the semi, and tried to wait out the storm. At 4:45 AM we walked around the now 40 feet wide flooded creek bed, and went to a cafe down the street. The owner told us that he had lived there 22 years and had never seen the creeks so high. We left Snyder at 6:30 AM in heavy rains and wind. We had trouble finding



the arrows that point out the turns along the route through Snyder because of the flooded streets.

Oklahoma, where buffalo roam and the skies are cloudy all day. We expected to see several buffalo on our ride through the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge. Maybe because of the downpour the buffalo had more sense than we did; we saw one lone buffalo standing along the road and we had to walk the tandem over slick plank bridges and many cattleguards.

Arrived in Elgin at 10:00 AM, wet, gritty, and hungry. Lots of homemade food choices were offered. The people in most small Oklahoma towns don't seem to know the words "low-fat" or "low-cal". While in camp Sunday night we met Dennis Brown from Cleveland, Texas. Dennis travels the FreeWheel route in a unique way. He rides to the next town the night before on his Yamaha motorcycle with his bike strapped on the back. The next morning he unhooks his bike and bikes the route in reverse one-half way, then turns around and bikes back to camp.

Monday, June 5, Elgin to Lindsay 54.96 miles. We were warned late Sunday night of approaching 100 MPH wind gusts, but only received torrential rains instead. We left Elgin at 6:09 AM and at 6:30

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the sun came out for the first time. We ate breakfast at mile 24 in Rush Springs. Oatmeal and whole wheat toast seem to be the breakfast that gets me on down the road. Dave had an omelet that is the breakfast of champion captains. As we pedaled through these towns, we have discovered that the length of the stop lights depends on whether or not you come out of your biking cleats. Come out, and the light changes; try to stay in, and the light will stay red forever. Also the length of a rain shower depends on whether or not you have on your rain poncho. Put it on, the rain stops; take it off, the rain starts.

We arrived in Lindsay at 10:00 AM and were greeted by the smells of soft pretzels, chicken sandwiches, homemade cookies, and homemade ice cream, Dave's food of choice. The kind people in Lindsay even had golf carts taking our bags to a campsite. Is this Luxury?

In Lindsay we met Bob and Jo Carol Williams of Tulsa. When they retired last year, their retirement gift to each other was a bike trip from Yorktown, Virginia to Florence, Oregon. The trip was 4,200 mile long, went through 10 states, the Grand Tetons and Yellowstone National Park, and lasted for 87 days. I think I'll just have a gold watch.

Tuesday, June 6, Lindsay to Konawa, 68.39 miles. We left Lindsay at 6:09 AM hoping to beat the forecasted temperature of 92 degrees by afternoon. Ride was very hilly. So hilly that by mile 45 I stopped looking over Dave's shoulder because every time I did, I only saw another hill coming up. At mile 47 there was a good down hill, unfortunately it was full of pot holes and the middle of the hill had no pavement at all, only red, deep mud. So we slowed way down and didn't slip, but only fishtailed twice. We arrived at Konawa at 11:15 AM hot and very grateful for our newly purchased camel backs. We had fill each one with 72 oz. of Gatorade twice, but still felt dry the last 30 minutes of the ride. A high numbered sunblock we both used prevented our being cooked.

The first thing we did after pitching our tent was to find a hose and hose down the muddy tandem. The people of Konawa were so apologetic about the muddy roads into the campsite. They had graded them with plans to add blacktop before our arrival, but naturally the rain and hail the last two nights prevented that. all the great homecooked food they



had waiting for us more than made up for the muddy roads.

Wednesday, Konawa to Stroud, 59.84 miles. We left Konawa 6:09 AM and arrived in Stroud at 9:15. What a ride! A tailwind all the way as we rode due north. We averaged 19 MPH into Stroud's Foster Park. On the ride in, we got the tandem up to 42 MPH on a good down hill. What a difference a tailwind makes. We were able to "sling shot" up most of the hills. This means that we really flew down hill in our highest gear, and could almost coast up the next. I sat up once to relax my back and neck, and to look around; but was instructed by Captain Dave that I could look and rest in Stroud. Ah, well, such is the life of a stoker. On one especially long, fast down hill, I yelled at Dave, "Rest, rest!" He thought I was yelling, "Fast, fast!" Since our pedals go around together, my feet stop only when his stop and his didn't stop.

Our oldest son, Charles Johnston, and my parents, Roy and Lois Stanfill, all from Edmond, met us in Stroud for lunch. My father is from Stroud and enjoyed driving us around, pointing out spots that had special memories to him. He left Stroud 65 years ago, but the school adjacent to the camp was the site of the school he had attended. Little did he know that 65 years later, he would be looking out at 1,600 crazy bikes including his own daughter and son-in-law. Mom and Dad also took our accumulated dirty clothes back home.

Thursday, Stroud to Yale, 58.33 miles. Left Stroud at 6:06 AM and stopped at Chandler at 6:50 for another great breakfast. None of the cooks along the way has heard of instant oatmeal or powdered eggs. This is the real thing.

Yale, like Lindsay had signs at every mile marker from 9 miles on in to the town. The last 15 miles into Yale were on Highway 51 due east into a strong headwind, but we still averaged 17.9 MPH. Got in at 9:44:08. At Jim Thorpe Park, all the town's people had food stands set up around the park. Our first stop was the showers - cold, naturally. The second stop was FOOD. We ate at a five dollar all-you-can-eat buffet set up at the park. We started on the pinto and navy beans, on to spaghetti, then on to a selection of 24 kinds of salad: we worked our way on down to the homemade cornbread and French bread. The last stop was homemade cookies and drinks. Didn't want to have to get up and go back through



the line, so we must have set a record for food piled on our plates.

There was a brief, but intense rain shower for two hours in the afternoon. When the rain stopped, we all came out of our tents just to look at the sun. The rain started again at midnight and lasted until 4:15.

Friday, Yale to Shidler, 60.06 miles. If I had known what this day held for us, would I have had the sense to quit? Dave says he wouldn't; I just might have.

After breaking camp, loading duffel bags, and wiping down the tandem we left a sodden campsite at 5:20 AM. Ate breakfast at Yale. Left Yale at 6:15 after waiting for more light, or at least a break in the heavy mist that was falling. Neither came. At mile 3.85 we turned on to Highway 18 heading north. There the winds came up; the rain was so hard against our faces that it stung. There was such a hard east wind blowing from our right that we had to fight to keep the tandem from drifting across to the center yellow line. We stopped in Pawnee for something warm, then headed on north. Every time I looked over Dave's shoulder, I saw lightning striking the road in front of us. At Ralston we finally had to stop at a cafe for hot tea and toast, trying to warm up. Our hands were so cold; I couldn't stop shivering. The rain was even blowing into the side of my wrap around sunglasses. After Ralston and Fairfax we had 50-55 MPH headwinds. How far could we go at only 4 MPH?

Dave kept saying to me, "Well, this is just one of those days that makes FreeWheel special; we just have to put our heads down a pedal one pedal at a time." Then he started singing, "I'll be home for Christmas." I didn't know or care whether we ever saw another Christmas.

He was becoming tired and testy, too. A large Dalmatian ran toward us as we biked through Lone Chimney; Dave yelled at it to go home or he would bite its nose off. The dog turned and ran back. I was too cold to even aim the pepper mace that we carry for chasing dogs. Crossing over the Cimarron Turnpike, the heavy crosswinds blew Dave's yellow poncho up his back, up over his helmet, and down over his face. He yelled, "Get it off! Get it off!" I, meanwhile, was trying to get my poncho out of my face, find my hand holes, and reach up and over his



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head for the poncho. We must have looked like the Keystone Cops on a tandem.

Coming into Shidler the last 6 miles with the wind at our backs was great. I spread my arms wide inside the poncho and let the wind blow us into town. To the locals we must have looked like a sailing vessel with two yellow, billowing sails. Ate a great meal in the high school cafeteria prepared by the citizens of Shidler. While we were in line a little girl came up to me, took one look at my haggard appearance and handed me 14 cents. She told me that this was for tomorrow on the down the road. Did I look that bad? We spent the night in a classroom at the high school. We really appreciated a dry place to sleep.

Over 700 bikers went home Friday morning because of the horrible rains, lightening, and wends. Since Friday was the third time we had been rained on, nothing we had on or in our duffel bags was dry. Several riders remarked that this was, weather wise, the worst FreeWheel yet. In 1989, we received 10.5 inches of rain in three days, but the sun came out for the rest of the ride. This week we were wet to begin the ride, almost every night we were rained on, and then today was the worst of all. Surely there should be an award for the few of us that biked the whole way from Yale to Shidler - that or just commit us.

Saturday, Shidler to Sedan, Kansas. 52.05 miles. Since we spent the night in the classroom, we slept in until 4:45 AM. It was nice to not have to take down the tent, shake the water out of the ground cover and bike cover, pack in the dark while holding a flashlight in my mouth, and other "fun stuff." We were on our way by 6:19. The winds were only about 25 MPH out of the northeast. We were headed north, of course. At mile 25 we turned east into the east winds, surprise, surprise, and had 27 miles of hills,

naturally, into Sedan. When we arrived at Sedan, we unloaded our stuff from the semi, getting out only what we needed to wear home. The showers at the high school even had hot water. That made the third time this week a shower had hot water.

This was one wet FreeWheel. What makes it all worthwhile are the people that you see every year, the great accommodating people in the small Oklahoma towns, who do not resent the fact that we at least double their population for a night, and the delicious food that they prepare just for us. Thanks again to the Oklahoma Highway Patrol who patrol our route. They stopped the speeding tucks, but couldn't stop the rain. Saturday night in Snyder, we had Indian dances. Could all this week be an instance of a rain dance totally out of control?

Dave & Barbara Johnston
Edmond, OK

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THE HUFF & PUFF TOUR

The first time we met Fred DeLong was on the International Bicycle Touring Society Tour up the coast of Maine in 1965. Steve and I rode all summer long, with 30 pounds of weight in our panniers to prepare for this three week tour in the fall. Just before our departure our new Legnano 12 speed racers arrived. We had ordered from a religious store. The store owner's brother lived in Italy and had contacts there.

So off to Maine we headed with our shiny new lime green bikes on the back of our old VW Beetle. We thought we were in the best shape in our lives and we were ready.

When we arrived at Higgin's Inn in Portland, Maine we were greeted by a group of middle-aged people. We would be known affectionately as the "kids" as the tour progressed. Two of the tour participants were Fred & Pauline DeLong, riding a tandem. Others included Dr. Clifford Graves, of course, and his long time friend, Dr. Paul Dudley White. Dr. White was President Eisenhower's preferred physician. Dr. White was riding an English tree-speed. Captain Dan Henry, the famous fellow, the arrow man. Industrialist Huffy Huffman, and from Schwinn, Keith Kingbey. From Paris there was a group of French Randonneurs all riding Rene Herse tandems, led by Lyli Herse herself.

That first night at dinner we all had to introduce ourselves and it soon became apparent that we were amongst the who's who of international cycling. I took one look at Steve and said "What in the world did we get ourselves into". We had to cycle our hearts out each day, just to keep up and we were still in our twenties. Maine in the fall is just beautiful and breath taking. The mornings were brisk and so we all stopped at L.L. Bean in Freeport to buy gloves and hats. Each evening we would gather around the dinner table in one of the Inns and listen to the stories being told. Fred seemed to be the most knowledgeable on bicycles in general and perhaps this was the prelude to his book.

One afternoon I had the opportunity to ride the back of Fred's tandem. It was truly a frightening experience as we wove in and out of traffic with such ease. I finally opened my eyes, began to watch where

we were going and began to relax. I told Steve we are going to have to buy one of those tandems when we get home. We could not afford one of the custom French tandems, but later with Fred's advice, we were able to buy on of the new Paramount prototype tandems.

Over the years we only saw Fred two more times, but Steve kept in contact with him via the mail, always seeking his advice. Because of Fred & Pauline DeLong, we have had many years of enjoyable tandeming together.

Karolyn Reker
St Charles, MO

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IF YOU ARE ONLY GOING TO TAKE IT OUT IN THE WOODS

AND SCRATCH THE paint all up why don't you get something that is a little cheaper Darling! Ah yes, these are the very words Bambi said to me. If you are thinking about buying a tandem mountain bike than this bike test may be of interest to you. While looking for a mountain bike frame to build up we found a complete bicycle at our local dealer. GT bicycles has a lower grade or B line called Crestview and they offer a tandem that lists for around \$700.00 It is not top of the line or a good candidate for expensive upgrading but has a lot of good things going for it. It is also a rather weird combo of good and bad but there is nothing negative enough to prevent it from being fun on the trails. On the minus side it depends on a idler pulley rather than an adjustable bottom bracket for primary chain tension but the idler pulley arrangement is easier to handle in a situation where there are only basic tools available. The stoker stem is steel, the wheels are not QR and there is no rear derailleur hanger as the Shimano shifters are only a couple of steps above discount store quality. The crankset has steel 28-38-48 gears but an easy upgrade would be to simply replace the right hand stokers crank assembly with a better triple crank assembly with aluminum gears. The freewheel is a six speed 14-28 but there is enough spacing to replace it with a seven speed 13-28 or 13-30. The wheels are alloy 36 hole but unlike most bikes with this level of components the spokes are stainless and the hubs are aluminum. Also on the plus side are very comfortable "GT Supersoft Gel" saddles that are the proper size for pedaling efficiency, micro adjust aluminum seatposts, two sets of water bottle cage bosses, threaded rack and fender eyelets and slotted brake and shifter cable stops. This bike seems very strongly made with much better than average paint, (Black-Forest Green-Royal Blue) and yet even with the so-so accessories only weighs 48 lb.s. The only size is 20"-19" with a ladies style top tube for the stoker. We are considering the purchase of one because with the aid of two sets of stems and handlebars and a trick seatpost we will finally be able to change ends; something we cannot do on our road tandem because I am 6'3" and Bambi is 5'2".

Riding the bike we found that everything worked and worked well. Which considering the beating we will probably give it as novice Mountain Bike riders makes it very attractive considering the alternatives. We only test rode it on pavement and the most notable thing was the very quick steering. Although I do not have much experience in trail riding I would assume that this is proper in a bicycle that comes equipped with big knobby tires!

We have since ridden one of these that was equipped with flat handlebars and bar ends. Although our offroad excursion was only around a vacant lot the bike seemed right at home in the dirt. The steering seemed proper as the leverage allowed for control regardless of obstacles and loose dirt. It was very apparent however; that some form of shock absorbing seatpost would be necessary for the stoker.

Ted & Bambi Goodwin
Pompano Beach, FL





SCOTLAND HOPSCOTCH

The Caledonian Mac Brayne operates a ferry service to 23 Scottish islands. Tickets are sold at most ferry docks under several plans. We chose - Hopscotch - with a savings of \$23.00 over individual tickets. Bicycles go free. The ships are modern and comfortable. The larger ones have a restaurant, a bar and space for up to 800 passengers and 80 cars.

I cut a tandem box down to 66 inches long. With two removable casters, I could handle my own box to the check-in at British Air. The 'bicycle' was part of our free luggage.

Tuesday, May 23, 1995 we left Orlando under blue skies and 90 degrees. We arrived at London's Gatwick airport under cloudy skies with temperature in the 60's.

A rental car was our method of transportation for the next two days. Our bike box fit in a medium size hatch-back. We began by following the Motorway toward Edinburgh in some heavy rain.

We found a B&B on our own, among several, located on Minto street in Edinburgh. Our host agreed to store our bike box for us. Tourist Information centers located throughout the UK will locate a B&B on the day you arrive. We used a BABA "Book A Bed Ahead", if our next day would be in a busy tourist area. A small fee is charged for this service.

"Where are you from?" was our greeting for other tourists at our B&B. Our business cards, (Bill & Carol Flora, Bicyclists, Lakeland, Florida, USA), made our response easy.

We delivered our rental car to an agent at the Prestwick airport and with our helmet mirrors switched to the right side, we pedaled our tandem 20 miles on busy A78 where we experienced the true meaning of the phrase "Bicycle Friendly". Signs led us to the ferry dock in Ardrossan. The sound of a Bagpiper filled our ears as we pushed our loaded tandem on the automobile deck for the ferry ride to the Island of Arran.

On week-ends and holidays, Arran is very popular with 1,00's of bicyclists and "hillwalkers". The weather was wet and cold, but the bicyclists and hillwalkers (whole families) just kept moving off into

the distant rugged mountains. Our B&B was host to two other bicyclists in addition to ourselves.

Saturday, we left our B&B in rain with the temperature in the low 40's. We left Arran on a 30 minute ferry to Claonaig. On the ferry, we met a Canadian couple in their 60's cycling to unknown destinations.

Our map showed two areas with a grade of 15%. However, it did not show the many short distances of a few hundred feet with grades up to 20%. Some "hills" would be about 50 feet or so. We met a few strong young riders that had to walk the "hills".

The busy tourist town of Lochgilphead, was the only time that we had to stay in a luxury B&B hotel. It had only 6 rooms in a converted mansion - 4 crown - family run with a first class restaurant. We loved it, but at \$99 for the B&B and \$20.00 dinners, it would not fit in our budget.

Sunday, SW winds to 30 mph, rain, 40 degrees F, most of the wind was to our back except for a few switchbacks in the road. We met and cycled a few miles with a young couple from Holland. They even had to walk some the "hills" with us.

It was a steep two mile down hill to the city of Oban. They rarely get any snow, but three miles away, in the mountains, they can get several feet.

Our B&B was in town center in a three flight walk-up. It was one hour by ferry to the Island of Mull. Our B&B for two nights was a very charming little 100 year old stone house.

We took the island bus for a day trip to the tiny island of Iona. It was very crowded with tourists, many arriving by dozens of tour busses. An Irish Monk, Saint Columba founded a monastery on Iona in 563AD, which began Christianity in Scotland. Iona was also the burial place of the Kings of Scotland until the 11th century. While there, we visited a restored Abbey and other historic sites.

After returning to our B&B, we biked to the Duart Castle, home of Clan Maclean for 600 years. The self guided tour allowed us to view many priceless collections and art works. We felt our way through a dark dungeon with the ghosts of Ian the



Toothless and the Headless Horseman. Our tandem attracted the attention of an elderly lady. She turned out to be Lady Elizabeth Maclean, the Dowager of Clan Maclean. We have a picture with Lady Maclean with her arm around Carol in front of the castle. Parts of the castle are still used by the Clan.

We left Mull on a 15 minute ferry to Lochaline. The next two days brought on and off rain and some our most challenging "hills". Hills with lots of twists and turns around lochs and the shore of the Atlantic, to Mailaig. Where, a 30 minute ferry took us to the Island of Skye.

The British are building a road bridge to Skye to be opened this summer. Many Scots don't like it, and this has caused a bitter feud over the new bridge. Skye still has many miles of single track roads with passing places. It would be a shame to see the single track roads go in the name of progress.

We liked the charm of Broadford and Portree, but found both towns very crowded with tourists.

Saturday has only one ferry that leaves at 7pm from Uig to the Island of Harris-Lewis. This provided the opportunity for us to have a great fish dinner aboard the ship. We had booked our B&B through BABA for Larbert. We were glad we did, as we didn't arrive until 10 PM.

The residents of Harris-Lewis take their religion very seriously. There are no ferry services and businesses are closed on Sunday. You must book through BABA and find a B&B with evening meals.

Harris, to the south is very mountainous, while Lewis to the north is flatter with a few rolling hills. Lewis made a lasting impression on us and was our favorite of the islands. The quiet roads and villages, the friendliness of the people. Village signs are in Gaelic and the Gaelic language is still taught in the schools. We visited an interesting School House Museum, operated by school children. We also enjoyed a visit to the world famous and mysterious 4,000 year old Standing Stones of Callanish (Calanais) in Gaelic. The favorite of all our B&B's was on a crofters farm in Shawbos (Siabost). Our hosts, the Maciver's, gave us a chore, to bottle feed three baby lambs.

The crofters have a hard life trying to make a living. A crofter farm is 4 acres with 22 sheep. There is an unlimited supply of peat on the island. The

crofters can take all they need, free. They use it as fuel for heating and some cooking. It has a pleasant odor while burning.

A visit to the Black House Museum near Arnol is a must. It tells the story of the hard life of early crofters. Harris Tweed is the number one industry. Eleven hundred employees work for the industry. Seven hundred are self-employed weavers working from their own homes. We were pleased to be given a private tour of a Harris tweed mill. Many of the old ways are still being used in the weaving of this world famous fabric. We purchased two wool sweaters, hand woven by a lady in her own home.

Our 4th night on Lewis was spent at a B&B in Stornaway (Steornabhagh). It was in an up-scale neighborhood with many stately homes.

Wednesday, June 7, we left the island on a 3 1/2 hour ferry to Ullapool. We cycled to Inverness with more rain, winds and a temperature near 40. After checking in to our B&B in Inverness, we biked to the home of Martin and Karen Eaglesfield for high tea. They are the tandem club representatives for north Scotland. They each captain their own custom tandems with child stoker kits, for daughter Lurin, age 4, and son Kyle, age 6.

Our tandem tour ended in Inverness after 430 enjoyable, but challenging, miles.

Saturday, we loaded the bike in a rental car for our drive back to the London airport. We re-visited our B&B in Edinburgh to box our tandem. There was still time to spend the afternoon sight seeing all that Edinburgh is famous for. We stayed at a B&B in Lincoln and visited the National Cycle Museum. It traces the history of the bicycle back to the Hobby Horse of 1820. We saw an original 1888 Ivel, one of the first practical tandems. It is a must visit museum.

Tuesday, June 13, left London 65 degrees - home 85 degrees and clear.

Our average daily expenses for two, B&B's \$50.20, Food 22.74. Ferry and bus \$4.85, gifts & misc \$13.50

Cycle the Netherlands in 1996?

Bill & Carol Flora
Lakeland, FL



It Takes Two

While that may be the cry of most tandem teams, it is also the slogan of our cycling garage. Two years ago my wife and I purchased our first tandem. A 1993 Lumina Red Cilantro Santana seemed to fit the bill of our cycling needs. The upright seating position of the mountain bike type tandem appealed to us. The wide choice of tires available for the 40 spoke 26 inch wheels would permit us to ride on the pothole laden streets in the metro Detroit area. Yet with knobby tires, we could still travel on some of the unpaved backroads and trails throughout south-eastern Michigan.

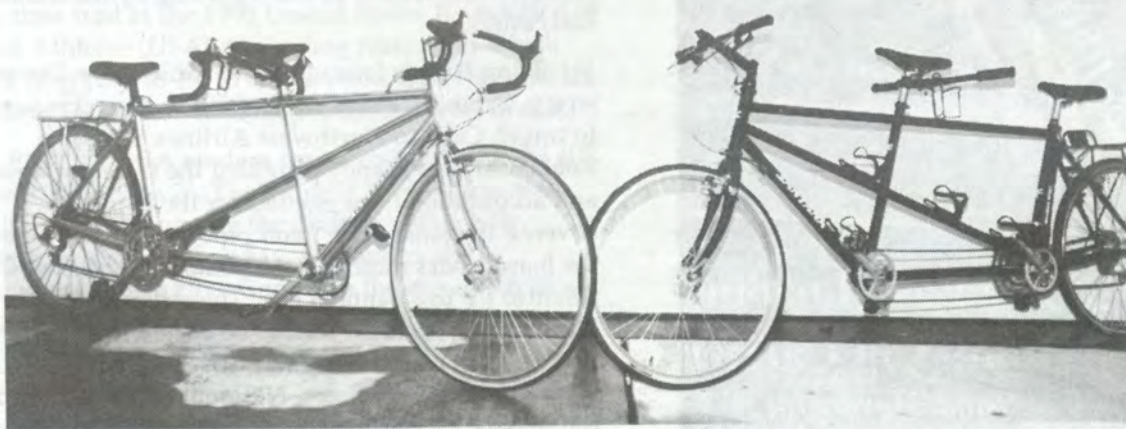
We ordered our first tandem in September of 1992. After a seven month wait the much anticipated call came, that our dream machine was in. After a short shake down ride with the store owner, Julia and I were off on our tandem adventure. It was suggested we get used to the tandem before we installed the clipless pedals, great advice. Since this was the first time my wife and I were on a tandem together it took a few miles to get the shakes out of the captain. We rode for several miles just getting used to the feel of two on one bike. Two weeks later we returned and the SPD cleats attached to our shoes, once again we ventured out with a little wobble in our riding style. Everyone warned us sooner or later we were going to do the slow motion roll. Sure enough a couple days later we stopped at a stop sign, the bike started leaning right, my left foot was out of the pedal, in slow motion the front wheel

started lifting off the ground and over we went. Very gracefully mind you, onto someone's front lawn. We have laid the bike down twice more since then but both times it was on sandy trails.

As our riding style changed from casual riders to more serious cyclists we found club rides an excellent way to meet friends and improve our cycling style. We gained experience and found ourselves being able to hang with the fast group that used to sail right past us. After a few wind sprints with the club we were hooked. The need for speed was born. Doug and Stan kept suggesting drop handle bars and bar end shifters would get us into a more aerodynamic position. Looking around at all the other riders we noticed we had the only set of 26 inch wheels in the group! Perhaps the larger wheels would give us just a little more speed, but the chromoly steel frame of the Cilantro would not accommodate 700c series wheels.

The Shimano XTR 24 speed drive train performed nearly flawlessly as long as the rear derailleur cable was properly adjusted. Cable stretch is a definite hindrance to index shifting. The front derailleur did provide us with some grief. Cruising at 18 mile per hour, the front derailleur dropped into the front chainring, twisting the cage. The shop straightened the cage and adjusted the cable without charge. Two weeks later, crunch, as we pulled off the road we saw the remains of our front shifting mechanism. A return to the shop and a ten day wait

with a 8 speed tandem the front derailleur was replaced. To our surprise so was a \$90.00 repair bill waiting. Both times the derailleur fell into the



Santana Sovereign and Santana Cilantro



chainrings while riding flat terrain without shifting. This seemed to be a strange occurrence but two other tandem owners in our club have experienced the same problems with their newer Santana's. The other pitfall is how soft the Lumina Red Imron paint seems to be. The DuPont Imron paint is easily scratched and flakes off.

In our first year of tandeming we covered over 4000 miles including three centuries. The Labor Day weekend Midwest Tandem Rally was an enjoyable, 4 days filled with double fun.

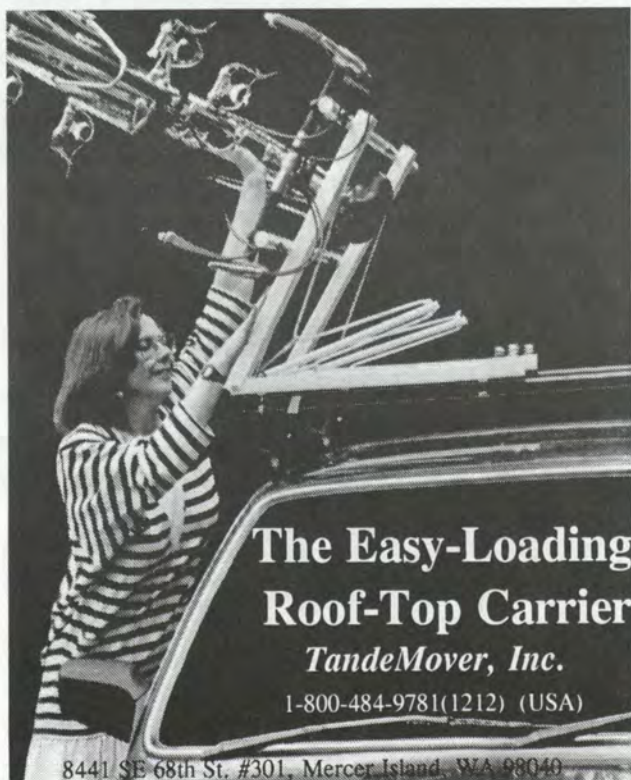
Late in 1993, Julia said perhaps we should talk about taking a Sovereign for a ride. A short ride around the neighborhood had us hooked. A week later we took a longer ride and returned with our checkbook.

The fat tubed bike provides a stiff platform for the Shimano XTR drive train. Cable adjustment does require constant attention to keep the bar-end index shifting accurate. We chose the 48 spoke wheel option to combat Michigan potholes. The Specialized Armadillo tires have provided over 2600 miles per set with minimal flattening. We equipped this cycle with many of the same accessories and pedals so we could switch bikes anytime. Julia has found the

handle bar bottle cage a welcome addition which places a water bottle within easy reach. The Control Tech adjustable stoker stem positions the rear drop handle bar in perfect position, it also provides me with more clearance for my legs. The bright metal finish of the Sovereign Aluminum turns heads wherever we travel. Maintaining the polished finish requires lots of elbow grease. We have tried four different polishes and have found all work well but nothing beats good old fashioned work to keep the aluminum looking as nice as the chrome front fork.

We love to travel and the two Santana tandems offer us a new way to tour the county. Last summer we spent a week in the upper peninsula of Michigan sightseeing. We parked the van at a motel in Manistique and went to the state parks and tourist attractions in the area. Each day we would set out in a different direction for adventure. Wherever we stopped people asked us how far we traveled, they could not believe we were just out sightseeing by tandem. The local paper ran an article about the lighthouse east of town that was being restored. We read the article and said that looks like fun. The local map showed it was going to be an easy flat ride of about 30 miles each way. The map was right except it did not show the last four miles to the lighthouse as a dirt road. We left the Cilantro in the van and headed out on the Aluminum tandem with a pack full of cookies. Thirty one miles into the ride we hit the dirt road and the sign which said lighthouse four miles. After a brief stop we decided to take it slow and see how the skinny tired bike would handle on gravel. The hard pack road posed no problems for the 48 spoke wheels. After a short break enjoying the scenery we returned to town passing by the Indian run casino.

Being Disney fans who own most every Disney jersey, Orlando, Florida was another logical reason to travel. Calls to Northwest Airlines, National Rental Car and Disney provided the transportation and accommodations needed for the trip. We covered the paint with foam pipe insulation turned the handle bars removed the pedals and packed the Cilantro up in a Santana box. The airlines took the bike without incident for \$45.00 each way. Yes, bikes fly free with League of American Bicyclists but we used frequent flyer miles. National Rental Car had the Astro EXP waiting for us as promised but they do not permit the seats to be removed from the van. They also take the time to wire the rear seats in





position. After turning the seats sideways we managed to get the boxed tandem into the van along with our luggage. About twenty minutes of reassembly and the Cilantro was ready for the Florida highways.

The brakes of the Cilantro are excellent. They stop the hybrid tandem in very short order without any difficulty. If only that was true on the Sovereign. Within the first 150 miles metal shavings started coming out of the rubber braking surfaces of the pads. Both front and rears had metal shavings impregnated in the pads. The XTR pads were replaced under warranty with Madison brand pads without charge. At about 2000 mile the rear Madison brake shoes were worn to the point of needing replacement. This time Shimano pads were used. This latest set of brake pads have about 2500 miles and appear to be in good shape. The Madison pads on the front are just about in need of replacement. Even to this day the brakes on the Sovereign are marginal at best. Neither bike is equipped with a

rear drum brake. If we do any riding in hilly or mountainous areas I would highly recommend a third brake on the Sovereign. The excellent braking of the Cilantro would not warrant the third brake except in extreme conditions or very wet weather.

Julia and I are looking forward to our third season of tandeming. We already know tandem mileage will be way down, but we will be in the market for a bugger. As you see after 14 years of marriage and 2 years of tandeming we are expecting our first child, it won't be long before you see three of us on the road.

Greg and Julia Schultz
Eastpointe, Michigan



USABA NATIONALS

Champion cyclist Pam Fernandes of Brighton, MA a member of Team ITT Hartford, the nation's first corporate sponsored team of athletes with disabilities, has added more victories in tandem cycling to her long list of racing triumphs.

She and her racing partner of two years, Mike Rosenberg of Eugene, OR, earned a first place finish in the 74K road race and a second place finish in the 40K time trial at the 1995 United States Association of Blind Athletes (USABA) Cycling Nationals, which were held July 16-19, in conjunction with the 1995 US Cycling Federation Masters Nationals in Nashville.

Eight USABA tandem teams competed in the 40K time trial on July 26. The out-and back course was challenging, presenting the cyclists with a hilly terrain on a sweltering day. Fernandes and Rosenberg took a silver medal in the mixed division with a time of 1:03:17. They were just 15 seconds behind the first place team Kathy Urschel and Michael Hopper.

Two days later, On July 28, Fernandes and Rosenberg took to the starting line for the 36 mile road race. The nine-mile circuit featured hairpin

turns, winding descents, and two significant climbs. The duo captured the gold in the mixed division, sprinting past a two man team to victory.

Fernandes is now a three time national champ for the USABA in the mixed division.

"It's great having an opportunity to race at the Cycling Federation's Masters Nationals," said Fernandes, who often competes against sighted cyclists. "We, as disabled cyclists, were not treated any differently from and other cyclists. We're respected and supported by the other racers, officials and volunteers."

This year, in addition to the USABA, USCF Masters Nationals also hosted the national competitions for cyclists from Disabled Sports USA and the United States Cerebral Palsy Athletic Association. Cyclists from the three disabled sports organizations represent the United States Disabled Sports Team. The goal for many of these athletes is to compete in the Paralympic trials next spring in the hopes of making it to the 1996 Paralympic Games, which follow the Summer Olympics, in Atlanta.



HOLLAND - 1996

We herewith have the pleasure to announce that the 1996 International tandem rally will be located in Holland. Situated near the village Borger in northern Holland. Borger is a typical small Dutch village as you find a lot of in Drenthe (as this part of Holland is called). We selected a rather big campsite. This as it was quite a problem to accommodate such a big group of tandemers. Unfortunately the rally coincides with the eastern break in Holland.

The main criterias to favour this campsite were:

One big field for tents, caravans and mobile homes, all together, and limited to the tandem club members.

Availability of bungalows for rent on the same campsite.

Possibility for a headquarters (big tent), to have a meeting point and to have our tea!

Small supermarket on the campsite.

Heated indoor and outdoor swimming pool. This is included in the price.

Restaurant on site. More restaurants quite near.

Bar and terrace available on site. For those who prefer a beer instead of a tea.

Furthermore all things you would normally expect are available as: Midget golf, small

lake for swimming and paddling, playgrounds, etc, etc.

Drenthe in Holland is famous for its high number of cycle paths, which are leading you through lots of woods, moors and tiny little villages. Every day you can decide whether to cycle:

a family ride (about 60 km)

a medium ride (80-100 km)

a long ride for the real headbangers (120-130 km)

We also have attractions for you to visit during your ride, varying from recreation-grounds for the children (adults are allowed there as well), dolmen, astronomy and history museum to the sheep cattles in the moors.

However, as it can't be the aim that we complete this issue of DoubleTalk just with news about Holland we quit.

Leaves us only with one point: See you in Holland, to discover that it is all true!

So don't hesitate; all you have to do is contact us;

Jan, Anja, Ronald, Wia, Marten, Marieke
Slagt
minister Kanstraat 4s
7811 gR Emmen
The Netherlands

Final results from the USABA National Cycling Nationals

40K Time Trial

Men

1st Matt King/Spencer Yates
53:33
2nd Ray Collins/Art McHugh
1:01:05

Mixed

1st Kathy Urschel/Michael Hopper 1:03:02
2nd Pam Fernandes/Michael Rosenberg 1:03:17
3rd Rich Silva/Mary Mabry 1:19:11

Women

1st Julie Haft/Jen McParland 1:08:26
2nd Cara Dunne/Sonja Fritzsche 1:20:39
3rd Trish Cronin/Gerri Morriarity 1:31:39

Road Race

Men

1st Matt King/Spencer Yates
2nd Ray Collins/Art McHugh

Mixed

1st Pam Fernandes/Michael Rosenberg
2nd Kathy Urschel/Michael Hopper
3rd Rich Silva/Mary Mabry

Women

1st Julie Haft/Jen McParland
2nd Ramona Pierson/Vera Bean
3rd Cara Dunne/Sonja Fritzsche
ITT Hartford



Southern Tandem Rally 1995

Just returned from the Southern Tandem Rally in Asheville, NC. It was a well-organized, fun event...only we were so lazy after our biking vacation that we hardly got in any riding...go figure!

The \$280 per team fee included:

- 1) Hotel accommodations at the Radisson for Friday and Saturday nights
- 2) Buffet breakfasts on Saturday and Sunday mornings
- 3) Box lunch on Saturday
- 4) Buffet-style banquet dinner on Saturday evening
- 5) Music and dancing Saturday night
- 6) Tour of the Thomas Wolfe Memorial
- 7) ETC.

- Long-sleeved STR '95 T-shirts
- Maps/cue sheets/insurance

Registration/check-in began Friday at noon. We arrived too late for the short 12-mile afternoon ride through residential areas and the grounds of Grove Park Inn (a really wonderful resort in Asheville). Dinner was on our own, but there was a Southern Tandem Rally hospitality suite at the Radisson where everyone convened that evening.

On Saturday morning there was to be a "mass start" for the ride, but the cold and rain put a damper on things...it was more of a trickle start. Most people stood around inside trying to decide whether to ride or not. (It definitely wasn't the spectacle of seeing 600 tandems roll out in MTR!!!) The ride followed the French Broad River with distances from 40 to 65 miles. If you did the long ride, you got a free tour of the Vance Homestead. A nice lunch stop with bluegrass music and awesome chocolate chip cookies brought even the non-riders out from Asheville. The morning route was quite hilly but the afternoon was a relaxing roll along the river. Of the 100 teams, only about half actually rode because of the weather. That really surprised us but, if you were pulling a childcarrier, I could certainly understand. Otherwise, WHAT IS THE POINT?!!! The banquet on Saturday

evening was quite a bit of fun, followed by music and dancing. There were prizes for all and they raffled off a purple/white neon tandem light that I really wanted, but didn't get.

The ride on Sunday morning took you through the residential area of the Biltmore Forest and made its way to the Blue Ridge Parkway where we visited the Folk Arts Center for a total of 30 miles. It gave us time to get back to the hotel for a shower before the Noon checkout time.

Registration was limited to 100 tandem teams, so it was a nice size -- big without being overwhelming! Gordon Borthwick was there with his really beautiful tandem...I love handcrafting. Jack & Susan Goertz, (Tandems Limited) were there. As always, Jack was the most knowledgeable about all things tandem...Finally, I got a copy of his catalog so now I won't have to be the perpetual information freeloader! He brought a Bike Two'sDay and the folding Montague which were fun to see. Unfortunately, he ran out of "Heart of Dixie" tandem jerseys before we could get a set! Also, Mark and Mary Pfeifer, (Pfeifer Phrame Painting), were there. They build/repair/paint frames. Mary displayed her single bike which was truly a work of art...handpainted grapes and vines over a sky-blue fade. It was pretty amazing.

Ron and Nancy Johnson organized the event and did a terrific job. They had more SAG support on the roads than I've ever seen. Every time we stopped to change our clothing layering scheme, a SAG vehicle stopped to see if we were still having fun. I was really impressed with the backup plans for bad weather at lunch. The whole event was moved indoors to a small restaurant which had catered the lunch. Nice job...I'm sure Josh Feingold will do just as well next year in Sebring, Florida.

Amy Brill Walker
Chicago, IL





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

TCA MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / RENEWAL

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

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

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

City, State, ZIP: _____

Phone (Including Area Code): _____

Tandem Make: _____ Year: _____

Color: _____ Style: _____

Amount enclosed: _____ for (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? _____



TANDEM CALENDAR 1995-96

November 3-5, 1995. **Fifth Annual Baltimore Bicycling Club/Potomac Pedalers Joint Chincoteague, VA weekend.** Join the CRABS (Couples Riding A Bicycle Simultaneously), WABITS (Washington Area Bicyclists in Tandem Society) and other tandems for a fun-filled event. Rides from 5 to 100 miles over flat to rolling terrain on lightly traveled country roads. Tandem-only rides scheduled everyday. Helmets required. Registration fee of \$40 per person includes: maps, welcome party, ice cream social, buffet dinner, DJ dance beer/wine/snacks. Motel information included in application. Al & Ruth Schaffner (410) 484-0306 h.

November 5, 1995. **T-Bone Ride Planning Party.** Salem, NH. 4pm, Potluck, possibly a ride before the party. Don & Carolyn Lane (603) 893-4766.

November 5, 1995. **Colorado Tandem Club First Sunday of the Month Ride.** Safeway parking lot in Boulder at 28th and Arapahoe at 9am. 30 to 50 mile options. We ride at a moderate pace over rolling terrain, and are primed for a good place for lunch toward the end of the ride. For more information, call Kami or Andy in Boulder (303) 494-3092.

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

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

November 24, 1995. **RATS (Richmond Area Tandem Society).** 10 am in beautiful downtown Bumpass, VA. 48.5 miles around Lake Anna. Tom or Mary Breeden, 326 Lakeside Blvd, Richmond, VA (804) 261-1231.

November 24, 1995. **TNT Meier & Frank Holiday Parade** Portland, OR. We were a big hit last year. Our pink or red (raingear-clad) reindeer -antlers and all even made the TV news. Let's

create a bigger event. Kim Rittenhouse, (503) 635-2993

December 9, 1995. **Chile Peddlers December Ride & Party.** Albuquerque, NM. 11 am. Dennis & Lyndsey Morris (505) 343-8721.

December 9, 1995. **Dallas Double Dates Christmas light ride and Party.** Ideas and information, phone: Dave Douthit and Missy Magnuson (214) 388-9485.

December 16, 1995. **T-Bone Ride Planning/Christmas Bash.** Avon, CT 5pm. Potluck and possible ride before. Bob & Alice Sawyer (203) 673-1181.

December, 1995. **Colorado Tandem Club Island Hopping Cruise.** Who said we had to spend all our time on bikes? We are planning on taking them along. Caribbean cruise with island riding. Contact Jerry & Christy about this 7 day cruise. 303-427-3916.

January 1, 1996. **RATS, Richmond, VA Area Tandem Society 1st annual FYBO morning ride.** Short ride in the Richmond, VA area followed by some hot cider, wine, cheese, etc. Tom & Mary Breeden, 326 Lakeside Blvd, Richmond, VA 23227. (804) 261-1231.

February 16-18, 1996. **Off-Road Tandem Rally, Tallahassee, FL.** Come join us for an off-road tandem experience in Northwest Florida on some terrific trails. SASE to Marvin or Miryam Rubenstein, 2815 Sweetbriar Dr, Tallahassee, FL 32313 or call (904) 385-0534 or internet at "marvrub@freenet.scri.fsu.edu"

April 12-14, 1996 (NEW DATE). **Alabama Tandem Weekend.** Return to the "loveliest village of the plains," Auburn, AL, for a fantastic tandem weekend. Traditional pizza party Saturday night and true southern hospitality. SASE to George and Judy Bacon, 305 Snake Hill Circle, Trussville, AL 35173. Call before 9pm central time (205) 655-2808.

April 26-28, 1996. **Southwest Tandem Rally 96.** Nacogdoches, TX. More details as they become available.

May 25-27, 1996. **North West Tandem Rally.** Klamath Falls, OR

May 25-June 1, 1996. **International Tandem Rally.** Holland. Jan & Anja Slagt, minister Kanstraat 4s, 7811 gR Emmen, The Netherlands

June 15-28, 1996. **Tandem Tour of Germany.** Twelve ride days in beautiful German countryside. Visit Lakes, castles, & museums. Includes 13 nights lodging, all breakfast, some dinners, SAG & guide. space limited to 14 couples. Call Kay or Rick Watson (evenings) (405) 223-8180 or write to HCR 70, Box 116, Ardmore, OK 73401.

August 16-26, 1996. **UK Tandem Club Silver Jubilee Celebration Rally.** Reaseheath College, Nantwich, Cheshire in middle England. Rides, tours, evening entertainment. Tom & Yvonne Owen, 72 Platt Avenue, Sandbach, Cheshire, CW11 9DF. UK Code + (0) 1270 760799.

August 30-Sept 2, 1996. **Midwest Tandem Rally 96.** Appleton, WI. for hotel reservations: Paper Valley Hotel & Conference Center 800-242-3499, mention MTR96. need additional info? Tom Thalmann, N1583 Skyline Dr, Greenville, WI 54942, (414) 757-6561

October 10-13, 1996. **18th Annual Southern Tandem Rally.** Sebring, FL. hotel reservations: Kenilworth Lodge, (800) 423-5939, for rally registrations: SASE to Joshua Feingold, STR '96, 244 SW 180 Ave, Pembroke Pines, FL 33029

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

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

Please limit your TCA Calendar listings to TANDEM-specific events, or tours/races with tandem classes. Thanks. -- the Editors



CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: 1994 Santana Sovereign Triplet (road) Sherwood green (dark metallic) 59/57.5/56, Shimano components, SIS 8 speed Edco hubs, Arai drum brake. \$4400. Dave (209) 439-0917 (CA). 11/95

FOR SALE: Recently overhauled collector's item. 24x23x22 triplet. Original paint & logos (good condition) light sienna. Masterfully crafted frame with Ishiwata CrMo tubes. 18 speed Suntour VGTluxe drive train with brand new Shimano Deore XT front derailleur. Mafac cantilever brakes along with front & rear Shimano disc brakes. Phil Wood wheels & hubs, TA cranks. Set up for two complete child stokers. \$3,000. Call Rich Miller (810) 231-3305 (MI). 11/95

FOR SALE: King Lion Bicycle Special, made by the British Bicycle Company, the bike has 3 speeds and very old fashioned brake handles. Mixte rear with rear hub kickstand, same side drive with idler for chain. John Hendricks, 13310 SW 16 Ct, Davie, FL 33325. (305) 472-1453. 11/95

FOR SALE: Used but not abused 1988 Burley Duet, 22/20, metallic blue with Arai drum brake, indexed Suntour 21-speed with bar-cons, bottle cages, Avocet computers for captain & stoker, pump. Asking \$800 + shipping. Jeff and Chris Baker (814) 466-2145 evenings (PA). 11/95

FOR SALE: Motobecane Interclub tandem. Light blue, excellent condition, 22x20 mixte frame converted to 18 speed index shifting. Fenders, platform pedals with traps, center pull brakes front and rear + drum brake. Blackburn rear rack. \$625. Call Jack (612) 483-2174 (MN). 11/95

FOR SALE: Rodriguez steel road tandem, brazed 56 frame painted champaign white Imron, index barcons shifters, Pederson brakes, computer, drag brake, carrier rack, pump, immaculate, \$2695, (618) 654-6740. (IL) 11/95

FOR SALE: 1991 Santana Visa. Medium frame (56/53). Dark green.

New tires, brakes, Shimano bar-end shifters, rear cassette. Rear drum brake. Children's crank shorteners. Yakima tandem mount. Very low mileage, excellent condition. \$1,350. (Hendersonville, NC) Brian Parsons (704) 981-5125. 11/95

FOR SALE: Santana Arriva 22x19, Phil Wood hub and disk brake, Girven flex stem, stoker suspension seat post. SE brakes with stiffeners. 36 spoke wheels, Mavic. \$1300. Wayne Kocher, Carson City, NV (702) 885-2166 11/95

FOR SALE: 1990 Santana Sovereign 56/53. Excellent condition, low mileage, Lumina Red Metallic. Complete with Shimano Deore XT derailleurs, specialized triple crank, Shimano bar-end shifters, Suzue 48 h hubs/Sun Chinook rims, drum brake, cages and rack. \$2500 Call Gary (504) 626-8772 after 6pm (LA) 11/95

FOR SALE: 1992 Dakota Twin Peaks, Red. 18/16, 26" wheels. Low mileage. My mildly-abled 7 year old learned his sense of pedaling and balance on this tandem. Now he's on his own. Make offer. (703) 534-2633 1/96

FOR SALE: 1993 Santana Sovereign. X-lg frame (steel 62x56) Sonoma Burgundy, like new condition, about 500 miles. Shimano XTR components, bar end index shifting 7 spd Edco hubs, SPD pedals. Adj stoker stem, flat stoker bars w/ bar ends, USE seat post. ACT cycle computer, 4 water bottle cages, frame pump, rack, ESGE stand. Yakima tandem mount included. Asking \$2600. Ted Bauer, 410-765-7935 or 410-683-4733 (MD) 1/96

FOR SALE: 1989 Santana Arriva, Black 58 cm. Excellent condition. Blackburn rack, bottle cages, Avocet cyclometer. \$2,000. Call Paul (310) 823-5006 after 7 PM (CA) 1/96

FOR SALE: Peugeot Grand Touring tandem. 22x21 Double gents, rides tall, excellent condition. Alloy micro adjust seatposts, Suntour derailleurs & barcons, alloy handlebars, Campy Dedeia rims. A beautiful sapphire blue

with fenders, light & rack. Excellent handling ready to ride. \$650. Barrett Browning (608) 231-6863 (WI) 1/96

FOR SALE: Santana Classic (marathon) 56/53, Phil Wood hubs, Arai drum brake, Blackburn rack, TA cranks, Mafac brakes, bar end shifters \$1,100 Stew (707) 578-1004 or STEWMD@AOL.COM (CA) 1/96

FOR SALE: 1990 Santana Noventa, 56x53 Campy equipped, choice of pedals, Campy road, Shimano/Look or Time. Excellent condition \$2500. Call Bill Greiff (904) 767-3153 (evenings 5:30-9:30 eastern) (FL) 1/96

FOR SALE: Ride in luxury! Ryan recumbent tandem, custom-built 1994. Bright red, Specialized cranks, Suntour derailleurs, rack and pack. Adjustable seats. The ultimate in comfort for \$2750 OBO. Doug Richardson, 29 Bala Ave Ste 222, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004 (Phila). (610) 667-8232 days. 1/96

FOR SALE: 1981 Santana Classic, 23 1/2 x 22 1/2 - Perfect condition. Upgrades include: Wheels, Brakes, Derailleurs, Seats, Bars, Stem, Pedals, headset, Bar-cons, Levers, \$1500. Call or write to: Scott York, 201 Fourth Ave, Bradley Beach, NJ 07720. (908) 775-5442 1/96

FOR SALE: Franklin triplet, 20x20x20 frame size, Dark Green. Shimano/Campagnolo equipped, 24-speeds. Magura Hydraulic brakes. Available with spoked wheels or Aerospoke white composite wheels and withor w/o child conversion kit. Priced \$2500-\$3000 depending on equipment. Call 513-848-8466 1/96

FOR SALE: Trek Tandem, 54x50. Hugi & Drum. 700x38c tires. Hill Gears, Flat bars, Terry saddles, Shimano Rapidfire plus shifters. Rack & 6 waterbottles, pump. Boxed and delivered to your door. \$1550. NH (603)-673-5088 days or (603)-673-1580 evenings EST.

WANTED: Used tandem in excellent condition as a second tandem for our family. A small frame size of 19x15 or



20x16 is desired. Would love a Burley Samba, Duet, or Rock 'N Roll. (513) 593-3862 (OH) 1/96

WANTED: Used Crank Shorteners. Call Christian (203) 225-9562 1/96

FOR SALE: Tandem I mount for Yakima roof rack \$125. Humphrey (703) 962-6773 11/95

FOR SALE: Santana child stoker kit: includes bolt-on bottom bracket, short-arm crankarms, (2) 36t chainrings, 230 mm (non adjustable) stoker stem, and chain. This unit is about 5 years old but only used sparingly for 2 years. \$200, includes shipping. Louis Melini, Salt Lake City, UT (801) 487-6318. 11/95

FOR SALE: Thule Tandem Carrier secures bike at front & rear axles \$165. Towers, crossbars, and Thule fairing also available. All in A-1 condition. (Albuquerque, NM) call or e-

mail Fred: (505) 292-8402 or phredofabq@aol.com 11/95

FOR SALE: Complete Santana Child conversion kit. Includes bottom bracket & shell, 125 mm crankset, 38T chainrings (110 bolt pattern), chain, child handlebars, 10 in stoker stem, and bolts & spacers. \$250. Please call Fred at (713) 992-2023 evenings (TX) 1/96

FOR SALE: Yak 16 (BOB) trailer with skewer for Santana 160mm dropouts. Only used for 1 camping trip, essentially new. Very pleasant to tour with. Asking \$225 Contact Jamie or Lindy King (617) 325-1433 (MA) 1/96

HELP OFFERED: Touring England in 1996? 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*.

WANTED: Volunteer artist(s) to prepare sketches, cartoons, and illustrations to Jack & Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Drive Birmingham, AL 35242-4430.

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

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GEAR-TO-GO. Central and western New York and northern PA's source for Santana. Tandems in stock, test rides by appointment. 850 W. Clinton St., Elmira, NY 14905 (607)-732-4859. E-mail: RLTWOSEAT@AOL.COM 01/96

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Tandem Matchmakers Touring, Racing, Family, Mountain, Track - New, Used - over 50 Tandems, Triplets, Quad. Rentals. Long Tests, One-day Service. Wheels, Brazing. Odd Parts shipped worldwide. Mt. Airy Bicycles. (301)-831-5151 (MD). 05/96 (10987)

Lyonsport custom tandems, bicycles and single wheeled trailers; Lyon



Cargo Cub, B.O.B., Wheelie and other tandem related products. Lyonsport, 1175 Plumtree Lane, Grants Pass, OR 97526. 503-476-7092. 05/96 (8559)

Together Tandems Rocky Mountain region's only tandem-exclusive dealer. Tandem bikes, parts, accessories, rentals. Large in-stock selection: Santana, Burley, Co-Motion, Cannondale, Bilenky, Ibis. 2030 S College Avenue, Fort Collins, CO 80525. (970) 224-0330 or E-Mail: Togtandems@aol.com 07/96 (3271)

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Custom tandem carrier for pickups, vans, sport-utilities. Fits flat on floor/heavy duty for tandems & singles. Built to fit your vehicle. Call, free brochure. **THE PICK-UP SHOP**, New Albany, OH. 614-855-9950 03/96 (7472)

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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 Catalina areas. (800)-540-BIKE (2543) or ABTC, 1108 Vista Lago, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405 07/96 (11325)

T-SHIRT QUILTS Preserve your memories! Custom-made keepsake quilts form your souvenir T-shirts. Call Margaret Thatcher, 1-800-337-8771 (09/96)

TANDEM MAGAZINE. Contact Greg Shepherd @ Petzold Publishing, 26895 Petzold Road, Eugene, OR 97402 to find out about the newest entry in the tandem bicycling magazine field. (503)-342-3723. (09/96)

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.

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

We have a limited number of back issues of DoubleTalk available to complete your collection. For each issue desired, send a check for \$3.00, payable to Tandem Club of America, to Jack & Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430. The issues you order will be sent to you either via first class postage (1-4 issues ordered) or via UPS (more than 4 issues ordered).

Issues still available:

September-October, 1995

May-June, 1995

March-April, 1995

January-February, 1995

November-December, 1994

September-October, 1994

July-August, 1994

May-June, 1994

March-April, 1994

Other Dealer Members

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)

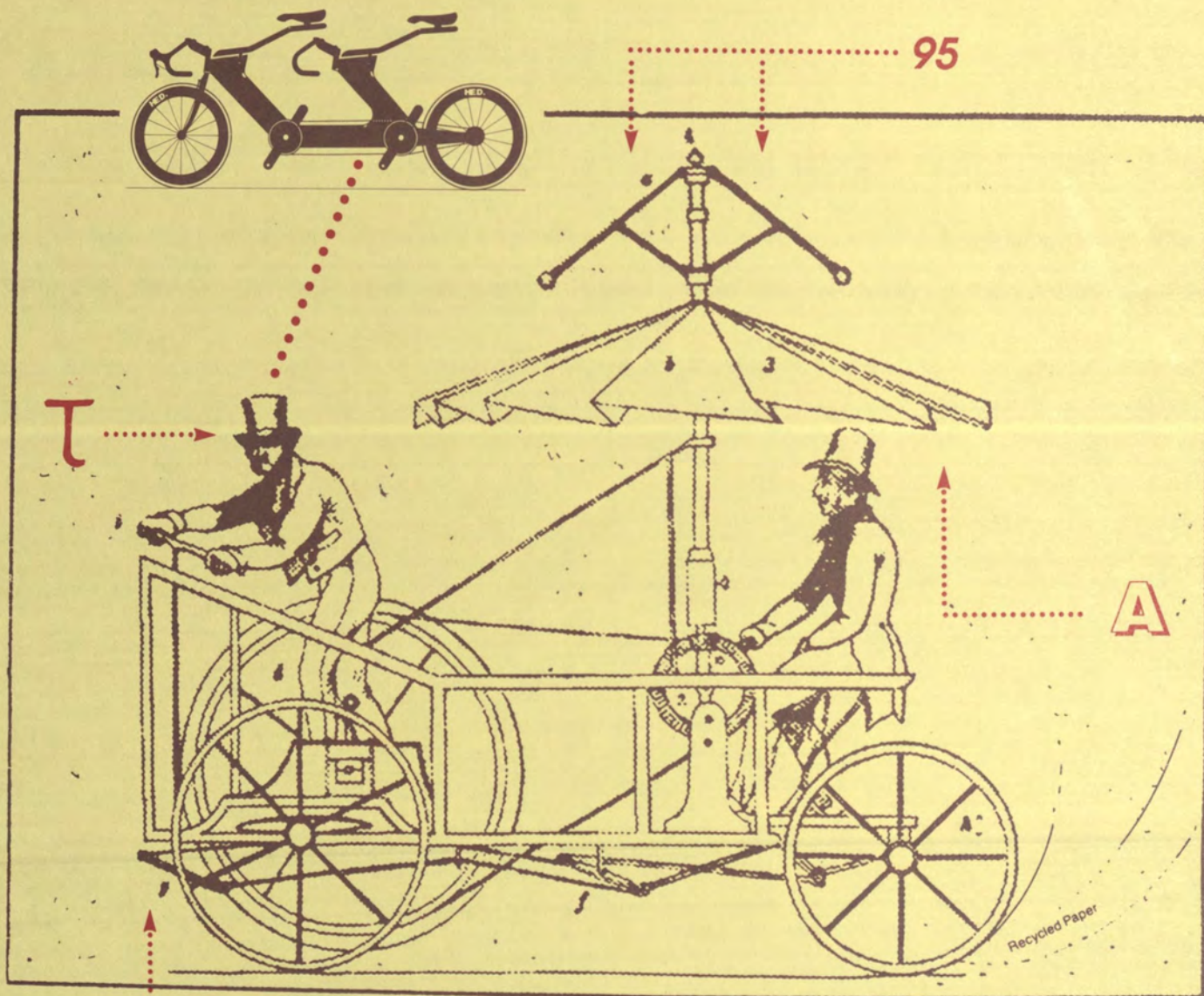
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THE LAST PAGE





Season's **G**reetings ... to you
from the
volunteers of your club.

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 ROBERT & TONI ■ DAVE & VALERIE
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