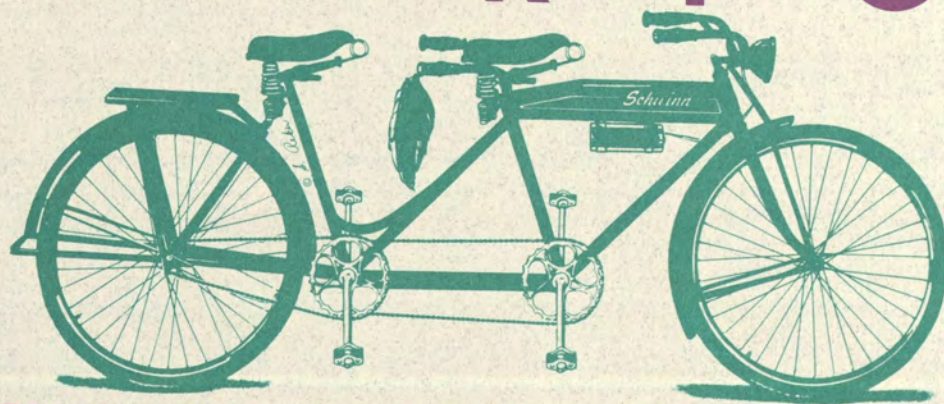


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DOUBLETALK



JULY - AUGUST
1996

DoubleTalk
the newsletter of the Tandem Club of America
Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors
2220 Vanessa Drive
Birmingham, AL 35242-4430

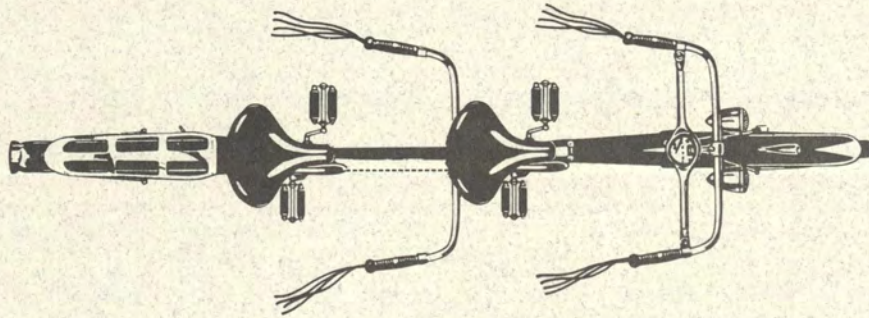
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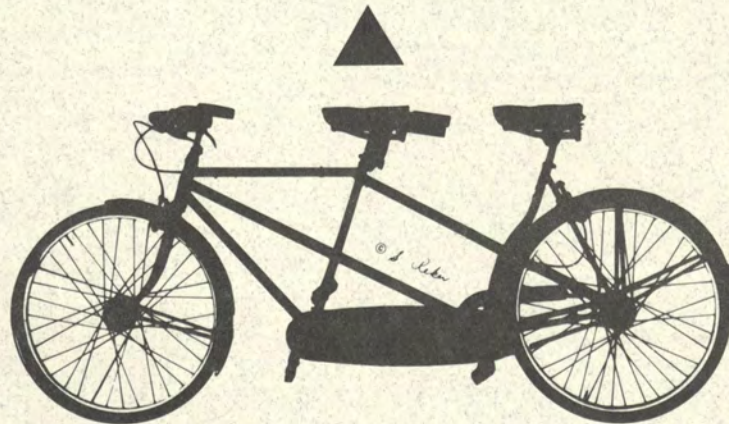
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FINAL ISSUE

THIRD CLASS MAIL



THIS IS
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DOUBLE TALK

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<i>Editors:</i>	Jack & Susan Goertz , 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430	(205)-991-7766
<i>Secretary:</i>	Terri & Bob Gorman , P.O. Box 2176, Los Gatos, CA 95031	(408)-356-7443
<i>Membership:</i>	Bruce & Judi Bachelder , 306 W Union St, Morganton, NC 28655-3729	(704)-437-1068
<i>Treasurers:</i>	Bob & Linda Harvey , 16 Clinton Street, Salem, NH 03079	(603)-898-5285
<i>Merchandise:</i>	Stan & Marilyn Smith , 4100 Del Monte Place, Albany, OR 97321-6209	(503)-926-6415
<i>Graphic Designer:</i>	Steve Reker , 1636 Christy Court, St. Charles, MO 63303	(314)-928-7109

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DEADLINE FOR THE SEPTEMBER- OCTOBER, 1996 ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS AUGUST 1, 1996

FROM THE EDITORS

The year is half over, but the riding season is going full great! After Mother Nature provided one of the coldest winters of all time, followed by one of the wettest springs on record in the midwest (and one of the windiest in the southwest), she's finally relenting a bit, sending great weather our way, and it's our duty as tandemists to take full advantage of the terrific weather we're now having and go ride!

Unfortunately, she didn't relent soon enough for the 35th Annual Tour of the Scioto River Valley (TOSRV96). While this isn't a tandem-specific event, it may be one of the largest single-day gathering of tandems in the US, with estimates ranging of over 250 tandem teams at this annual event. Read Keith Adams' great article for a feel of what this annual event is all about. Once again, I was there (for what was my 10th and final TOSRV, at least for many years to come), riding with Sara Clark and her family. I've ridden at least one day of TOSRV with Sara for the last 4 years now, it's always a great time. Thanks, Sara, for pushing me around again. Glen, Donna, you help make a terrible weekend (weatherwise) very enjoyable. Thanks to all.

Up at the League of American Bicyclists' (LAB) GEAR in Millersville, PA, we had the opportunity to ride with and talk with many more tandem teams. In June, the weather was much better, and we only were rained on the last morning (others weren't so lucky, as it rained every afternoon). LAB-sponsored rallies are a well-organized event for the most part -- those who got stuck in the food line on Saturday night when the rain cancelled the outdoor picnic and forced the University to move everything back inside at the last minute may disagree -- and they are a great chance for tandemists and TCA members to recruit more cyclists to our sport, and to introduce tandemists to the Tandem Club of America. The LAB's Annual Rally will most likely be history as you read this (it's traditionally held near the 4th of July), but the League has four great events scheduled for next year. You may want to consider adding one or

more of these LAB rallies to your tandem events' list. You'll be glad you did. Hmm, wonder how much vacation it will take to make all 4?

To help TCA members recruit new tandem teams to our organization, we printed 12 business cards on the back cover of the May-June issue of DoubleTalk. You may wish to cut them out and carry them with you on rides where you believe you will have the opportunity to meet tandemists who are not already TCA members. Printed on each card is the address of Bruce and Judi Bachelder, our TCA membership coordinators. Bruce and Judi will be glad to process your membership forms. A TCA membership may just be the best accessory you buy for your tandem. We truly believe the low dues represents one of the all-time bargains in the tandem world. (This is a good time for you to look at the label on the front cover and see how many issues you have remaining. If you have 1 or 0 issues remaining, it's time to send in your dues to Bruce and Judi RIGHT NOW, before you read another word, so you won't miss the next issue).

This is the first issue of DoubleTalk that's being officially distributed on cassette to those with vision problems. If you need to receive a taped version of future issues, in lieu of the printed copy, please let us know your membership number, name, and address and we'll see that you receive a cassette next issue.

Thanks to all who are volunteering their time to make this possible!

It's time to close this column. The printer is waiting. Remember, we always encourage you to send us your articles about what you are doing with your tandem. We welcome your submissions in any format you can. Our favorites are MS-DOS formatted diskettes or via e-mail (our e-mail address is tandems@mindspring.com) If you choose to send us your article e-mail, we encourage you to send us your pictures via Uncle Sam's good ol' Snail/Mail, with a note telling us which article they illustrate.



LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Hello,

Time to say good bye to another country. In fact time to say good bye to our last English speaking country until we reach England sometime around September/October next year.

Our total distance pedaled has now reached 18,888 km; 11,000 in the USA, 5,000 in Australia and 2,000 in New Zealand.

In New Zealand we cycled only on the North Island, visiting areas that few tourists get to see. Most people head for the South Island, paying scant attention to the hidden delights of the North. We rode around the Coromandel Peninsula and East Cape being treated to superb coastal scenery and rugged mountain ranges. Through King Country and Taranaki we rolled through undulating pastureland, where thousands of sheep roam the tree stripped hillsides. Mt Egmont/Taranaki is a huge volcanic cone that literally erupts out of the flatter surrounding country. Visible itself for miles on a clear day, from its slopes you can see Mt Ruapehu still steaming, after its eruption September 1995, over a hundred miles away. For all of you who have only seen the South Island, you have missed much.

For the next five months we will be riding around Indonesia, Malaysia and Thailand, leaving Singapore for Bombay, India at the end of September.

Regards
Phil & Louise Shambrook

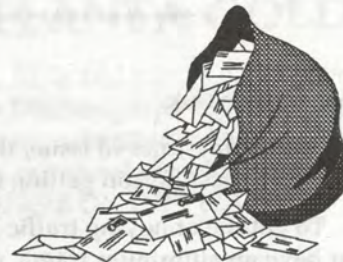
Dear DoubleTalk,

I am moving and I would like to find a nice home for eight years of DoubleTalk (1986-1994). You pay the postage and they are yours.

Doug Joyce
(410) 721-2239
Crofton, MD

Dear DoubleTalk,

Many of our members might be interested to know that the World Senior Games is having a tandem time trial (40k) at St George, UT, Oct 14-18, 1996.



All participants must be 50 years of age by December 31, 1996.

Over the past ten years we have competed in the solo cycling races (hill climb, criterium, time trial, road race), and have been overwhelmed by the friendliness of the cyclists and the delightful city of St George. The area is very scenic, the temperatures are usually hot, although the time trial finished in a snow squall one year! (Enterprise is at 5,200 ft)

Another "New event" is the triathlon (individual and team).

We always drive down, but many competitors take advantage of low air fares to Los Vegas, and rent a car. It is a great (but serious racing) weekend, with Zion national Monument, only a short drive away.

If you're interested contact

Huntsman world senior games
82 west 799 south
St George, UT 84770
(801) 674-0550

Ray & Freda Shipley
Kimberley, BC

Dear DoubleTalk,

We have received information from a group that needs volunteers for summer sports with the visually impaired. Guides share their sight with a visually impaired person for a week of summer activities like hiking, swimming, tandem bicycling, canoeing, horseback riding, and much more.



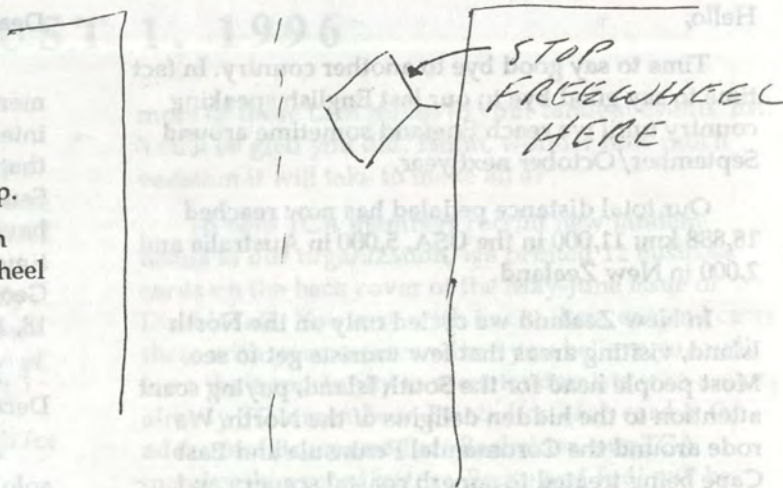
Contact Allison Holder, 159-B Watkins Mill Rd,
Gaithersburg, MD 20879. (301) 990-1634

Dear DoubleTalk,

In the May-June 96 issue, the technical tip offered suggestions on getting traffic lights to trip.

To get the annoying traffic light to turn when you have an aluminum frame, just put the freewheel over the buried wires and it effects the magnetic field.

Bob Beckman
Des Moines, IA



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THE GOLD WIRE

MATT AND SPENCER'S TREK TO ATLANTA GOLD

June 6, 1996

in late may, Spencer and I arrived in Colorado Springs with mixed emotions of nervousness, confidence, and excitement for the US Paralympic trials. And, to get right to the bottom line, here is how we faired:

65.6 mile road race: first place

Match sprints (on the track): second place. A match sprint is basically a three lap (1k) race between two bikes that involves a lot of tactical trickery. Since there were more than two bikes competing, the competition was a series of elimination heats. In such a competition, bikes are initially paired based on their speed in a flying 200m time trial. We had the fastest 200m at 11.07 seconds. The second fastest bike was right on our heals with a time of 11.12 seconds.

1K time trial (on the track): first place. Our time was 1:09.38. The second place time was 1:09.69.

4K Pursuit (on the track): first place. Our time was 4:44. The second place time was 4:50.

With these three firsts and a second, we have earned a spot on the US Paralympic Cycling Team. These results have been submitted to the US Olympic Committee and should be official before the end of the week. WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO ATLANTA!!

I wish I could describe how it feels to have made it this far; there are not enough superlatives available. It is absolutely awe inspiring to think that the dream of a world championship is that much closer.

This is one very tired and elated cyclist signing off for now. It is time for me to go start recovering from this trip.

Matt King
Poughkeepsie, NY

Editor's Note: Matt King is a blind tandemist who discovered the joys of tandem cycling while a junior at Notre Dame University. He is a member of the TCA, the US National Blind Cycling Team and the US Association of Blind Athletes. You may watch him compete in the 1996 Paralympics in Atlanta, Georgia, August 17-21, 1996

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

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

Issues still available:

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March-April, 1996

January-February, 1996

November-December, 1995

September-October, 1995

July-August, 1995

May-June, 1995

March-April, 1995

January-February, 1995

November-December, 1994

September-October, 1995



TANDEMING WITH TYLER (AND JUSTIN) III

(This is the third in a series of our experiences of introducing our first son Tyler, and now his brother Justin, to tandeming. This is written two parts; some reflections on our first experiences, and then the "techy stuff". I hope you enjoy, and find both helpful.)

I have probably ridden with over 200 different stokers in the 20 years I have been captaining tandems. Men and women of all ages, for the most part experienced cyclists, along with a few younger brothers, a few girl friends, with most of the miles with my wife Linda. Last summer I had the most

unique experience of starting to ride with a new stoker, who while a very experienced cyclist, had never ridden a bike before, yet alone a tandem. Our oldest son Tyler, a fearless little 2 and 3/4 year, was losing his trailer seat to his new younger brother, Justin, born last July, so for the four of us to ride together, it meant starting Tyler on the back of a tandem.

Tyler did his first trailer ride at 6 weeks old, and had over 2500 miles in the trailer behind our tandem and various singles. He was a great trailer trooper, for the most part eager, reading and looking around for the next playground, ready to smile his way to the next bite of Powerbar (banana is his favorite). But he was starting to get a little bored, and conversation

from the tandem to the trailer was a real challenge. With a second child on the way, we knew it wouldn't be possible to have an infant and almost 3 year old in the same trailer. And while Linda and I were both concerned about starting too early, the thought of months' without family riding was depressing for both of us.

So a week after Linda and Justin were home from the hospital, I installed the kidback (without the timing chain) on our Santana. I helped Tyler

climb on, and I walked bike around the block and park near our house, with me beside the bike, not even straddling it. Along with toe clips, I had an

extra toe clip strap behind Tyler's heel to keep his feet in place. His "hang-on" instinct was very good, and he had seen other kids riding tandems at tandem rallies and club rides. These practice sessions were supposed to go on for a couple of weeks, but on the third practice, with Tyler in helmet, I put a leg over, and away we went. A half mile through the alley behind the house and around the block. Tyler had a blast. Linda had a fit, but mom's are supposed to, it's their job.

A few days latter, the timing chain to the Kidback was on, and Tyler and I began "cat counting" rides in the evening through the neighborhood. Any little distraction, cats, bikes in yards, kept the interest up. I love taking a tandem up to speed to lead out a pace line, but there was something even more rewarding in just tooling around at 6 mph listening to a child ask questions and free associate.

"How did that car get an owiee?"

"Is that house made of bricks to keep the wolf out?"

"Is this a different way home?"

"We had better get back or mom will turn us into pumpkins"

"Can this bike go over big rocks or little rocks?"

After a few more rides of just Tyler and I, we put the trailer behind Mom's bike, and they joined us, Justin into the trailer two weeks earlier than Tyler.

CLUBS

Not to be outdone by the stateside gang, tandems in Hawaii are now known as:

Pacific Hotspot Tandems
c/o Dave Sherman
581 Uluhaku St
Kailua, HI 96734
dsherman@pixi.com

Pennsylvania tandems near Dallastown, PA are starting to publish a newsletter and enjoy some group rides. Contact Debra Franke, 185 Sharon Dr, York, PA 17403 (717) 843-4147 or Team Stafford, 465 Dairyland Dr, Dallastown, PA 17313



This was the first test, because little brother was now going into Tyler's trailer. But Tyler just climbed on the tandem, stating that Justin could ride in his trailer, but he had to bring his own toys along. Off we went, with Mom nervously watching Tyler on the tandem (and almost oblivious the 4 week old infant in the trailer!). The four of us were riding as a family for the first time! Linda's concerns about Tyler hanging out resulted in the following dialog on that first ride:

MOM: "Tyler, what happens if you let go and fall off?"

TYLER (matter of factly): "I get a big owiee".

It has been almost 9 months now of tandeming with Tyler, with evening cat counting, rides across town, day trips to nearby towns (and playgrounds) and a tour with 4,000 other cyclists on Cascade Bicycle's Chilly Hilly. Lots of parents have asked when Tyler (who is very tall for his age) started riding, followed by a double take to their own five and six year-olds in the trailer when they heard his age. Tyler asked for cycling gloves, and already knows that Mom and Dad have special shoes, but he has to use toe straps (for now). Almost every ride has a playground in the middle, or a treat at the end and always lots of hugs and encouragement. He has figured out that riding a bike with two seats is cool, and that not every little kid does this.

Linda has been on the front now for a few short rides with Tyler; Mom (who over the last 15 years has stoked tandems on I-5 in California and over passes in the Canadian Rockies) the nervous captain and Tyler the "old pro" stoker trying to figure out what the big deal is about. There will be more Mom in front rides this spring, and we look forward that first tandems only family ride in the all too soon future.

I have been fortunate to find so many ways to keep biking fresh and fun after so many years and changes in my life. Touring, sport riding, club riding, commuting, tandeming and mountain biking have all played a part in keeping in fresh and fun. And now "cat counting" with a three year old, and seeing the world for the first time through a new mind's eyes, should keep it interesting for at least another decade or two!

Setting up a Kidback Tandem

There are three requirements in setting up a kid back; the cranks, the rear Timing Rings and the Rear stem. (Assuming of course you have a tandem and a willing child.) Kidback crank units normally consist of a bottom bracket assembly intended to clamp on the rear seat tube, with short tandem cranks, threaded to put the timing ring on the left side. The kidback timing ring pair should be the same size, though they don't have to be the same size as your front to back timing rings. Our '85 Sovereign uses a vintage (i.e. hard to find) Campy chain bolt pattern with a 42 tooth minimum ring, while our new T-100 uses 34 tooth rings on the now standard 130mm circle. To allow the child conversion to switch bikes, the kid back rings are all 42 tooth, though not all kid backs allow this. Also, the rear seat tube diameters have varied over the last 10 years, but the Santana unit we obtained came with a shim that works with both our '85 Sovereign and without the shim for our '95 Trek. You will need to measure and talk to the manufacturer or dealer that sells you the kid back unit.

Rear Timing Rings

You will normally need a longer rear BB spindle, along with a set of extra-long chain ring bolts and

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some extra chain ring spacers to fit the front to back and Kid back timing rings on the rear crank arms. The best plan is for the kid back rings to be on the out side, since this allows the kid back to be removed without breaking the timing chains or adjusting the eccentric. The best bolt sets to find are for constructing a triple using a single bolt pattern; a very long bolt and sleeve, with 2 shims. Remember that 2 chains will be on the chain ring pair at the same time, and you have to increase the separation of the chainrings accordingly. Cartridge style Bottom brackets are now widely available in the widths needed to do a an off the shelf conversion.

Rear Stem

Over the years, I have used a number methods to put the handlebars within reach of child stokers. An inexpensive but heavy method is to use "hi rise" or banana Seat handle bars with a standard length stem. This is effective especially if you are fixing up an older short rear top tube bike like a Gitane or Motobecane. You can also find or order custom long stems 10" to 14", which will mount either flat or drop bars. The solution we used on our T-100 was to order the "long" extension for the Adjustable Trek Tandem stem, and mount a medium rise (6") BMX bike handle bar. If your tandem will be switched frequently from kidback to normal stoker, the adjustable stem option with a spare extension allows you to switch the handlebars without removing the captain's seat post.

The Saddle

You can find child sized racing saddles, but for now we are using one of Linda's women's gel saddle which had slightly deflated. This seems comfortable, and Tyler can stay perched without a problem while stopped. Tyler's first "tour" required a 20 minute wait at both ends before boarding a ferry, and he just sat back on the wide of the saddle without a problem while I straddled the bike.

Other kid tid bits

How do the kids stay on? I don't know. Tyler just seems to know, though he wants to ride no-hands. (Typical exchange: Mom: "Tyler put both hands back on the bars." Tyler: " But Daddy took a hand off" Dad:" Tyler, I had to make a turn signal" Tyler: "Can I make a turn signal?")

We use three toe straps with toe clips with Tyler for now. You do remember toe clips and straps don't you? One strap in the normal position, one strap in front of the pedal axle. (This works if you have cage type ATB or Road bike pedal) and the third strap looped under the pedal and through the back of the middle strap. When all done, it looks like Tyler's shoe is in sandal. His shoes for the last half year have been the velcro'd heavy athletic shoe.

Kids have short attention spans and can change moods in a moment, but can adapt to any situation as normal. One example was after promising Tyler a break at the next food stop on a tour, it turned out be a private bake sale with no facilities. The next half mile to the official stop was turning into a disaster (I expected every cyclist that passed to pull out a cellular and call child welfare) until I spotted one of Tyler's imaginary friends following us along the road. Tears changed to "Where!?" and we happily discussed how Tod the fox got to the island and managed to stay with us. Stories, snacks, songs and conversation are the best way to keep your new stoker happy. Props work also. Tyler is fascinated with binoculars so for some rides we have a pair of compact binoculars in the handlebar bag, which work great for short take-five breaks where you don't want to get off the bike. The handle bar bag is also filled with a combination of snacks and finger foods which we dispense for now. When Tyler is older, we will mount a small basket bag on his handlebars. It will also be awhile until he gets his own water bottle, but we will start with a bar mounted bottle and straw this spring.

We are fortunate to enjoy a climate which allows year round cycling. Tyler's (and now Justin's) longest break from cycling has been about 6 weeks. We both feel that this consistency has been a big part of our success. We have also learned that accommodation and compromise is the key to success. You are not riding far, you are not riding fast, but you are riding, and sharing a wonderful experience with a young and impressionable mind. Adjust your expectations and enjoy the moment. All too soon, they will be grown-up, always on the go, and asking if they can borrow the tandem!

Jay & Linda Hardcastle
Bellingham, WA



Who Can? Two Can!

Seeking The Dream Tandem or Every Story Has A Beginning

It was mid-summer of 1993 when Kathy and I started riding with Tony and Claire Boughman as they piloted one of their several tandem bicycles down local area lanes. Claire had at that time already thousands of miles atop a tandem with Stephen and Ellen in tow; Tony, being somewhat newer to this type of bicycle, was learning fast. Together they related the joys and satisfaction of tandem riding to us. One thing Kathy and I noted quickly was that Tony and Claire Boughman sure could make that bike fly.

Other members of Salisbury Bicycle Club, either by viewing Tony and Claire atop their machine, or perhaps by some other route, came to have the tandem bicycle bug. Elder (and charter) SBC members Gil and Blu Turner have owned for years a classically French Motobecane tandem that was purchased during the time Gil and Blu lived in Europe. Will and Carol Marvel have a nice Santana complete with its most important accessory, a new minivan in which to transport it. Jim and Kathy Yungel own a Burley. Occasionally you will see Kurt helping out on back.

Together in Style

Will and Carol shared the joy and celebration of their wedding day in 1994 atop their new machine on a ride in the Bivalve/Tyaskin/West Side Harbors area. Their tandem featured all of the trappings of newly married folks: balloons, brightly colored trimmings along with matching corsages.

Earlier this year Claire offered Kathy a chance to experience tandem riding for the first time. Claire was most patient and a good teacher. Kathy was a very willing student. She learned quickly how to clip into the bike and how to position the pedals for the captain.

The summer of 1995 arrived with Kathy and I venturing northward to New Jersey for the *Double or Nothing* fund raiser ride. We stopped by Tony and Claire' place the day before to try out their IBIS Cousin It machine, along with their Santana Noventa. I liked the Santana, but with the extended stem and other custom set up stuff, it did not fit me

well. Tony and I worked on dialing in the IBIS for Kathy and me. We changed pedals and made seat and handlebar adjustments. Kathy and I practiced on local streets to get the feel of this bike. We tried several low speed maneuvers such as figure-eight turns, U-turns, quick stops as well as several rounds of start/stop/start/stop combinations to insure that we could get underway quickly from a light.

Northward to New Jersey

Dark thirty (3:00 a.m.) arrived quickly on Sunday. Kathy and I dragged ourselves out of bed and headed northward to meet Tony and Claire for the journey north to Carmel, New Jersey. There we met Will and Carol Marvel. Sunday was quite hot with temperatures approaching 95 degrees. Kathy and I chose the 45 mile route, this being our first extended ride together. Claire and Tony opted for the 88 mile loop.

Communication, Cooperation, Consideration

The *Double or Nothing* ride was quite an education. Kathy and I learned lots about riding together. Such things as how to climb a hill, how to shift smoothly, how to keep me going with buckets of sweat rolling off my face through passing me a towel to dry my face while underway and how to retrieve waterbottles from the back of the bike while underway. Specifically I learned how to avoid getting clobbered in the shin with a pedal and about calling out bumps. Kathy worked on remembering not to stall the pedals without warning and on trying to reduce movement on the back seat. She did very well in putting a lot of heart into climbing hills. We both learned about seat styles and preferences.

In short we gained first hand experience in CCC atop a tandem. Communication, Cooperation, and Consideration go a long way to making an otherwise merely pleasant experience exquisite.

Next month will feature the next phase of the quest for the perfect tandem. Watch for it!

Edward & Kathy Payne
Pocomoke City, MD



REAR BRAKE CONTROL

Ok, all you macho control freaks, tear this page out before your wife or significant other sees this article. I understand that you prefer she sits back there bored, with nothing to do but pedal. But, it doesn't have to be that way. And no, it isn't necessary that you have multiple cables of different lengths plus various combinations of brake levers, which need weekly adjustments. Furthermore, if you put the rear brake control on the stokers handlebar, it is also unnecessary that you scream at your wife to brake at appropriate times.

All you have to do is remember your first bike, the one with coaster brakes. If you want to brake, rotate the pedal backwards. Since this is an unusual motion the stoker instantly recognizes this as the signal to brake. She continues to brake until you rotate the pedal back forward. Exaggerated motions are unnecessary, only an inch or two is adequate. If you want to modulate your speed, rock the pedal backwards and forwards, which is understood as meaning to lightly brake or drag the brake to prevent excessive speed.

We have used this system for several years with a rear drum with the control on the stokers handle bar. Talking is never required. This hookup requires a very short cable run compared to a front control lever and no stopping since it has such great braking capacity and this also saves wear and tear on the wheel rims. The wheel rims on a tandem get a lot of abuse from stopping these heavy bikes. We have also found that this adds to safety since on a few occasions riding on neighborhood streets my wife has seen an approaching car from a side street before I did and quickly applied the rear brake. This was faster than she could have warned me and then I react to the danger. Try it, you will like it.

Larry & Janna James
Garland, TX

STI ON A TANDEM? YES!!

Greetings from the great frozen north! Today May 04 our morning temperature was a balmy 31°F at 9:00 a.m. when Rear Admiral Sheryl and I went out. So far this year we have ridden three times for a total of 80 miles, 20 of those being today. Reliable sources say we should see Spring by September.

Anyway, I wanted to write and let you know how I was able to make Shimano RSX 100 STI levers work on our Burley Duet. We are set up with Deore LX derailleurs front and rear, 54x44x26T chainrings and a 7 speed Suntour Powerflow 30x12T cassette. When I installed the STI levers I had no problems with rear shifting. However, I was unable to get clean shifts on the front. The reach of the front derailleur just was not there. Either way (in or out) the cage rubbed on the chain when the derailleur was at its maximum.

This problem was solved by moving the cable from its normal anchor position towards the end of the derailleur arm to the "inside"/ opposite side of the cable anchor nut. This greatly increases the reach of the derailleur and enables crisp shifts to the 54T ring.

It seems so simple, and logical now (in hindsight)!! I hope this is explained clearly, and is of assistance. If not call at 701- 223-6143 or E-Mail at cafleck@sendit.sendit.nodak.edu

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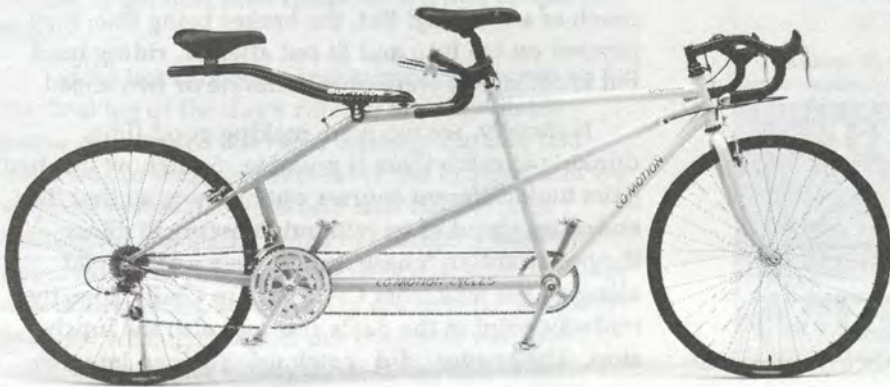
TOSRV '96

As the guy on the single cranked past us, I asked him plaintively "How do you do that?". "Focus. Cadence." came back the reply, and then he was gone, leaving Joyce and me to continue slogging north towards Columbus through the 20-mile-an-hour cross wind. It was the tip I had been needing, and had forgotten. Putting that reminder into practice, our speed crept up a bit and held at a steady 12 mph- tolerable if not exactly world class. We knew then that we would finish the trip, something I had begun to have nagging doubts about up to that point.

WE had begun the trip the day before, leaving Columbus OH about 6:40 Saturday morning headed for Portsmouth OH, on the Ohio River. Our two-day, 210-mile round trip would go into the books as one of the classic TOSRVs (Tour of the Scioto River Valley): cold, wet, windy, and unbelievably long at the end. This was the 35th running of the event, and it absolutely typified the weather conditions that make up the dominant feature of the ride. If it weren't for the weather, TOSRV would be just another ride. As it is, however, the weather dictates what the conversations will be like. At one rest stop, for example, we were chatting with another rider who, on hearing that I had never before ridden a century completely in the rain came to the correct conclusion: "This must be your first TOSRV."

SATURDAY morning had come early and wet. We got up about 5:00 and began preparing the bike and ourselves for what was to come. I was traveling with three companions: my stoker Joyce, and our friends Jeff and Alice, riding their Co-Motion Cappuccino. Friday evening, as we enjoyed a superb Vietnamese dinner at the Saigon Palace in Columbus, the rain had set in. It was one of those steady, all-night-and-all-day kind of rains that will cause you to think long and hard before you set out on a ride. I dressed and went outside for a temperature check so that we'd have an idea of what the temperature was doing and what things to wear versus what to pack through or carry with us. It was tolerably warm at that moment, but we knew the rain was being followed by a very slow-moving cold front so that the temperature would probably never get much above the mid-50s. Joyce, who hasn't a gram of extra flesh about her, immediately donned four upper and two lower layers, and packed another couple of items into the panniers. Being slightly better insulated, I chose the two layer approach: regular jersey and shorts, with rain jacket and rain pants outside. I wrapped an extra pair of tights in a plastic bag and dropped them into the panniers, along with some socks in the unlikely event that the weather ever dried out. We were ready!

After dropping some of our luggage at the vehicle, the four of us headed to the starting point and loaded our overnight gear onto the trucks for



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shipment to Portsmouth. A final quick check of the bikes, last-minute adjustments to our personal effects, and we were off. The advertised 6:30 tandem start either left a bit early or we missed it, but we had no problems with crowds: the rain must have caused many riders to reconsider what they were about.

As we spun south out of Columbus, Alice remarked that these same miles now zooming by would crawl past on the morrow. Her warning went heeded but not fully appreciated by Joyce and myself, who had never experienced the "accordion effect". Still, we were not in any particular hurry, knowing that there were many miles to go and all weekend to do them. The rain was a steady drizzle, and the temperature was holding about 55, where it had been when we arose. The terrain for the first fifty or so miles is flat and relatively open, so that with the aid of a 10 mph tail wind and the slight downstream gradient we were covering about 16 miles every hour.

Two hours into the trip we arrived at the first rest stop, Circleville. We had been skirting along the edge of the front for several miles prior to arrival,

and were now in the cooler air mass. As we had hit alternating pockets of warm and chilly air, our glasses had fogged and then cleared and then re-fogged. By the time we reached the rest stop they had cleared and didn't fog any more. The rest stop had all the usual goodies: cookies, bananas, sports drink, etc. In addition, they had what would turn out to be a real boon and ride-saver for the four of us: endless amounts of hot chocolate. We each guzzled a cup or two, standing under the picnic shelter in the town park. While there, somebody told us about the space heaters in the equipment storage room, in the back of the shelter. You don't have to tell me twice where the heat is! We migrated back into the "inner sanctum", grateful to be out of the chilly breeze and the wet.

Jeff made some remark about getting more hot chocolate and disappeared, as did Alice a moment or two later. Joyce and I remained for a bit longer, chatting with another rider. After several minutes, when our companions had not reappeared, we went looking for them, only to find that their bike was nowhere to be seen! It was a puzzlement to us that they would have left without us, but we put it down to miscommunication and shrugged it off. After rescuing all the baggage, we set out to catch them if we could. The four of us are pretty evenly matched, so we knew that it would be a near thing unless they realized we weren't right behind them and slowed down to wait for us to catch up.

As it turned out, they had simply moved the bike under shelter, to be out of the drizzle while they fiddled with their back brake. It had been troublesome the weekend before, and they wanted to make certain it wasn't dragging now. Alice saw us mount up and take off, but wasn't able to shout us down. She, too, was puzzled about why her companions would just up and leave without so much as a warning! But, the brakes being fine, they jumped on the bike and lit out after us, riding hard but knowing we were only a minute or two ahead.

Naturally, we too were making good time, thinking to catch them if possible. Somehow our two pairs took different courses out of town, so that they ended up ahead of us without knowing it! Since they were still in "chase" mode, they just banged along all the way from Circleville to Chillicothe, the midway point in the day's ride and also the lunch stop. They never did catch us! You can imagine



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their amazement when we pulled in a few minutes after they arrived, and our collective amusement when we figured out what had happened. Once reunited, we enjoyed lunch (it was 10:00 by this time) and a respite. After lunch, we mounted up and headed for the next stop, Waverly. We had all come to the conclusion that, unless we could get out of the wind and rain, rest stops would be brief affairs due to continued cool temperatures and the breeze. None of us had shed any layers, and Joyce was considering adding one. But, since we were warm enough while riding, we just stayed as we were. The rain continued, but was beginning to abate so that we had moments where we began to dry off, only to be wetted again later on.

The rain had so far prevented us from doing much by way of drafting, and had seemingly discouraged pace lines in general. Apparently, it had also discouraged a large proportion of the participants sufficiently that there were noticeably fewer riders at the stops and along the road that usual, although we were still never out of sight of other riders.

In between Chillicothe and Waverly is the only terrain that could be described as "hilly", and that only with the qualifier "very modestly". It's really more of a set of rollers, and absolutely no trouble. The real benefit is a chance to take some butt breaks and stretch the legs with a bit of standing. The four of us negotiated that stretch in good order, without any troubles.

Waverly's rest stop is perched atop a hill, so we climbed the stairs for a view of the valley. What we had been observing all along was especially apparent from up top: there has been a LOT of rain in southern Ohio recently. The river has occupied large amounts of its flood plain, and the farmers may not be able to get into their fields for another couple of weeks.

More hot chocolate and bananas prepared us for the final leg of the day's ride, so after a suitable pause we set off. The other damage the rain had done was to wash out several of the bridges, and we stopped several times at one-lane temporaries waiting for the traffic lights to change. I used the opportunity to practice my low-speed bike handling and timing skills, so we rarely unclipped. Between bridges, we began to feel our oats, and our speed crept up from the steady 16 or so we had held

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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.

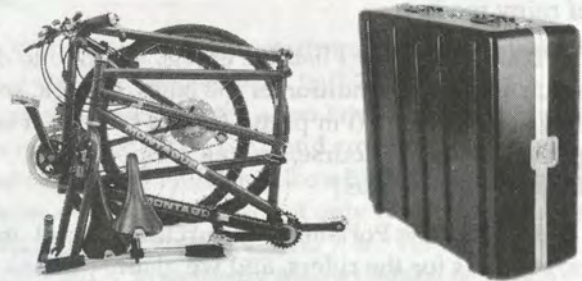
8:27am. Ride away from airport on TriFrame, towing Airliner II trailer, loaded with luggage.

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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through the day to more nearly 20 for this final stretch. After Jeff reminded me that there was still tomorrow to consider, however, we slowed back to our former pace.

About three or four miles from the end of the day's journey, I flatted the front tire and had to stop. Fortunately, the rain had eased off by then so we had pretty well dried off, and we were once again in a pocket of warmer air. I patched the tube, remounted the tire, pumped it up, and promptly pulled the stem out of the valve!

Just as I finished changing the tube and squaring everything away, our bubble of comfort moved off and the chill returned (without the rain, happily enough).

Thanks to the flat, our arrival in Portsmouth was a bit of a denouement but still welcome (to us, at any rate!). We had some more hot chocolate, then headed into town proper to find our respective lodging for the night. Alice and Joyce were staying at a school some three or four blocks from where Jeff and I had been placed, so we dropped them off and found our way "home". Our school's "shower" facility consisted of a lawn sprinkler and a garden hose, rigged from the tap in the boiler room! The "shower stall" was a (fairly) sheltered and (relatively) private exterior stairwell, but that didn't detract in the slightest from the joy of a cascade of truly hot water washing away the grit and grime of 105 miles of rainy road.

Neither Jeff nor I had the energy or drive to do much about the condition of the bikes, though, so they stayed dirty. (I'm pretty certain there isn't any grit left along the course, as it all seemed to be adhering to my bike!)

Many of the Portsmouth churches had put on carbo-feeds for the riders, and we gladly partook of the one next door to our school. For four dollars, we feasted on spaghetti, salad, bread, dessert, and drinks. The extra dollar for another helping of spaghetti was well worth it! I hope that the churches feel they were suitably rewarded for their efforts despite the relatively small turnout of riders, as they did a magnificent job.

After dinner Jeff and I walked the ladies back to their school, and returned to our own. We spent the rest of the evening chatting with other captains (our

school seemed to be "tandem central") and finally called it a day. We never did clean the bikes.

Sunday dawned clear but very cool. We awoke promptly at 5:30 when the lights in the gym came on, and rapidly broke "camp". This is considerably simpler and neater when you've been sleeping indoors, and do not have a wet tent and groundcloth to take care of! Jeff and I each chose a multi-layered approach, basically donning all of the clothing we had brought. If you had told me that, in mid-May, I'd be wishing for booties and full-fingered gloves I'd have thought you were crazy. _Next_ year I'm packing 'em! (And both my long-sleeved jerseys, too. And a turtleneck. And a heavier jacket. And a pot-bellied stove.)

Our "dates" arrived on schedule, and we set off downtown to find the church where Chris Cakes had set up. For the uninitiated, Chris Cakes is a mobile pancake kitchen, geared specifically towards event support. One of the trademarks is the "air mail" delivery of the goods- just stand back with your plate and catch the cakes as they're flipped at you! We made the acquaintance of Al and Chris, a father/son team, while eating and saw them throughout the day.

By 7:30 we were on the road, heading back north out of Portsmouth at a steady 15 mph pace. None of us was cold, though we wouldn't have minded a bit more atmospheric warmth. We were definitely appreciating the bright sun and blue sky, and thanking our lucky stars that it had not been this cool the previous day. We began to notice that there was no tail wind, and in fact there was something of a crosswind/headwind. To counteract its effects, we started a two-tandem rotating paceline- a mile pull, a mile rest. THIS carried us northwards towards the first rest stop, in Waverly. We had been noticing a much larger number of cyclists, and this was confirmed at the rest stop. There were many more people there, though still considerably fewer than might have been. We enjoyed our hot chocolate, scarfed up some M&Ms and bananas, visited with other riders for a spell, and hit the road again.

Although we were aware of the wind, it still had not fully unleashed itself on us as we continued towards Schoolhouse hill and the next rest stop. The lower part of the Scioto valley is fairly sheltered by trees, so that we were screened from the worst of the wind. We managed to catch up with Chris and his



dad Al, but lost them shortly after when we stopped for a moment to shed a layer.

Jeff and Alice began to show their strength as we negotiated the rollers following the rest stop, and finally got far enough ahead that we lost sight of them. We knew we'd see them again in Chillicothe, so we weren't worried about it. Besides, they were trying to shake an uninvited klingon, and we thought they'd need to slow up a bit after doing so. It turned out that they dropped him on a hill- just climbed away from him. They attributed it to "JATO" power- "Jeff and Alice Taking Off"!

Lunch in Chillicothe was agreeable, though we had begun to feel the true nature of the wind. Where we had made the lunch stop by 10:00 the previous day, it was more like 12:30 on Sunday, and we were very glad of the break. Our trials were beginning in earnest.

On the way out of town, Alice and Jeff dropped their timing chain, and managed to get the pedals 180 degrees out of phase when they put it back. Alice noticed immediately as they started, so we stopped and corrected the problem. This was, mercifully, the last technical glitch of the trip and not a serious one at that.

Much of the remainder of that day is something of a blur to me: I know that at some point we kicked up a piece of metal that wedged between the timing chain and the stoker's chainring, but it came immediately free when we stopped and spun the cranks. Once again, our friends were slightly stronger than we, so we spent the bulk of the afternoon on our own. I do recall that we met at both of the two remaining scheduled rest stops, as well as at an unplanned one somewhere ten or fifteen miles out of Chillicothe.

At the first scheduled stop north of Chillicothe, I finally took the plastic liners off my feet and changed into dry socks, convinced that my feet would now stay warm enough without being sheltered from the wind. As compensation, I re-donned my jacket to ward off the insidious chill from the wind. My diet of energy bars continued as I watched the two tandem riders dressed as Elvis move through the food line.

The wind was beginning to take its toll on my mental faculties, and the miles that had whizzed by effortlessly yesterday ground on and on forever



today. We were definitely leaned into the wind, and every time a car or truck passed by I had to remind myself to sit more upright as the wind shadow passed. Some of the gusts cut our speed to about 8.5 miles an hour, and it was taking increasingly long to climb back to 11 or 12 mph. Neither Joyce nor I had much to say by this time, or at least not the energy to say it. It was in this stretch that I was reminded by the other rider to focus, and as I did so our cadence slowly rose and strengthened. We brought our speed back up to about 12 mph from 10, and held steady there.

By the time we hit the final rest stop, only 7 or 8 miles from the end of the tour, I was definitely nearly bonked. I had been spending all my focus on keeping the bike upright and pointed in the right direction, so the lemonade Alice brought me was as ambrosia! I snatched up an energy bar and wolfed it down, followed by some cookies. This food and drink got me feeling much better, and ready to do the final leg into town.

Our "treat" for the day was the mile or so we did headed east along the highway back into Columbus- our crosswind was now a tailwind. As we moved up High Street with the riders around us, it was difficult not to turn each two-block stretch between red lights into something of a sprint. But, we restrained ourselves and finished smoothly, about 5:45, making it among the longer centuries we have done.

We headed for the van, dropped off the bikes and gear, then walked back to the Vietnamese restaurant we had eaten at on Friday night. When you're tired, hungry, sore, and strung out from a hard ride, there's nothing like a BIG bowl of soup to restore you! We enjoyed not only the meal, but also visiting with the owners, who were very gracious and friendly. We already plan to return next year!

On the whole, this was an enjoyable trip. The rain and the wind and the temperature made it "interesting", and the company certainly made it fun. The sponsors and organizers of TOSRV certainly go all-out to make it a successful event, and they do a SUPERB job of organization and support. So long as you're prepared for inclement weather, it's not an event to miss. Everyone should try it, at least once.

Keith Adams
Bethesda, MD



HAWAII

The air was soft. It was unlike any place Patti and I had been before; cloudy, warm, humid, fragrant. And the air was soft! Such was our initial reaction upon landing in Hilo on Hawaii, the "Big Island", for a nine day tour on our vintage Schwinn Paramount tandem.

We had done our research using Six Islands on Two Wheels by Tom Koch and Hawaii by Bike by Nadine Slavinski coupled with an excellent map published by the University of Hawaii Press. We concluded that we could circumnavigate the island and spend two days in the Puna region south of Hilo in eight days of riding with one rest day. Our judgment was good as the terrain limited us to an average 50 miles per day.

There is only one main "beltway" road around the island so instead of compiling a detailed route guide as we usually do we prepared a brief summary of each day with points of interest and mileage. Tom Koch should be happy to know that the State is doing a remarkable job improving the shoulder

sections about which he complained in his book. By and large, the roads were top-notch.

Our first day dawned clear, warm and humid. After breakfast at "Bear's Coffee" in downtown Hilo, we headed north up the Hamakua coast. Within five miles of Hilo, the road bridged several deep ravines through which streams flowed to the ocean. They were our introduction to the dense jungle-like foliage that predominates on the "wet" side of the island. Each valley looked like a movie set with blossoms, palms and ferns cascading down the slopes. Pepe'ekeo Scenic Drive to the Hawaiian Tropical Botanical Gardens was our first detour. The Gardens were closed on Saturday (contrary to what the guide books had said) but the road went through tropical rain forest along cliffs overlooking beautiful Onomea Bay.

The temperature rose as we pedaled toward the turnoff for Honomu and the road to Akaka Falls. The falls did not justify the effort it took to get there. Even in a car the road would have been a grind, on a bike it was miserable. The saving graces were the coast back down and lunch in Honomu where we were introduced to two delights of travel in Hawaii; macaroni salad and painted churches.

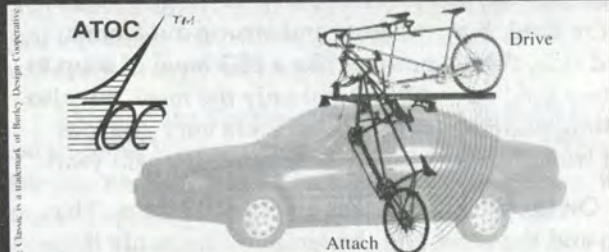
As we rode out of Honomu, the wind came up and it began to rain. We took cover under an awning at a road department field office to avoid the deluge. While we sat, we watched the motor tourists skid to a stop, hop out of their cars and run back to try to get a glimpse of one of the waterfalls that marked this stretch of the road. Unfortunately, the rain obscured any views so they just as quickly sped off toward the next sight on their itinerary.

Daylight was running out and we still had thirty miles to go; we had to get moving. We were soaked to the skin by the time the sun broke through. In the late afternoon light, the wild grass and sugar cane were golden against the darkening sky. Finally, at 6:00, after seven and a half hours in the saddle, we pulled into Hanokaa and spotted the sign for the Hotel Hanokaa Club.

The "Club" proved to be typical of the small, out of the way hotels distributed around the island. It

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had the front desk and a dining room on the main street and about twenty rooms in a separate building in the back. Our room was immaculate and had a panoramic view of the ocean and the blue, red and green corrugated roofs of Hanokaa town.

The next morning was glorious! It had been very windy during the night so the sky was clear and the humidity was low. We had decided to ride the sixteen miles to the Waipio Overlook and back before breakfast. Waipio was breathtaking! Without venturing down a 25% grade to the valley floor we could see a broad, green, fertile plain flanked by one thousand foot cliffs. Looking north, rank after rank of the enormous cliffs plummeted to the surf.

Back at the hotel we had a late breakfast and loaded up for the long climb to Weimea. We headed out of town on the beltway road; after ten miles Patti had had enough of it. Seeing a sign for a hamlet she knew to be on a parallel older highway, we opted for the scenic route again.

Pedaling slowly up the Old Mamalahoa Highway we climbed from the coastal shelf into the upland ranch country on a road without traffic canopied by ironwood trees. Soon the trees gave

way to grassland as we entered the famed Parker Ranch, the largest working cattle ranch in the US. We had climbed 2,500' up the flank of Mauna Kea and could still see the ocean in the distance. We were surrounded by rolling amber hills dotted with cattle. While we rode, Patti recounted to me the story of how the first visitors came to the island from elsewhere in the South Pacific as she recalled it from James Michener's Hawaii.

Soon we rejoined the main road. The grade was slightly downhill and we had a tail wind so we shifted into our big ring for the last few miles into town. Wiemea, or as it is known to the locals - Kamuela, is in the heart of the Parker Ranch. Owing to its elevation, it is consistently cooler than either the Kona or the Hamakua regions. It has a growing collection of upscale shops and restaurants and it is fast becoming rhinestone cowboy country.

One of our goals was a visit to the Kamuela Museum two miles outside of town. This small museum is owned by the Parker Ranch and curated by a couple who are direct descendants of ranch founder John Palmer Parker. The museum boasts a vast collection of Hawaiian artifacts as well as Parker family memorabilia. Definitely worth the extra effort.

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On the way back to town we encountered ferocious cross winds. We had to lean in at a forty- five degree angle just to remain upright and on the road.

Dinner, at Merrimans, was excellent and our accommodations at the Kamuela Inn were very comfortable.

On day three we got up and, after poking our noses out to determine the temperature, put on most of the riding clothes we had. At 6:30 a.m. it was in the forties.

Our route took us north toward Hawi via the Kohala Mountain Highway. Scenically, this road was one of the highlights of the trip. Riding against the rush hour traffic, we had our side of the road to ourselves. An hour of assiduous pedaling took us up 1,200' in six miles, well above the low lying clouds, and presented us with a snow capped Mauna Kea, vast ranch lands and the sweep of the Kona Coast!

We stopped near the crest at elevation 3,564' to have a breakfast snack of bananas and muffins. Then came the fun part, a twelve mile descent through several climate zones to Hawi. We sped by ranch after ranch, with cattle, horses and sheep, on a road flanked by ironwood trees. It was evident that on

one side of the road was the wet side of the island and on the other the dry. Clouds, fog and mist seemed to just make it over the crest on our right only to evaporate in the sunlight.

Hawi was a cute little town. It appeared to be heavily influenced by its proximity to the Parker Ranch and had kind of a cowboy, beach town feel. We ate lunch there and restocked our snack supply before heading east a few miles to Kapa'au to see the Kamahameha statue. Set in the town square, the statue venerates King Kamahameha I who was born nearby and is a great Hawaiian hero.

Kapa'au was our turnaround point. After three days riding north we were to spend the next three pedaling south through the Kona Coast resorts, lava fields and coffee country. The roadside scenery changed dramatically. Grass, ferns, banana plants and ironwood trees were replaced by low scrub brush, ferns, ohia trees and jagged broken lava. The road was a half mile from the ocean. We could see the crashing surf explode against the rocks.

We stopped at Lapakahi State Historical Park to view 600-year-old ruins. The ancient Hawaiian fishermen had occupied the site for hundreds of years, extracting their living from the sea and trading with the farming people higher up the mountain side. We could understand the area's attraction with its blue water, roiling surf, white coral beach, jagged black lava and emerald green palm trees.

At three o'clock we arrived at the entrance to the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel where we had reservations to spend the night. Imagine our surprise when the security guard wouldn't let us in! The hotel which has been one of the world's premier destinations for thirty years does not allow bikes on its grounds. The manager, alerted to our plight, quickly dispatched a pickup truck which carried our trusty tandem to the front desk while we rode in the hotel's shuttle.

After checking in, we immediately jumped into our swim suits and hit the beach. It was so refreshing! We spent the rest of the afternoon exploring the hotel grounds. The Mauna Kea is a resort that could get us to lock our bike and settle down for a week of tennis, golf and swimming.

The next morning, after breakfast on the terrace overlooking the beach, we continued our ride south through progressively more dramatic expanses of



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lava. The vegetation got sparser and finally it all but disappeared. There was nothing but black, broken and folded rock on both sides of the road. In the distance the surf pounded sending spray fifty feet above the coastal cliffs.

This section of coast is home to most of the island's big resorts. Between the road and the ocean we could see hotel after hotel and golf course after golf course carved into the lava. Traffic began to increase as we approached the airport and Kailua-Kona. Suddenly, we were in a developed area! It was a real shock after almost five days of riding in the country.

Deep down Kailua-Kona is probably an attractive little town but it is the beach hat and t-shirt headquarters for the Kona Coast. We had lunch and continued south on Ali'i Drive. As we rode the sky darkened and it began to drizzle. At the end of Ali'i was a grim 1,500' climb back up to the highway.

Once up, we were in the thick of rush hour traffic on a two lane road with wide but uneven shoulders. The next twenty miles were among our least pleasant of the trip. A haze obscured our views of the coast and when Patti started counting our pedal strokes I knew we needed relief. Finally, we spotted the Aloha Theater cafe. We had read that this was just the place to get some real Kona coffee so we gladly pulled off the road. It was a very comfortable establishment. In just a couple more



Patti Schwellenbach on the southeast coast near Nahalehu



miles we arrived at the Manago Hotel in the town of Captain Cook.

The Manago was another of the clean, efficient, dilapidated Hawaiian hotels. It has been operated by the same family for more than fifty years. The lobby walls were covered with historic photos and mementos. The dinner was delicious and the bed was comfortable.

Next morning, day five, we decided to forego a 1,200' descent to visit the Captain Cook memorial and instead pedaled through rolling terrain on the flank of Mauna Loa; the heart of coffee country. Along the roadside were so many cafes and coffee houses that if we had stopped to sample at even half of them we would have been wired for a week! Here the foliage was more woodsy and the influence of the volcano was in the air. The Hawaiians call it "vog" because, while it looks like smog, it's actually minute particles of dust and ash. It hung low and gave a hazy appearance to the distant vistas. Coffee trees gave way to macadamia nut groves. Mile after mile the dark green plants lined the road. Then suddenly, the lava was back. The southwestern corner of the island is characterized by strips of dense woods alternated with flows of lava. It is a starkly beautiful landscape. The high point of this stretch was passing one of the few other bicycles we saw on the whole trip and it was a tandem! We waved and hooted at the other couple as they sped by in the opposite direction.

After lunch at Manuka State Park, we again crossed the line between the wet and dry sides of the island. At South Point Road the grass turned green, the foliage became distinctly tropical and the sky clouded. We had rounded the bend and were headed north again. The day ended with a steep descent to Waiohinu where we found the Shirakawa Motel.

There are times when staying in a motel is only a step above camping. The Shirakawa was the most basic facility we encountered, but it was clean, the shower water was hot and the bed was soft. The only dining opportunity within walking distance was the sandwich shop at Mark Twain Square. Waiohinu was the town where Mark Twain planted the Monkey Pod tree in 1866 which he wrote about in Letters from Hawaii. The sandwiches on sweet Hawaiian bread were tasty. We had two extras made up and wrapped for lunch the next day. Our



seventh morning dawned clear and warm. This was a day we were dreading as we faced a 4,100' climb to Volcano National Park. It did not help when the proprietress at Shirakawa remarked that a group of Canadian senior citizens had conquered the Volcano just ahead of us. We had breakfast at Tobados in Nahalehu which at 7:30 a.m. was the center of before school activity with a throng of local children serving themselves drinks and downing melted cheese on toast.

We rode out of town and descended to the sea. The scenery was beautiful, but we knew every foot we dropped was a foot we would have to climb back up later in the day. After a short photo stop at the black sand beach at Punalu'u Beach Park we began the climb.

It was grueling! For the first twelve miles we pedaled through macadamia nut groves which made for pleasant roadside scenery. Then the trees disappeared and we were in the Kau Desert with sparse vegetation and fields of lava. The road was marked at each 500' elevation change and we plodded from one to another. Then a head wind came up. It blew directly in our faces at 15 to 20 miles per hour for three hours as we climbed 2,500 feet in ten miles. It was such a relief to reach the crest at 4,064'! We paid our entry fee to the National Park and, as it had started to rain, the Volcano House hotel was a welcome sight.

Volcano House is perched on the rim of the caldera. Every room has a view of what was once a roiling basin of molten lava. The hotel decor was 1950's rustic and the patrons ranged from Patagonia clad armchair adventurers to well-dressed Asian tourists in suits and long dresses. It was a very eclectic place.

We took a day off from hard riding to tour the volcano. In addition to the regular introductory film, the visitor center was showing a video of the eruption which had started just two weeks prior to our arrival and was still going on. Unfortunately, the eruption site was too remote to get to by bike and there were no motor tours which originated in the Park. We had to be satisfied with a ride around the caldera. Within twelve miles the scene changed from barren lava moonscape to rain forest to pine woods.



Jack Schwellenbach in the Puna region

It was raining and cold for our descent from the volcano. Again we donned all our riding clothes, including rain ponchos, and set off. Twenty miles and only a handful of pedal strokes later we arrived in Kapau for breakfast.

Our final two days were to be spent in the Puna Region south of Hilo. From our research we had learned that Puna is home to the Big Island's counter-culture. After a short stretch of poor road we arrived in Pahoa, a strip of wood storefronts that looked like it had not changed in thirty years. We could imagine bus loads of tourists cruising the town to gawk at the hippies. We had coffee and got sandwiches for later and headed out. The sky was overcast and it rained lightly as we rode. The foliage took on almost a prehistoric character. It was lush with huge leaves and vines snaking around every tree. We turned into Lava Tree State Park.

Lava Tree is a unique display of nature at its most idiosyncratic. Flowing lava surrounds a living



tree, the tree burns; but not before the lava immediately surrounding it cools enough to harden. Then the surrounding lava flows away leaving a hollow stump-like remnant. Some of these lava "trees" were ten feet tall.

After leaving Lava Tree we rode through mango groves and within a few miles were at the edge of the sea. We cruised on a beautiful one-lane road lined with long needle pine trees through which we caught glimpses of the surf. At Punalu'u County Park we made the pleasant discovery of a thermally heated freshwater pool teeming with thousands of small fish and separated from the surf by just a stone wall. It was like swimming in an aquarium tank. We went in with our bike clothes on. After a brief dip we ate lunch and marveled at our good fortune.

Several more miles of beautiful rolling road brought us to the Kalani Honua Cultural Center, an eco-resort and new age campus, where we were to spend the night. The accommodations were clean and comfortable and the vegetarian lasagna dinner was scrumptious. We did not see much evidence of the classes that were supposed to be in session. We did see a few people contemplating their navels, and the front desk had a great selection of candy bars.

Our last day we had only about 35 miles back to Hilo. We left Kalani Honua early. After we pedaled to the end of the road to view the steam billowing up from where the flowing lava was entering the sea, we climbed back up from the coast heading to breakfast in Pahoa at Paradise Cafe. On the way back into Hilo we stopped at the Mauna Loa Macadamia Nut factory only to find that they did not offer tours on Sunday. We had a snack and pressed on. As we entered Hilo we took a leisurely ride along Banyon Drive. It was hard to believe the trip was almost over. We sat for a while in the park and watched the biggest surf in twenty-five years pound the breakwater and roll across Hilo harbor.

As we gazed at this spectacle, a British couple walking by asked where we had been. We told them we had ridden around the island. They said that they had arrived the night before on the last leg of a trip throughout the Pacific Basin following the exploits of Captain Cook. They wanted to visit the place where he died on the coast below the town which bears his name. Their travel agent had messed up and they were booked into a hotel on the wrong side of the island without a rental car and had no prospect of

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getting one before their scheduled departure. We felt how fortunate we were to have completed our trip with nothing worse than one flat tire.

Jack & Patti Schwellenbach
Santa Monica, California

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OUR TANDEM BICYCLE JOURNEY: BEGINNINGS

Quito. Ecuador's capital city. Quito divides itself as only a second world city can divide itself. New City and Old City a separated by the Parque Ejido, and the old and new stand apart, the dirty and the clean, dangerous and safe, the indigenous begging and the tourists buying, a cabresto (the name I think for the carrying handle that attaches to huge baskets or sacks and slings over the forehead so that even the heaviest load can rest arms-free against the middle of the carrier's back), or a camera toted by pedestrians, newly-painted sandwich boards advertising Galapagos tours on the red brick sidewalks of Avenida Amazonas or old mango pits sucked dry and swept up into wheelbarrow piles. Mangos, small ones sold with eight or ten to a plastic bag, are a staple food for some in Quito while others eat at Pizza Hut. The Ecuadorian couple who took us out one night for example, brought us to a Pizza Hut as a special treat - fast food is high class in the second world.

My wife and I arrived here two months ahead of our tandem bicycle, which met us in its box from the United States while we flew down from Guatemala on our continuing Southward journey. We used the intervening time to trek in the apron of Chimborazo, Ecuador's highest peak and due to the equator's bulge also the earth's point farthest from its center, to paddle kayaks and row rafts in the rivers of the Oriente, the name for the country's Eastern slope descending into the Amazon basin, and to search for English teaching jobs although never with enough conviction to overcome the lure of pure travel. In



Theo and Cristy un-boxing their tandem: Quito, January, 1996

New Mexico, Cristy admin istrated a teen court program for juvenile offenders and I taught Junior High English - completely absorbing work, and here in our first year of marriage, adventures that are completely absorbing take priority over any work opportunity.

It is 5:17am according to the dark blue glow of Cristy's travel watch. I hear the first wails of chickens in the pre-dawn Quito downtown light, hardly traffic noise yet except for the occasional rasp of an 'ejecutivo' bus's brakes loud and dry and worn to the metal, slowing down for some first fare of the day. My heart is pounding already in anticipation of our upcoming bicycle trip. Downstairs, the Colombian family on Christmas holiday is also awake, the first to get at this hostel's communal kitchen, heating milk into which will be sprinkled the powdered instant coffee called Colocafe or Si

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Cafe or Pres-2 (Spanish language pun) which is sold in heavy glass jars with wide mouths. The fine-grained and surprisingly rich-flavored instant coffee of this land. The empty jars all end up as drinking glasses in the comedors - budget eating places on city streets. The smell of frying eggs, the rising light and city noise beginning now, I'm leaning in the hallway and writing and outside, there is rain. I think back into a dream I woke from which was of a steep dirt landscape traced by two different trails: one was muddy wet and wide, deeply rutted by motorcycle traffic; the other trail was thin and dry and just a single-file walking channel. In the dream I was walking in the mud trail with a man who urged me to switch to the narrow dry one - easier going. A change is due me, I guess this means, and some part of me has to talk myself it to it. These landscape images in my dream are from our on-foot explorations of this country; its treeless high sierra called 'paramo' appears on the map as a total wilderness, a maze of topographical lines coalescing around concentric circles of volcanoes illustrated on the paper like ripples in a pool. Ecuador's central cordillera appeared to us to be deserted and remote, as we first rode through it on a bus, but turns out to be populated. Trekking among the mountains, we

felt rather more noticed by people than concealed by the apparently empty landscape. Once, walking around a bend in the faint trail, compass and map in hand at 13,000 feet, orienteering to check our route, we were greeted by a woman hanging out her family's laundry by her thatched hut. Smoke of a cooking fire tickling out between the braids of thereof - houses here don't have chimneys. She invited us in and fed us and asked us to take a picture of her family - young and old standing solemnly in the foreground and their potato field in the background. Patchworks of fields would appear mysteriously as we hiked along, hours from anywhere, from land that I would have thought to be completely desolate. Sometimes we would find tiny thatch constructions near these, perhaps where a farmer might spend the night before beginning the journey back home after working.

In the same way, beaching our boats on an isolated river bend in the Oriente overhung with jungle foliage, a family would emerge as we set up camp, children first, watching us along some tributary of the Amazon that we supposed to be completely deserted. We were never alone, even in our farthest reaches with backpack or kayak. Such a



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change from the wilderness as we had come to know living in North America's Southwest! There, we went to the mountains in order to be alone and to seek something above and beyond human society. Here in Ecuador, in the 'wilderness,' we felt we were for the first time meeting the people who really populate this country.

Now, Cristy and I, as in my dream, are switching from on trail to another. We're changing course now from the wet collective mud of our journey so far, busses through Central America, to the single lane thin track of the tandem bicycle: lighter, alone, thrilling. Yesterday in the cement courtyard of this hotel we assembled our bike and wheeled her out to the street for a test ride and put our mascot, a yellow rubber duck with bright red lips named Clarissa, back under my leather saddle where she belongs. We stopped at a traffic light - a rare amenity of the Quito New City (drivers' normal substitute for these is a blast of horn with speed unchecked, or at night a flick or two of headlights), and there we were when we met with our first bicycle adventure. A woman with her wrist in a cast that was slung in a home-made sling ran up to us. "Hola! En que hostel estan hospedado, ustedes?" she asked eagerly. "Vengan a mi casa para tomar un cafecito!" She had put up a pair of French bicycle tourists who were headed around the world before, and was obviously enthusiastic about more cyclist guests. We were embarrassed to admit to her that we were only just beginning here in Quito, though we planned to ride through Peru and Bolivia or perhaps farther, weather permitting - and that we were only just testing out our bike today.

No importa. We stored our bike and dropped by her flower shop over which she and her family lived. Three hours later we left with an armload of flowers, having eaten a full meal of quaker (a colada made from oatmeal with fruit juice added), cafe, bread, cheese, naranjilla, claudia (a small red fruit like a plum), and the usual - and perfect for biking - heaping plate of rice with its small meat piece perched on top. Nights like this chase our vegetarian dispositions underground. Travel, I have learned above all in these six months on the road from Santa Fe down through Mexico and Central America by bus, necessitates my scuttling of long-held convictions, deeply-felt values, and natural tendencies of my personality. Shyness, pacificism, a view of animals as living creatures with each a soul

and a moral worth balancable against human worth - all of these formerly central features of me I have loosened in Latin America. What will fall into place in me in place of what I have lost? What will happen to us on this bicycle trip? Today we received a fax from a friend of Cristy's who is a political advocate for indigenous peoples and who does social organizing work in Peru. The transmission was only a half page long and was written for the purpose of sending us advice:

"...I have also been meeting with Peruvians here, in Seattle, as well as indigenous people from a number of other S.American countries. There was a consensus that now is not the time to explore Peru unless you are accompanied by people who know the outlying areas. This is not the case in other countries. Bolivia, for example, is a wonderful place to travel by any means, as is Ecuador..."

Those short cryptic sentences. What are we embarking upon? Why? Peru feels as though it will be a dangerous place for us. I am scared.

Theo Thomas
Ecuador

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South West Tandem Rally

My husband and I took our kids to the Southwest tandem Rally in Nacogdoches, Texas, April 26-28, 1996. We were the only teams there with stokids, which was somewhat disappointing. It was impossible to keep up with all adult teams, even those encumbered by trailers. I hope that the kids will flesh out as they grow (currently they are 7 and 9) and be able to input more.

The adventure ride on Friday was a nice start to the weekend. It was only 13 miles but it seemed to be at least half up hill. You had to figure out clues given as directions and gather information at various places. The kids really enjoyed that part. I just wished that there was ice cream at the end of the ride!

Saturday had three different ride options- 44 miles, 59 miles, and 91 miles. We opted for the 59 mile ride. It was a really nice route- not too many really busy streets although there were a couple of bothersome dogs (I wished for a dazer several times). We ended up riding this one pretty much alone as Friday's sample of the terrain proved all too true. Some of the hills were real killers (to be fair some were also "rollers"). They could be very deceptive as to both size and grade. To make things worse some of them came in stages that looked easy until the end which was very steep. It seemed that at the bottom of every down there was just another up. We made it up every hill without fail, though (Bravo for my kids, who are super stokids!).

The wildflowers were out in force, many different varieties which I cannot name and even a few stray bluebonnets for which Texas (but not Nacogdoches) is famous. The country roads were lined by mostly pine trees (Nacogdoches is in the heart of the "Piney Woods" of East Texas). The air was scented mostly by honeysuckle and wildflowers although there were a couple of places where the odors left something to be desired (the area is apparently a great place for a chicken farm since there were several of these along the route).

Sunday also had three options on mileage, 24, 46 and 65 miles. We wisely chose the 24 mile route. The terrain proved to be as challenging as Saturday's, if not more so. The route was out to Lake

Nacogdoches, which is east of the town, and back. The route was along a nice rural road which had one drawback (other than the hills)- there were many churches so the road was busy with Sunday traffic. We had more wind this last day than any other and I, at least, had very tired legs. Our teams (Pigasus I & II) were again left to ride it alone until we neared the lake when we were joined by a couple with a trailer kid. They stayed with us for the rest of the ride to the lake and back to town. I must say that it was nice to ride with another tandem for once (even though we are almost a rally just on our own).

The view of the lake at the turn around was spectacular. It was worth the trip. We managed to refuel ourselves and the trip back, although still very hilly, did not seem so bad. It was nice to have company, too! Thanks to the Benders of Bryan, Texas for staying with us! The people at the rally were all very nice. We became somewhat famous since we were the only teams with stokids. I am so glad that we can do these things together- it has made us a very strong family! I would love to hear from anyone who has stokids. We had hoped there would be some at this rally. Does anyone know of a rally that has a higher attendance of families with stokids? I would like to thank Marcia Lucido and Carroll Mayhew for making my kids feel very special and a part of the group- it made the trip more fun for them- Thanks!

All in all, it was a great first rally for us. We hope that another club will pick up the baton and host the event next year!

P.S. The T-shirts are really great! They have two armadillos (an animal that populates this state and is often seen by the side of the road) riding a tandem wearing cowboy hats. My husband thought they should have helmets but the kids explained that they have their own "armor" so it was probably ok even though it doesn't seem to help them with regard to cars.

The Johnsons
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MEMBERS DO GABA RIDE

Wes and Faye Pieper, Wayne Kocher, and Penny Fairfield packed tandems, tents, and bike clothes and flew to Arizona for the 15th annual Grand Canyon to Mexico Bicycle Tour put on by the Greater Arizona Bicycling Association (GABA). They were to embark on an 8 1/2 day ride of 550 miles with a total elevation gain of some 25,000 feet.

We loaded bikes, baggage, and bodies on the buses and trucks departing Tucson/Phoenix for the Grand Canyon and our group campsite. We had time after setting up our tents to walk along the canyon rim, take short bike rides or, as in Wayne's case, to run down to Indian Gardens on the Bright Angel Trail. Supper followed then early to bed.

The next day it was, up at dawn, break camp, a quick cup of coffee and bagel, load the baggage and off we rode. (This was the pattern of all our mornings on tour.) We rode along the canyon rim for about twenty four miles with several overlook stops to admire the canyon in its early morning splendor. Later came beautiful views of the Painted

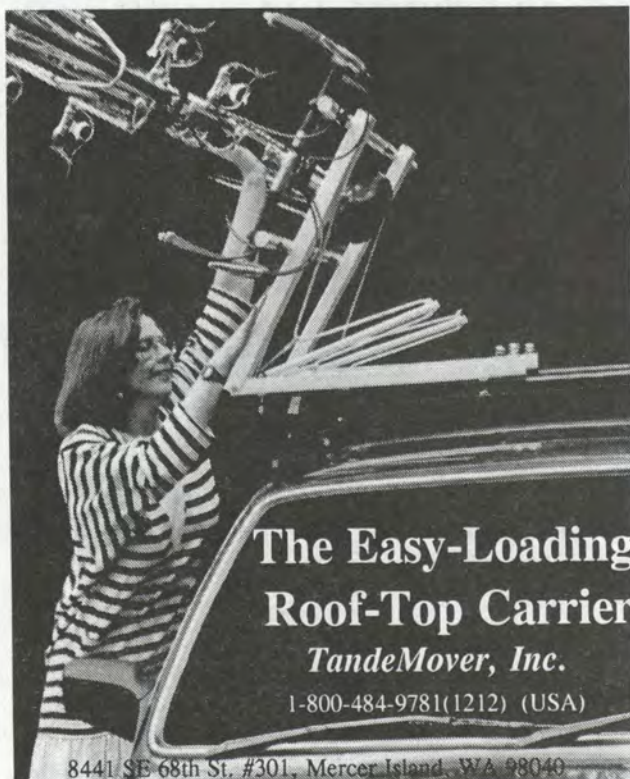
Desert in the distance as we continued to Grey Mountain, AZ, a wide spot in the road at mile 65.

The third day began as another gorgeous morning. Sixty three scenic miles later and we were in Flagstaff. Along the route we visited the Indian ruins at Wupatki Nat'l Monument and saw the volcanic cones and lava flows at Sunset Crater Nat'l Monument. Camping this night was on the school football field - uneventful until high volume/high pressure sprinklers came on at midnight. We were alerted in time to drag tents and bikes off the grass before getting soaked. Other campers were not as lucky and had frozen tents and clothing as temperatures dropped below freezing during the night. One rider was seen playing Frisbee with a piece of underwear frozen absolutely flat and stiff.

On day four we rode to Walnut Canyon to see the Singuan Cliff Dwellings then backtracked to Flagstaff and south to Mormon Lake at mile 55. We watched herds of elk near the campsite and heard them bugling in the early morning. Penny was disillusioned to learn that some of the bugling was done by elk hunters blowing into radiator hoses to lure the big animals within gun range. As far as we know, the elk were not armed and did not shoot back.

Day Five: We shook frost from the tents again and enjoyed breakfast at Mormon Lake Lodge where a sign said, "Save your boats and oars, boys. The lake will rise again." We never saw the lake and assumed it was beyond the broad meadow where the elk grazed. As the day warmed up, we started down the road toward Payson, 65 miles away. We stopped at Strawberry Lodge for homemade pie ala mode then reached Payson and the KOA, our stop for the night. The ladies of Eastern Star provided dinner. Swiss steak, mashed potatoes and gravy tasted like ambrosia.

After a good nights rest, we were on the road again. Today our destination was Miami, AZ at mile 78. We left the Mogollon Plateau and rode beside Roosevelt Lake for some distance before a six mile climb at 9% grade to the summit. We heard cheers as we crested the hill - our own and those of the sag



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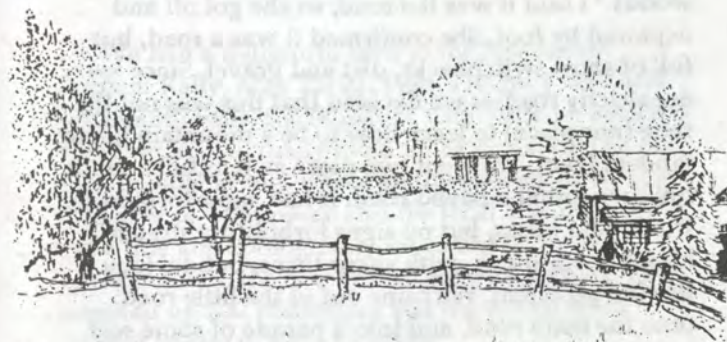


crew manning the rest stop. After refueling, we had a nice descent to the copper mining town of Miami.

On the seventh day, we had a short ride of 50 miles to Florence. The trip down through Devil's Canyon was a challenge as strong swirling winds buffeted the bikes from side to side. Wes and Wayne did a good job as captains and the weight of the tandems kept the bikes on the road. One rider told of his front wheel being lifted off the ground and one woman was blown against the guard rail and off her bike. She was found unconscious and flown to the hospital with broken ribs, punctured lung and dislocated hip. Once safely in Florence we found the ice cream shop and relaxed there until school was dismissed and we could shower and set up tents on campus.

The next day, the feared strong head winds did not materialize and we had a pleasant 56 mile ride through the Upper Sonoran Desert to Tucson - pleasant except for about a twenty mile stretch of highway that had been ground prior to resurfacing. It gave new meaning to the term "washboard". No one lost any fillings but standing to pedal was popular along that stretch. We refueled and cooled off at a Chinese restaurant while waiting for school to be over. Once the campus emptied, we showered, set up tents, and relaxed until a catered picnic dinner. Early to bed. A great horned owl kept watch over the tents for his perch on the field backstop.

On our last full day, it seemed to take forever to leave Tucson - after riding 23 miles we were STILL in



The View from Cedar House - The Inn at Saw Mill Farm

Margie Ebberly - 6-28-92

the city. After a bit of creative navigation we all found the first rest stop. (We weren't REALLY lost.) The scenery was varied and beautiful as we climbed 2500 feet then dropped into Patagonia at mile 76. A serious uprising was averted when a helpful man jimmed the door to the women's restroom, allowing the gals access to showers. But not before the men had used all the hot water!

The last day we thawed out with breakfast at Bob's Cafe then rode the short 22 scenic miles to Nogales, AZ. After a Mexican buffet and music by a mariachi band, we said goodbye to new friends, loaded baggage and bikes and prepared for the return trip by bus to Tucson/Phoenix.

The Tour was really fun. Beautiful scenery, wild flowers, perfect weather, well organized, reasonably priced, good support system with bike mechanic and massage therapists, cyclists from all over the country. We especially enjoyed the company of Robin and Amy Pieper from Seattle. Drafting Rob and Amy was a breeze as they are a very strong tandem team. GABA made a video of the trip which will be sent to ride participants. We can't wait!

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FAR FROM HOME

Ed: Our apologies to the author. This article was only recently found in our computer..

Monday, November 27, 1995

Happy Turkey day weekend to all of you back in the US. No turkeys (to eat) over here in Japan. Even if we could find one, we would have no way to cook it. Ovens are not that big.

We went to a company dinner and afterwards found that we had a flat tire. I did one of my best tube changes with an audience of about ten people. The people we work with definitely think we are crazy to be riding the bike during this cold weather. One of them actually asked Lindy, Do you not like cars? Actually, since we have been in Japan we have put more kilometerage on the Santana than on our car.

One of our co-workers told me the story of how a friend of his mothers asked if there were gai jin (foreigners) where he works. He said yes. She then asked if there were henna gai jin (strange foreigners)

there. He asked what kind of henna and she described this strange bike with two gai jin that she sees every morning! He told her that he knew the people (he didn't comment to me about the henna part!). Small world though, we are noticed!

During the past two weeks we went on one long and beautiful ride. The first part of the ride was through what we now call typical Japan. We had laid out a route that would have us duplicating only a few sections of roads on the way back. There was a north-south ridge that we had to cross on the outbound to get to the Ten-ru river.

We drove to the start of the ride (the plant manager's house) and left the car there. We had been invited to a Sumo party for that day and so this way we could just ride back to his house and save some time. For those who are wondering, a Sumo party is like a superbowl party, except that the big guys who push and shove each other are not on teams.

We started out going up a mild grade for 5km (the return would be along the same section, a nice finish) and then went down a quick hill. And then up a significant hill. After that there were great rolling roads until the top of the ridge we had to go down. We followed our map perfectly and got to the switchback road down and it wasn't there! The road went about ten meters and just ended with an abutment. Apparently this road has not existed for some time. So, we looked at our maps and decided to go for the next switchback south, though we were heading north. We got to that road and stopped. Lindy said, "This can't be it. It's just a path in the woods." I said it was the road, so she got off and explored by foot. She confirmed it was a road, but full of short switchbacks, dirt and gravel. Since we are strictly roadies we decided that this was not the time (nor place) to learn how to be a mountain biking tandem team. We went two more switchbacks south until we found a paved road. It had signs forbidding trucks and buses, but no signs forbidding stretch bikes! It was quick, with sharp turns, but dai jobu des (no problem). We came out of the little road, onto the main road, and into a parade of some sort. Needless to say, we stole some of the attention away from the procession.

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We went up along the river through the populated section and it was nice but nothing great. We then got to the city for which the river was named, Ten ru shi, and the population disappeared. It was as if it was decreed that there would be no densely populated areas north of Ten ru. A little north of the town there was a tunnel that cut off a bit of a hill. What was special about this tunnel was that the entrance was painted to look like a fallen tree. It appeared that you were riding into the trunk of a tree from the roots! Quite spectacular.

After we crossed the river, the scenery turned beautiful with steep hillsides coming down to the river. There was a road on either side, so as per our plan, we went up the west side. It had some decent climbs, but the views up and down the river were worth it. We got to a small town up the river that had a farmers market, and we got some Yakitori for lunch. We continued upriver to the next town and dam. Each of these towns along the river had a dam associated with it. At this point we were planning to turn around. Our map showed a road down next to the river going to a bridge, but all we could see was the main road going into a long tunnel. We got off the bike and started to walk along a path, looking down toward the road that we thought we should be on. Down was the operative word. About 50 meters! We thought about trying to take the Sovereign down the steps, but thought that would be unreasonable. We remembered that at the last little bridge, about 0.5 km back, there was a road going down to the stream. It turned out to be connected to the road we wanted. We went down to river level, went about

0.5km, and then climbed back up so we could cross the river over the dam. At the dam we saw that there was an entrance and exit to the tunnel that we hadn't gone into. I had never seen that before, a highway interchange underground. The ride south on the other side of the river was just as beautiful, but somewhat less hilly. There were many places along both sides of the river where it seemed more like a lake with the hills as its banks. You could not see where the river came in or left, just surrounded by mountains. Our big fear from the ride up was unfounded. We had seen a large, steep set of switchbacks across the river and we were afraid that we were going to have to go up them. Fortunately not. Close up they looked even worse!

We continued down river, oohing and aahing as we went. The advantage of a ride like this is that the return is a net downhill, just what you need as you get tired. We stopped for ice cream in Ten ru shi, and then worked hard to get back while we still had good daylight, and some warmth from the sun. This was our first metric century since we've been here in Japan. Probably our first one since July!

Next time we do this ride we will drive the bike to Ten ru and then start the ride from there. That will allow us to go further up the river. Looking at the maps it seems that we could ride up there for days having good road(s) and without excessive climb. We are definitely starting to look at the topo maps to pick out other river routes that seem to be doable.

Rich Shapiro & Lindy Ellis
Temporarily living in Japan

NWTR

We had a delightful time at the Northwest Tandem Rally, May 25- 27, 1996. The rally was held in Klamath Falls, the Sunshine City (with an asterisk) * of Oregon, it actually lived up to its name. The rally was unusual in that it was jointly sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce and the local bike club. They did a fine job, apologizing, for example, for not sweeping ALL the bike routes before the rides. They rounded up 500 volunteers and the whole town seemed happy to have us there.

There were 3 days of rides. Saturday's 55 miler south of town was a flat and fast "Introduction to the

Klamath Basin", an agricultural area "reclaimed" from wetlands around World War I. Beautiful smooth roads and lovely scenery. The second day had two choices: a 76 mile "Gonzo" loop around Stukel Mtn. (covering territory similar to Saturday's) and a 36-40 mile ride from the Tule Lake Wildlife Refuge to the Lava Beds National Monument. We took the "short, nearly flat" ride because of the scenery, only to be surprised by the 9 mile 900 foot climb to the visitor's center. (Fellow Two'sday owners Stan and Liz Jang couldn't decide which ride was best, so they completed both!) We had time to



walk through "lava tubes" and enjoy the historical information at the park. We all enjoyed the tremendous vistas as we sailed downhill. Monday's "Not over till the fat lady ..." ride was a pretty 20 mile loop west of Klamath Lake, with scenic views of Mountain Lake Wilderness and the lake. Lovely weather, and just enough wind to make it energetic.

Highlights:

- A group start (350 tandems) with motorcycle escort down a mile-long hill with 3 lanes blocked off for us, and then police at each corner through town blocking cross traffic and waving us through. People on the sidewalk cheering us on. (We averaged 19 mph for the first part of the ride-unusual for that large a group.) 48 miles to the first traffic light.

- being able to tell the Oregonians and Washingtonians by sight because of their sunburns, and by the fact that they had fenders.

- nine tandem Two'sDays, two Montague folders, two triples with trailers, a brand new red Double Vision recumbent. (You get an interesting

sun tan when you ride a recumbent to the south up a hill for an hour!)

- Renewed acquaintance with two couples from the Santana European Tandem Rally, Phil and Vivian Sherman, of New York, and Wolfgang and Dagmar Haas, of Rosenheim, Germany. Wolfgang and Dagmar are camping through Oregon with a triple, a trailer, a 2-year old and a 4-year old.

- Ann buys yet another stoker seat (a "Halo" extra-wide).

- Entertainment by four Miss Oregon contestants at the awards banquet.

- There was a pizza-parlor meeting of the tandem@hobbers, but we got there too late, having driven up to see Crater Lake first.

All in all a wonderful rally. Thanks to the organizers. Next year Northwest Tandem Rally will be in Eugene, Oregon on the 4th of July week-end.

Ann & Paul Kasameyer
Livermore, CA

SHOCK ABSORBING SEATPOST CAN BE THE CAPTAIN'S WORST NIGHTMARE!

I ordered a shock absorbing seat post for my beloved stoker. In the past she was complaining about every bump after 90 kilometers, so our rides were always around the 100k mark, but all that has changed. We installed the shock absorbing seat post the night before the March 31st Audax 100. There were some more adjustments needed to get the setting dialed in correctly. We were pogoing a little in the Audax 100. I was beaming with pride (Thinking that "money was well spent") when at the end of the ride my wife said that she was ready for more miles. Low and behold this was the start of my "NIGHTMARES".

Full of confidence after our first Audax Brevet, we decided to ride the Audax 200 on April 21st. In France, there are two kinds of Audax brevets: The "Cyclotourist" are paced, and the "Randonneur" are

not. The Audax here on the French Riviera are paced at 22.5 KPH including all stops. The goal is to encourage people to ride long distances. To us it was a learning experience. Since the longest ride we ever did before was 150k, we thought that we needed a little practice at longer distances. We rode a couple other hilly 100k rides then the week-end before the Audax 200, we rode 200k in the same week-end to get ready. On Saturday we did a 125k ride where we climbed over 2000 meters. When we finished I noticed that I (the Captain) was dead and the Stoker (the one with the new seat post) was tired and NOT in pain. (This is where I should have started to see the light, but I'm a little slow at times). The next day we went on a club ride for 75k with 1000 meters of climbing. Afterwards, we certified ourselves as "Ready for the Audax 200".



Where else can you have an Audax that follows the French Riviera from Cannes to St. Tropez at sunrise and then returns to Cannes through Massif de l'Esterel? For our region it was a fairly flat ride with only two real climbs (about 400 meters each). Since we were the only Tandem team we already got a lot of friendly attention. But we ended up making a lasting impression on all the participants. On the descent after the first climb we were in the middle of the peloton of about 70 cyclists. All of a sudden we hear what we thought was rattle shot. Before we had time to realize what it was, our tandem was sliding down the road. We blew the rear tire in a switch back and the back end broke loose.

Fortunately, the worst damage was my Fragile Male Ego and the intertube. The other cyclists avoided the tandem that took up the entire lane with no mishaps. This was at the 120k mark. After the dust settled, we realized that everyone was OK, so the peloton took off and about 6 or 7 riders stayed with us as we changed the tire. Since that group was nice enough to help us get rolling again we decided that it was our obligation to pull them back to the peloton. Lucky for us the next checkpoint was 20 kilometers down the road. When we arrived in the village everyone was glad to see that we were still alive and well. But someone in our group started to complain to the leader that we rode above the average speed, because we were doing between 45 and 50 kph on the flat roads coming in to the village. The only answer that he got was a big laugh from the group. We were tired and a little sore but we had finished our "First 100 Mile Ride" and our "First 200k Ride". At the end of the brevet, the leader asked if we were going to participate in the Audax 300 on May 1st (European Labor Day). We took the brochure, thinking that there was no way in @#\$\$ we were going to start riding at 400AM and finish at 930PM. We said "Thanks, we will think about it" ...

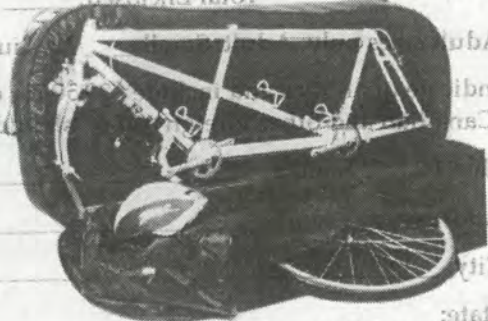
NOT!!!

My wife of "Sound Mind" called one of the organizers of the Audax rides on Monday April 29th for some touring information. The next thing I knew I was taking the lights off my commuter bike and putting them on the tandem (Can someone tell me how to say "NO" to my beloved wife and favorite Stoker?). Needless to say I got little sleep that night with the fear that my nightmare was now reality. The next morning my wife called me at work and

said "Your Nightmare is Reality. We are now officially registered for Audax 300." Luckily for us the start was only 2 kilometers from our house. We decided that if we got up at 3:00AM we would easily make it to the starting line by 3:45. With pre-ride nerves I woke up at 2:00 and could not get back to sleep. So with only 3 hours of sleep we were off on our adventure. This course started in Vence, went to Antibes, Cannes, St. Raphael, Draguignan, Comps sur Artuby, Castellane, Col De Toutes Aures (1125M), down to the Var river, then back up to Vence. Total of 304 kilometers and 2100 Meters of climbing. The ride started off fine: we stopped around the 100k mark for breakfast, then the next stop was at Comps sur Artuby (167 kilometers at 967 meters elevation) for lunch. We were a little tired but thinking that this would not be so bad. When the food arrived, I started feeling sick. I knew that I was not going to be able to eat so I went outside for some fresh air. We had to make the decision to continue or take a short cut home that would save 40 kilometers and 300 meters of climbing. We wanted to finish what we started and were fearful of being alone with a sick captain, so we decided to continue. We knew that we would be slow on the climbs so we convinced the route captain to let us take the first down hill at our pace and have everyone catch us on the 500 meter climb to the Col (mountain pass). At the first hill out of Castellane the pack almost caught us but it became flat around the lake and we were able to roll fairly easily out in front. When we arrived at the Col we had not been over taken yet, but I was dead. We waited about 10 minutes before

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Larry Theoland, Assistant Director
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we started down the other side and I got chills. We caught the group at the next checkpoint and I started looking for more layers. I borrowed a polar fleece jacket to go with my short sleeve jersey, long sleeve jersey, wind breaker, and rain coat. With 5 layers on I finally got warm, then the rain started. We were three hours from finishing and it was raining Cats and Dogs. We got to the last climb of 400 meters, when the thunder and lighting started and it seemed to circle around us. We were about half way through the climb and it started hailing. We were so miserable all that we could do was laugh. We arrived at the end and got our pannier and headed home. We got in the house but before we could close the door the bottom fell out.

Moral to this story: If you want to ride long rides a shock absorbing seat post is a must for the Stoker, but if the Captain wants to brag about being able to ride more than his stoker, then forget about the shock absorbing seat post.

The real moral of the story is we've enjoyed the opportunity of learning how to endure long rides. This is great preparation for our plan to cross France this September. We are ready for the ones next year, after our shoes dry out!

J. Smith DOSS (Captain), Claude Monnier
(Stoker)
Vence, France

TCA Merchandise Order Form

Polo Shirts are now available!

To order Polo Shirts or patches please fill out the order form below and mail it with a check made payable to: Tandem Club of America

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Polo shirts are dark forest green with light green and gold stitching. These are GREAT looking shirts!

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Adult sizes only: Adult: Small ____ Medium ____ Large ____ X-Large ____

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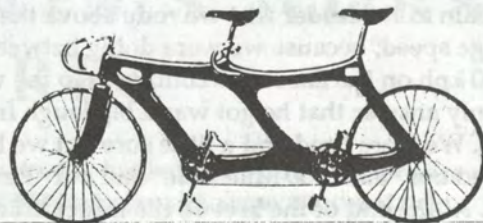
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TANDEM CALENDAR 1996

July 3-7, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Moose Seeker Weekend**. Kingfield, ME. Call Anne & Emery Glass, (617)- 631-3239, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

July 4, 1996. **Colorado Tandems' Independance Day Picnic Ride**. Boulder, CO. Call Andy & Kami White, 303/494-3092, for the necessary information.

July 4, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Trenton Parade Ride**. 8:30am. Blue Ridge, TX, Town Square (north of Dallas). 30-50 miles. May end with a ride in the parade in Trenton. John & Marcia Lucido. 214/690-8803

July 6, 1996. **CRABS, A Red Raspberry Nice Ride**. 9:30 am 45 miles Tom Bruni & Therese Spardaro, (410) 426-3420.

July 6, 1996. **CATS, Chicago Area Tandem Society, Wilmont & Lakes Ride**. Led by Dick and Jackie Homan. Ride will leave at 9:00am, the distance about 35 miles. (847) 587-6234

July 7, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Carrollton Ride**. 8:30am 35-50 miles. Carrollton, TX, Old Town Square. Paul Bower & Lois Dewey. 214/492-5238

July 14, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Mont Vernon Ride**. Mont Vernon, NH. Call Earle & Carolyn Rich (603)-673-8695, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

July 14, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Rhonda's Fast & Furious Ride**. 6:00am. Richardson Bike Mart, Richardson, TX. Beat the heat and join Jim & Rhonda Hoyt on a fast-paced ride. 42-70 miles. 214/231-3993

July 14, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Lake Kiowa Beach Picnic Ride** 8:30am. Lake Kiowa, TX. 33-50 miles. Must RSVP by July 10. Call Larry & Nancy Gingerich (days --214/390-5305 or evenings -- 817/668-0987) No RSVP, no entrance!

July 14, 1996. **CATS, Chicago Area Tandem Society, Paradise Springs Ride**. Led by Dick & Jackie Homan. This is a Wisconsin ride of about 50 miles in the Kettle Moraine area with a 9:00am start, 1 1/2 hour from Chicago (847) 587-6234

July 14, 1996 **Dallas Double DATES Plano Cycling & Fitness Casual Ride**. 2:00pm. Plano Cycling & Fitness in Plano, TX. 20 miles, casual pace. Rick & Tammy Gurney, 214/423-4130

July 19-21, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) International Century Weekend**.

TCA Tandem Hospitality Homes

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Lancaster, NH. Call George & Jean Marie Lambert (603)-673-5975 (7-9 pm EST), or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

July 20, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Warren Warmup**. Warren, CT. Call Nan & Dave Scofield (860)-868-7067, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

July 21, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Rhonda's Fast & Furious Ride**. 6:00am. Richardson Bike Mart, Richardson, TX. Beat the heat and join Jim & Rhonda Hoyt on a fast-paced ride. 42-70 miles. 214/231-3993

July 21, 1996. **GREATER ROCHESTER EATING AND TANDEM SOCIETY (GREAT Society)**

Konstantin's Breakfast Ride. 8:00 a.m., Rochester, NY. 29 miles. Call Jackie or Robin Salsbury @ 716-436-8386 for directions and information.

July 21, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES McPherson Swim & Pizza Ride** 8:00a.m, 2602 Hawthorne Drive, Euless, TX. 20-40 miles. Dave & Sandra McPherson, 817/685-8802.

July 27, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Wrentham Ramble**. Wrentham, MA. Call Don & Gina Fisher @ (508)-384-6328, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

July 28, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Seabrook Saunter**. Seabrook, NH. Call or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079 (603)-898-5285

July 27-28, 1996. **COWS Fox Point/Bayside & North Ride**. Starts at 10 am at Doctor's Park in Bayside, WI (north of Milwaukee) and goes along the Lake Michigan shore line through the Ozaukee County countryside. 50 miles

July 28, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Rhonda's Fast & Furious Ride**. 6:00am. Richardson Bike Mart, Richardson, TX. Beat the heat and join Jim & Rhonda Hoyt on a fast-paced ride. 42-70 miles. 214/231-3993

July 28, 1996 **Dallas Double DATES Pre-Pre HHH Warmup Ride** 8:00am., Celina, TX Town Square. 27, 35, & 50 miles. Alan & Cindy Hunt. 214/618-1337

July 28, 1996. **CATS, Chicago Area Tandem Society, Ride the Naperville Area**. Let by Scott and Lynn Thielsen. About 40 miles with a possible lunch stop during or after. Phone (708) 717-5341 for time.

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 ?, 1996. **COWS Holy Hill to Oconomowoc**. Starts at 9 am from Glacier Hills County Park. Routes from 35 to 100 miles go from Holy Hill to Oconomowoc Lake. Picnic at Oconomowoc Lake Park. SASE to Gary & Irene Sanderson 5005 Palisades Rd, Milwaukee, WI 53217. (414) 964-5026

August 2-4, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Connecticut River Weekend #2**. Littleton, NH. Call Nate & Mary Ellen Carmen, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

August 3, 1996. **GREATER ROCHESTER EATING AND TANDEM SOCIETY (GREAT Society) Westward Hol**. 9:00 a.m., Rochester, NY. 45 miles with picnic. Call Lynn and Mark Rakestraw for directions and information.

August 3, 1996. **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Farmington Valley (CT) Ride**. Call Bob & Alice Sawyer (860)-673-1181 or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton Street, Salem, NJ 03079

August 3, 1996. **TNT, Team Northwest Tandemonium, Community Cycling Century**. Portland, OR (503) 293-1069

August 4, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Rhonda's Fast & Furious**

Ride. 6:00am. Richardson Bike Mart, Richardson, TX. Beat the heat and join Jim & Rhonda Hoyt on a fast-paced ride. 42-70 miles. 214/231-3993

August 4, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Mayhew PotLuck, Brunch, & Pool Ride**. 8:00am. 3041 Stanford, Plano, TX. 20-45 miles. RSVP by July 31 or you won't eat. Carroll & Bobbie Mayhew. 214/596-5251

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

August 9-11, 1996. **Colorado Tandems' Annual CTC Rockies Overnighter**. Somewhere in CO. Contact Andy & Kami White for the details, such as where, what time, and what to bring. Two days of riding in the Rockies! 303-494-3092

August 10, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Big John's Early!!! Breakfast Ride**. 6:30am. Meet @ the Albertson's located at the NE Corner of Main & Garden Ridge in Lewisville, TX. 52 miles. Breakfast in the middle. John & Becky Althaus, 214/221-3360.

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 10, 1996. **CATS, Chicago Area Tandem Society, Apple Pancake Ride**. Led by Stan and Betty Panek from Gurnee. Ride is about 47 miles with a breakfast planned. 9am (847) 244-7412.

August 10-11, 1996 **Second Annual PIGS Rally**. Coralville, IA. Beautiful rides including Hoover Presidential Museum & Coralville Reservoir area. Make your own hotel reservation: Iron Man Inn (319)-351-5049 or Hampton Inn (319)-351-6600. For information SASE to Marleen & Ed Hayek, 656 Valleybrook Drive SE, Cedar Rapids, IA 52403. (319)-366-4793

August 11, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Rhonda's Fast & Furious**



Ride. 6:00am. Richardson Bike Mart, Richardson, TX. Beat the heat and join Jim & Rhonda Hoyt on a fast-paced ride. 42-70 miles. 214/231-3993

August 11, 1996 **Dallas Double DATES Plano Cycling & Fitness Casual Ride.** 2:00pm. Plano Cycling & Fitness in Plano, TX. 20 miles, casual pace. Rick & Tammy Gurney, 214/423-4130

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 17-18. **Colorado Tandems' Southern CO Tour.** Woodland Park, Fairplay, Pine, & Deckers, CO. Contact Ray & Diane Edmonds, 719/685-9600 to sign on to this tour.

August 18, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Rhonda's Fast & Furious Ride.** 6:00am. Richardson Bike Mart, Richardson, TX. Beat the heat and join Jim & Rhonda Hoyt on a fast-paced ride. 42-70 miles. 214/231-3993

August 18, 1996. **Dallas Double DATES Dixon's Pre-HHH Warmup Ride.** 8:00am. Celina, TX Town Square. 82-mile ride to Gainesville, TX & back. Rick & Ann Dixon, 214/234-8871

August 18, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Campton Capers.** Campton, NH. Call Giff & Sally Kriebel @ 603-882-7043, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

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 24-25, 1996. **Colorado Tandems' Cucharas Pass Ride.** Colorado Springs, CO. This is an all pavement or pavement w/some dirt ride. Spend the night at Monument Lake Park. Contact Mike & Fawn Redmington for the important details. 719/391-0742

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

August 28-30, 1996. **TNT, Team Northwest Demonium Tandem Tour Puget Sound in the Summer.** Spend four (plus) days experiencing the sights and sounds of Puget Sound. We will cycle islands and the mainland, ride ferries, stay at B&B's (or camp), visit wineries and a homegrown brewery, sip lattes or Seattle's Best Coffee, eat at bakeries or a chocolate shop, and possibly even go to a zoo/aquarium! Contact Kim or David Rittenhouse (503) 635-2993 as soon as possible.

August 30-Sept 2, 1996. **Santana West Coast Tandem Rally.** San Luis Obispo. All-suites hotel with spas, complimentary evening cocktails & unlimited made-to-order breakfasts. Oh, yes, we will ride too. Limited to 150 teams. Santana Cycles, Box 206, La Verne, CA 91750

August 30-September 2, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Smugglers Notch Weekend.** Jeffersonville, VT. Call or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079 (603)-898-5285

September 2-6, 1996 **MTR 96 Door County Aftertour.** Tour the famous Door County Peninsula. Great riding, terrific scenery, outstanding food, & excellent accommodations combine to make this an event you won't want to miss! Four nights lodging, five meals, maps & que sheets, ride leaders, luggage transport, T-shirts & surprises. Participation is limited. SASE to S. Cannon, 1305 Mayside, Oklahoma City, OK 73127-7011. (405) 354-8412, e-mail suzcan@aol.com



September 5-8, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Acadia Park Weekend.** Bar Harbor, ME. Call Don & Carolyn Lane @ (603)-893-4766, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

September 7-8, 1996. **Colorado Tandems' Ride Through Phantom Canyon** Overnight in Victor. Contact Mike and Fawn Remington to sign on. 719/391-0742

September 8, 1996. **Ann Arbor (MI) Tandemists Ride.** Dexter, MI. Depart from Dexter, HS, 10 am. 45 to 60 miles. Maps provided. Lunch will be at a restaurant along the route. Contact Steu & Lucy White, 509 Bruce, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313) 996-2974

September 14, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Return to West Hartford.** West Hartford, CT. Call Joyce and Paul Swanke @ (860)-561-2686 or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

September 15, 1996. **Ann Arbor (MI) Tandemists Ride.** Manchester, MI. Depart from downtown Manchester, 10 am. 45 to 60 miles. Maps provided. Lunch will be at a restaurant along the route. Contact John & Joanne Phibbs, 1221 Creal Crescent, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313) 663-5809

September 15, 1996. **Colorado Tandems' Ice Cream Ride.** Loveland to Lyons, with a short stop at a homemade ice cream shoppe. 303/663-6227 (Bob & Sue George)

September 21, 1996. **CATS, Chicago Area Tandem Society, Glacial Run.** Michael and Priscilla Lynch. Lunch is planned on a 45 mile route that leaves at 9am. (312) 238-8535

September 22, 1996. **Ann Arbor (MI) Tandemists Ride.** Saline, MI. Depart from the municipal parking lot, 10 am. 45 to 60 miles. Maps provided. Lunch will be at a restaurant along the route. Contact Steve and Diana Lansky, 1912 Covington, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313) 663-0347

September 27-29, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Weekend at Martha's Vineyard.** Falmouth, MA. Call George &



Rosemary Milewski @ (508)-693-0798, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

September 28, 1996. **GREATER ROCHESTER EATING AND TANDEM SOCIETY (GREAT Society) Erie Canal Century.** 8:00 a.m., Rochester, NY. 100 miles with shorter options. Call Penny Gill-Stuart or Craig Stuart @ 716-328-8781 for directions and information.

September 29, 1996. **Ann Arbor (MI) Tandemists Ride.** Chelsea, MI. Depart from parking lot @ corner of M52&US12, south of Downtown, 10 am. 45 to 60 miles. Maps provided. Lunch will be at a restaurant along the route. Contact Chris & Casey Marble, 7695 Huron River Drive, Dexter, MI 48130 (313) 426-8694

October 4-6, 1996. **Louisiana Tandem Weekend.** Ride the heart of Cajun Country around Lafayette, LA. Joint Cajun Cyclists Bike Club for flat rides all three days, eating great food,

touring botanical gardens an antebellum home tour, and a lot of fun. Limited to the first 50. SASE to Chris & Kathy Daigle, 208 Bismark Dr, Broussard, LA 70518 (318) 837-8034

October 4-6, 1996. **Santana Vermont Tandem Rally.** Champlain Valley, VT. Headquarters in the Basin Harbon Inn on the east shore of Lake Champlain. PreRegistration required. Santana Cycles, Box 206, La Verne, CA 91750

October 5, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Leap to Lexington.** Lexington, MA. Call Bob & Ruth Sawyer @ (617)-862- 6517, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

October 4, 1996. **Colorado Tandems' Ft. Collins Ride.** Contact Randy and Edie Stout, 970/482-2268 for starting time and place.

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

October 11-13, 1996. **Fall Allegheny Rally for Tandems (FART III)** Off-road MTB Weekend for tandems in Allegheny State Park, Salamanca, NY. Rustic accommodations or camping. All meals on your own except Saturday night dinner. Riding XC ski trails and horse trails. Technically not difficult, but be prepared to climb. For more info, call Karen or Brian Managan, 1134 Wall Road, Webster, NY 14580 (716)-872-1751 or e-mail to hey_managan@mlstand.com. Registrations must be made by July 6, so don't delay!!

October 12 & 13, 1996. **CATS, Chicago Area Tandem Society, Overnight to Indiana.** Ride in Indiana around the New Castel, IN area led by Bruce and Beth Bailey (317) 378-3469.

October 26, 1996. **CATS, Chicago Area Tandem Society, Chili Pumpkin Patch Ride.** Led by Tom and Sherry Masters from the Barrinton area (847) 358-7797.

November 9, 1996 **Tandem Bicyclists of New England (T-BONE) Boxford Ride.** Boxford, MA. Call Anne & Emery Glass @ (617)-631-3239, or SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079

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

TANDEM RACES



TANDEM RACES -- 1996

June 2, 1996. **GS/Lancaster Criterium.** Lancaster, PA. Cash prizes & prems. Tandem class, of course! For more info, SASE to Brad Ober, 717-399-8380, 432 West Lemon Street, Apt 3, Lancaster, PA 17063.

July 4, 1997. **20th Annual Z-WORLD ENGINEERING CRITERIUM.** Davis, CA. Co-sponsored by Davis Food Co-op and Davis Bike Club. USCF Rules. Tandem class limited to 50 tandems. Start time@1:55pm PDT. \$250.00 first price. For more info, SASE to Davis Bike Club 4th of July Criterium, P.O. Box 73526, Davis, CA 95617 or call Ray Spore @ (916)-758-5554 (days)

October 13, 1996. **Cuesta College Biathlon.** San Luis Obispo, CA.

Run/Bike. Tandem Class! For more information, send a SASE to Cuesta College, P.O. Box 8106, San Luis Obispo, CA 93403 (805)- 546-3207. Ask for the '96 Biathlon Brochure.

Send your race listings to the DoubleTalk Editors Now!

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

Please limit your race listings to those events with distinct Tandem Classes. Thanks -- the Editors



CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: Trek T50 Tandem. Blue, 22" frame, 21-speed. Never used. Paid \$1400, Will sacrifice for \$1000. Greg Abeyti, 222-E Haltern, Glendora, CA 91740. (818)-335-8190. 7/96

FOR SALE: 1995 Montague TriFrame Folding tandem, complete with Airliner Case. Available with drop bars and bar-end shifters or mountain bars with GripShift. Cages, rack, extra tires. Used for one great trip of Italy! \$2800US for all. Steve or Suzan Sery (604)-828-2038 (BC, Canada). E-mail to serys@netshop.net 7/96

FOR SALE: 1990 Cannondale Road, 23x19. Red. Deore & Deore XT derailleurs. Specialized crankset. Front & rear racks, cages. Excellent condition. \$1950US. Steve or Suzan Sery (604)-828-2038 (BC, Canada). E-mail to serys@netshop.net 7/96

FOR SALE: The ULTIMATE TRIPLET! 1995 Litespeed custom triplet, polished titanium frameset, setup with ATB bars, Shimano XTR gruppo, child stoker adjustable center crank (not a conversion, the crank adjusts up and down), 47 pounds total. size is 20x19. We paid over \$17,000. Offers? Jack Finucan, 407/884-6194 (FL) 7/96

FOR SALE: Rodriguez Tandem, steel-brazed 58cm frameset, computer, rear drag brake, new condition, with less than 2000 miles. \$1995. Call 618/654-6740. (IL) 7/96

FOR SALE: 1 of a kind Santana. It was one of the prototypes for the direct lateral frame. 23.5x21.5. Sonoma Burgundy, Phil Wood hubs & BB's. Arai drum brake, TA cranks (165x170). Old-style XT cantilevers, XT rear derailleurs, front & rear racks (painted to match the frame). Excellent condition. \$1800. Bonny@(516)-842-9088 EST 6pm to 11:30pm (NY) 7/96

FOR SALE: Classic '73 Gitane Mens/Mixte. 23x21. Beautiful metallic green. Shimano Index System. LX derailleur and barcons. Cantilever & drum brake. Computer installed. Bag, pump, bottles & tools included. Ideal

bike for short stoker. Still looks good and is fun to ride. \$490. Jim Seymour. 770/476-5198 (GA) 7/96

FOR SALE: 1991 Santana Sovereign. 56x53. Lumina Red metallic paint; Shimano Deore derailleurs and barcons. Scott-Pedersen SE brakes. Phil Wood hubs. 48-spoke wheels. Adjustable stoker stem. Stoker hydrapost. Arai drum brake. Blackburn rear rack & bottle cages. Asking \$2475. Call Lee or Gail @ (516)-271-0208 (NY) 7/96

FOR SALE: 1988 Santana Elan road tandem, 50x47. Excellent condition. Drivetrain upgraded in late '94. Sealed hubs & BB. Shimano Index System (SIS) 21-speed barcons. \$1250. Call Gary, (516)-536-5152 (NY) 7/96

FOR SALE: Santana Crono, purchased new from Tandems, Ltd in 1990. 50x47 frame. Excellent condition. Silver blue color with ATB bars and GripShift. Phil Wood BB's & disk brake & two sets of wheels (one with Phil Wood hubs). Shimano XTR derailleurs. Blackburn rack, Brooks saddles, Chris King H/S & more! Jerry & Leslie Cooper. Ph: (419)-893-2634 (OH) afternoons before 8:00 pm or e-mail to 72764.24@compuserve.com. Asking \$1000. 7/96

FOR SALE: Much loved Sterling Tandem. Jade Green Metallic, 25x20. Stronglight Cranks, 175x165. Shimano 7-speed Barcons and Arai drum brake. Perfect tandem for a tall captain and a petite stoker. Asking \$1800. John Hodgkins @ (205)-324-0235 or e-mail to JRHodgkins@aol.com (AL) 7/96

FOR SALE: 1985 Santana Sovereign, 23.5x22.5. Metallic Grey, Shimano derailleurs, bar-end shifters, Phil Wood hubs, 48-spoke wheels, great condition, \$1500. Bob & Marianne Gooding, North Canton, OH (330)-499-0977 7/96

FOR SALE: Must sell 21"x19" Kuwahara tandem, Blue paint, complete with Burley Kiddy

conversion kit. Hydraulic brakes, upgraded to 21-speeds with Shimano XTR. 2 sets of wheels included, 36 & 48 spoke. \$1100 OBO. Also have a Kestrel single. Call for details. Matt @ 603-675-6690. NH 9/96

FOR SALE: 1983 Melton tandem, 21x19" marathon frame. Phil Wood hubs and BB's. 48-spoke Super Champion rims (27"). Sugino AT triple cranks, Shimano SIS barcons, Shimano XT derailleurs, Shimano 6-speed f/w, Dia Compe cantilevers. Two-tone custom paint by Skip Hujsak. Much more! Great condition for a tandem new in '83. \$900+freight. David Elliott, (419)-878-8166 or c_david_elliott@msn.com (OH) 9/96

FOR SALE: Collector's special: Soantana Sovereign, classic fillet-brazed Columbus premium tandem frameset (comparable bike today is \$4300). Flawless condition, 59x56, Candy Apple Red paint. Asking \$2500. (602)-759-5851 (AZ) 9/96

FOR SALE: Santana child stoker kit. Includes sealed BB, short cranks, chainrings, and chain. \$125. Lance Kidd, (217)-546-1698 (IL) 7/96

FOR SALE: Tandem stuff--Shimano Deore crankset, 175x175. Like new, \$145.00. TA crankset, 170x150! (for a short-legged stoker). Make offer. 27" rear wheel, 48-spoke 4-X, sealed bearing, doublethreaded hubs (Suzue Sealed-Tech). Less than 100 miles. \$70.00. Time Equipe Magnesium pedals. Ti axle. The best pedals for your knees. With or without shoes \$85.00. Or make an offer on any or all items listed. Might even consider a good trade! Matt Kurzrock, (310)-541-1456 or 541-6506 E-mail to MattKurz@aol.com (CA) 7/96

FOR SALE: Santana Child Stoker conversion kit. Very good condition. Kit includes adjustable bb/shell, crankset, and kid-sized handlebars. \$175+shipping. Our 10yr-old daughter has outgrown it!

Al Dargiel (312)-685-7708 after 7:00pm CDT (IL) 07/96



FOR SALE: Complete Santana Child Stoker conversion kit w/125mm crank arms, \$275.00. QBP Crank Shorteners, \$70.00. Burley Trailer, \$200.00. Jesse or Pam Finney @910-292-9974 or jlfinn@aol.com (NC) 09/96

FOR SALE Sugino GT Tandem Crankset w/Chainrings, \$100.00. 2pr Miche Italian Road Pedals, all 4 pedals, \$20.00. 2pr Wellgo MTB Pedals, new takeoffs, all 4 pedals, \$15.00. Profile Aero II clip-on bars w/extra pads, \$30.00. Suntour Microlite Bottom Bracket 68x118, new, \$25.00. Ritchey Logic Headset, o/s bearings, 1", \$10.00. 2pr Shimano STX cantilevers, new take-offs, \$20.00. Mafac double cable brake levers, \$10.pr. Shimano 7-sp Cassette, 11-28, new, \$20.00. Suntor XCEXpert frt der. for Microdrive, new, \$15.00. Shimano 600 6speed freewheel, 13-30, new, \$20. Bob @ (716)-352-1906 after 6pm EDT (NY) 09/96

FOR SALE: Complete Santana Child Convaersion Kit: Bolt-on shell & Bottom Bracket, 125mm crankarms w/42t Chainring, 42t Chainring, Chain, Bolts & Spacers, Child Stoker

Stem (10" to fit 26.0mm seatpost, Child size handlebars, 36cm, & a copy of my DoubleTalk Magazine article on "Installing a Child Conversion (or How to Kick Mom Off the Tandem). \$250.00. Please call (713)-992-2023 after 6pm CDT. (TX) 09/96

FOR SALE: Burley child stoker kit in excellent conditon. \$100.00 plus shipping. Bob or Betsey Bullard, (601)-868-6353 or e-mail to rbullard@datasync.com (MS) 09/96

FOR SALE: Thule tandem carrier \$200 or best offer. Call (201) 848-1813, ask for Dick or Jane. (DC) 09/96

WANTED: Tandem captain/partner to join me on RAGBRAI'96 on my Santana Sovereign (59x53) or yours. Ride with Team Skunk. Ride fast, eat lots, have fun with great people. Interested? Call Laura Oftedahl (617)-923-7768 (MA) before 9:00pm EST 7/96

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

HELP OFFERED: Touring in Southern France? We can offer suggestions, especially on the French Riviera & Provence. Contact Smith DOSS & Claud MONNIER, 1809 Avenue Rhin et Danube, Villa La Musarde, 06140 VENCE FRANCE. Tel: (33).93.58.61.66 before 10pm local time (EST+6hrs). E-mail to DEHTPVXK@IBMMAIL.COM

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.

TCA DEALER MEMBERS

Tandem Dealers

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

TANDEM'S, LIMITED. Free Catalog. Stocking America's finest tandems/parts. Call to discuss wheels, kidbacks, upgrades or tour support. Test rides by appointment. 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430. (205)-991-5519 e-mail: tandems@mindspring.com 09/96 (431)

CYCLE CELLAR Stocking Santana & Ibis tandems & many parts. Expert

repairs and wheel building. 220 Felch Street, Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313)-769-1115 09/96

TANDEM'S EAST Burley, Bushnell, Cannondale, Montague, Co-Motion, Sterling. Wheel building service, child conversions, parts, advise. Test rides by appointment. 86 Gwynwood Drive, Pittsgrove, NJ 08318. V (609)-451-5104 F (609)-453-8626 E-mail tandemwiz@aol.com 11/96

ORIGAMI TRAVELBIKES. Folding and travel bicycles, trailers, and cases. Green Gear Tandem Two'sday, Montague TriFrame tandems in stock for test rides. POB 1867, West Sacramento, CA 95691 (916)-373-0039 11/96

BORTHWICK FRAMESETS. Custom tandem frames built specifically to the individual rider's needs. A custom

built measuring fixture is used to insure proper sizing. 214 Rainbow Drive, Marshalltown, IA 50158. (515)-752-3208 11/96

GEAR-TO-GO. Central and western New York and Northern PA's source for Santana. Tandems in stock, available for test rides. Open by appointment. 850 W. Clinton St., Elmira, NY 14905. (607)-732-4859. E-mail to Shapiro_r@CJnet@corning.com 1/97

BENT'S SCHWINN CYCLERY & FITNESS Sacrifice Trek T200 (Deore XT, Look) \$1399, Trek T100 (Deore LX/XT) \$1099. Also Santana, Cannondale. Steve & Vicki Bent. Active tandemists since 1977. Lakeland, FL (941)-688-1662. 1/97 (585)

ERICKSON CYCLES - The world's best tandems! Custom-fit, handbuilt, and



beautiful! Production models available. 6119 Brooklyn Avenue NE, Seattle, WA 98115 (206)-527-5259 voice; (206)-527-0701 fax; GlennEBike@aol.com. 1/97

TOTALLY TANDEM! Your one-call source for the best tandem parts, precision-built wheels, hard-to-find parts, expert advice. FREE CATALOG! 1-800-255-0576 or tandems@netins.net. TOTALLY TANDEM, INC., P.O. Box 702, Ames, IA 50010-0702. 05/97 (11324)

TANDEM DEPOT Choose tandems from five of the finest USA manufacturers. Triplets, too. Rentals available. Call Sue Pavlat, 24 hour mixed tandem record holder for an appointment. (810)-545-5778. Royal Oak, MI 5/97 (52685)

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Other Dealer Members

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

T-SHIRT QUILTS Preserve your memories! Custom-made keepsake quilts from your souvenir T-shirts. Call Margaret Thatcher, 1-800-337-8771 (11/96)

SPECIAL SALE: Riders wanting comfort. HALO BIKE SADDLE featured in BikeNashbar; Internet. Femal & new male models, \$55/pr. Letherette. Satisfaction guaranteed. PVS for Fitness, 676-A Front St., Hempstead, NY 11550. (516)-485-3784 (11/96)

AMERICA BY BICYCLE - Cycle fully-supported California to Maine, down the Mississippi, or choose one of 7 one week cross state tours. Free Brochure.

Box 805-T, Atkinson, NH 03811-0805 (603)-362-4527
http://www.abbike.com 1/97 (11399)

BYCUE Cue Sheet holder. Easily clips on/off handlebar. \$8.95. Tie-Dyed Rainbow Swirl short sleeve tee. 3 rear pockets. 100% pre-shrunk cotton. \$23. S-M-L-XL-XXL. Visa/MC. (800)-522-2640 ro BYCUE, Box 14152, Silver Spring, MD 20911-4152 1/97

ERICKSON CYCLE TOURS Spirited tours lead by Glenn Erickson, nationally acclaimed tandem frame-builder. France, Italy, Switzerland, 6119 Brooklyn Avenue NE, Seattle WA 98115. ph: (206)-524-7731 voice, (206)-527-0701 fax, e-mail: GlennEBike@aol.com 1/97

BROOKS SADDLES Wallingford Bicycle Parts is your source for these fine traditional leather saddles. Sprung and unsprung models in stock. Catalog. POB 31775, Seattle, WA 98103. (206)-548-9091 bikeparts@halcyon.com 5/97

SMUGGLERS' NOTCH INN Escape to a 200-year-old, 11-room, romantic, relaxing, Vermont Country Inn. Private baths, Lounge, fireplace, restaurant, outdoorhottub, pool. Great cycling, scenic rural area. (800)-845-3101 smuggin@pwshift.com 5/97

ACORN INN Bed and Breakfast: Discover Central Virginia's rural beauty with tandem-riding hosts. Ten bedroom renovated stable; cottage. Near Blue Ridge Parkway, historic Charlottesville. Ideal for groups. Delicious breakfasts. (804)-361-9357. 05/97 (4985)

ALAMO BICYCLE TOURING COMPANY. Weekend/weeklong bicycle tours of the California Coast, featuring Big Sur, Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, and Catalina areas. (800)-540-BIKE (2543) or ABTC, 1108 Vista Lago, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405 alamobike@aol.com 07/97 (11325)

Become a TCA Dealer Member! A \$45.00 membership gives you a one-year membership in the Tandem Club of America, six issues of DoubleTalk, and a 30-word classified ad in each issue of DoubleTalk while you are a

member. Send a SASE to Jack and Susan Goertz, Editors, DoubleTalk, 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL 35242-4430 for full information on the TCA Dealer Member Program.

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.

Dues

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

All dues are quoted (and must be paid) in
US Dollars

2 and 3 year memberships are encouraged

Membership

Please fill out the membership form below and
mail

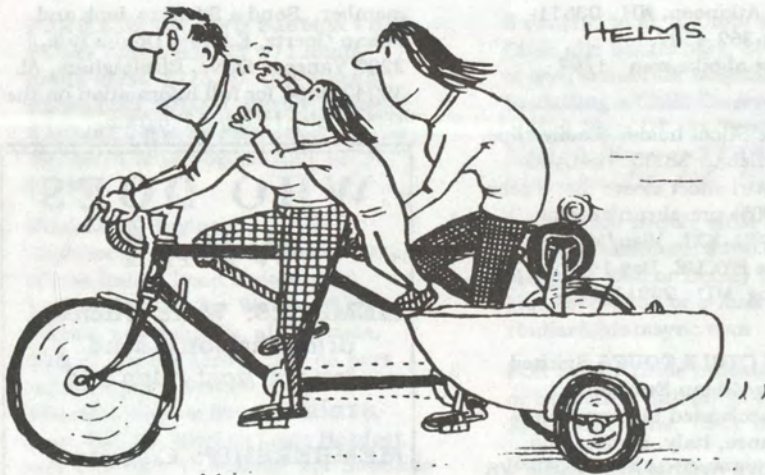
with a check made payable (in US funds) to:

Tandem Club of America

Bruce & Judi Bachelder

306 W Union St

Morganton, NC 28655-3729



"OVER to the left a bit."

TCA MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / RENEWAL

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

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

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

City, State, ZIP: _____

Phone (Including Area Code): _____

Tandem Make: _____ Year: _____

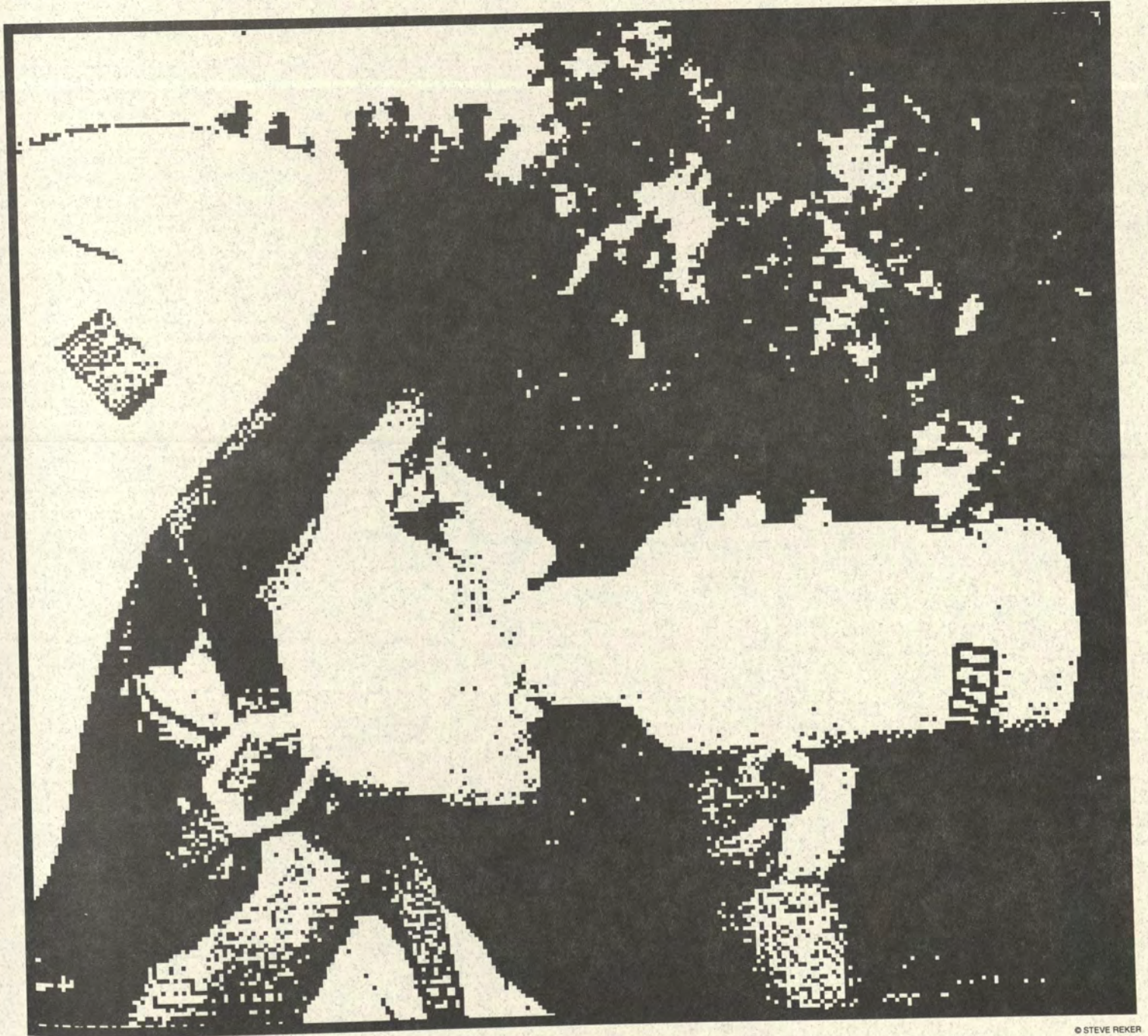
Color: _____ Style: _____

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

(Multiple-year memberships, 3 year maximum, are accepted at Dues Rate X Number of Years)

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

THE LAST PAGE



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"INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF TANDEM ENTHUSIASTS"



TANDEM CLUB OF AMERICA
Membership: TCA, 306 W. Union St., Morganton, NC 28655-3729

Name _____

Phone _____

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