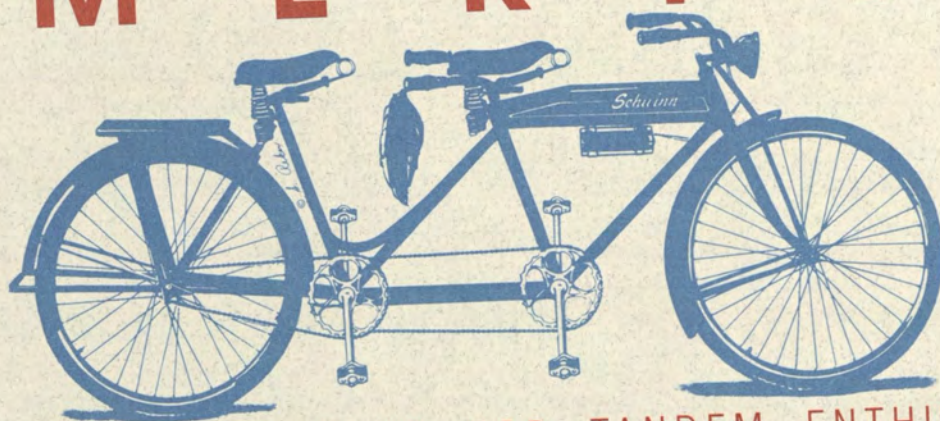


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DOUBLETALK



JANUARY-FEBRUARY
1996

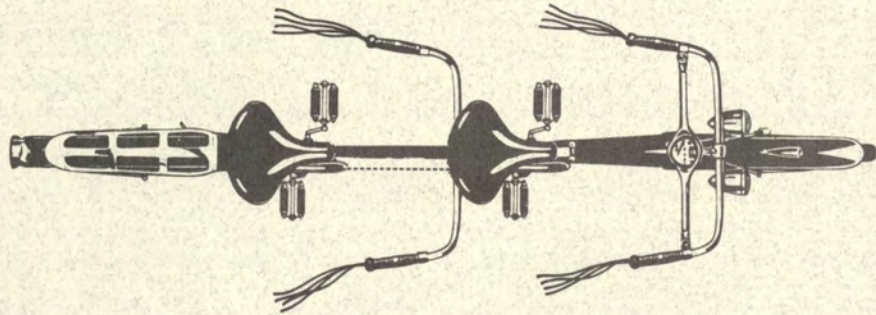
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the newsletter of the Tandem Club of America
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2220 Vanessa Drive
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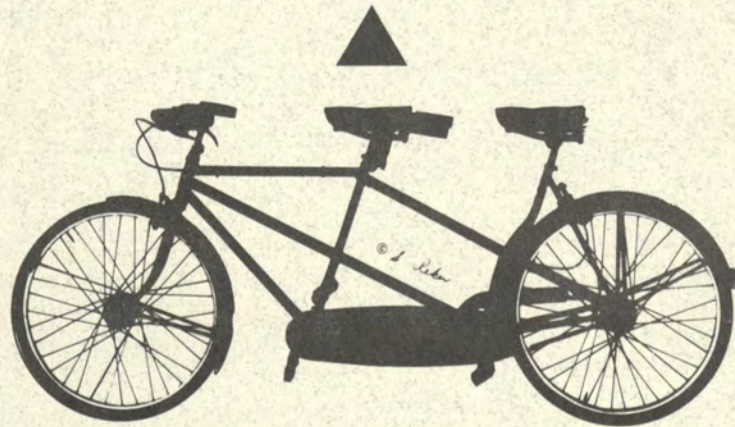
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DOUBLETALK

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DEADLINE FOR THE MARCH-APRIL, 1996 ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS FEBRUARY 1, 1996

FROM THE EDITORS

HAPPY NEW YEAR! Everyone should be recovering well from the holidays and anxiously looking forward to another great riding season. Susan and I certainly are, and we are also looking forward to meeting many of you during the coming year.

Since the last issue, two alarming articles arrived in our electronic mailbox (tandems@mindspring.com). One article was from a TCA member in Iowa, who forwarded an article about two cyclists riding single file on a state highway near Ely, IA. These two cyclists were on single-seat bikes, but they could have easily been on a tandem when they were harassed by a local motorist who passed them at a high rate of speed, then stopped in front of them to continue pouring verbal abuse at the cyclists. During this ensuing burst of profanity, the motorist ended the conversation by stating that "HE HOPED A FEW MORE OF YOU WOULD BE HIT AND KILLED ON THE ROADS".

A week later I received a copy of an editorial that ran in a student-produced newspaper, where the highschool editor expressed her views that cyclists on the road were like deer who had no business being there, and perhaps the answer was to "hit them at a high rate of speed so they would go over the car, minimizing the damage to the vehicle. Perhaps then the survivors would find some other place to ride".

We, as law-abiding cyclists, probably can't do anything about the middle-aged driver in the first case, unless he actually makes good on his threat to "get you s---ta-- cyclists" (when it will be too late), but we can do something to change the views of high school children advocating killing cyclists like deer on the roads. We can work with our local high schools to ensure that the students are being taught the rules of the road, and that bicyclists have rights

on the road, too. We can also petition the leaders of our schools to watch more closely the articles that are being printed in the school newspapers. Don't let the children in your town grow up thinking that hitting/killing bicyclists is okay because they are in the streets and roads in front of cars.

We're beginning to work on the Membership List. Everyone who receives this issue of DoubleTalk should receive the listing. Please check your address on the label and send us any corrections. We will use the address shown on the front cover unless we receive a correction, in writing, by January 21, 1996. New memberships received by Bruce and Judi Bachelder after December 10, 1995, are not included in the 1996 Membership List. This includes all the folks who let their membership lapse for a month! Don't let yourself get caught with an expired membership.

For the past two years, the TCA has been flirting with reaching the 3000 membership/6000 member level. (In the TCA, a membership equals at least 2 people). Let's all work together to recruit new members and make 1996, the TCA's 20th year, the year we break this invisible barrier.

As the TCA continues to grow, members sometimes feel that it is okay to use a graphic or an article to help publicize a local event. All of DoubleTalk is copyrighted, including the artwork. Even the cover-art is copyrighted. Please write, asking permission, before using any article or artwork contained within DoubleTalk. We'll grant permission for most uses, but we must know how it is being used BEFORE THE FACT!

See you on the road,



LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

I can confirm something noted in Jay Hardcastle's article in DoubleTalk. The Burley D'Lite trailer can be retrofitted with a new seat essentially identical to the most recent model. The retrofit package is available from your Burley dealer, user-installable. We modified our trailer earlier this year, and it is much improved. Our nine month old daughter started riding (without any additional carseat,...) at five months in the new harness, which was not possible with the old seat.

Craig Pomeroy
Marysville, WA

Dear DoubleTalk,

This is in response to Susie & Dave's letter to DoubleTalk. We also have two children. Daniel is 5 3/4 and Jennifer is 2 1/2 years. When Daniel was born, we bought a Burley D'Lite trailer and started riding with him at 8 months (car seat in trailer). When Jennifer was born, Steve constructed a "seat" for Jennifer. It was modeled after a car seat except that it was 10 inches wide and allowed both kids to ride in the trailer. Jennifer was 4 months old when she first rode with us in August '93. The following summer, she was strong enough to sit in the trailer with a small throw pillow between her and Daniel. That summer ('94), we found out that, although the trailer can carry 2 kids, it can't carry 2 SIBLINGS. In fact, the rear seat in our car wasn't big enough...but that's another story.

Spring '95 was the time we opted to take Jennifer out of the trailer and put her over the rear wheel of the tandem. At 20-25 pounds, she isn't too big for a seat. We started with the least expensive (K-Mart at \$30), but when that didn't fit (cantilever interference), we tried Fisher Price (\$40). Because it positioned her feet behind the brakes (so she can play with them with her feet), we returned that one and bought a Rhode Gear Taxi (\$85). That worked. It strapped her feet into molded pocket ABOVE the brakes. (Note: this seat comes with a rear rack that is

DIFFERENT than the Blackburn Expedition model) Anyway, Jennifer took to this arrangement very well. At first she was unsure, but came to like it soon enough, Yes, she sleeps in it...when she's tired enough. Otherwise, she looks at the scenery, plays with Virginia's pony tail, and talks a lot. Daniel is content with having the trailer all to himself.



Well, that's what we've done. We suppose that a triplet is a more elegant way to do it, but our compromise is a whole lot less expensive.

Happy Riding!
Steve & Virginia Ng
Vestal, NY

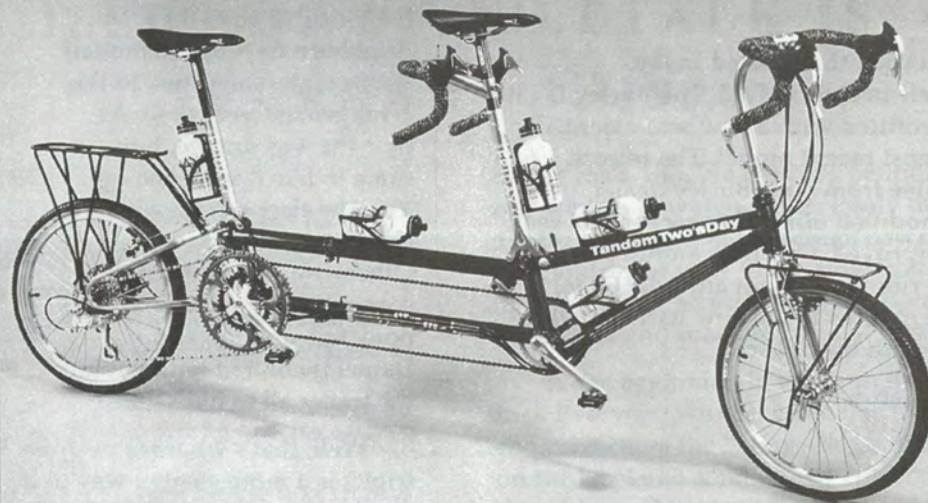
Dear DoubleTalk,

The summer of '95, Rodney Moseman, the long-time proprietor of Bicycle World of Lititz, PA, 10 miles north of Lancaster, decided to retire. Rodney had built a substantial tandem trade, initially based on perhaps thirty or so hand-crafted tandems. An avid enthusiast, Rodney has sponsored a local racing team, promoted races, and ran the 1989 and (the future) 1996 Eastern Tandem Rallies. While the store is in his past, Rodney wanted to keep his hand in things, and is building a shop behind his residence and plans to move his machine shop and paint booth there. To celebrate his retirement, about 40 of his friends, customers, and family met for a surprise dinner honoring Rodney on November 18th. A long time customer and friend, I wrote the following for the occasion:

It has always seemed to me that tandeming is an appropriate metaphor for an enduring marriage. All the more so, when one is so fortunate to enjoy tandeming consummated with one's spouse. Enduring relationships both have good times and

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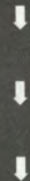


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Betty and Gene Newton
California

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bad: the uphill that never seems to end; the punishing headwind; the cold and wet of early winter. But there are also the rush of delight in a swooping downhill; the simple pleasure of a sunny ride with the wind at your back; the satisfaction at the end of a long day done well, in the company of a partner you know, trust, and love.

A hard metallic interruption to this metaphor is that the realities of the sport must be served. A complex mechanism of over a thousand parts must deal with the wear and tear of the road. Rodney has, for you and me, been instrumental in serving that reality so that we may enjoy the metaphor. That he has done so, with skill, and faithfully, is testified by those with us, physically and spiritually, tonight.

Yet I would not be here were it not that Rodney - and Verna - transcended the barrier between the hardware and the metaphor. Through their devotion to the sport, and to each other, Rodney and Verna have shown that tandeming, for them, has become more than a source of livelihood; it is a source of enduring friendship and camaraderie. I sense for them, as for Judy and me, that tandeming slipped from wrench force to life force, that it has taken on a new meaning larger than itself, and to some extent, undefinable.

We meet to celebrate Rodney's retirement from his store. Like you, I had feared this day, for Rodney's integrity, combined with his capabilities with both torch and wrench, are scarce resources. Fortunately for us, this is a smaller, rather than larger, transition. We share the anticipation in the construction of his carriage shop, with its implicit promise of a new generation of marvelous mechanical Mosemans. And we hope to continue to share the enjoyment and companionship that he and Verna reap as miles and miles roll under their wheel. Thank you, Rodney, for all.

Regards,
Malcolm Boyd

Dear DoubleTalk,

I do hope someone can help me with this: I wrote a poem, which was published in an old DoubleTalk, The poem was a parody of Walt Whitman's. I

entitled it, "O Captain, My Captain". It appeared shortly after the Midwest tandem rally which was the year before the one in Oshkosh, I think. I have misplaced my copy of the poem, and would dearly love to have one. Could some one please locate it and send a copy of the poem to me?

Abbe Krissman
716 W Riverview Drive
Glendale, WI 53209

Dear DoubleTalk,

Just wanted to let you know that my dear husband, Herbert Greiner, passed away in August, 1995 from cancer.

Kathy Greiner
Reading, PA

Ed. - We'll miss Herb's contributions to DoubleTalk. We all send our sympathies to you, Kathy.

Dear DoubleTalk,

OLDER THAN AVERAGE TANDEM COUPLE
SEEK COUNSEL AND ENCOURAGEMENT TO
FULFILL A DREAM!

We met on a tandem bicycle in October 1948, were married in June of 1949, our honeymoon was a 400 mile trip on our Schwinn Tandem (with no gears) from Fort Wayne, Indiana to Wisconsin. We are currently riding a Burley tandem and have led two week long bike trips through Washington and British Columbia. We thoroughly enjoyed the 1995 Northwest Tandem Rally in Vancouver, British Columbia, even though we were identified as the oldest couple there.

WHAT: Ann's Elmhurst High School class is holding their 50th Reunion in Fort Wayne and we would like to ride our tandem from Yakima to Fort Wayne - a distance of 2,400+ miles.



WHEN: July 20, 1996 to September 21, 1996
(with time out for a flight home in early September).

WHERE: Our route would take us through Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Indiana.

WHY: Only other tandem enthusiasts could answer that question.

Seriously, we need words of encouragement and suggestions regarding things to do - and things not to do - from people along the route that have "BEEN THERE and DONE THAT". We are particularly interested in alternate routes if bikes are not allowed on Interstate 80 in your state. If we can pull this off it will be the Experience of a Lifetime.

Anne & Ollie Nelson
101 N 48th Ave #46
Yakima, WA

Dear DoubleTalk,

Hello, from Burlington, VT. Well, the biking season is now over and we are getting ready for the SNOW. During the next few months, while snow bound, we want to plan our first biking tip to Europe. We have biked on touring trips, but need help planning a trip in Europe. We would like to get some tips from other TCA Members. We would welcome suggestions and advice from other's experiences. Our plans are for a one month trip in June-July to visit Northern Europe. We're looking for advice on train travel, flying with a tandem, routes/roads, accommodations, spare parts, and what tools to carry.

Matt or Cathleen Tiersch
60 Brickyard Rd
unit #4
Essex Junction, VT

Dear DoubleTalk,

We have now semi finalized our plans for cycling across America. In April we set out from

Savannah, (having flown to Atlanta) and then cycle north following the Atlantic coast route suggested by Aithenhead (Mountaineers book). This takes us to Banger, Maine, from where we'll cross the states via Niagara and Yellowstone to join the Pacific west ride at Vancouver, after which it's down to Los Angeles. Then we unwind in New Zealand.

We would like to meet some of the tandemists on our journey as it is one of the best ways to get to know your country, as I have discovered having twice worked at a summer camp in Pennsylvania.

This will be a two way affair as on our return to England in December 1996 we will still be in Bath and would be delighted to accommodate any member of your club if they wish to tour England.

Neil Wheadan
208 Whiteway Road
Bath
BA2 2RJ
England

Dear DoubleTalk,

My partner and I have recently purchased a new tandem and hope to do a lot of touring both here and abroad. We have plans to go to Europe next May and ride a tour around Lake Constance beginning at Lindau, Germany. We would love to ride a tandem on this trip but are uncertain about shipping our beautiful tandem or if there are sources available to rent one while we are there, most conveniently in Germany. Since the Lake Constance tour is only 135 miles total we feel we could survive with equipment a little less wonderful than our Bilenky tandem and we plan to "credit car" tour for this trip, we shouldn't need to carry a lot of equipment.

Please send your advice and suggestions.

Gail Tyler
818 Juniper Lane
Fort Collins, CO 80526



RIDING THE 600K TRAINING FOR PBP

The past few brevets had seen us break or replace most of the consumable components on the tandem. With this history, one would think I would have learned not to wait until the last moment to make equipment modifications or add new parts. Fat chance! So, on Friday evening before the ride, I was scurrying around in the living room changing tires and saddles, tweaking the adjustments on the derailleurs and packing gear. The bike would sport a new captain's saddle and new front derailleur and a brand new Avocet K-20 slick on the back, replacing the Armadillo that had flatted 3 times in the previous few hundred miles.

Nancy and I awoke shortly before 2 after getting only three hours of sleep (and being careful not to awaken my kids who were "camping out" in the living room) We groggily loaded into the car and headed south towards the ride start in Warrenton, VA, an hour away. After completing the 400k three weeks ago, we were so sure that we would not be doing the 600k that I had volunteered to work the registration for this ride, so I was supposed to be at the start at 3am, an hour early. That'll teach me to volunteer for things.

We arrived at the Howard Johnson's about 3:15. Nancy parked the car while I sat and registered folks - some 45 people would be doing this ride. Just five minutes before four, my replacement finally arrived and I was able to go over the final ride checklist with Nancy.

My stomach was a complete mess. We decided to travel light. The thin, half-hearted drizzle was the worst that the weather was supposed to be all weekend, so we discarded our jackets and tightly wrapped a change of clothes and spare socks into our single pannier. We didn't skimp on tools, although I didn't bother to take a second pump like I usually did. Finally, about 20 minutes after the pack had left, we set off into the night. Thankfully, Allen Muchnick was every bit as late as we were and we only had to push for a half mile or so to catch up.

Soon after we caught Allen we got a nice downhill on a street heading out of the south end of

town, so we pulled ahead by a bit. Rounding a bend, we saw a biker stopped by the side of the road and we circled back to see if he needed help. His lights weren't working. We were pondering his problem when Allen showed up and saved the day by loaning the man one of his two lights. All four of us were soon underway and we headed off into near total darkness as the lights of town faded behind us.

The clouds were thick overhead and the damp air hung in folds around us. Mist fogged my yellow lens glasses but the bugs were just too numerous to consider removing them. The scent of honeysuckle was everywhere in the air - something that would accompany us throughout the entire ride. Nancy didn't have stars to look at this time - but she did have fireflies, hundreds of them in the fields on both sides of us. The rain was never hard and felt quite good, actually. It would have been so easy to have

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gotten caught up in the moment and push, but I kept telling myself that we had over 350 miles to go.

Allen managed to get away from us when we dropped a waterbottle while swapping them around. Nancy finally remembered to wear her Camelbak, so I was permitted the luxury of two waterbottles and a juice bottle. After the bottles were emptied, I'd hand them to her and she'd give me a fresh one. It was during the first of these swaps that we juggled and lost one on a short uphill. Moral: don't try too many new things at once. It was around this time that the splatter from the road coming off of our fenderless tires managed to short the contacts of our Specialized computer and I lost all reading except the clock.

In ones and twos, we began to catch other riders and soon we met with a dozen or so who were waiting at a store near the 40 mile mark. The store was to open in about 10 minutes and several of the riders were either out of water or needed to use the restroom. Nancy and I stopped briefly to adjust a few things and swap to daylight glasses but were back underway in a few minutes.

One of the next cues on the cue sheet was an emu farm, but neither of us saw any emus. Shortly after that we came to the Somerset Deli just past the 100k point. The ride had flown by up to now, but things were to get difficult very shortly. First, the temperature was starting to rise - the high for the day was projected to be in the mid 80's with high humidity. Second, we had about 80 more miles to go until our first MAJOR climb up to the Blue Ridge Parkway. But all things in due time.

While at the deli, we ordered some sandwiches and made still more minor adjustments to the bike, one of which was to dry the computer contacts. I pointed the nose of my saddle down a bit which relieved some annoying numbness I was experiencing. I noted that the art on the walls inside was rather different for a country store; it seemed more suitable to Georgetown or a cafe in Palo Alto rather than rural Virginia. The proprietors and regulars were very friendly but seemed bemused at the parade of sweaty, lycra clad customers coming in the door. I particularly liked the fat little dog that sat and stared longingly at the meat counter when not begging customers to pet it. When we came outside, we chatted briefly with a pair of women admiring the tandem. They were supporting one of the other

riders who had yet to arrive and they looked a bit concerned.

Soon enough we were back on the bike, now heading west. This portion of the course hugged the east edge of the range of mountains at the south end of Skyline Drive. The gently rolling hills from earlier in the ride were now becoming larger and larger. The morning clouds and drizzle had completely burned off and it became obvious that we needed to stop and apply sunscreen. Also, I had forgotten to fill one of the waterbottles and my right shoulder was starting to hurt a lot from all the shifting, so we planned on stopping at the next store on the cue sheet which was in about 20 miles.

It turned out to be about twenty five. A mistake in the cue sheet added four miles. Luckily we were riding with another rider, Steve Britz, who knew the route well and had done the ride before. About a half mile into the "missing four" miles, we came upon a cluster of very confused riders, and we assured them that the cue was wrong and that the turn was another 5k down the road. We chatted with Steve about tandems and he said that he and his fiancee were considering getting one. It turned out that his fiancee was one of the women admiring our tandem at the last control. In an hour or so we pulled into the store and Steve kept going. The shop keepers in this store had to be a father and son team. It looked like neither of them had smiled in 40 years. The older man sat behind the counter, an unfinished slab of wood, and gave our change with trembling hands. The younger man just stared. We ate outside. I also applied a generous helping of BenGay to my sore shoulder.

About this time, Nancy and I also started taking one or two regular strength aspirins every four hours to prevent a reoccurrence of the knee problems that we'd experienced on the 400k. Although they didn't exactly hurt, she "felt that they were there". My knees were fine, it was my Achilles tendons that were acting up this time.

One of the other three tandem teams on the ride, Keith Krombel and Crista Borrás, were pulling out when we were pulling in, but we chatted with them briefly. We had seen another team, John Fauerby and Lynne Rosenbusch, back at the Somerset stop and they came past us as we ate.



Water replenished and sunscreen applied, we set off for our next planned stop at the Acorn Inn B & B at the 120 mile mark. We didn't get far - maybe 10 miles - before Nancy sounded the alarm. She had noticed earlier that her fanny pack, which held all of our money, cards and everything else of value besides the bike, was in grave danger of losing its strap. She had looked for pins at the "grumpy men" store, but hadn't found any. For want of a safety pin...

Luck struck again as we entered the next town of Crozet. Not only were they having a rather large craft fair lining the main street, but there was a large drug store on the corner that had cheap safety pins. Our stop cost us just a minute or two and then we were off again. In another mile or so, we crossed over Interstate 64 and I pointed out to Nancy that the gap in the mountains off to our right was the south end of Skyline Drive and the north end of the Blue Ridge Parkway. We were drawing nearer to Wintergreen - the climb that so many people had warned us about. Most people on the ride last year had walked the last mile or more to the top of the climb. We tried in vain to get a look at the gap which

would mark our ascent but I couldn't see anything that looked like a dip in the mountains.

As we approached the check point, we met up with Steve again. He had been with the lead pack early on but had flatted and then gone off course. He welcomed our offer to draft for a while and we rode together for much of the last 10 miles to the inn. Thus far the ride had seemed fairly tame, but as we arrived at the check point, Steve announced that his altimeter already showed over 5000 feet of climbing. These incessant 50 foot hills were adding up. At the inn (mile 128.8), we again saw John and Lynne. Steve met up with his fiancée, Amy, one of the women who we had seen earlier. We would see her at the various controls on and off for most of the rest of the ride. Another rider on an Allsop Softride single was talking on a cellular phone in the side yard; he had shredded his rear wheel and was trying to get a hold of his support vehicle. Other riders were draped across the lawn and porch in varying states of fatigue. Nancy and I signed in, used the restroom and consumed some of the solid food that we had bought at the last store. I was looking forward to getting some sandwiches, but the inn was not that



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kind of inn and had no such provisions, so I had to settle for a raisin cream pie and power bars - and another generous slathering of BenGay on my shoulder. Nancy commented that it was wintergreen scented and we pondered if this could be some kind of omen. In any event, our next chance at food was on the other side of the mountains.

And so we set off to climb Wintergreen, some fifteen miles distant. The horror stories were plentiful - people walking their bikes for an hour to reach the top. The grade for the last 2 miles was supposed to be in excess of 15% with no letup. Although our lowest gears were not fantastic - 32 x 28, I felt confident that we could get at least most of the way up the hill. If, however, at any time our pace dropped below 4 mph, I vowed to get off and walk. There comes a point where pedaling is just not as efficient as pushing.

The turn onto 664 to begin the climb seemed innocent enough - in fact the road was quite flat. Wintergreen Ski Resort was one mile from the top and the developer had seen fit to put mile signs along the road at one mile increments. The top of the hill and the Blue Ridge Parkway was 6 miles away. The grade quickly began to get steeper. In front of a store that had not been marked on the cue sheet, we saw Crista and Keith eating but they got underway even as we passed. In front of us were John and Lynne. Our three big bikes rolled on up the hill in a column. We pulled past John and Lynne, but we were already down on the granny and well into the single digit MPH. Still, the hill seemed doable - so far. The resort got closer and closer but our speed kept dropping. Finally we were in our lowest gear and just slugging it out with the pedals - and still barely doing 5 mph. One mile to the Wintergreen, two to the top. That's not so far. Half mile to the resort.

Finally, we hit the magic mark, with the Wintergreen entrance about 200 yards ahead of us. We had been alternating standing and sitting and finally no position seemed comfortable. We were completely anaerobic and stopping no longer seemed like merely an attractive thing to do, it was a necessity. We dismounted as gracefully as possible and I immediately began pushing the bike up the hill. I suggested to Nancy

that she take a breather and just walk since two people pushing the same bike proved rather

ungainly. She offered no argument. We walked at a 3 mph pace and it took us a good half hour or more to push the bike up to the top. Along the way I traded off for a bit with Nancy and she pushed while I drank. Water has seldom tasted so good. We entertained no thoughts of climbing back on the bike - there was just no way that we could have gotten started on a grade that steep (near the top it approached 18%). On the way up, we passed a car that was having mechanical problems, but they cooled off and caught us a bit later. Finally, we turned sharply to the right and the grade eased. We got on the bike and climbed triumphantly up the final 200 yards (and 20 feet of elevation) to the top - then promptly got back off and sat on some rocks for a few minutes, eating and drinking.

From here, the course turned south along the parkway for about 4 miles then descended down the west side of the range into Shonando. Our festive mood was cut short by the rumblings of the clouds approaching from the west and we realized that we had a real chance of getting caught in a thunderstorm at the top of the mountain. About that time, Keith, Crista and Steve Britz came around the corner and we got back on our bike and rode off after them. The parkway had a gentle downhill at this point and we hit a good pace, aided by our desire to avoid the imminent storm. We passed Steve and got to the next turn on the cue which marked the beginning of our descent. The grade was good and we rapidly reaching a steady 45 mph pace followed by our top speed for the ride of 48. As the grade flattened out, we began pedaling and were treated to a solid and easy 25 mph pace all the way to Sherando. When we caught Keith and Crista we debated riding with them for a bit but they were coasting so we pressed on ahead. I figured that they'd catch us soon enough.

Food was once again becoming a prime concern, and according to the cue sheet, the next available food was some 15 miles away in Greenville. By the time we got there after almost an hour, my stomach was completely empty. Greenville had a very nice general store / deli and we pulled in and parked the bike in front. Two other riders, Barrie Black and another of the New York riders were just preparing to leave but we exchanged quick ride anecdotes. Barrie was another novice randonneur who had done progressively better and better on these rides.



Catching her was particularly unusual because she hardly ever stopped.

We sat at the lunch counter among some local residents and began to order. It is hard to believe that two moderately thin individuals could consume so much food. We had two pork barbecue sandwiches, a hot dog, a country ham sandwich with fries, potato chips and sodas and juice. That's all that I can remember, but I'm sure that there was more. We also restocked all of our waterbottles and bought a bit of food for the road. In all, we were probably off the bike for a good 45 minutes of well deserved rest and eating. I was certain that at least one of the tandems if not two had passed us during that time.

The turn onto US 11 was 100 yards later, followed by a left onto 662/Stover School Rd. The folks in the restaurant were puzzled by why it would take us another 5 or so hours to ride to Staunton, but we convinced them that we had to ride a fixed course which did not go along the shortest path. We were going by way of Goshen, some 35 miles further southwest while Staunton was only 15 miles to our north. Good thing Nancy had the map and the cue, I didn't realize at the time that our stopping point was quite so close (and yet so far) and I might have been tempted to get some early rest.

Six miles later, we had an unplanned stop, this time at an unannounced control. This six miles had taken us a fair amount of time as I, for one, had eaten entirely too much (but it had felt so good!) We had a short time off the bike here as we signed in, then walked down to the general store to get even more food. The Goshen checkpoint, some 30 miles away, was our next stop and that meant 2 hours or so of riding.

The next 15 miles or so were gradually downhill, something I both liked and disliked. Liked because we were making good time, averaging a good bit over 20mph for this stretch. Disliked because I knew that we'd have to pay back all this altitude at some point. On we pressed.

With about 5 miles to go before the turn onto route 39, we began to hear sirens. It was difficult to tell where they were coming from due to the folds in the hills and our changing position. At last we finally saw the flashing lights coming towards us from a side road. We proceeded through the intersection since we had a half mile or more on it, but it turned

in behind us and passed us, requiring us to ride for a short distance on the grassy shoulder. Our immediate concern was that a rider had had a serious accident since they were proceeding along our course.

When we turned onto 39, we discovered the reason for the ambulance. There were two and a full sized firetruck skewed across and blocking the road and a policeman was placing one of a half dozen or more flares on the pavement in front of them. A tree had fallen across the roadway and a speeding motorist, unable to stop in time, had plowed under the trunk and flattened the top of his car. In an amazing display of modern technology, one of the fishermen in the creek nearby had heard the tree fall

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.



and had been able to call 911 with his cellular phone. All of this had occurred within the last few minutes before our arrival. I mentioned to Nancy that I was actually thankful for that secret control back in Middlebrook!

We walked the bike through the accident scene and headed up the hill beyond the stream. Although designated a scenic route, 39 didn't appear to be any different from any of 50 other roads that we had ridden on earlier - lined with honeysuckle and mountain laurel in full bloom - almost the whole route was RscenicS. I also noticed that the stream that we were now paralleling was flowing the wrong way - towards us - which meant that we were going uphill. I hoped we didn't have any big climbs coming up.

Shortly after that, the stream we were riding beside joined with a larger river and the road indeed did get scenic. In fact downright beautiful. We rode along this rocky river, never more than 100 feet or so above the water with a grand view of the rapids below. The road hugged the south side of the river and had a short climb or two, but I didn't mind. In entirely too short a time, we emerged from the gap in the mountain through which the river flowed and entered the town of Goshen.

It was clear that we were not going to make Staunton before nightfall, but probably had 90 minutes or so of riding after dark ahead of us - assuming that the terrain cooperated and we had no nasty climbs. We decided to play it safe and stop at the very first store that looked like it might carry lantern batteries. We had discarded our two morning batteries much earlier in the day as they were non-alkaline and nearly worn out. After we got our battery, we rode the remaining half mile or so to the next control point, the Mill Creek Cafe.

The cafe looked like an old Wild West saloon with a handrail across the porch that needed a horse or two hitched to it. Our tandem would have to do and we parked it alongside the singles that were already there which we soon discovered belonged to Steve and Barrie and her riding companion. All but Steve left shortly - they were all planning on riding through the night. Not 3 minutes after we parked Crista and Keith arrived. They were planning on stopping in Staunton, but also for a sit-down meal here since Staunton was about 2 hours away.

Our stop was brief; just long enough to fill waterbottles and use the restroom. Both Nancy and myself were still feeling full and wanted to maximize our sleep, so we headed off up route 42. Steve went up the road to the Exxon convenience store to get batteries for his lights and as we passed he was parked in front stretching his legs.

After the beauty of route 39, 42 was a disappointment. First, there was lots more traffic. Second, the traffic was moving faster. Third, the scenery sucked. Fourth, night was rapidly falling. I just wanted to get this leg of the ride over with. Thirty five miles to go.

We made good time. For one thing, the road was pretty flat and straight. The wind of passing cars helped our progress a bit as did our desire to get to Staunton. It was hard to believe that we'd already ridden over 200 miles (Mill Creek Cafe was 200.5). The road gradually began to climb. Around dusk we had seen signs for Buffalo Gap (which immediately and spontaneously had us singing, "Buffalo gap won't ya come out tonight, come out tonight, come out tonight...") Now it dawned on me that "gap" meant climb. Down went the speed - as dusk settled to dark and I lost the ability to see the computer, I noticed that we were down around 12 mph. The sun went down, the stars came out and the fireflies reemerged. Up we went.

Thankfully it was not a major climb nor was it steep. We probably climbed 800 feet or so. Near the top we began to see the flashing tail lights of bikes in front of us. Just after the crest of the hill, we powered by them - it was Barrie and her companion - and began descending. We held our speed for a few miles before we hit another significant upgrade. Finally, after two or three more hills of 100 feet or so, we descended a final hill into Staunton. Unfortunately, the check point and motel were still on the far side of town; some 6 miles away. We stopped at a convenience store to get food for breakfast the next morning. Our final miles of the day went more slowly than I would have liked. Staunton was hillier than I'd hoped and the six miles took us nearly a half an hour. Finally we approached the Ingleside motel - I say approached because the office was 200 yards up a 15% grade! We walked. Very shortly thereafter I was nestled in my very own bed in my very own room, sleeping soundly.



At 4:30 sharp, the phone rang with the wakeup call from the front desk and within a few minutes I was dressed, packed, checked out and semi-coherent. Nancy met me at the door when I wheeled the bike out around 4:50 and we were soon underway. She complained that her legs felt likelead, but at least they didn't hurt. The early start was required by the placement of the check points, the next being some 17 miles distant and closing at 7am sharp. We needed to be underway before 5:30 in order to insure that we had a large enough margin of time to get there. As it turned out, the only unforeseen factor was the hilliness of the terrain, which the desk clerk had assured me was relatively flat. Clearly this person had a different definition of flat that I had or I was more tired than I cared to admit. We hit on one or two of the less flat spots during this section. We had minor regrets about not bringing jackets. Nancy was completely sleeveless and I had a short summer jersey on. The temperatures were in the upper 50's but promised to get well into the 80's as the day wore on. We could suffer a bit this morning - anything to keep us awake. Just after 6:30 we got to the control point at Natural Chimneys State Park. We had passed 3 or 4 riders in the last hour, but were fairly sure that we were close to being at the back of the pack. Oddly, this didn't faze us in the least - this was the way that we started all of our brevet rides.

The park was quite lovely but we didn't see any chimneys. We did meet up with Crista and Keith and Jim Kuehn and saw John and Lynne leaving just as we approached. After a glass or two of some cranberry concoction, we set off in search of real food. The honey buns that we had purchased the night before hadn't even made it to the bottom of the motel driveway.

Unfortunately there was no food to be found on this cool Sunday morning; stores in these parts either didn't open at all or until much later. After a very few miles of flat terrain, the road quickly became rolling and then quite hilly again. Nancy was complaining loudly about a severe lack of coffee and I about food. The hills stretched on and on. Familiar terrain would not arrive for another 30 miles, somewhat over 2 hours at the rate we were traveling. At that point we would turn onto route 11, a road that I'd ridden just two months earlier with Crista as stoker. In fact, from that point on, I'd ridden all but



about 20 miles of the course. I was definitely looking forward to familiar terrain.

But our present concern was food. That pressing need probably motivated us to hold a rather good pace through this stretch and we soon caught and passed John and Lynne. Still more endless and foodless hills. We munched on a few Powerbars and drank water. I felt like a prisoner on rations.

I counted down the miles until the turn onto Route 11, which was a large enough road to have some sort of convenience store with extended hours, or so I hoped. Finally the last few turns arrived and I got a bit anxious and careless. In one sweeping downhill left turn, we almost became a hood ornament on a large white Ford pickup. Now FULLY awake, we rode the final mile and turned north onto route 11 - and soon spotted a store.

We engaged in another feeding frenzy similar to Greenville the day before. This time the food was prepackaged convenience store sandwiches and juice, but it tasted no less delicious. Nancy ordered the largest coffee that they sold and then absorbed it slowly like a snake thoroughly enjoying a mouse, smiling all the while. She also almost fell asleep and once again remarked that she was thankful to be on the tandem lest she never get up again. Between the two of us, we finished two ham sandwiches, a chicken salad and a few bottles of juice while she single handed her mega-coffee. While we sat and indulged, a few bikes passed us by including John and Lynne. Shortly after they passed we got underway again, now heading north. It didn't take much longer before we passed even more bikes, about a dozen or so, parked at the first diner.

On that earlier ride with Crista, we had gone off on a back road which paralleled route 11 for about 5 miles or so. This detour now caused me some intense confusion shortly after the town of Mount Jackson. I recognized the turn that we had taken down the side road two months prior and my overly hopeful brain insisted that this was the turn to get to Edinburg Gap. Never mind the fact that the next town down the road was called Edinburg. Never mind that Nancy insisted that the turn was in that town and that we hadn't gone anywhere near far enough. I started to doubt myself when we passed a Burger King that was clearly marked on the cue.



Part of the problem was that the cue had broken this section of perfectly straight road into three segments with separate distances and neither of us was firing enough neurons to do the math to add them together. To make matters worse, I was still regularly resetting the computer at each turn and I couldn't get a good answer from Nancy as to what the last cue mark had been. Since the cue sheet was clamped to the small of my back, I didn't get a chance to see it. When the computer got to 11 miles, I got pretty adamant that we had missed the turn. Then, suddenly, the food kicked in and I began to think clearly and remembered the detour that we had taken in April. Boy did I feel stupid.

I also remembered that the stretch of road in Fort Valley beyond the mountains had only one rather poorly stocked store, so we stopped one last time in Edinburg before the climb for a sugar fix. We had six miles (four up, two down) to get over to Fort Valley, then 17 miles along the valley floor, then ten more for a total of 33 miles to get to Front Royal. We had done 306 miles so far. The end was definitely approaching and I was getting anxious to complete the ride.

I remembered the climb to the gap as not being very bad. The last time I had done this climb, though, was 35 miles into the second day of a two day ride and I'd done 135 the day before. This time it was 73 miles into the second day when I'd done 235 the day before. I hoped there wasn't too much difference. Besides, we had our trusty granny, so up we went.

Unfortunately, I forgot to shift onto the trusty granny prior to the hill getting steep and after we started pushing, it refused to shift. We made it to within about a half a mile of the top before we finally put our feet down, lifted the bike and shifted. We completed the climb with ease.

On the other side of the hills, we turned north along the valley floor. To our left was the range that we had just climbed and to the right was the range with Skyline Drive and the Appalachian Trail running along its spine. The road hugged the western range (to our left) and gradually went downhill as the mountains closed in around us. We rode for three or four miles before Nancy decided that the sun was shining too much and we needed sunscreen. Her incessant nagging about my not drinking had resulted in a comfortable and

cramplless ride thus far, so I only protested for a short before giving in. We generously applied sunblock and then we were off again, passing a few more cyclists who had stopped at the store.

At the north end of the valley, the mountains came together and the stream that we had been riding adjacent to cut a thin slice between the two hills. The road squeezed between the river and the rocky side of the mountain with a steep cliff immediately to our left. After a mile or so, we emerged from the canyon and turned right onto Mountain Rd past the Virginia State Fish Hatchery. Here we caught two more riders, one named John with whom we had ridden several times before and another whose name we heard but can't remember. The latter was walking his bike up a short, steep grade. This time we shifted onto the granny flawlessly and scooted up the hill past them. At the top, we slowed for a bit and chatted, then bid farewell and pressed on, now almost within smelling distance of the food stops in Front Royal.

A few rolling hills and a downgrade were all that separated us from route 340. Another mile later, we rolled into Front Royal, took a right onto Route 55 and beelined for the Burger King. Nancy and I sat for a good 40 minutes here and pigged out. We figured that we had a total of two and a half hours to get home. I was increasingly anxious to get finished, so I pressed Nancy to hurry a bit. She was not amused. While we finished up, John and his riding partner passed by without stopping.

From here, we turned north onto 522 to Happy Creek Road, then onto Dismal Hollow and it was about here that we again caught John and his riding companion. I was looking forward to 8 or so miles of general downhill from here heading east, but we held back and waited so the others could draft us. While talking to John, we learned that he had missed one of the controls the day before, having gotten severely dehydrated. After going to the hospital for three liters of fluid via IV, he had returned to the course and barely missed the control at Mill Creek Cafe.

In my anticipation of the downhill, I got carried away and forgot that I wasn't doing the same course I'd done two months ago. Almost in time, I asked Nancy for the next turn - just as we passed it. We went perhaps a hundred yards further before turning and backtracking.



The cue sheet showed only two more turns to go! Unfortunately, we would be on this particular road for 17 miles. To make matters worse, the road began to climb almost immediately. The four of us climbed for a good half mile or more before it was apparent that John's companion was just about spent, so again we pulled ahead. The climb continued for a bit more and then we were rewarded not only by a good downhill, but by an extremely pretty road. For the next 15 miles or more, we had a lovely ride through tree lined countryside past picturesque houses, churches and horse farms. Most of this hour's ride was also predominantly downhill. Only as the turn approached did we start to get some serious up hills. It was during the second or third of these climbs that we missed our second turn of the ride.

This one was Nancy's fault. She insisted that the next turn was at a 'T'. I liked cues at 'T's, they require no thought. So we just kept on riding, until we came to route 211. This, I figured, couldn't be right, and I asked Nancy to recheck the cue sheet. Sure enough, she had been looking one turn ahead and we realized that our most recent cue had been a left turn and not a 'T'. Unfortunately, we had just descended a rather nice hill. So we turned around, shifted onto the granny and started back up.

Thankfully, it was only a half mile or so back to our turn. Two hilly miles later we reached the 'T' and turned right. Fifteen minutes and a short climb later, we glided down into the Howard Johnson's parking lot. It was 10 minutes after 4.

Ride Stats:

380.2 miles

Total time: 36 hours 11 minutes. 6 hours sleep (more or less), perhaps another 5 hours or more off the bike Food: An inordinate amount, trying for a target of 300 calories per hour and 24 oz (one bike bottle) of water or other liquid per hour.

Total climb: About 22,500 feet - 50 feet at a time.

Lessons learned:

A ride of this duration and intensity can be done. We toured the ride, meaning that we were interested in barely making the checkpoints around Staunton in favor of getting maximum sleep. Many others rode the course with minimal or no stops. The earliest

finishers, Gerry Davis and Ed Pavelka, completed the ride in 26 hours, stopping only to get their cards stamped at the controls and fill their bottles.

A light bike feels nice, particularly when you're tired. Seriously consider whether that extra jacket is *really* needed.

There is nothing like good equipment. The tandem performed almost flawlessly during this ride and its ability to get us from point to point was never in question. Equipment worries are not the kind of thing that you want to have on such a ride.

Clean socks make a world of difference. At the advice of experienced riders, Nancy and I brought and put on fresh socks midway through the first day. This removed all dampness remaining from the morning's rain and helped us feel fresher. Even better would have been a second pair of shorts with a different cut as Nancy still claims to have marks a week later from those she wore the first day.

Forward motion is a good thing. As long as you're moving, the finish is getting closer.

Sunblock is important. Aspirin also seems to help a lot - neither of us were particularly sore at the end of this ride, just tired. Adequate training is every bit as important as resource management during the ride. Heed the advice of drinking before you're thirsty and eating before you're hungry. The first sign of faltering blood sugar, at least in me, is mood swings and decreased motivation - even before hunger or fatigue. Eat!

For me, knowing the course makes a world of difference. Knowing where the food stores, hills and other landmarks are helps quite a bit when the terrain otherwise looks the same. If at all possible, ride or drive the course prior to the event. I felt much better when I knew the course.

Rides of this type can be fun - so long as you know what to expect and are adequately trained. However, I'm still not quite sure how I'd feel if, after 600k, I realized that I was only halfway done...

Steve Ciccarelli
Nancy Taylor
Virginia



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Our many tandem riders have asked for specialized tours for 1996. Rather than attempt to conduct one tour in one destination, we think we've come up with a more attractive option. **Twelve spots for six tandem teams** will be held on the following tours. The other spots will be open to all. Additional tandem teams are welcome, of course, on a space-availability basis. "Tandem Added" tours in 1996 will take place in **Arizona on June 2-6**, the **San Juan Islands on July 14-18**, and the **Oregon Coast on September 8-14**. Space is limited to 28 riders. See below for details.



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Sedona - Oak Creek Canyon - Begins in Flagstaff, exploring Indian ruins in the Verde Valley, Sunset Crater, Colorado Plateau with dense Ponderosa Pine.

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San Juan Mountains, includes Durango, Telluride and Mesa Verde National Park, spectacular mountain scenery.

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THE 600K - BOSTON STYLE

The 600K out of Boston has gained a reputation of being one of the most difficult brevets in the US. With around 20,000 feet of climbing spread out over numerous little hills throughout the ride, it certainly pushes riders to their limits. The weather, always unpredictable in New England, usually rears its ugly head to make the ride even more challenging. This year was exceptional!

We tried to get more sleep before the start, but in keeping with tradition, we only managed about 4 hours, before getting up at 2:00 AM. Neither of us dared to suggest that we didn't HAVE to do this ride. It would have been far too easy to go back to bed! We gathered our remaining stuff and got in the car for the drive to the start. We'd actually planned to ride to the start of all four events, but somehow the idea of getting an hour less sleep on each occasion prevented us from ever going through with it!

So we reached Hanscom field about 15 minutes before the departure time. We quickly signed in, dropped off our sag bags, and road the tandem around the lot to check for any last minute problems. We had finally decided how to eliminate the fender snapping problem, and in hopes of appeasing the rain-gods, I had mounted the fenders the day before. I hoped that they would hold up. They look marvelous, extending the 6 color fade scheme even further, and will hopefully work as well as they look.

The dew point and temperature seemed to match, which meant that despite the temperature only being in the 70's most of Saturday, it was uncomfortably hot for outside athletic activities. My clothes stayed soaked throughout Saturday. Riding a tandem on the events means we always have company - each other, but we rarely get to ride with others, since the dynamics of a tandem are so vastly different from those of singles. While we aren't really slow on climbs, we do conserve our energy for the long ride, by not hammering up every little rise. On occasion we are joined by riders who appreciate having a tandem to draft, and a navigator reading the cue sheet. It takes a bit more concentration to hammer down the hills and on the rollers, and rest a bit on the climbs, but the reward of our company

and draft is well worth it! We had a relatively slow 200K thanks to a seriously sick stoker, but our 300K and 400K times were quite respectable despite our relaxed attitude at checkpoints, and our honest belief that these events are NOT races.

John has spent most of this season recovering (on the bike) from an early season injury to his Achilles tendon. Icing and anti-inflammatory drugs are part of his daily routine. We've been spinning the longer climbs a good deal more than in the past to help the healing process along. The rides usually start out with the front pack going wicked fast from the first turn, while we take it easy and warm up, watching them disappear. After warming up, we ride hard, but we have been known to stop at Dunkin Donuts for a snack or two. And in spite of the advice I give to the contrary, we have spent a bit longer at controls than we should, eating and socializing with the folks running the checkpoint. It is important to minimize time at controls if riding slower, or if racing the event for a fast overall time. Short breaks also prevent muscles from seizing up. But we usually warm back up gradually after a long break, and we do use the time off the bike to eat (a very important activity), as well as to talk. John's tendonitis has been getting much better, and he has started hammering again recently ... so

This time, we hammered out of the start, and quite surprisingly reached the first checkpoint before anyone else. We rolled out after a quick break. Drizzle started, so we stopped to put on John's saddle cover (Gotta protect that leather saddle). That stopped the rain! Shortly before hitting Bigelow Hollow State Park, a group of four, who had apparently been chasing for a while, caught us. One rider commented about watching our taillights for quite sometime in frustration. We continued to ride like a tandem, so we passed each other back and forth a few times... before blasting past on a nice series of tandem friendly rollers and down to the second checkpoint.

We took a longer break at this control, and rolled out for the climb up the infamous route 57. This road climbs a couple of thousand feet in 15 miles, and has some great descents too, including the final one into



New Boston at 14% with big warning signs, runaway truck ramps, and a T intersection and stop sign at the bottom. This road used to be on the 400K as an out and back. It then got put on the 300K, starting 30 miles out. This is the road where I collided with a dog and totaled by beloved vitus and beat myself up pretty badly 8 weeks before my first cross country ride. Now it's on the 600K. It seems obvious that Dave (the organizer) **LIKES** this road.

We managed to hit 57 mph on one of the rollers before the control. A car ahead of us may have prevented faster speeds. We rolled into the checkpoint a few minutes behind the first folks. We weren't racing, honest! We had even taken a bathroom break at a Burger King. Anyway, we rolled out and down the 14% grade, before hitting another lovely section of tandem rollers. The first group had taken a wrong turn, and had a flat, so despite them leaving 1/2 hour ahead, we pulled into Pittsfield before them.

I changed clothes here, in an attempt to stave off saddle rash. In seemed almost hopeless with the extreme humidity and high dew point, but I decided

to try. It felt good to be in dry clothes again, even if it wouldn't last long!

But then the wind picked up in our faces and the temperature dropped. The next section of the route crosses into NY state and goes north on a wide open road, before coming back into Massachusetts over Petersburg Pass (4 miles, 7%). This is normally hard because the sun bakes riders throughout. But the lower temperatures and a fierce headwind kept us cool. We stopped at one point for a Mountain Dew break (caffeine) that *I* desperately needed as the four hours of sleep Friday night was wearing thin. The wind was eroding my morale, and I was really feeling drowsy. But the caffeine soon kicked in, and I started feeling good again. In fact, the climb up Petersburg was rather easy without the usual roasting sun, and with a good tailwind.

I tried to eat at the control in Williamstown, but it was too much effort to chew. I'd been using Ensure Plus - supplemented with PB&Js, etc. at controls, but it just wasn't going down as easy as it had in the past. I was worried that I wasn't getting enough calories. For the most part I prefer to eat real food when I ride, but in extreme heat I have trouble getting enough calories without stomach distress. I had expected extreme heat. Even with nice weather, on an event this long, it's hard to ingest enough real food, so supplementing with liquid is something I endure. At the control we found turkey sandwiches, cold sesame noodles, and brownies, all lovingly prepared by Dave's SO, Nancy, who did a fabulous job. I got through a small sandwich, and half a brownie, which is not like me at all. (I ride to eat) John polished off quite a few brownies and a plate of noodles.

Williamstown was a designated sleep site, but we pressed on for Deerfield, where we had motel reservations (272 miles). John Ashby joined us for company since we would have a few hours of night riding. We had a great tailwind, and temps were rather cool. The legwarmers and long sleeves just didn't seem right after the HOT temps earlier in the day. I consider this section the toughest of the route, with a long unrelenting 15 mile climb, followed by 30 miles of long rollers (some great for tandems), and then a 13 mile descent to Deerfield. I prefer to get this behind me before sleeping. We reached the motel around 10:45, and set alarms for 4:30 with a goal of maximum sleep.

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When we checked out at 5:00 A.M, the clerk told us that a group that arrived after us had left at 3:15 (in case we were racing). I shared with him our concept of winning (getting the most sleep), and he seemed to agree. I didn't tell him about the group of 5 that had ridden straight through the night. They would finish around 7:30 (28.5 hours). The time limit on the ride is 41 hours (rather than 40, due to the extra length (385 miles))

We left the motel and rode about 15 miles before stopping at a diner for pancakes. It was a great small town diner, where everyone knew everyone else, and talked about it loudly. Great entertainment. And they tolerated these baggy eyed cyclists in weird clothing with big appetites!

The rest of the ride was pretty uneventful. The weather was remarkably cooperative. The tailwind and nice temps stayed with us. My appetite returned in mid morning, and a veggie sandwich went down quite easily.

We rode well, but took leisurely breaks, and finished in just over 35 hours. We timed it perfectly, since all our sag bags were back when we got in. The first finishers had to come back to get theirs.

Despite having a great series of rides this year, I really think I want to take next year off. I've been doing these events for 10 years now (started in 1986), and I would dearly love to sleep past 2 AM on a Saturday morning. Of course volunteering to help with the events next year probably won't accomplish that goal. The folks who man the controls get far less

sleep than the riders. Speaking of which, I want to pass on a special thanks to Dave Jordan, who sacrifices riding, sleep, and playtime, in order to run these events in a first class manner. Thanks also to Rick Andrews, who made great hot food just when we needed it on the 300K, carries around a water cooler, making filling bottles and camelbacks, much easier, and ran checkpoints on all four events; to David Frechette and Elizabeth Fine, who shuttled sag bags and ran checkpoints, and sacrificed sleep, Charlie Lamb, who helped run the start finish, helped scout the routes with Dave and paint arrows, and Nancy, who made our delicious meal on Saturday and shares Dave with us, so we can play.

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Pamela Blalock
Chelmsford, MA

CLUB NOTES

Mike Sears is the new coordinator for the Bay Area Roaming Tandems, (BART). Mike may be reached at 2067 San Ramon Blvd, San Ramon, Ca 94583.



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PARIS-BREST-PARIS 1995

On Monday, August 21, 1995 at 9:45 pm, we departed Guyancourt, France to the cheers of thousands of spectators in the company of 46 other tandems, triples and tricycles and headed west toward Brest. We were soon joined by almost 3,000 other "normal" bikes who started at 10:00pm. Thus began, without a doubt, the most incredible cycling adventure of our lives. To describe the Paris-Brest-Paris by way of narrative would be rather difficult since the chronology of the event has somewhat blurred together. However, we both had many vivid, lasting and sometimes, contrary impressions of our 83.25 (more or less) hour trip through France which we'd like to share:

After having a massage by a volunteer from la Croix Rouge, Janet proposes marriage. "He had such wonderful hands", she explains.

Outside of Marmers, a French rider was explaining the event to a late-night truck driver. The trucker's only question was "Pourquoi?!" (Why)

Tiny cars; huge trucks

The high level of bike and light technology in the American contingent

Great roads - no expansion joints, no potholes, no roadkill

On foggy nights, it was difficult to distinguish between the edge of the road and oblivion.

Simple food - Great pleasures: A steak topped with spaghetti; an omelet smothered in mashed potatoes; ham piled high with macaroni.

Eating huge meals and drinking great bowls of coffee with no intestinal distress.

Forgoing the beer and wine available at all controls.

Accepting roadside relief and coed bathrooms as commonplace.

The eerie, alien atmosphere of the first secret control in the pre-dawn darkness, fog and cold at the top of Roc Trevezel just outside of Brest.

Bodies sleeping in fields with the tail lights on their bikes blinking like rescue beacons

Our incredible good fortune - A tail wind on the return, no flats and the exchange rate even took an upward turn.

The tandem start; bobsledding through tiny French villages just like bike races on TV; getting lost as a group in the first 25 kilometers but making great time.

Over-shifting the granny gear and walking to an intersection at the top of the hill. There a woman excitedly told us "15 kilometers to go!" and then went to her car to get a rag so that I could clean my hands after replacing the chain.

Shouts of "Allez, Allez" or "Bonne Route" everywhere throughout the entire ride. People sitting in lawn chairs at the end of their driveway in the middle of nowhere at 3:00am cheering you like you were Greg and Mrs Lemond.

Getting a cot, blanket and a gentle wake-up call in a gymnasium for only 5 francs (about \$1).

Having the silence of the dormitory ripped apart by three guys opening foil space blankets.

Janet's profound wake-up nudge in Loudeac. "Let's go - only 250 miles to freedom". Wanting to savor the moment at the finish but fatigue preventing it.

Being shocked by the vision in the mirror upon returning to the hotel after the finish.

Unable to lift my head for the last 200 miles, I consider writing a travel guide entitled "The next five feet of France".

Riding through four sunrises.

"The finest hour I have seen, is the one that comes between

The edge of night and the break of day

That's when the darkness rolls away"

from the song "Across the Great Divide" by Kate Wolf

Paris-Brest Paris is held once every four years. To be considered an "Ancien" or finisher, you must complete the 760 mile journey in less than 90 hours.



If you are serious about breaking the 43+ hour record, you may declare yourself to be an 80 hour rider and receive a two hour jump on the field by starting at 8:00pm. If you wish to spare yourself one night of riding, you can start with the 84 hour group at 4:00 am Tuesday morning. Regardless of how you classify yourself, you must qualify for the event by riding a series of brevets. The brevets are held all over the world and throughout the US and consist of 200, 300, 400 and 600 km rides which are designed to expose you to a variety of miseries including weather so bad that it prompted pick-up trucks to offer rides, night riding, riding over multiple days

and terrain which climbs incessantly. If you are a first-time Paris - Brest- Paris participant, you must qualify two years in a row. For more information about the sport of Randonneuring, write to: James Konski, International Randonneurs, 727 N Salina St, Syracuse, NY 13208

But be careful; that's exactly what we did four years ago.

Doug & Janet Plzak
Rochester Hills, MI

PBP '95 - MEMORIES FOR ALL

"We did it!"

Claus in his distinctive German accent said, "Be cool! Wear orange so I can easily find you!" To insure the "right" orange was worn, Claus Claussen owner of Des Peres Travel Agency in St. Louis sent all who signed with him a special "American Team" bright orange T-shirt. Claus took over one hotel after another all conveniently located within 1 mile of the start/finish area and at a rate that proved to be the best value. A full meal deal French spread breakfast was even included! Monsieur Claus is to be commended for his efficiency, patience and certainly for going above and beyond our expectations.

We arrived at Kansas City International airport with our Santana tandem packed in its original heavy duty shipping carton (wheels and seats still installed). American airlines promptly informed us that there would be an extra charge for the bike. We politely but firmly informed them that it was one piece of luggage on an international flight previously arranged through our travel agent. The next hurdle was the "it will not fit a Fokker" excuse. Neither of us being airline buffs, quickly learned that a Fokker is the smallest commercial jet American Airlines flies. We sent the Sky Cap off with \$10 in his pocket to make sure it would fit and imagine that, it did!

We were scheduled for a 3 hour lay over in Chicago and it was a good thing as mother nature pounded the Windy City with thunderstorms thus closing O'Hare airport and delaying flights across the country for a couple of hours.

Once we finally arrived at O'Hare, our travel group was readily recognized thanks to Claus' orange beacons as they began to dominate the Air France terminal. The shirts invited quick introductions and thus the beginning of many new friendships. Arriving in Paris via 747 Air France, 7 time zones later (talk about jet lag!) we faced the challenge of loading all those tired orange clad bodies, everyone's gear and bikes (including 2 tandems) into a bus. The basement area was out of the question for the tandems so in the front door they barely and finally went with much pushing, shoving, cardboard bending and shaping amongst repeated multi language mutterings! Air France did a job on our box as the entire bottom was somehow torn open. So much for careful handling! We were lucky as everything of importance somehow remained inside.

Upon arrival at the "Hotel Campanile" our jet lag was temporarily dismissed and replaced with the excitement and anticipation that filled the air. In just a matter of minutes bicycles, boxes and cases were strewn about the hotel patio and entry area. Riders assembled their trusty steeds in anticipation of exploring the area with their new friends. Two years ago, by chance, we stumbled upon Dave Neff's 200K Kansas City area brevet. We rode 90 miles of it without having ever heard of PBP let alone a brevet. What's more, we rode our first century not too long before and were not sure we wanted to do another. We did complete two more centuries but that was the last time we heard of a brevet that year. Paris-



Brest-Paris or PBP (yes, Paris France), notorious to a select few, is the oldest bicycle race in the world (first running in 1891). 3,000 - 4,000 riders come from all over the world to partake in the 750 mile endurance race which must be completed within 90 hours. To be eligible, we as Americans must qualify 2 years in a row. The story goes that we as Americans falsified time cards and rode flat courses such as parking lots thus unrealistically meeting the mileage requirements that resulted in a dismal showing in 1987, a less than 50% American completion rate as compared to 85% for the rest of the world! The changes worked as the American completion rate in 1991 was over 90%, one of the highest. To qualify, specific brevets (rides) must be completed as follows: 125 miles in 14 hours, 186 miles in 20 hours, 250 miles in 24 hours and 384 miles in 40 hours. First timers quickly realize that the PBP event is twice as long as the longest qualifier, an intimidating thought at best!

Back to the patio and the unfolding (unboxing in this case) excitement. Such notables as Pete Penseyres and Lon Haldeman (1987 transcontinental tandem record holders) were present as well as Scott Dickson (1991 winner) and Bob Breedlove (1991 high

placed finisher). Pete unveiled his "Human Powered Vehicle", a recumbent sporting a fairing, windshield and side curtains. With a little imagination, it resembled a fish. Other unique machines to be ridden in PBP included triples, trikes and tandem trikes.

Travel stories shared, as wrenches were turned, included those of lost bikes, destroyed cases and missed planes to name just a few. Acclimation to our new environment came quickly as helping hands were lent, tools, tire pumps and advice shared. Bonds and friendships developed quickly as our shared commonality and goals brought us closer together so much so that within just a few days it seemed as if we had known each other for weeks.

Rides throughout the countryside revealed quaint little towns, narrow roads and picturesque scenes, just like in the movies! Roundabouts (intersections with an island), cobblestone stretches and forests added unique character to our rides. Small towns generally situated atop a hill with a church steeple at the summit were numerous.

Having arrived on Wednesday morning without sleep, assembling our tandem (took all of 10 minutes) and riding 45 miles followed by exploring Paris and its rail system on Thursday (yes a bomb did go off within a mile of us), we found ourselves very ill on Friday with a suspected case of Air France food poisoning. Needless to say, the royal flush and misery kept us bed ridden Friday. Saturday we were able to do a cautious 50 miles. Our bodies were still dealing with the residuals as evidenced by an occasional hot flash and clammy feeling. We had lunch after riding through the forest at the most picturesque quaint little pizzeria we just stumbled upon. The establishment sported a roaring fire in a huge fireplace. We opted to eat outside in the shaded cobblestone courtyard. The abundance of flower boxes added vibrant color to the timeless beauty of the aged structure. Our waitress was not half bad either. As one riding companion put it "Service with a smile. Every time I was served, I smiled!" The Mademoiselle was cute. It was in fact a storybook setting.

Sunday, bike inspection day and the target of so many rumors, finally arrived. We wisely chose the "English" (sort of) speaking line. The young man grabbed and shook each of our lights. Our 3 headlights, a 10W BLT (for downhills), a 5W



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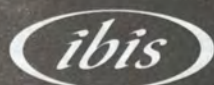
Nicelight (rugged all round backup unit) and our main light, a 5W NiteRider (runs all night on 5 D cells) combined with two 5 LED rear Vistalights (used on solid mode), two reflective vests, reflective ankle bands and reflective tape satisfied the lad despite the rumors and various interpretations of the information received.

At this point we were pleased with our ill health recovery despite not feeling 100%. Our concern was a diminishing one as the start was getting closer at hand.

There were 3 start times, the 90 hour group at 10:00PM Monday, the 80 hour group at 8:00PM Monday and the 84 hour group at 5:00AM Tuesday. The tandems and trikes started 15 minutes before the 90 hour group. Have you ever tried to sleep during the day prior to a big event? Good luck! After eating the traditional meal provided for the riders, we arrived at the Gymnase and were ushered in ahead of thousands of single bikes as the word "tandem" was announced over and over in a French accent. We waited in line with 50 or so tandems drinking a couple of Coca- Colas as our American made aluminum Santana Sovereign equipped with red

anodized Topline cranks drew a crowd. Everyone marveled at our 61 tooth chain ring, the one piece quad butted seamless top tube and red cranks. Although we could not speak the language everyone understood the hand signs indicating the number of teeth on the big ring.

We all had our lights on, the horn blew and we were off. Searching for a smooth riding safe tandem to follow I spotted Bob Breedlove and his stoker Rich. Our objective at this point was to get out of town in one piece, not get lost and to stay away from the tricycles! It was not long before Lon Haldeman and his stoker spotted steady riding Breedlove as well. We all must have had the same objective as our flashing escort car lead the way. It soon became apparent that the arrows marking the course (signs posted on the side of the road) were difficult to find at best as they did not have any reflective material on them. We rode for miles before we saw our first arrow! Then again the speed we were going did not help! All we had to remember was Pink arrows going out and Green ones coming back. My Cateye computer light revealed a heart rate of 176 BPM as I stole a glance at it. It is strange how adrenalin and excitement override your system to the extent you



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become oblivious to your efforts. We marveled at the speed of the trikes, yes racing trikes, as they wedged their way in amongst the peloton, curbs and other riders. Thankfully they held their line as they negotiated high speed bumpy downhill turns. After 20 miles and not wanting to blow-up on a particularly steep hill, we realized it was well past time to let the Breedlove and Haldeman teams go, and find our own rhythm.

We found ourselves riding with two French teams that had insufficient lighting especially on the 1-2 mile 40+ mile per hour descents of all things! At times when we were behind them we would turn on our Nice Lite and aim it up and around the curve. We managed to reach our first controle at the 85 mile point without getting off the bike. A personal record for us! The food was good and in abundance with everything from omelets, baked chicken, turkey, roast beef, mashed potatoes, green beans and ham sandwiches available on that oh so famous French bread. Mineral water, Coca-Cola and soup were available to wash it down with.

As we continued on our trek west during the night, we found ourselves in traffic with single bikes that caught us during our food break. Daylight finally arrived and bikes were seen from horizon to horizon. The fun filled first 200 miles with a riding time of 12 hours was soon to be taken over by heat, sleep deprivation and 50 mile distances without stops. We made it to Loudeac by 7:30PM where we had a room reserved some 20.75 hours after the start. It was with great effort that we made it up the hill to the hotel (we had been awake for 36 hours at this point) as we marveled at how others had the strength to go on. A shower and bed were a welcome thing. We surveyed our physical state, mainly saddle sore problems and tired, weak sore legs. We realized it did not look good for us as we had major problems and had covered only one third of the distance. We awakened with a remarkable recovery in our legs, crotch problems though were going to need more time. Our half hearted give it a try attitude was overshadowed by what looked like imminent withdrawal. Our goodie bag delivered to this stopping point contained food, tools batteries, clothes, etc. I had included an extra cassette with a 32 tooth cog but decided to leave on the 28T based upon what what veteran PBP riders had told us. Big mistake! We made some major seat and handlebar adjustments in an effort to alleviate pressure on the

injured areas. The captains perch now resembled a slippery slide as it was nose down as far as it would go. We found it necessary to raise the handlebars to take a little of the increased load off the captain's upper body. We even considered turning the seat around backwards. What a sight that would have been!

Cloaked in darkness, we cautiously pedaled our way through the dense fog. The undulating movement of reflective strips on the rider's vests seen in our headlight combined with their stationary taillights looked like something akin to Halloween, a bad dream or a hallucination. We heard stories later of riders in the fog that followed each other faithfully into the ditch one after the other, plunk, plunk plunk! As daylight crept around, our half hearted attempt seemed to be working. The computer was now visible making mental calculations possible as to how much time we had remaining before the next controle would close. Our calculations told us in no uncertain terms that we were in trouble as the fog, seat adjustments and late awakening had taken a serious toll on our time. In order to make it we really had to hustle so we put it in "Time Trial Mode" for the next 25 miles. Not a good choice when we were not even half way through the ride! We sailed through town after town running red lights, laying it down through corners and roundabouts as if we were in a criterium. We must have made an awful sight in the early morning hours as our pedals clacked the pavement through the turns. When 8:40AM rolled around, we had done the exact distance to the controle according to the route sheet. Our time had expired, the controle was no where to be seen and our disappointment swelled. Another 1.5 miles and 5 minutes later the controle appeared. They told us to "keep on a pedalin" in French sign language as we attempted to find out whether we had been disqualified. The rules remain unclear to this day but we apparently had 2 or maybe 3 controles to make up the lost time. After our 25 mile time trial, we put it in survival mode as we had 150 miles yet to go that day. On the final leg to our turnaround at Brest, we encountered rain, headwinds and hills like we had never seen before. Not having appropriate gears for one long steep hill after another, knee problems surfaced. We were unaware of a woman rider starting to pass us on this particularly steep grade when the captain between gasps asked his stoker what her heart rate was. She



replied, 100, which was immediately followed by the S word from the captain. The passing woman cyclists got quite a chuckle out of it as our misery diverted her attention temporarily from her own.

We arrived in Brest having made up our lost time and then some. We were very concerned about the return trip because we would be in deep trouble should we have the same hilly terrain. Luck was with us as the return road was more of a major highway with some long but doable grades, many descents and a good tail wind. Also the stoker's heart rate would finally go over 100 beats per minute! We made up lost time and the other tandem teams found out what a 61 tooth chain ring was for. We passed hundreds of riders before we returned to Carhaix and ran out of daylight. Midway to the final controle for the day, the stoker requested a potty break as we entered another quaint town. A bar was open with people cheering and clapping in the outdoor eating/drinking area. As we rolled to a stop an accordion player serenaded her as she went in to use the facilities and again on her way out. It was an entertaining scene for the many riders that rolled on by and the topic of conversation by many later on. Fatigue combined with darkness would toy with our perception of reality. Such was not the case when a pair of shoes appeared in the center of our lane quickly followed by a pair of legs that evolved into a shadowy silhouette. Out of the darkness something in French was said as a flashlight began to wave and signal us to turn left. The local Frenchman, out in the middle of the night, wanted to make sure that no riders would stray from the course. We continued through the hilly section that was previously veiled in fog and darkness. Once again it was dark but we could see where we were going! This was one of the few stretches that we did not see in the daylight. Upon arrival at Loudeac we heard of an accident only 5 minutes behind us. An American woman apparently fell asleep on a decent and went into the ditch resulting in a hospital stay and facial injury necessitating oral surgery.

We had a short night (4 hours) at Loudeac and even though the worst of the hills were over, we went ahead and installed the 32T cassette. We later learned from Scott Dickson, who won the past two PBP's, that he runs a 39T x 26T in the hilly section. So what were we doing with a 32T x 28T on a tandem? Oh well.



Day 3 was a long uncomfortable day as saddle problems increased. The captain's upper body had about all it could take from the seat being angled down and knee tendinitis was giving both riders trouble. We joked that we had one good leg left out of the four. We were having so much trouble that if we stopped, it took 1 hour to get loosened up again on the never ending hills. We had 90 miles remaining to Paris as we rolled into the controle where we would catch a few winks. Some riders decided to go on without sleep but we were burnt toast and had no choice. The gym was full so we chose the concrete floor in the balcony. After one hour, a very cold captain awakened and tried to move. The simple move of getting up was impossible as one hamstring after another would immediately and severely spasm. After flopping back to the floor and lots of furious rubbing it would calm down. Numerous attempts at getting up were without success. The captain was finally able to get on his knees after 30 minutes of repeated efforts by shimmying over to a railing where the arm muscles could assist and even then it took multiple slow cautious attempts. A scary moment for us indeed because had a severe spasm persisted causing muscle injury, our ride would likely have been over. By now the gym had cleared out substantially as it was 4:00AM. We asked for a mattress and blanket, got a comfortable cat nap and awakened warm and toasty.

We headed out with little to eat as the kitchen had been virtually cleaned out. Once again we were taking fast long descents in the dark and again used the supplemental light to look for arrows and evaluate the curves in the dark. One rider stopped on the outside of a curve to relieve himself. His taillight was facing the road and being accustomed to gaining rapidly on taillights while descending, he just looked like another rider on the road. Fortunately the captain's tired brain recognized the situation as we started to cross the center line aiming for that taillight!

Our final day brought increased excitement and anticipation of a successful ride as well as increasing butt and knee pain. We chatted with new and old acquaintances as we enjoyed a nice tail wind. The last two bad hills finished the captain's right knee but fortunately the resultant inflammation reaction was delayed until about 7 miles from the finish. The last 5 miles were the worst as the aforementioned



knee would no longer go in a circle, even for a free ride without a great deal of pain.

We rolled in at 1:30, 86.5 hours from the time we started with 3.5 hours to spare! Mission accomplished! The stoker was seen limping around in the gymnase by a Frenchman with a video camera. After getting her attention he requested in French sign language for her to continue walking so he could video her dilemma.

Are we glad we did PBP? A resounding yes as the experience and friendships made are priceless treasures. Fortunately time does wonders when it comes to recalling discomfort and suffering. The times when we felt really good certainly help offset the negative side of things. Would we do PBP again in 1999, right now the answer is a resounding no. Been there, done that! But maybe that is why it is held once every 4 years so the mind has time to forget.

History was made as the women's record was shattered by 10 hours. She completed the ride in

something like 44 hours. Scott Dickson, the winner, came in with 9 riders after a group decision that he should be first, at least so we heard. For one reason or another, 15% did not finish but 85% did obtain their goal! The next PBP will be in 1999. You have 4 years -- go for it!

We found the French to be friendly and helpful, especially those living away from the big cities, contrary to what we had heard. The dogs in France are oblivious to bicycles as we were repeatedly ignored. The French children were also very well behaved as compared to our life long American experience. There must a logical explanation to this French connection. When the time comes and you need information on PBP, look us up and we will be more than happy to share our experience, personal needs, what worked for us and more importantly what would have worked better.

Mark and Sue Johnson
Shawnee, KS

TANDEM NOT-SO-TECH TALK

This month I'll like to share some information of a more heart felt nature, one many of us have experienced, but one we would also not like to consider. I'll introduce it by way of a short story from the Seagull Century in Salisbury, Maryland. For those within yelling distance of the Eastern Shore, you're missing one of the preeminent end-of-season rides if you miss this one. The scenery is spectacular, the stops superbly stocked, and with 5,000 other riders there's always someone to ride the distance with. This year we decided to enjoy the ride, just smell the roses and visit all the stops. there were great tandem teams to ride with, including Al and Marilyn from Hampton, VA, Dan and Sue plus Phil and Tracy from Elizabeth City, NC, a team from Pennsylvania, and a few singles along for the conversation and speed advantage. On the Eastern Shore, the wind never seems to be in your favor, but we hung together out to Assateague Island, the rest/lunch stop at the 63 mile point. The gulls were flying, the sun beamed warmly, and after PB and J sandwiches, the usual photo opportunities, potty stops, and predictions about he return ride, we

mounted up and headed out. Not more than three miles out, our tandem partners discovered the slight groove separating the road from the shoulder, and spilled everything along the edge of the pretty busy road to/from Assateague Island.

I used to fly for the Air Force, and we had a saying that, when changed slightly, still holds true today: "...there are only two types of people who _____, those who have, and those who will". You can fill in your particular phrase but today we'll say 'fall on a tandem.' Having crashed and burned going downhill at 25, we can verify it's not fun and usually not pretty. So, hearing a heart-rending crash behind us, it immediately conjured up past anguish, immediate concern for the friends with us, and an anxiety and empathy in my stoker that is indescribable. We turned around and found our new-found friends in descent shape, off the road, battered and bruised, a pretzeled front wheel, but faring reasonable well - all things considered.

Here are the thoughts I'd like to share with other tandem couples. We all carry repairs for



tubes, tires, chains (thanks Bill and Pam), and even inclement weather gear, but how many pack repairs for the skin and bod? Realize that when you go down, there are a few things that occur. Most people experience some form of shock, depending on the severity of the accident, and like me, self-incrimination that I could LET something so stupid happen. Survival techniques taught long ago seem to work rather well here. First, get out of or off the road! Once you're on the side of the road, find a nice spot in shade, and sit or lie down. Find and drink your water, or other snacks, and rest. Stop, assess your condition, drink plenty of fluids, relax and recover. The first impulse is usually to brush off the dirt, ignore the fact you've fallen, and get back on and go. That's the Type A personality "I'm OK, I'm OK" thing. Stokers, this is where you can help. One of the body's protection systems is to go into a state of heightened awareness (shock), to protect itself from further damage, and engages that 'fight or flight' mechanism. Stop, think, collect your wits! There's no great need to get back on the bike right away at this point, so stop, figure out which end is up, drink water, catch your breath, and if you have them, take an anti-inflammatory, like aspirin. Our small first aid kit contains 5-6 Band-Aids, the remnants of a tube of Mycitracin anti-bacterial ointment, several sample-size packs of Tylenol, and a half dozen packets of alcohol wipes. You can fill a small zip lock bag with all sorts of stuff, but this works for us without taking up a lot of space. As food for thought, we were thankful for the guy on the single who was carrying his cellular phone; a quick call to the sag hotline number on the cue sheet sent help on the way much faster than word of mouth or the errant sag vehicle. Change for a pay phone would work too. Let people help you - depending on the severity, you may not be thinking clearly. Plan to rest for at least thirty minutes, or until the sag wagon comes. You'll be surprised how much better you'll feel if you opt to rest for awhile.

A bad spill is something none of us like to think about, much less see or hear. However, a few advance precautions can make recovery from a spill less painful. It's in your team's best interest to prepare for what you hope may never happen. Besides, you never know who else may need your assistance.

How to Log 100,000 Miles This Year on a Tandem



January 2

10:30pm. Board Quantus non-stop L.A. - Sydney Flight #1356.

January 4

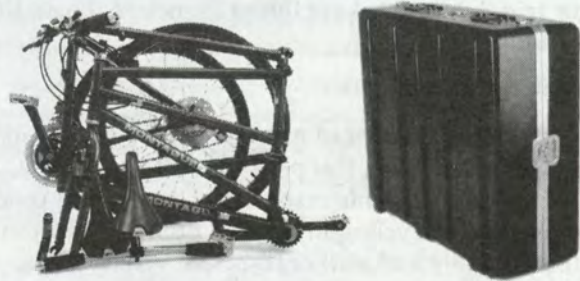
8:05am. Land in Sydney. Grab Airliner II hardcase and gear off luggage belt. Unpack TriFrame Tandem.
8:27am. Ride away from airport on TriFrame, towing Airliner II trailer, loaded with luggage.

January 9

7:00pm. Arrive at a country inn after 5 days of scenic tandem touring.
7:04pm. Fold TriFrame & carry upstairs for safe closet storage.

January 15

5:17pm. Pull up to Sydney airport in taxi, with TriFrame in Airliner II in the trunk.
5:25pm. Check TriFrame, secured in Airliner II, as regular luggage.
6:50pm. Board Flight #4298 for L.A.



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MONTAGUE USA



Le Tandem Velo en France or Touring the Land of Wine and Roses

This year, my wife Marge and I had the opportunity to ride our tandem in France, something I have dreamed about for many years. French wine and cuisine have been a passion of mine for some time and I have long wanted to ride through the wine regions of France.

The Concept:

Three years ago, Marge and I decided to plan a trip to France with our tandem. Being an independent type, I suggested that we travel solo rather than with an organized tour, carrying our gear in panniers. Marge agreed to indulge me on this and we agreed that we would stay in small hotels and auberges, you know, credit card camping. She also indicated that since this was *my* dream trip, I would plan the routes and lodging and prepare maps for the trip. I also began taking French classes at the local Alliance Française. Since our travels were taking us into the heart of the French countryside where little English is spoken, knowledge of French would be a real asset. By the time we actually began our trip, I was speaking fluent French at the middle school level.

Planning and Logistics:

It took a number of months to plan the details of the trip and during this period, we discovered a number of invaluable resources. For routes, I used a book titled "Bicycling in France" published by the Mountaineers and authored by the Whitehills, a couple who have cycled throughout Europe. They had a detailed series of trips in all parts of France, complete with detailed directions, two of which were in regions of interest to us. Second, I purchased a book of Michelin 1:200,000 scale maps of France. Using the detailed directions from our book, and highlighting the routes on the maps, I began preparing our route maps and cue sheets (which we later laminated for weather protection).

This exercise produced an unexpected benefit in that using both these tools, I developed an

understanding of the classification of the French road system (which is outstanding) and was able to customize our routes while planning the trip, deviating from the prescribed routes as desired. We also were able to comfortably change our routes during the trip as needed.

We chose not to reserve lodging in advance but simply to call ahead each day to the planned destination (another place where my knowledge of French proved quite useful). Using the Logis de France (usually available free from the French tourist office) and the Michelin Red guide, I prepared a list of hotels and auberges along our planned route from which to choose. This afforded us maximum flexibility in altering the distances and daily destinations to suit our changing needs from day to day. Since we were traveling in the last two weeks in May, just before the beginning of high season, this proved to be a good scheme and rarely did I have to call a second hotel because the first one was full.



Ron & Marge Spears in France



The basic scheme of the trip was to start in Tours along the Loire river valley, ride South towards Bordeaux and then turn East to follow the Dordogne and later the Lot river valleys, ending the trip in Cahors. Since we flew into Paris, this meant getting us and the bike to the start of the ride and then back to Paris at the end.

Getting the bike to Paris was easy. We used a BikePro tandem bag (which travels free as one of two pieces of checked luggage) and carried on the panniers. After that there were a lot of concerns as to logistics which proved unfounded. We easily found a cab willing to take us into Paris to our hotel which was close to Gare de Nord, the train station where we would be leaving from at the start and returning to at the end of the journey. We pulled the case (it has wheels) from the hotel to the station where we assembled the bike and sent it off to Tours as baggage (about \$25). We checked the bag at the station. Officially, this is pricey at \$7/day (we were storing the bag for 15 days) since such a large case cannot be stored in a self-serve locker. Since this was vacation, we said "oh well", paid for the first day as required, and left. Upon our return, the baggage attendant was willing to reduce the fee to a mere \$25 for a summary of the trip and our impressions of the French countryside.

We shipped the bike the day before we intended to use it to be sure that was available at Tours upon our arrival, following the advice of a railroad official. The bike arrived in great shape and the railroad personnel were quite helpful. We followed the same procedure on our return to Paris from Cahors although we built in two days in Paris at the end of the trip to accommodate any delays in receipt of the bike. Since the train line from Cahors to Paris is direct, the bike arrived within 24 hours (delivery is guaranteed within 72 hours by the railroad and if your bike needs to change trains en route, it might take that long).

The Trip:

Our destination the first day was Chinon, one of the wine towns of the Loire Valley. Since the day began with a train ride to Tours to reclaim our bike, the distance of 35 miles was just fine. Although the weather was cool and threatened rain, we were greeted with a sunny day on our arrival with enough time to hike up to the ancient hilltop castle before selecting a place for dinner.



The well packed tandem. Note the importance of the vertical rear pockets on the panniers.

The next day's destination took us through gently rolling countryside along the Creuse river through many tiny towns and villages finishing up our 78 mile day in the town of Chauvigny which boasts 7 castles, some dating back to the Middle Ages. Unfortunately, we were too tired to visit them, wanting to shower and relax. We were both quite tired after our second day but wrote it off to the beginning of the trip blues. My stoker sent me out on an errand to find a bottle of local wine, some bread and cheese for an afternoon snack. This snack was so fulfilling that this became our post-ride ritual. Our rear panniers had rear compartments which, ostensibly designed for water bottles, served well to hold our bottle of wine and baguette for that afternoon.

Our next few days carried us south through rolling countryside, villages where some of the roads were barely large enough for the small French autos and where many of the buildings are centuries older than our own country. Often, the towns were perched upon hills or cliffs which facilitated defense and fairly typical of towns built in the early portion of this millennium. Almost every house we passed had a garden loaded with flowers, vegetables, and lots of roses. It seems that gardening, and especially roses are a French national passion.



We were joined one day by a young Frenchman who had caught up with us on his bicycle. We rode and chatted for awhile, in French, and when he learned that we were American, wanted to learn more about our trip in order to make suggestions. He also dropped into English (he wanted to practice). After our visit, we parted ways, and he turned around - that's right, he had chased us down just to find out who were these people riding a loaded tandem. Tandems really are unusual in France.

Our southerly course brought us to the Gironde estuary, the main entrance to the port of Bordeaux. We altered course to head East to pick up the Dordogne river. By this time we had entered the heart of the Bordeaux wine region and were passing kilometer after kilometer of immaculately kept vineyards. Each evening was a wonderful feast of local foods, wines and cheeses to fuel us up both physically and psychologically for the next day's ride. By carefully rolling our clothing to avoid wrinkles, we were able to pack good evening clothes (silk blazer, shirts, long skirts, etc.) easily into the panniers. I'm sure our innkeepers hardly recognized us when we reappeared in their restaurant to dine, or on our way out to sample another of the delightful local establishments.

By the end of the sixth day, we were beginning to show signs of fatigue; we had been averaging about 65 miles per day. The most telling for me was when my stoker asked for a stop about 8 miles from our destination and began to cry as she was feeling "wimpy". This was a signal to both of us to re-invent our trip. Marge indicated that a day off was essential if we were to continue on our trip. Thus, we spent a day, sans tandem, exploring the city of Bergerac

which is situated on the Dordogne and also the center of another major wine growing region. It is also in the heart of the Pégord-Quercy region which is famous for its fowl and foie gras.

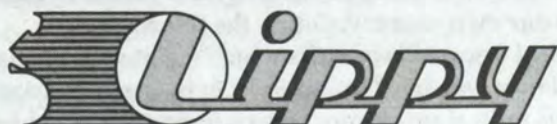
As far as re-inventing the trip, our built in flexibility allowed us to eliminate one day's planned ride, and spread out the remaining distance over the same five days. This reduced our daily mileage to about 30 which was a better decision than we suspected. The remainder of the ride brought us through more rolling terrain with some very intense hills, sometimes lasting 3 - 6 miles as we would climb a plateau separating river valleys. This was also an area of enchantment where we passed castle after castle, chateau after chateau. Often, these medieval fortresses would scowl at each other from across the Dordogne as this river was the border between English and French occupied France during the Hundred Years War during the Middle Ages.

Our route took us through Domme, reached after a 1.5 mile climb (which was followed by a blown front tire at the end of the cautious return decent - next time we'll use a drag brake!), Rocamadour which is a city literally built on the side of a cliff, and finally to the end of our journey in Cahors where, since that day's ride was only 24 miles, we were able to enjoy Sunday lunch in the French style, outside in a café for the entire afternoon.

Our return to Paris was easy as was retrieval of the bike as I had earlier mentioned. Since we had some extra time, we visited Claude Monet's gardens and home at Giverny (easily accessible by train from Paris) which is certainly a must if you are in the vicinity. We departed for home with lots of pictures and cherished memories and the promise to return for an even better adventure using all the savvy we gained on our first French sojourn.

Ron & Marge Spears
Chicago, IL

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TWO COMPUTERS ON ONE SENSOR

My new Cannondale was too pretty to entangle it with all the wires required to run my stoker's "must have" computer. So starts my quest for he clean look. I chose the Vetta computer system for two reasons. First is the ease of removing the contacts to splice the new wires in. Second, is the versatility of the mount. The mount will fit the C-10, C-15, C-20 and with a custom adapter, HR-1000 computers. I have a blue print for the adapter if anyone is interested. Using the C-20 mount gives you the option of having cadence.

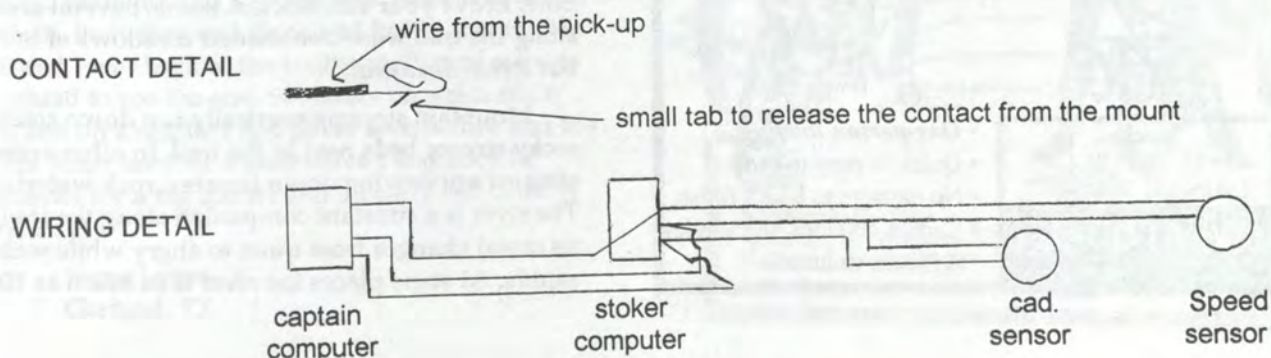
I started by mounting the sensors. Use the wire supplied with the computer for the stoker's hook-up. The speed pick-up is mounted on the left seat stay near the hub with the wires running up the stay. If you have a disk or drum brakes the magnet can be fastened to the rotating disk or drum hub with epoxy. With this set-up, the sensor is protected by the frame tubes. I found that the clear tape Vetta supplies to secure the wire looks bad after a few washings and road grime. So once I finalize my wire routing I use a "small" drop of super glue about every 6 inches or so to hold the wire to the frame. It's invisible and if you have to remove the wire, it can be done by rolling the wire to the side with your finger. The cadence sensor is mounted on the left chain stay as close to the bottom bracket as possible with wire running up the seat tube. The magnet is epoxied to one of the inside chain ring bolts. This eliminates the ugly wire ties holding the magnet to the crank arm, plus protects the sensor from bumps. The wires from both pick-ups meet at the top tube and follow the rear brake cable to the stoker's bars. I machined my own computer mount for the stoker's

top tube instead of the bars (blue prints are available upon request). To hold and hide the wire I ran my brake cable and pick-up wire through a piece of 1/4 inch diameter plastic tubing. I use this method for the captain's wire also.

Now for the technical part, wire splicing. First "MARK" the wires to which opening they are in on the mount. Some of the Vetta mounts use a small plastic plug to hold the wire where it enters the mount. This must be removed first. Remove it with a small drill bit or a hot paper clip end. Then carefully remove the contacts by depressing the small tab on the under side of the mount while gently pulling the wire out (see diagram). Do the same with the other mount. Now, for the wire, I used 24 AWG two conductors plus shield audio cable obtained from Radio Shack. This gives you your three leads to splice the two mounts together. If you don't have cadence, you'll only need two leads. At the stoker's mount solder a lead to each of the contacts and reinstall them into the proper openings of the mount. On the captain's mount, cut the contacts from their wires and set the sensors aside as spares. Solder the leads of the new wire to the contacts and insert them to the proper openings using the wire color code as reference. Set both computer wheel inputs the same, and you're ready to go have fun.

Now with two computers, there are two questions you'll never have to answer: 1) How fast are we going? and 2) Are we there yet? Have fun and hope to see you on the road!

Rich Mosovsky
Tarentum, PA





WORLD'S BEST RAIL TO TRAIL?

I think so. The Youghiogheny South Rail to Trail in Southwest Pennsylvania is out of this world. seventy miles below Pittsburgh this trail offers the following highlights.

It is rated by "Travel & Leisure" as one of the 18 best walks in the world.

Mountain scenery on one side, white water rafting river on the other.

29 miles one way (optional 52)

No hills

95 percent shaded with old growth hardwood trees

Mountain streams and terraced waterfalls

Perfectly smooth trail surface

Frequent facilities for eating or resting

In August I had a business trip to Lancaster, PA. From my Rails to Trails guide book I was aware

there were many Rails to Trails in Pennsylvania. I carried a folding bike rack in my suitcase on the plane trip up. A mountain bike can be rented in Lancaster for \$115 per day. After studying the guide book I determined the Youghiogheny looked like the best trail in the state. Rising at 4 am I left for the Youghiogheny, which was 200 miles from Lancaster.

I arrived at 8 am at Confluence, PA the southern end of the trail. Breakfast was in Confluence at the Brown's Family Restaurant. I strongly recommend the Brown's Family Restaurant for two reasons. One, it is the only restaurant in Confluence. Second, notwithstanding the restaurant is only 8x12 with 6 tables, they served a stack of pancakes in 5 minutes that were so light they would have floated off the plate had they not been anchored with a large tablespoon of butter. No matter, when you are cycling you can eat anything, right?

The trail head is two miles from town and there is both parking and a real restroom (not a port-a-potty) with plenty of room to change clothes. If you are rafting the river you pick up your raft here.

The rail bed was laid in the 1800s for steam engine coal trains. Those trains required gentle slopes. The grade on the entire trail is very gradual to the point you can not tell if you are on level ground or slightly climbing or descending. The trail surface is perfectly smooth and better than any road you have ridden on. No holes, no loose gravel and no rocks larger than 1 1/16th of an inch. I passed a large steel roller that is apparently used to smooth and pack the trail surface.

Starting down the trail you immediately enter a dense forest of hardwood trees. The entire trail is tree lined; you will be riding in the shade the whole time. Leave your sun block at home. Several areas along the trail were tree shaded meadows of nothing but ferns. Beautiful.

Mountain streams musically run down steep, rocky stream beds next to the trail. In other areas the streams are flowing down terraced rock waterfalls. The river is a constant companion along the trail, and its mood changes from quiet to angry white water rapids. At some places the river is as much as 100

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 Tandem Magazine, Summer 1994
 "A neat solution" "Nicely made"
 Bicycle Guide Magazine, January 1995

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yards wide. Benches are placed about every mile for rest stops. After 10 miles you enter Ohiopyle where you must exit and reenter the trail. As you leave the trail parking lot turn right, go a short block, turn right across the bridge and immediately back left into the trail parking lot and trail head. As you made the right turn out of the parking lot you were looking directly at a Subway/ice cream store across the street. At the corner on your left, before crossing the bridge, is a general store with a variety of snacks and drinks. This store also has a free air hose. Signs indicate Ohiopyle also has bike repair and pizza.

Back on the trail you almost immediately cross the river on a high bridge. Far below you can see the rafters running the rapids. This next section of the trail was rated one of the 18 best walks in the world by Travel and Leisure magazine in 1994. The river is still your companion and almost always stays in view depending on the density of the trees. Half way between Ohiopyle and the north end is the only at grade crossing on the entire trail. Watch carefully here as the trail drops off a curb at this crossing.

Almost at the north end you will cross two very long bridges which are very scenic. They are well finished with solid floors and side guard rails. At the time I rode it the trail ended at South Connellsville, which is a sizable little city. Almost any service you need is available. If you proceed straight up the street from the end of the trail you will come to a service station. They will refill your water bottles. A cyclist here told me the trail is now completed an additional 23 miles north from South Connellsville. Although I did not have time to ride this 23 miles, based on the first 29 miles it should be beautiful.

Turning around I retraced my path back to the start with a stop in Ohiopyle for a Subway. The trail is heavily used but traffic was never a problem. I saw a few hikers near the North and South ends of the trail, many single bikes, both mountain and road types, 5 tandems and 1 recumbent. After 6 hours on the trail, including rest stops and lunch, it was now 2:30 and I was back at the trailhead. Part of me was delighted to see the end. Six hours on a mountain bike and on a saddle I had never seen before was too much! After another 4 hour drive I was back in Lancaster for a big dinner and an early bed time. A great day!

Larry James
Garland, TX

A MOVIE REVIEW

The Inkwell, Summer's Never Been So Much Fun!

Starring Larenz Tate, Joe Morton,
Suzanne Douglass and Glynn Turman

Comedy 1994(?) Set in 1976. Available in video

This is the story of a 16 year old boy who goes tot he beach with his family. He is eccentric and shy and rides a tandem bicycle alone. By the end of the movie he has of course gotten some girls on his tandem. I like this movie because it reminded me of myself. When I was 18, I spent my life savings on a tandem bicycle and rode it quite a bit by myself.

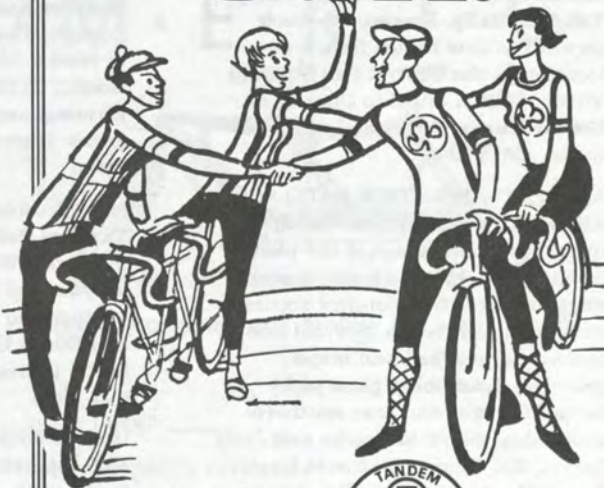
Although it is rated 'R' it is a very moral, uplifting movie. It got it's R rating for a handful of street language and a brief, unrevealing nude beach scene.

Timothy Bouquet
Washington, DC

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TANDEM CALENDAR 1996

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.

January 20, 1996. **Historic Homes Tour.** Boulder, CO. Pedal by some of Boulder's most historic houses in the rolling hills near downtown Boulder. For starting location and more information, call Andy White @ 303-494-3092

January 20, 1996. **1st Annual RATS midwinter Potluck and Planning Party.** Chester, VA. Join the Richmond, VA, Area Tandem Society and help plan the '96 events! Call Karen/Dale Krueger, 804-768-2254 for directions, times, and what to bring.

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"

March 23-24, 1996. **Central Valley Tandem Rally.** Fresno, CA. Look forward to new routes from a new location in the Central San Joaquin Valley. Send a SASE to Charley & Corene Burns, 730 East Lewiston, Laton, CA 93242.

April 12-14, 1996 (NEW DATE). **Alabama Tandem Weekend.** Return to the "loveliest village of the plains," Auburn, AL, for a fantastic tandem weekend. Beautiful country scenery with low traffic roads. Several ride options, all marked and maps provided. 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.

Send a SASE to John & Marcia Lucido, 1909 Berkner Drive, Richardson, TX 75081 for a brochure. Interested in a pre- or post-tour? Contact John McManus, P.O. Box 50069, Dallas, TX 75250 (ph: 214-321-6085) and express your interest.

May 18, 1996. **10th Annual Miami Valley Tandem Rally.** Fort St. Clair, OH. Hosted by the GOATS (Greater Ohio Area Tandem Society). Ride to Eat, Eat to Ride. Flat to rolling terrain. SASE to Norm Bernhardt, 2639 Morning Sun Drive, Fairborn, OH 45324. (513)-426-2796

May 25-27, 1996 **Northwest Tandem Rally '96.** Klamath Falls, OR. Come bike the Basin. Enjoy rides of 35 to 90 miles. Visit Crater Lake. Send a SASE to The Ambassadors, Klamath County Chamber of Commerce, 701 Plum Avenue, Klamath Falls, OR 97601. Packets are ready now with information about area lodging, dining, and local attractions.

May 25-June 1, 1996. **International Tandem Rally.** Holland. Possibly the grandest rally in '96? The Hundzedal Campground (headquarters) must be seen to be believed! No hills, but count on a wind! Contact J&A Slagt, Minister Kanstraat 48, 7811 GR Emmen, The Netherlands, for details, or send a SASE to Jack/Susan Goertz, 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242 for booking forms. Hurry, registration is very early!

May 31-June 2, 1996. **Prairie State Tandem Rally.** Peoria, IL. Will it play in Peoria? We think so! Come find out for yourself! Ice cream rides to centuries in the area. SASE to George and Eileen Dudley, 5809 Old Orchard Drive, Peoria, IL 61614. ph: (309)-692-7076

Undetermined date in June, 1996. **Mid-Atlantic Tandem Enthusiasts' Rally.** Williamsburg, VA. If you don't want to wait until the next issue of D-T to find the date, send a SASE to Team Friedman, 5514 Callander Drive, Springfield, VA 22151-1401

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 1-4, 1996. **Tandemania.** Llanrhaeadr Ym Mochnant, Wales. Contests and social rides. Entertainment nightly. Accommodations vary from camping to hotels. SASE (with an International Response form) to Pete & Lorraine Bird, Swallow Tandems, Llangedwyn Mill, Llangedwyn, Oswestry, Shropshire, SY10 9LD, United Kingdom. +44 (0) 1691-780050

August 9-11, 1996. **Eastern Tandem Rally.** The grand-daddy of them all! Lancaster, PA. SASE to Verna & Rodney Moseman, 101 East Main Street, Lititz, PA 17543.

August 10-11, 1996. **2nd Annual PIGS Rally.** Coralville, IA. Details are already available. Hotels are filling up now. Call/Write (SASE, please) Marlene & Ed Hayek, 656 Valleybrook Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, IA 52403. ph: (319)-366-4793.

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 17-18, 1996. **Southern Tier Tandem Rally.** Elmira, NY. A great weekend in west-central NY. SASE to STTR, c/o Galer Perreault, 93 Goff Road, Corning, NY 14830. (609)-936-0251

August 24-25, 1996. **TanDemo.** Mt. Airy, MD. Test tandems and recumbents. Potluck lunch and more. Small fee. SASE to Linda & Larry Black, 15780 Bushy Park Drive,



Woodbine, MD 21797. (410)- 489-4902.

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. For hotel reservations: Kenilworth Lodge, (800) 423-5939. For rally registration forms: SASE to Josua 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



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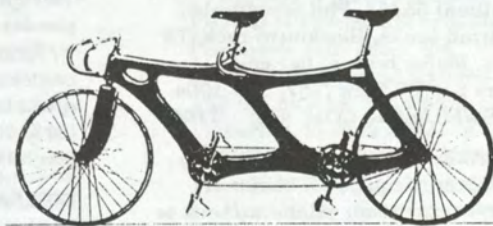
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FOR SALE: 1992 Dakota Twin Peaks, Red. 18/16, 26" wheels. Low mileage. My mildly-abled 7 year old learned his sense of pedaling and balance on this tandem. Now he's on his own. Make offer. (703) 534-2633 1/96

FOR SALE: 1993 Santana Sovereign. X-1g frame (steel 62x56) Sanoma Burgundy, like new condition, about 500 miles. Shimano XTR components, bar end index shifting 7 spd Edcos 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, ESSE 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 Dedea 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,

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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 with or 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. 1/96

FOR SALE: Yokota Twin Peaks Tandem, 20/18. Complete with Frankenstem and Allsop Softride Beam. \$800.000. Call (814)-696-1113 after 8:00pm EST (PA) 3/96

FOR SALE: 1986 Santana Elan Tandem, 21x20, Caribbean Blue powdercoat, very good condition w/Shimano 600 derailleurs, Shimano cantilevers. 48-spoke wheels, Arai drum brake. Asking \$1000. Call Jim (315)-963-8829 or e-mail jbach34943@aol.com (NY) 3/96

FOR SALE: 1987 Kuwahara, 23/20. Mechanic's touring tandem, 18-speed, 48-spoke wheels, new tires, Arai drum brake, cages, Shimano derailleurs, index thumb shift, Yakima tandem rack included. \$950, Ray Collard, Swarz Creek, MI (810)-635-8547 3/96

FOR SALE: Santana Classic (marathon). Excellent condition, 54/50. Arai drum brake, Avocet saddles, Suntour barcons, triple cranks, new tires front/rear. More

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FOR SALE: 1993 Santana Cilantro, 18/16. Columbus tubing, new paint job (gloss black), New Chris King headset, Shimano Deore XT crankset, brakes, derailleurs. Two sets of wheels: 40-hole Sansin on 26" Sun rims, 1 w/knobbies and 1 w/slicks. Blackburn racks, F&R ATB-bar ends, computer. Excellent bike off-road or on. \$2500/OBO. Scott, (403)-251-4360 (AB, Canada) 3/96

FOR SALE: 1989 Santana Arriva, 56/50, Red Imron, 2 Cateye computers, 4 bottle cages, adjustable stoker stem, f/r quick release, Suntour XCE derailleurs. \$1800.00. Ralph Bickford @ (703)_779- 8107 before 7 pm EST (VA). 3/96

FOR SALE: 1991 Burley Rock'N Roll mountain tandem. 20/18. Arai drum, Aero Bars, shockpost for stoker, rackpack, and fenders. Call John @ (508)-291-3070 (MA) 3/96

FOR SALE: 1992 Trek T200 road tandem, 58/53, red metallic paint, Shimano XT components, Look clipless pedals, 48-spoke wheels laced to Hope hubs. SE rear brakes, adjustable stoker stem. Much more. Low mileage and in perfect condition. \$1990. Charlie Wade (904)-795-0800 (FL) 3/96

FOR SALE: 1994 Burley Duet, 22/20. Champagne metallic paint, Arai drum brake, Shimano 21-speed index system (barcons), rear hydrapost @ Terry women's stoker saddle. Zefal pump, 4 bottle cages, Look pedals for captain, toeclip w/strap for stoker, Sugino GP110 crankset. Mint Condition w/less than 100 miles. Asking \$1750. Call Mark @ (408)-523-4114 (CA) 3/96

FOR SALE: Late 80's Sterling Deluxe Sport tandem, 23/21. F/R 48- spoke wheels, Sugino cranks, platform pedals, Suntour Powerflo drive train w/extra freewheel. Rear rack, dual computers, road bars, bar-end shifters, well maintained with many



new parts. \$2000/OBO. Steve C. @ (703)-724-1397 (VA) 3/96

FOR SALE: 1990 Santana Sovereign, 56/53. Excellent condition, low mileage, Lumina Red Metallic paint, Shimano Deore XT derailleurs and bar-end shifters. Specialized crankset, Suzue 48-hole hubsets laced to Sun Chinook rims. Also included is the Arai drum brake, bottle cages, and rear rack. Asking \$2300. Call Gary @ (504)-626-8772 (LA) 3/96

FOR SALE: Burley Rock'N Roll Softride, 22/19, in road trim. Bright red paint. 3000 miles. Like new condition. \$1000. Call Steve @ 708-964-1718 (IL) 3/96

FOR SALE: 1972 Schwinn Paramount tandem, 23x23. Black paint w/curved stoker seat tube. Arai drum brake, bar-end shifters, Campy triple cranks/derailleurs, 48-spoke wheels. Excellent condition. \$900/OBO. Mike or Linda, (513)-683-5734 (OH) 3/96

FOR SALE: 1992 Cannondale road tandem, 23/19, blue. Extras include Avocet 40 Cyclocomputer and an Arai drum brake (brake has NEVER been installed). Tandem has been ridden approximately 300 miles. Mint condition. Asking \$1800. Call Curtis @ (317)-780-5763 day or night. (IN) 3/96

FOR SALE: 1990 Cannondale road tandem, 23/19, red. Very good condition, Shimano derailleurs: DX front/XT rear. Shimano Barcons, Suntour XC-Pro Brakes. Phil Wood hubs/40-spoke rims. 2nd set of wheels for off-road riding. Dual Cateye computers. Tom Cole/Joyce O'Rear (806)-358-0991 or TLC2000@AOL.COM (TX) 3/96

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) 593-5862 (OH) 3/96

WANTED: Extra large (25x21) Cannondale road tandem or 62/56 Santana Sovereign. Please contact Herb or Sheila de la Porte @ (216)-322-3335 (OH) 3/96

WANTED: Experienced tandem tourists would like to rent a triple for



a 1-2 week tour of Prince Edward Island for summer, '96. Would appreciate any suggestions where I could rent or an offer to rent yours. Jerry & Cathy White, 1411 N. Weber St., Colorado Springs, CO 80907 (719)-471-8215 (voice) or (719)-632-8176 (fax). E-mail -- gaw@aip.org. 3/96

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

FOR SALE: 27" tandem rear wheel, 48-spoke, 4X, 140mm. Suzue Sealed-Tech hub w/sealed bearings, doublethreaded for hub brake. Bolt-on axle. Sun Chinook rim. Used less than 100 miles. \$80.00. 700c tandem wheelset (frt & rr). 48-spoke 5X, Phil Wood hubs, 140mm rear/100mm frt, SuperChampion rims. Rear threaded for brake. Built by a pro. Shines/spins like new. \$175.00/pr. Complete kiddy conversion, \$135.00. Call Matt Kurzrock for any/all. Make an offer/Trade?. (310)-541-1456 or 541-6506. (CA) or e-mail to MattKurz@AOL.COM 3/96

FOR SALE: New Suntour XCE derailleurs: front, \$20.00, rear, \$30.00. Ralph Bickford, (703)-779-8107 before 7pm EST (VA) 3/96

FOR SALE: BikePro tandem travel bag. Soft sides with a solid bottom. Used once. \$450. Call John @ 508-291-3070 (MA) 3/96

FOR SALE: Brand new, never used Burley child stoker kit. Includes sealed, bolt-on BB, 127mm SR crankarms, (left crankarm has 36t chainring), extra 36t chainring for timing rings, etcetera. \$110 includes shipping in US. Joseph Rogers, Oxford, OH 45056. (513)-524-0412 or e-mail to



rogersjm@miavx1.muohio.edu 3/96

WANTED: Used Crank Shorteners. Call Christian (203) 225-9562 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 Vedano Al Lambro, Italy

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

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

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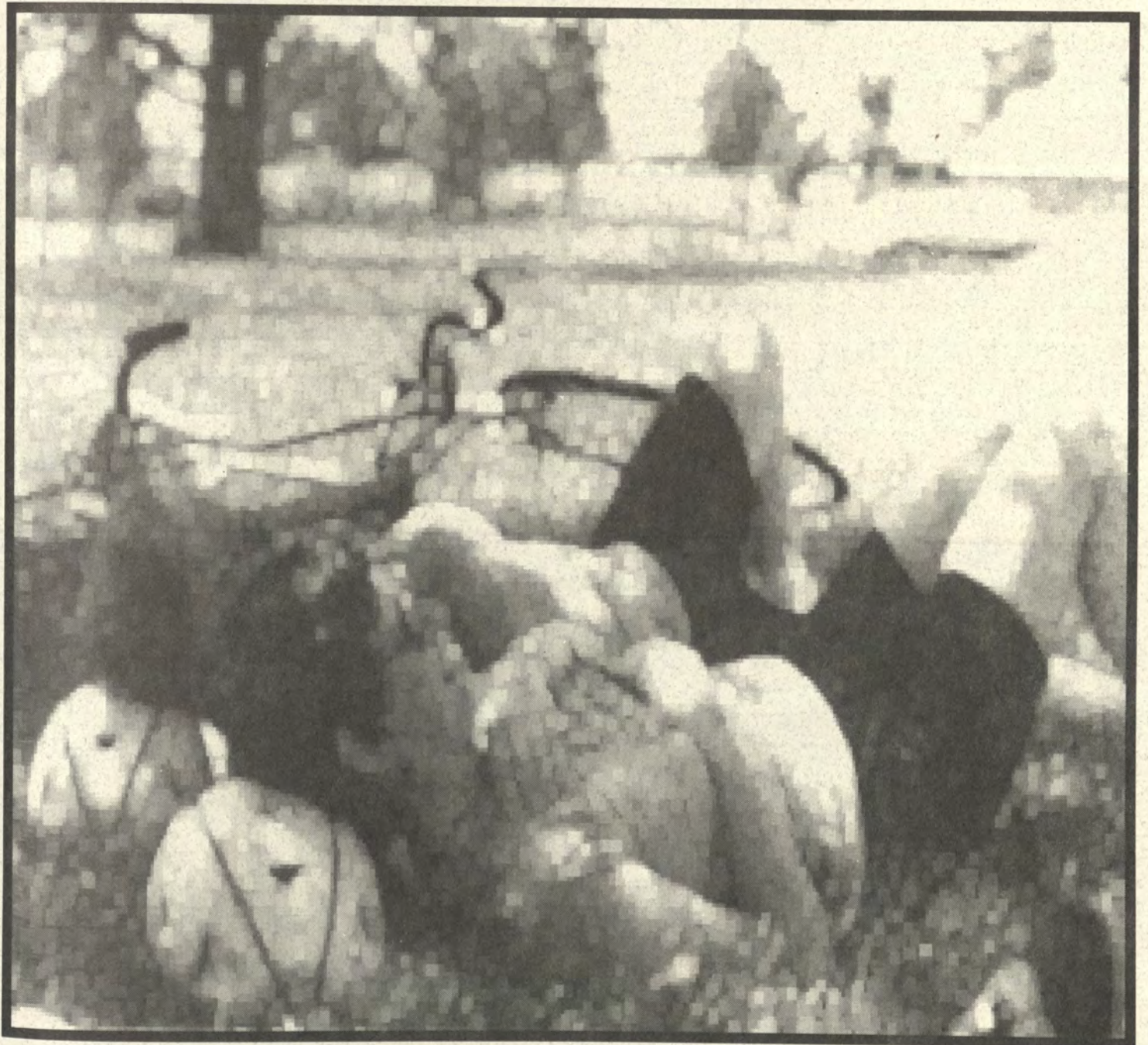
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