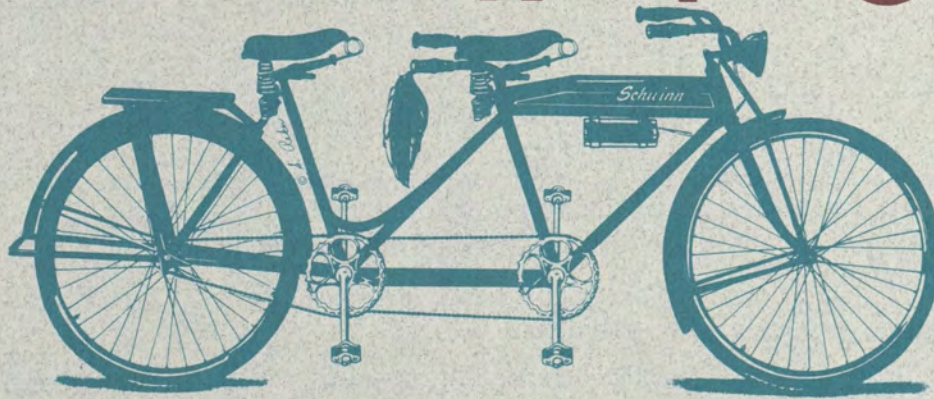


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DOUBLETALK



JANUARY - FEBRUARY
1997

DoubleTalk

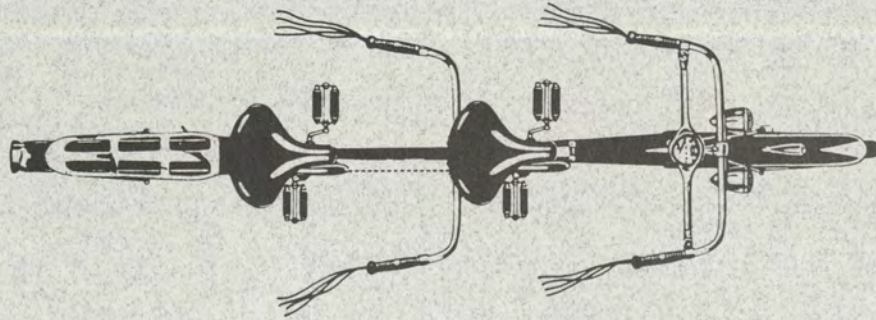
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Jack & Susan Goertz, Editors
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DOUBLE TALK

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DEADLINE FOR THE MARCH- APRIL, 1997 ISSUE OF DOUBLETALK IS FEBRUARY 1, 1997

FROM THE EDITORS

A new year is upon us. Next month you will be receiving your annual membership list. This means it's time to check the label right now and make sure your name/address is correct, and that you have at least one issue remaining! Everyone receiving this issue as a member will receive the membership list. During this past year we had a few problems, and some members' names were inadvertently omitted. We hope we have solved that problem, and every member's name will be listed in the proper city and state. Of course, the Hospitality Homes indicator will be listed, too.

A special thanks goes to TCA member Roger Strauss of Atlanta. Roger has volunteered his time to be the TCA Webmaster for the new TCA Home Page on the World Wide Web. While other TCA members have volunteered to establish TCA Home Pages in the past, Roger's offer came at a time when we were ready and able to add another benefit to TCA members worldwide. If you have access to the Internet and have a Web Browser such as Netscape or the Internet Explorer, point it to <http://www.mindspring.com/~strauss/tca.html>. This URL is case-sensitive, so enter the address in lower case. The page won't replace DoubleTalk, but rather will be an added source for quick information and for a membership form or merchandise order form, or for a "quick fix" of an article or two from the last issue of DoubleTalk. There's also a link directly to us (the editors) from the page so you can send Letters and Comments quickly and easily. We also want to list a new e-mail address for the Tandem Club of America. The TCA can be reached at tca_of_a@mindspring.com. We tried for a shorter version, but our provider asked us to select another.

This separate address will allow us to keep TCA mail and questions separate from our growing personal mail. Don't worry, though, about sending it to our older address (other than the e-mail address with "UAB" in it -- please delete that one from your address books), as we will get your message and we will respond. We're not deleting any mailboxes, we're just adding more ways for you to easily contact us. Neither the Web Page nor the mailbox is costing the Tandem Club a cent, either! Thanks to those members who are making this possible!

All of you who've been able to submit your articles to us on diskette or via e-mail make our jobs much easier, and it also makes it much quicker for you to see your article in print. We do ask, though, that all submissions to DoubleTalk, whether in hard-copy or electronic format, are intended for publication, and that we have the proper permission to publish your articles. With the widespread use of the Internet and Internet news groups such as tandem@hobbes, it is very easy to submit an article to us without the author's knowledge or permission to publish it in DoubleTalk. We make every attempt to verify that we have the proper permission before publishing any article, but occasionally we mistakenly publish an article without the author's express permission. We do not condone this practice, and we apologize to any author who feels their article was published without their knowledge or consent.

There are lots of good rallies already listed in our Calendar pages. Use the calendar to plan your vacation. Rallies are a great way to meet and ride with other tandemists throughout the world, and they are a lot of fun! We'll be at many of them in 1997, and we hope to see you there, too!

Take care, and we'll see you on the road!



LETTERS TO DOUBLETALK

Dear DoubleTalk,

It was a weekday club ride, but one that my wife and co-pilot couldn't make. The night was warm and the company good. I slipped the pedals off the stoker cranks and jointed the crowd, riding the tandem as a single. At the 8 mile mark, an observant pedestrian noted aloud that someone was missing back there. I assured him he was mildly mistaken, and that I was carrying a ghost behind me. He replied that he didn't think that was a good idea.

Wally (& Carol) Retan
Birmingham, AL

Dear DoubleTalk,

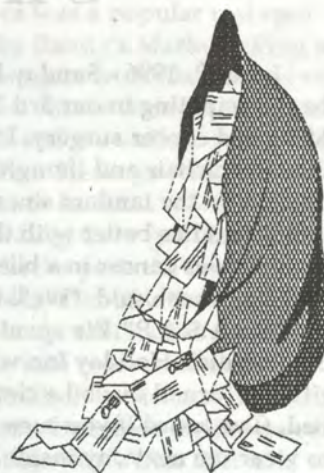
Right now we are healing together. It all goes back to Sunday 10 November. We were on our "post Church" ride and it was a glorious day with sunshine and puffy clouds. We had just climbed the last real grade on our 25 mile course and took our alternate route so we could go to the bank on the way home. We started down the hill picking up speed as we traveled. I was on the nice newly paved shoulder and the light ahead had just turned green. I don't remember how fast we were going (normal is around 30mph) but suddenly a car approached from the left lane making a turn. I tried a left to get behind him but his car hit my front wheel and that is where memory ends.

I remember feeling cold as the ambulance attendants cut off my jersey, tights, etcetera. In a split second we went from being tandemists to statistics. It was a "hit and run" accident as I learned later in the emergency room of the hospital. They reset my dislocated shoulder and I screamed in pain. The rest was a blur of doctors, technicians, nurses, all punctuated by the one question: where was Linda?

They kept telling me that she was okay at Dover General Hospital. However, I know that they "don't tell you bad news." Finally they got her on the phone and I relaxed hearing her voice.

It's early Wednesday morning as I write this and a lot has changed. Simple, normal, every-day

activities are hard and painful. We have to work as a team to get dressed, prepare meals, even going to the toilet is a chore. What happened, what went wrong? Those questions fill my mind. So, on this cold morning I want to tell all of you what I learned.



1. Intersections are dangerous. Okay, that is obvious but I had come to treat them as a car driver, not as a tandemist.
2. Speed kills. Yep, that thing that we love and use as a measurement is that thing that can kill us - at 30 mph I could not stop fast enough to avoid this accident, nor could I get over fast enough. There are areas where we can go 45+ and not have a problem and there are areas where we can only go slowly to avoid crashing.
3. Helmets work. I know that sounds obvious, but there are still tandemists riding without helmets. Without our helmets we would have been more seriously injured or even dead. Even if it is not legally "required," riding without a helmet is deadly foolish.

We're now facing another kind of "hill climb," that of recovering our shattered health. We will have visible and invisible scars for the rest of our lives from this moment. Hopefully we will have learned from them and never do it again. Oh yes, we do plan to get the tandem fixed and ride again, only with a little more respect for the road and intersections.

George & Linda Wells



TRIRI '96 SHARING A MIRACLE

June 23, 1996 - Sunday Mike and I are blessed to be participating in our 3rd TRIRI. Eight months ago Mike had cancer surgery. I was pushing him around in a wheelchair and thought I would have to be the captain on the tandem since he lost so much weight and it handles better with the heavier person up front. It was cancer in a bile duct, but Dr. Jesseph and Dr. Ghosh said, "We'll have him back on that tandem A.S.A.P." We spent Saturday night in Shelbyville's Holiday Inn where I practiced a new ritual. I turned our bike clothes inside out before bed. (I've heard if you turn the clothes you're going to wear the next day inside out you'll have the weather you want.) We didn't want to be a part of this years Wet Fanny Club and it worked!

We left our truck at Shelbyville's Fairgrounds and started pedaling at 7:30 am. For the first 15 minutes all we could hear was the click of toe clips and shifting chains as several bikes whizzed past us like they were on fast forward. Time flew for the first 20 miles as we chatted with friendly bikers. There

had been a storm the evening before and we saw wind damage between Flat Rock and Edinburg. A lot of huge soft maple trees had been uprooted and residents were out cleaning up and waving as we went by. We stopped at Brown's Regal Market in Edinburg to buy sandwiches for a picnic lunch later. Market employees told stories of how scared they had gotten during the storm. Next stop was near Nineveh for a look at Camp Attebury's Outdoor Military Equipment Museum. We were greeted by an eight year old boy, a stoker on his Dad's tandem. Then he went on to explain that we were at a training ground I advised him not to get that kind of training. He told me a neighbor girl was going into

CLUB (& OTHER) NOTES

CORRECTION!

Midwest Tandem Rally is Labor Day weekend - August 29 to September 1, 1997. Please mark your calendars and plan to attend.

T-BONES

We are now preparing the 1997 Ride Schedule for T-BONES (Tandem Bicyclists of New England). Anyone who wants to offer a T-BONE ride should send pertinent details to Linda & Bob Harvey, 16 Clinton St, Salen, NJH 03079-2052. Ph (603) 898-5285. T-BONE Ride schedule subscriptions are \$3.00. Please send a check, payable to Linda Harvey, to the above address.

Does your tandem group have a club note?
Send it to the editors for inclusion here.

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.



military training. Horrors! Now we have girls thinking this is the way to be a good man.

We biked on to Sweetwater Lake and Gatesville with vistas which took your breath away and made you feel like you're a million miles away. We stopped at Gatesville's shelter house for lunch. Noon time found us biking into Brown County State Park with 50 miles behind us.

We retrieved our luggage from the semi and set up our tent on the west side of the pool in shade. The pool cooled us and we took long naps. 5 pm was Piranha Hour with a line for food that reached to Mars. White Mountain Ice Cream Shop served our favorite ice cream and Mark Nolin entertained us with a blend of folk and soft rock music from the 60's and 70's.

Monday - A deer awakened us at 2 am. By 4:08 am we were packing when we heard rain. We rested for 20 minutes while the storm passed on. We had breakfast under tents by the pool and by 6 am we left Brown County Park and headed east on SR 46, and we were surprised that so many cars were out so early. We pointed out the famous Stone Head Marker to several out of town bikers. Story Inn



provided a nice rest stop with two petable cats and a dog. Next stop was Mowrey's Freetown grocery. We gulped down juice and applied more sunscreen. The sticky heat in the non-air conditioned store provided free sweat baths. Medora was a popular rest spot where elderly men sat by Randy's Market telling war stories. Inside, ostrich burgers were for sale but we passed the offer. The Fort Ritner General Store made us sandwiches for lunch and we walked across the street to dine in Fort Ritner Heritage Park. Bikers complained that bath room facilities were limited this year because of flooding. Corn got planted late and is only ankle high. In the past, the corn, was at least waist high. There was a lot of talk about how farmers were crying because rain had stopped their planting. I told them the rain represents tears of parents that have lost children to violence and drugs. And the floods have come to cleanse the hearts of those who looked the other way. After that talk, we biked over Devil's Backbone. How appropriate! What a view!

With 60 miles behind us, we arrived at Spring Mill Park at noon. A small oak tree offered us a cool shade spot for our tent. Late bikers were stuck in the



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sun. McDuffs served a catered dinner in the campground. The food line reached to Venus this time while lined up bikers swapped stories about carboloading and derailleurs. Returning to our tent we found that vampire bugs had tried to fill it up. Mosquitoes get on our nerves! The dizzy way they zip around, their high-pitched buzz, their pesky size...is just plain annoying!

Tuesday. At 4:15 am our watch alarm went off. One eye opened and the other one didn't; I'm Mrs. Allergy face today with one swollen eye lid from the high pollen count, and my lower lip is swollen from too much sun. The third day is always the worst! We biked to Spring Mill Inn for breakfast. There I was, looking like road kill, and Joe Anderson, one of the ride organizers, decides to take our picture. Another early start for an 81 mile ride to Clifty Falls State Park. The day was full of sights and smells, first we saw a dead coyote along the road and we wondered if Joe planted it there as a scenic attraction. Then the sweet aroma of honeysuckle was suddenly overpowered by the smell of skunks, twice, and later the smell of pigs. We stopped in Salem for a mid-morning snack at McDonalds. Several Amish families were out watching and waving at bikers as they wound through New Philadelphia. It was very refreshing to see people who turned their backs to power to do their work. Back on our bikes after lunch we were joined by an energetic black Benji type dog. This dog ran along side bikers for six miles into Lexington. Some worried that he would get hit by a car but Mike thought we should eat his brand of dog food for energy. We settled for eating ice cream treats at a Dairy Queen. Chicken Run Road took us to SR 62 where we entered Clifty Falls Park. Our shady camp spot close to a bluebird house with five eggs inside which Mama and Poppa visited often. McDuff's Catering truck broke down on SR 65 but dinner was only delayed one hour. A riders meeting followed dinner at 7 pm and the Little Creek Bluegrass Band, from Paoli, Indiana provided evening entertainment. Then bikers with bodies limp and dead eyes staring into space lined up for showers. It had been a long day!

Wednesday - At last, a day of rest in Clifty Falls Park! On our way to Clifty Falls Inn, for breakfast, we rode past a deer with her fawn and a baby rabbit munching grass. Our table had a spectacular view of the lower part of the city of Madison. Our son, Tom, was working in the Madison area today so we rode



Mike & Beverly DeFord during TRIRI 1996

down Michigan Road into Madison to look for him. Michigan Road is a 1 1/2 mile scary and winding down hill. This kind of hill forces stokers to shut eyes tight, grip handlebars hard, and whine. Tom's co-worker told us he was over by Hanover College for the day. We just couldn't motivate ourselves to do an extra 20 miles so we ate lunch at the Upper Crust Restaurant with Sandy and Ron from Cloverdale, Indiana. Next we toured Linear Mansion and ran into more TRIRI friends, Mike and Jeanne Dolfin. Jeanne had been checking out Madison's Teddy Bear shop. SR 7 took us back to Clifty Falls Park, with the least effort and offered us a cool waterfall along the way.

Back at camp we found that someone had tied a clothesline to the bluebird house and the parent bluebirds were a nervous wreck. We quickly joined them. At least 28 people tried to tell us, as politely as possible, that we should put the clothesline



elsewhere. We needed a sign that said, "This is not our clothesline".

We were very impressed with our tent neighbor, Mary of Ohio. At age 70 she's enjoying TRIRI. This shows the tour is not just for dare devils and macho men, whole families can participate! There have been two people with us each day to give massages and today I just had to have a massage while Mike did laundry by hand. We took afternoon naps and dined on tasty food under tents by our campsites. There was a riders meeting and then Tammy Davis presented an excellent Naturalist Program on birds of prey.

Thursday. Once again we were on the tandem confronted with the stillness of nature in the early morning. At 6:30 am we were coasting down a big hill into Madison. The American Queen paddle boat had just arrived in town. I took a picture of Mike with five ladies from the boat crew that were dressed from another era. Just down the street, we found our son Tom getting ready to do his paper work for the day. Tom and his co-workers had a beautiful view of the 64 million dollar American Queen from their office at Miller Pipe Construction Co. We left Madison and pedaled along the Ohio River to the Historic town of Vevay. Today our attention was caught by the yard ornaments. It's very trendy to have a zoo in the yard. We saw bears, dinosaurs, squirrel, rabbits, pigs, cows, dogs, cats, and those shrimp colored flamingos. There were also black cut-outs of men leaning against trees, fishing, and waving. The most creative yard ornament was the upside down bicycle fork with a wheel and tire. We rode 39 miles for lunch at the Homestead Restaurant in Cross Plains. We discovered we'd left our new water bottle at the restaurant after 2.5 miles of up and down roller coaster hills. We decided the straps on our helmets must be so tight that blood is getting cut off from the brain and killing our cells. The hard part was explaining to 100 bikers, as we back tracked, that they weren't going the wrong way. Again we needed a sign to carry our message!

Going into Versailles, we found a Dairy Queen for our sweet treats of the day. We biked to Bushing Covered Bridge (1885) and walked our bike across. We didn't want to risk bending a rim. We entered Versailles State Park with 65 miles on the odometer. Luck was with us. We found a shady tent site by the pool where we swam and relaxed. We dined with



500 people under tents by Lake Versailles. Mike and I danced to Daniel Coy's country tunes. Besides inspiring the dancing by the end of the evening he had all of us singing Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer.

Friday - Walking our bike down to Versailles Lake for breakfast, I noticed that bikers needed all the spit they can get. Saliva was being used to tame cowlicks and curly hair, to remove orange juice stains from shirts, to clean sunglasses, to remove bird-doo from fanny packs, mud from shoes, and catsup from picnic table seats. Bikers have to do a lot of gross things! Then I parked the black Cannondale tandem by a wall and put a tiny scratch on the frame. The bike is 5 1/2 years old and just got its first scratch and spit didn't fade the spot.

We left Versailles State Park at 6 am. It was very cool for the first hour and the scenery was gorgeous! We came to a rest stop in Batesville and we appreciated the free snacks provided by the Batesville Chamber of Commerce. The air around Oldenburg "Village of Spires" and the Nun's Machaela Farm had a good feeling somehow. I think it was because I was feeling a "remnant of God's garment." We took a tour of the farm. Their herb and flower gardens were beautiful! Unusual too! At Matamora everyone got ice cream and made the ice cream shops rich. We pedaled through Peppertown and temperatures made us feel like we had been peppered. Our lunch stop was at Kelly's Store in New Fairfield and the store owners made us feel loved, their own home bath room plaque told us so. SR 101 made us nervous! These drivers were impatient, on their cellular phones, and in a hurry. There was no kindness on this road. We made it safely to Whitewater State Park at 12:50 pm with 63 miles. We set our tent close to the beach bath house. This bath house wins the award for the coldest showers I've ever experienced. After dinner, we listened to Barb and Joe present TRIRI in review. They pride themselves on knowing how high the hills were, whether a biker is at home or away, and a veteran or rookie. Then Walter came to chat and said he had a new tent this year, but we didn't see him in the tent the whole trip!

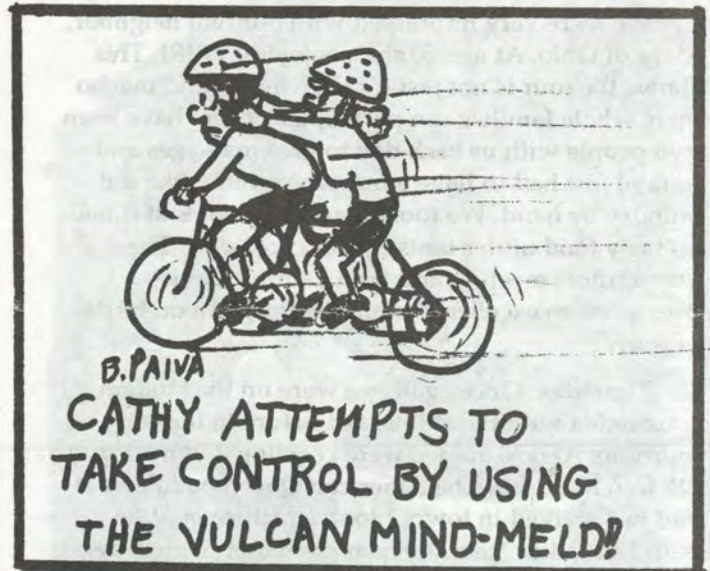
Saturday. Our first adventure was breakfast out on beautiful Whitewater Beach. We left the park for the 63 mile ride back to Shelbyville. This was the most humid day of all and we were tempted to stay



close to slow riders just to stay in their shade. We made a quick stop at a market in Connersville, where I put on more sunscreen and Mike had a cold orange juice. The next stop, for cold treats, was Andesonville's Pavay's Market. Just before the covered bridge in Moscow, we came upon a young biker who had crashed on a sharp downhill curve with gravel. Mike applied a bandage to stop the bleeding of his scraped arm but there was little we could do about the torn bike shorts. After expressing our sympathy, everyone was on their way again. We stopped at Moscow's craft festival and ate polish sausage sandwiches. Then we sat on a church lawn to watch the town parade with many nice antique cars and politicians throwing us candy. We made it to Shelbyville without even thinking about a sag wagon through the whole 408 miles. At one point, I did think my bike seat might have to be surgically removed but Mike was feeling great! It was as if we had taken a trip to Lourdes, town of France, where healing water flows. We picked up our baggage and once again we were amazed at how far apart two bags can get from each other!

Will we be back next year? Yaensureubetcha!

Mike & Beverly DeFord
Unionville, IN



TOURING THE FAR NORTHWEST

Becky and I returned from a memorable Northern British Columbia, Yukon, Alaska tour with worn out bodies AND tandem. Several consecutive days of rain on the Cassiar road with its gravel stretches left us and the bike covered in a gritty mud that at times made me think we would be unable to continue. The chain would slip badly and the shifting was so miserable we got behind our ambitious 90 mile a day pace at one point.

I had taken the heavy Arai drum brake off the bike 5 years ago and had used my modified Shimano disc on our Jack Taylor tandem when I felt I needed a third brake. I put the Arai back on the Sovereign due to the almost alarming reports of the steep descent into Skagway. As it turned out this descent had such a ferocious head wind I hardly needed ANY brakes but I did use the drag brake early in the tour. I was surprised to find that I had to adjust it

twice, moving the clamp over a half inch. I did use this brake heavily in the rain and grit and it was effective but I did not enjoy having another adjustment to do, even a simple one, under poor weather conditions when I was having enough to do just keeping the drive train operating. Do these brakes end up being relined at that wear rate?

Don't let my commiserating dissuade anyone from cycling southeast Alaska or even the Cassair road to the ALCAN highway. Most notably the Alaska state ferries make an excellent way to travel with your tandem with minimal hassle and great short day riding possibilities with great sight seeing at its many stops.

Bruce Perry
Davenport, Iowa



SAGBRAW 1996

Back from another wonderful trip across Wisconsin with my favorite stoker on our Trek T-100. This was the 4th year my 12 year old son Chris and I did SAGBRAW, a cross-state adventure once sponsored by a Milwaukee Newspaper and now by the Wheel & Sprocket bike shops. The ride takes the 450 riders from one gym to the next, trucking the luggage and offering a generous breakfast each day.

This year's ride was fairly short -- about 280 miles for the week -- but we decided it was just about right; even the 28 mile day was great because it meant more time for exploring the SportsCore Center where we stayed in Kohler, and also the village itself. The village owes much to a paternalistic gesture by the Kohler Plumbing Company in the early part of this century. It has now turned very upscale.

We started in Rhinelander (top center of state) and angled east to Antigo (potatoes), Kaukauna, Manitowoc, Kohler, ending in Cedarburg (northern Milwaukee suburb).

Road surfaces were excellent, hills were, at their worst, gentle, and winds were generally favorable. There were two tornado warnings, both of which I learned about hours after they had happened, although all the tent people in the group were herded into the school at 4 am one morning. We saw no rain during our hours of actual riding.

The first three days humidity was high, apparently the gift of some hurricane off Mexico and I was soaked -- drenched -- swimming in perspiration, enough so that I could leave a substantial puddle at every stop simply by wringing out the sweat band and tee-shirt. I thought it was purely because of being over-weight on warm, humid days, but another dad on a father/son tandem also complained of the same thing and he was not nearly a bulgey as I am. My son was putting in a lot of effort, probably as much as some adult stokers, so I wonder if this is a common problem with Captains.

Food on this trip was a cardiologist's delight: The Clintonville High School German Club provided us with huge portions of scrambled eggs with ham

alongside biscuits and sausage gravy; an enterprising dinner club in Kaukauna had a stretch limousine ferrying us to their tenderloin covered with cheese and bacon special; Maretti's Deli in Manitowoc put an excellent sausage and pepperoni pizza in front of us; and Mathew's Night Club in Clintonville had a pork tenderloin on sauerkraut and noodles.

The number of tandems continues to grow, much like the participation of mountain bikes crept up slowly a decade ago. Probably the majority were Treks (made here in Wisconsin) with a good representation of Cannondales, Burleys and Santanas, my favorite being the brand new purple Santana Sovereign with a father/son team.

Beside the interesting collection of l-o-n-g bikes, high points included the Great Wall of China (only section of the real Great Wall outside of China) in Clintonville, WI; a real submarine in a nice maritime museum in Manitowoc; a city band concert that came to "our" high school in Antigo (pie & ice cream social too); the planned environment of Kohler, WI (designed with the help of the Frank Lloyd Wright fellowship); the lack of agricultural "ambiance" until the last 2 - 3 days; and a pact with my son that kept us out of McDonald's and other fast food places.

Bob Seaquist
Onalaska, WI





AROUND THE WORLD

ED: We rejoin Charles & Lisa Chancellor on their around the world journey.

After a long flight from Singapore, we landed to more balmy weather in Auckland, New Zealand. We had very high expectations of New Zealand because of the positive reports from other cyclists. In fact, it has even been called a cyclist's paradise. Of the 3.6 million people in New Zealand, authorities say 1/3 of them live in the greater Auckland area. We were also told that Auckland has more boats per capita than any other large city in the world. Once people found out we were Americans they continually reminded us that the Kiwis beat the yanks for the America's Cup. We were often referred to as Yanks, and the first few times this happened I explained that we were Southerners and that Yankees or Yanks had a more narrow geographical meaning to us in the States. They could relate as they were proud of being from a particular region or either the north or south island.

Our first priority in Auckland was getting our rear rim fixed. We had first noticed it splitting a month ago in Malaysia, and we were able to nurse it to New Zealand where there would be comparable replacements we hoped. My first few calls to bike stores were not promising. We wanted a 48 hole rim, which is a little unusual since 36 hole rims are standard. We were referred to a gentleman who builds and works on tandems out of his garage. He just happened to have one slight used 48 hole rime that he did not mind parting with.

Even being a city of a million plus, we found Auckland to be friendly and a good place to cycle. It was during their respective dry seasons, and except for a few late afternoon showers, which we saw coming and easily waited out, we had enjoyed a very dry five months

We headed south from Auckland, which is toward the north end of the north island, and pedaled through some of the prettiest rolling farmland anywhere. We were on our way to the

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Rotorura areas, known for volcano and geyser activity and Maori culture events. The Maori people inhabited New Zealand when the Europeans arrived.

It was a beautiful morning when we started out, only 60 miles from Rotorura. We had hoped to arrive around 4 pm and get settled into a campground and plot a course of activities for the next couple of days. As we began climbing a mountain range we noticed clouds in the distance. Six miles later we reached the top of the mountain to see a wall of thick black clouds closing down on us. It looked rather unpleasant but we were in a national forest and no shelter was to be seen. After a short descent we began another long climb and the clouds opened up. It seemed like a flash flood as we pedaled upstream. We were instantly soaked, yet it was too warm to wear rain gear. We saw some hands waving to us from a passing pickup. The bed was filled with bikes and the riders were hunched against the cab. Lisa and I discussed whether we would hop in the back of a truck, if we were offered the opportunity. We continued climbing and what seemed like a sea of rain later we reached the top. It was getting cooler now so we put on dry tops and rain gear, and of course we had a snack. We were now only eight miles from Rotorura, and we talked about foregoing the campground for something drier. We were headed downhill finally, and except for the rain, which felt like needles penetrating our skin, all was well. We were enjoying the safety of a wide paved shoulder, when I noticed a red truck pull off in front of us. By the time we got there the driver, who goes by the name Slack, was motioning for us to pull over. He told us the rain was the edge of a cyclone heading this way, so we should get somewhere soon because the brunt of the storm was due in a few hours. Slack invited us to his home in the community of Rerewhakaaitu, which is near geyser fields and at the base of a volcano, Mt Terawara. It last erupted around 100 years ago.

The cyclone changed directions several times and lost momentum before finally coming to shore four days later. Because it was drastically weakened, the storm petered out completely before reaching the Rotorura area, but there were still strong winds and rain associated with the storm. While at Slack's the New Zealand cricket team was playing a series of matches against Zimbabwe. Being a avid player and fan Slack was glued to the television, and excited to have beginners to explain the game to. Like many



games to us, it turned out to be fun to play, but the pace was a little slow for us to enjoy watching it. In some cases a cricket match can last five days and then end in a draw.

In addition to watching cricket, we spent our time at Slack's hiking to and into the crater of Mt Terawara and helping out with such chores as milking cows, fixing fences and "killing a beast" (butchering a cow). One of the four year old milkers wasn't doing her duty so it was time for hamburger!

Slack, like so many Kiwis, has traveled abroad and extensively in New Zealand. He makes a habit out of picking up hitch hikers, bikers, or any travelers he meets, and taking them to his home for a warm bed and hot meal. His guest book is overflowing with addresses from all over the world. He enjoys the company and conversation. The fact that so many Kiwis travel helps make them receptive and hospitable toward folks traveling in their country. After many examples of hospitality and genuine friendliness, we understood why so many travelers, especially cyclists, raved about New Zealand.

We cycled from the town of Taupo, which is on the north end of a lake with the same name, 35 miles to the town of Tauangi, which is on the south side of the lake. According to the visitor center, Lake Taupo is the crater of the largest volcanic eruption in the last 5,000 years. The road was near the lake most of the way and made for a beautiful ride. The beaches along the lake are covered with pumice. Even softball size chunks floated in the lake until they became waterlogged.

We were very excited about being in Turangi, because it is one of the jumping off sites for the Tongariro Crossing trail, or trek as the locals call it. There are several large volcanoes together and this 12 mile hike winds through and around several of the craters. The trail offers a great deal of diversity as it starts in an arid, but vegetated area then climbs up and through old lava flows into a flat, desolate crater of the least active volcano. There is an optional spur trail up to the top of Mt Nagauruhoe, which was emitting a little steam. After walking by the smoky Red Crater and passing the Emerald and Blue lake, you cross through a hot spring area which is a popular place to soak tired feet. The trail descends after beautiful views of the surrounding mountains and ends in a lush forest.



This trek is considered by some to be the finest one day hike in New Zealand, and with that billing it is popular with tourists. My favorite part was the spur trail up to Mt Nagauruhoe. It is a tough steep climb, made difficult to walk because the surface is mostly marble size and smaller pieces of pumice and rock. With each step my foot sank, and slid back. It was similar to walking up a steep sand dune, but the material, or scree, was not as compact as sand. It took me over an hour to get to the top, and the reward was not only a beautiful view for mile sin all directions, but also seeing an almost perfect circle of volcanic craters. Coming down the crater was better than a ride at the amusement park! I ran down and with each step my foot completely sank and then I would slide two or three feet. The trip down the spur trail was worth the hike even if the view had not been wonderful. It had taken me an hour and 10 minutes to climb the spur trail and 20 minutes to slide through the scree to get back down. This may sound environmentally unfriendly, but it was the recommended method.

One of the more active volcanoes in the chain is named Ruapehu. It has been spewing gas and ashes in recent years. Schools in the nearby towns have volcano eruption drills and practice evacuation procedures. The largest New Zealand army (also called green machine) base is nearby and they do much of the evacuation work. Part of the drills include placing wet towels around doors and windows to try to keep the fine ash particles from getting into the building.

As I alluded to earlier, New Zealand is comprise mainly of two islands, the north and south. The piece of water in between is called the Cook Straight and is notorious for being rough. There are two main sources of transportation across the straight. The ferry system run by the railroad company, and various airplane service. Several months earlier, a car had come unfastened from the ferry and rolled off into the Straight, to rust in peace.

As we approached the south end of the North island we learned of a new, privately owned ferry system that only took passengers across the straight. The brand new boat had only been running for a month and was faster, cheaper, and we were 30 miles closer to their dock, than we were to the other ferry. We called to verify they would take the tandem and they said, sure, plenty of room. I sat

outside the travel agency eating, while Lisa went in to make reservations for us. A middle-aged couple stopped to inquire about our tandem. They told me how beautiful the ferry ride was and how much we would enjoy it. I was concerned, because with it being a passenger only boat, I knew it would be smaller than some others we had been on. I had gotten a little seasick on the big ones in Greece where the water was much smoother. The lady said she had the perfect cure, I gave her my full attention, expecting to hear about a miracle pill or patch. She said to stop by the grocery store and get a small brown paper bag to put in the front of your shorts, making sure it is touching your skin. I had a skeptical smile and asked if this was for quick access when you get sick. She looked at me sincerely and said she had recently learned of the preventive measure and it worked for her. I was studying them hard for a hint of joking, I thought they were pulling my leg. After more discussion in which she admitted not understanding this treatment from a medical point of view, they cheerfully went on their way.

Lisa came hustling out of the travel agency with two tickets, saying if we hurry we could catch today's ferry. We were only 20 miles away and had a good tailwind. Time passed quickly on our way to the ferry dock as I was considering the miracle cure I had just learned about. Even though I was not completely sold on the idea, I remember being helped by one of my great-grandmother's unorthodox remedies involving snuff. I had been queasy on eight out of eight ferries in the last few months so I had nothing to loose. Lisa had not been let in on this secret because she would be more skeptical than I, and she has never been seasick.

We got to the ferry dock early and I volunteered to run in to the grocery store for some last minute items. Lisa said we had plenty of everything, let's just get on the boat. I grabbed my wallet and said, "It'll only take a minute." The produce department had the perfect size brown paper bags, (they're used for mushrooms). I bought mushrooms and a couple of other items including a treat for Lisa. Back at the bike Lisa just looked at me quizzically, and shook her head as I transferred the mushrooms into another bag and put the two paper bags in my pocket.

The boat looked like a torpedo. The brochure described it as a 90 foot long speed boat that is 25 feet wide powered by three large Mercedes engines.



It would really pull a skier. Of the 140 seats on the boat only 20 places had been sold for this crossing. We loaded the bike first and took it up front and tied it between the first and second row of seats. When the guy pulled out the third piece of rope I asked if all this was really necessary and he just laughed and said, "Hopefully she'll still be between the seats, and not in the back with us when we arrive." He suggested that we sit in the back because this offers the smoothest ride. The bathrooms were up front and the attendant encouraged us to use them before liftoff. He said, once we get going it may be hard to walk up there, and if the person in there before you is sick, well...

The seats were like airline seats and each had its own brown paper bag for sick passengers. I had carefully placed my mushroom bag in my shorts against my stomach, but with these warnings I decided I'd use the bag they provided also, maybe double protection? However, I was leery of the effectiveness of the bags the boat provided since they had a waxy coating, and the lady's instructions were brown paper. Lisa even began to be concerned about this trip, so I let her in on the new medical breakthrough. I had convinced myself that it had to work, or I was going to be in bad shape. She laughed, but only a little for the crew's preparations had convinced her this was going to be a bumpy ride. She thanked me for bringing her a mushroom bag even though I hadn't thought she'd want it.

The first 500 yards were not bad at all as we slowly headed down river for the open water. Right at the mouth of the river our forward progress and engines stopped with a thud. This happened two more times, and did not do much to encourage us. A crew member explained that recent up river development and clear cutting created a bar of mud across the mouth of the river, and the boat had to bust through it.

Wind surfers were everywhere here at the edge of the open water, and some were playing chicken with the ferry boat. They would pass just in front or behind the boat, seeing how close to injury or death they could get. As we entered open water the waves were crashing above the windows. The boat was not flattening out the wavers, but rather riding up and down them, outdoing roller coasters I have been on. The gallons of sea water continually cleaning our windows made for a unique underwater type



atmosphere. The people who had chosen to ignore the crews advice bout not sitting in the front, quickly came to the back rather wide eyed and with a spring in their step. It did not get much smoother until we entered the Queen Charlotte Sound an hour later. The front of the boat lifted and fell just like a speed boat, and our bicycle completely shook itself free of its tie downs, but fortunately stayed between the rows of seats. Lisa began to get a little queasy and looked pale, the first bit of motion sickness I had ever detected in her. She just closed her eyes and said she couldn't talk now. Across the aisle a lady was hyperventilating, the crew had her breathing into her little wax coated brown bag. My stomach was FINE! Not an inkling of motion sickness, but I was concerned the boat was going to roll over. One of the crew members came by and I asked him to review the safety procedures with me, and I double checked my life jacket under the seat. He said had the waves been a couple of feet higher we would not have left the north island. It was a thrilling ride and fun after one got comfortable with it.

Once we were inside the calm waters of the sound it was possible to stand and even go outside for fresh air. Lisa and the lady who had been hyperventilating were the first two outside. By the time we got to the dock, Lisa had regained her healthy glow and the lady was only a light shade of green. As we left the boat, a member of the crew asked us to remember this new company if we were going back to the north island. Smiling and thanking him, I explained that we were already scheduled to fly to Australia from the south island, but that I would surely tell anyone I met about the new ferry service. I also told him this had cured any desire I had to sail around the world. We did not have the opportunity to tell too many people about the new ferry, for within the month we learned they had ceased operation from lack of business. I believe they could stay in business by billing the trip as an adventure sport. I could be in the brochure with hang gliding, bungee jumping, para sailing, etc.

ED: We leave Charles & Lisa here, with their arrival on New Zealand's south island.

Charles & Lisa Chancelor
World Travelers



Who Can? Two Can!

Seeking The Dream Tandem

This is the fourth (and final) in a series of stories detailing Ed and Kathy Payne's search for the perfect tandem bicycle. In last month's piece they shared the experiences of Larry Black's Tandemo Weekend at the end of August, 1995 This month the story continues...

A Weekend of 'Cycling in the City

As the weekend of October 9th approached, Kathy and I prepared for an outing of cycling in urban environs. We wanted to ride in the annual Washington, DC Capitol Bicycle Tour, hosted by the Washington Area Bicyclists Association (WABA). There we would meet with Allen Muchnik, Bill Silverman, and some other 500 city cyclists for a tour of our Nation's Capital neighborhoods. We would traverse all manner of streets from Massachusetts Avenue lined with Embassies from 'round the world to Pennsylvania Avenue flowing from the White House to the Capitol Building. We would also bump along many side streets, some less rutted and pock marked than others, throughout the city.

The tour, as usual turned out to be a joy. Most excellent weather (cool, 55-60ish with bright sunny skies and calm winds), efficient registration and bountiful provisions at the rest stops added to the experience. After ride pizza, along with a chance to chat with Jane Schnell, author of the book *Peaches & Crackers* and others, capped off a delightful day.

One thing was missing, though. It finally hit us as we thought about what else we would be doing this weekend: visiting Larry Black of Mt. Airy Bicycle for a second look at Santana bicycles.

Over after-ride pizza, Kathy and I wondered how the ride might have gone had we been together on a tandem. It was agreed: together in the Nation's Capital, together on a bike to share the impressions would surely have been nice. It was also agreed that in the coming weeks we would have one of our own.

Still Crazy Even On A Slow Day

Monday brought us out to Larry's shop in Mt. Airy. Being a holiday Monday, business was brisk

inside, even with the brisk winds and temperature outside. Larry has a special style that is all his own. Computer folks call it MULTI-TASKING, that is, the ability to do no less than seven things at once. On a typical visit to Mt. Airy cycle you might find Larry answering calls from three phone lines simultaneously, all the while waiting on four people and repairing two bicycles in separate stands. It's tough to compete with this, as I am one who likes to enjoy the undivided attention of someone who is going to potentially sell me a substantial piece of equipment.

We knew early on that what was originally thought to be a couple hour visit was going to turn out to be an all day adventure. Larry had the Medium sized titanium Santana, as requested. Surprise, surprise, it was not ready for a road test.

Kathy was rightly ambivalent about committing to a bicycle without the minimum of a short road test of that bike. I worked on convincing her that the ride on the small-framed titanium told me all that I needed to know. Mid afternoon she was still not convinced. As they say in the used car business, Trust Me!!!

Schedules for Larry and I grew somewhat tighter as the afternoon wore on. I talked with Steven, Larry's ace wrench man; Kathy helped wait on customers and shared our tandem experiences. As the sun began to set it became apparent that we were not going to have a test ride, at least, not on this bike, this date.

The sinking sun signaled and opportunity for a rather fortuitous decision: we would take the Santana titanium tandem, along with the necessary goodies to build up a complete bicycle home with us and meet with Larry when he made the trip south to the Seagull Century, which was to be held the following weekend.

Seagull Century Sightings

It was an early goal to have our tandem bike ready for the Salisbury cycling scene's season



spectacular Seagull Century. Once again time constraints intervened; there was no way that the bike was going to be ready in time.

I was fairly confident that the Santana titanium would, once assembled and tuned, be the bike for us. Confident enough that I amassed the substantial amount of cash that it would take to make it ours.

Larry and the Mt. Airy Bicycle traveling road show van arrived at Salisbury State University mid day on the Friday prior to the big event. Later that evening Larry and I discussed what had been delivered so far and what the final bill would be.

Seagull Saturday again was delightful. Kathy claimed victory in a very important milestone (literally). She completed her very first century of her cycling life in just over 10 hours.

Tinkering With Toys - Separates Men From Boys

Time came slowly available to bring our 'recent purchase' to life. A few evenings would now be given over to learning the intricacies and nuances of our new steed and gateway into togetherness transportation. Much had to be learned.

First were the intricacies of working with Ride On Gore-Tex shift and brake cables. Truly wonderful creations. Truly a pain in the ass for novice installers



such as myself. Truly expensive, much too much to not take great care in the correctness of one's procedure of installation. Painful and almost costly perseverance paid off with a not too botched installation.

Next were the tricks of adjusting cantilever brakes (my first!) along with realizing that too much grease on the seat posts meant that they would forever slip. A piece of craftsmanship slowly emerged from my hands.

It took me a total of 26 hours of trial and error to assemble our tandem. This was valuable time spent learning mechanical insights, along with how NOT to do it that should serve me well in the future.

Postlog

Kathy and I are now spending many enjoyable miles aboard our dream machine. We have joined friends on tandem rides in our local area and have plans to do many more. Our mileage is piling up as we explore ways to ride smoother and faster together. Soon I expect that we will be able to take on just about any hill.

Edward & Kathy Payne
Pocomoke City, MD



THE IRON HORSE TRAIL

There are over 700 Rails to Trails. We have not ridden them all, but this one must have the most beautiful scenery of them all. It is a Washington State park and is also called the Snoqualmie Pass Trail. It is 22 miles in length and has a good gravel surface although we walked across the trestles.

Information about this trail is found in the book Washington's Rail - Trails by Fred Wert. This book has detailed directions to access the trail. We took Interstate 90 east from Seattle, and stopped at Tinkham forest campground. There we found a trail going up the mountain, and we dragged our Burley mountain bike tandem over this foot path until we came to what we thought was the bike trail. After a mile or so we decided that it was an abandoned road. We gave up and returned to the campground for the night.

In the morning we returned to exit 38 which is 38 miles east of Seattle. We parked the motor home at Twin Falls State Park and found a hiking trail. As we started up the trail we were sure that we were in the right place, because we could see the broken trestle about 500 feet above us. The center section of the trestle had collapsed, washed out by a flood which is why we could not follow the trail from the west end. It took us an hour to drag the bike up to the trestle. We spent 20 minutes on the last 200 feet. I was dragging from the front of the bike and Dorothy was pushing from the back. Not a fitting task for the "Rear Admiral". About 10 feet from the top we got momentarily stuck. Dorothy asked how we were going to get the bike back down. All we needed was a rope to lower it down. Alas there was no rope. I said we could just leave it there, "ha - ha!" Later a biker we met showed us a forest service road that



allowed us to bike down. Finally we scrambled to the top and rode a short distance to the damaged trestle. I gingerly walked out to the end of the broken trestle and took a picture of the creek below.

Our destination was the Snoqualmie Tunnel at the east end of the trail. It is as far as you can pedal unless you elect to walk through the two mile tunnel. Every time I got too close to the edge of the trail where there was often a 1,000 foot drop, the stoker cautioned me to move to the mountain side. What tribulations a wife who chooses to be a stoker must put up with. I do keep offering to let her be the captain. The trail goes through a forest that is so thing that we only saw one bird although we heard many. There were beautiful flowers everywhere including daisies and foxglove. Every so often there were open spaces where we could see Interstate 90 below us and the mountains stretching everywhere above us and below. There were two more quarter mile long curved trestles that we had to cross. It was scary to look down as we walked across the trestles. The supports for the electric lines were still in place above us. The railroad was built in 1910 and 1912 and they used electric engines to pull the trains.

The route crossed many creeks, most of which passed under the road in steel culverts. We walked up one of these creeks and I wished that I had a fly rod to do some fishing. Dorothy took off her shoes and cooled her feet. A mile from the tunnel we came to the ruin of a block long snow shed. It was made from 12 by 12 foot timbers including the roof which



Dorothy & Jack Beiler amid the wildflowers along the Iron Horse trail.

was covered by sheet metal. The mountain above the shed was so steep that it was easy to see why a snow shed was needed here. We stopped to eat our lunch and propped the camera on a timer to take our picture.

Finally we came to the tunnel and our turn around point. The tunnel goes through solid rock and walking for 45 minutes in the dark did not appeal to us. We turned down the road our new found friend recommended. It was so steep that I felt I was going to pitch over the handle bar. Accidentally Dorothy gave a tremendous pull on the rear handlebar and twisted my seat a quarter of the way around. I thought she was trying to do away with me so that I could never subject her to such a torturous ride again. I guess that I was wrong though because she said this was the most beautiful ride she had ever been on, and I agreed

Dorothy & Jack Beiler
Tucson, AZ

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RIDING TO GRANDFATHER'S

Over the river and through the hills
To Grandfather Mountain we go,
This Stoker's on her seat
The challenge to meet
The Captain has some skills to show.

And, so it was, on September 15, 1996, we took the Incredible Bridge-to-Bridge Challenge to ride "100 miles of pure hill" from Hickory, NC, across the Catawba River (the starting bridge), up to the swinging footbridge (the ending bridge) atop Grandfather Mountain. This was our second riding of the Bridge-to-Bridge on our black Santana, and we hoped to complete the century without stopping in less than six hours and hopefully be the first tandem to finish. Among the 950 or so bikes lined up at the start, we spotted about seven other tandems. Perhaps we'll get to ride with some of them, I thought.

The weather was perfect for a fast, long ride through the North Carolina countryside. The start was chilly, but pedaling at 25 mph quickly warms you up. We had driven down the day before to arrive mid-afternoon so we could park at the finish and pedal 55 miles into Hickory for the next morning's start. After several plates of spaghetti at the registration, showers, some TV-watching (how's Dumbo for a good movie before a 100-miler?) and a

decent night's sleep, we were ready to take the challenge.

The first 50 miles flew by, as we continually battled to stay with the single on the upgrades and tried to safely pass them on the downhill runs. Both lanes of the road were wall-to-wall bikes (I estimated that there were about 200 bikes in the front pack). Driving the tandem was like driving a tractor trailer in and around 200 sports cars. Many times, I took a deep breath, closed my eyes tightly and just hoped we made our way through the traffic! It was actually a relief to see the beginning of the 10-mile hill, so I could relax a little and concentrate on pedaling smoothly and efficiently. Can't afford to waste any glycogen on a demanding ride like this. Must make sure we drink enough so we don't suffer from those dreaded cramps. We settled in, now aware that there was another tandem nearby... a bright blue tandem with two males. Hey, Neil, those are the guys we were trying to beat last year. We had finished before them, and even got written about in the Tandem Club's DoubleTalk newsletter as the "black Santana" that showed the crowd that tandems can climb. Is it going to be a duel this year? Of course! At one point, Neil jokingly said that we weren't trying to torture them. They admitted they were trying to torture us... and so the challenge doubled. Could we finish the Incredible Challenge

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of "100 miles of pure hill" and beat these two strong guys on a tandem?

Being a competitive female stoker, I was up for a race against two males. I had no doubts about Neil; he's always up for a race. But the hilly terrain and the many miles began to take their toll. We struggled to stay just behind them as we approached the fast descent from the viaduct on the Blue Ridge Parkway (at about the 80-mile point). My heart was pounding, my quads ached, but I still felt like I had something left. Neil wasn't talking much. Our favorite type of riding is honking, as Neil calls it, and this stretch was perfect for pushing a fairly high gear at a high rate of speed in a tucked position. I was tucked in all right, concentrating on putting as much pressure on the pedals as I could and still be smooth. We passed them and managed to stay in front as we got off the Blue Ridge Parkway and began the last 10 or 12 miles to the finish. Had we pushed too hard, though, and did we still have enough to finish strong? Back and forth with the other tandem and several singles for awhile. But, soon the blue tandem pushed ahead, we left them go and both decided

now that we just wanted to finish in good time. We'll probably never see them again, until the top!

Finally, we reached the entrance to Grandfather's, to begin our last 2-mile ascent. We didn't know what those last switchbacks would really be like because we weren't allowed to climb to the top in 1995 due to 80-mph hour winds. Let's see how we do this year. We may even finish in less than 6 hours, as hoped. We put our heads down and just kept pushing the pedals. I kept thinking to myself: but we like to climb and we are good climbers and we're almost there! As it got almost too steep to continue, we rounded one of the switchbacks and saw the blue Santana stopped in a parking area I exclaimed to Neil that we had `em now. Neil just told me to keep pedaling; we weren't done yet. When we did cross the finish line, going about 3.5 mph, we were smiling and the crowd was cheering. We were the first tandem to finish... in just 5 hours, 53 minutes and 27 seconds. Boy, were we glad to see Grandfather!

Eileen Wieder Crone
Lititz, PA

AUDACIOUS ENOUGH TO CROSS FRANCE?

When we found out that we were going back to France on a temporary assignment we agreed on one major goal: to cross France on our Tandem. With little touring experience and not much climbing in our legs we were off with this lofty dream. We realized that we needed a lot (how many was the questions) of miles in our legs before the start and several week-ends of touring.

So the new year started and we rode every week-end hoping it was the correct thing to do. We did several long rides up to 300k and many very mountainous climbs. We were planning to take the entire month of September off to do the crossing, but things always change... we found out on July 7th 1996 that we had to leave France by the end of August. There went all the time to plan things well. Our planning consisted of a week (which 90% of it was figuring out the best way to get the tandem and

ourselves to Normandy and 10% time on what we should visit).

We planned to ship the tandem by Sernam (Freight Company), was not the cheapest but at least there was a customer service department and SNCF, (the railway), would not carry the bike if we did not travel all the way by train. We decided to spend the extra Francs and take the plane to Paris, and the train from Paris to Normandy. And decided that our "Must see" items were: Mont St. Michel, Tours (Musee du Compagnonage (Master Craftsman's Guild Museum)), Chambord, and if we had time the Dordogne Region.

Since we have the luxury of having relatives in Normandy we spent 4 days visiting things that Smith had not visited before on previous occasions. Our first night we went to dinner in a small fishing village on "La Manche" (Not the "English Channel").



It was nice to see the amplitude of the tides: when starting dinner the tide was completely out and all of the boats were sitting on the bottom, by the time that we left the waters were already 6 to 8 feet deep. You must remember Normandy is known for its great seafood. This nice dinner did not disappoint our expectations. Our next days we spent visiting the Tapestry of William the Conqueror. It is 1000 years old, more than 200 feet long, and tells the story of the conquest of England. Then "Le Memorial" in Caen which tells the history from the First World War to the D- Day invasion. This should be a must see before visiting the D-Day Beaches.

July 24th, The Start. We left from St. Lo, and do not let anyone tell you that Normandy is flat! I believe in the first 30k we had already climbed a couple of Double Chevrons (9-13% Grade hills), luckily they were short, but at our first rest stop we were wondering if we were crazy. We were beat and we had climbed nothing yet. I did not know HOW HEAVY panniers were! We reached our planned destination of Mont St. Michel with enough time to visit the St. Michel Cookie Factory. Even though the panniers were full we found room for 3 boxes of cookies. (These cookies are a "must eat." Very typical of the region).

After Mont St. Michel we took a day detour to go back North to visit some more relatives, then off in the direction of the Loire Valley. We spent the night next to the medieval castle in Fougeres, very nice hotel, except the next morning was the day of the market and the Fruit Man started building his table at 530 in the morning. The good side of it, we got an



Loire Valley - Chateau of Amboise (near Tours)

early start. Then we visited the Abbaye de Solesmes along the Sarthe River (do not miss the choir marble sculptures). We stopped in Tours to visit the Musee du Compagnonage. There were very pretty pieces of craftsmanship (woodwork, ironwork, slate sculptures, etc.). In visiting Tours we were lucky, or was it good planning?, that we arrived on Sunday between 12 and 2 since we crossed the Loire on a major highway, to later find out that there is a Bridge for bicycles. Since it was Sunday there were more bicycles than cars on the road. After our visit of the Musee we decided to try to get out of Tours on Sunday to avoid Monday morning rush hour traffic. It was in the heat of the day and a cold drink sounded great. We spotted a Cafe and decided it was time for a stop. Unfortunately it was closed, but the owner was living upstairs and came down to serve us. We had nice conversations about Tandems in France. As we started off to leave we did not feel so bad to have the lady open the cafe for us, since more people were stopping for a drink.

The Loire valley is famous for its castles, wines, pate de lapin and fromage de chevre. The Chateau de Blois is a must see since it combines three different architecture styles: Louis XII, Francois I and Gaston d'Orleans (The Biltmore Estate, Asheville, NC copied the stairwell from Francois I wing). Then we were off to a romantic evening at the hotel at Chambord. We were trying to get a cheaper room by trapping the next night's dinner, but we were not successful. We caught dinner, but they did not reduce our bill (I hope the pigeon was tasty). But it was a beautiful setting for a hotel dinner on the terrace overlooking Hunting Palace. Now is time to leave this beautiful region, since we had visited it couple years ago, we only stopped in places we had not visited yet... Off we went across sunflower fields, crossing typical villages with old "maison a colombages" (brick houses with a wooden structure), flying on flat land towards the center of France. In Bourges, we had one of the nicest surprises of the trip: the old town is filled with cobble stones and one-way streets, we probably took many the wrong way, but we finally made it to the hotel. The receptionist was amazed with our project. She gave us the key to the room and said: "the elevator is behind you, on the right" "The elevator! Yeah!!!" Boy what a wonderful thing after 137km on the bike!



The next morning, the other receptionist whose husband is a biker asked us: "How do you manage with so few clothes?"

"Woolite is our secret!"

We toured the Cathedral and Palais Jacques Coeur (a must visit also: the house was built in the Middle Ages by a business man who was 100 years ahead of his time. It is amazing for the comfort and the decor). That day, we literally reached the geographical center of France in Bruere-les-Allichamps, and the wonderful cluster in the Noirlac Abbey. That day, we started riding late, and realized that the heat would kill us if we always started so late. From then on we rode in the morning and visited stuff in the afternoon as much as possible. The good news was, we were doing OK, so let's go to Dordogne, and West we turned!

It took us two days to reach Limoges, the porcelain capital. If you go take the opportunity to tour one of the factories. Near Limoges is a village named Oradour-sur-Glane: it is sadly remembered because the Nazis massacred this place on June 10th, 1944, in retaliation of D-Day. The place has been kept as it was after the German's departure and is very solemn. No hatred, no revenge spirit, just the accusation of pure barbarity that was at work that day.

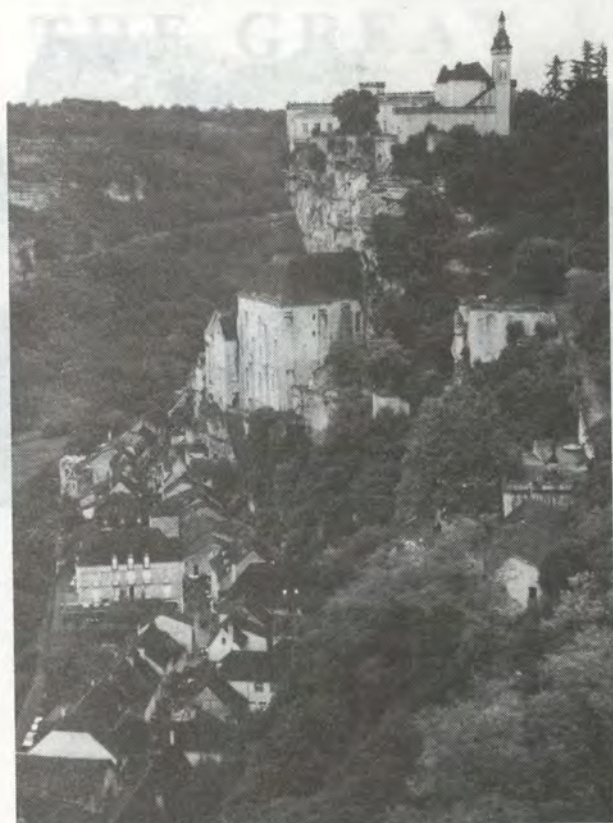
We found one neat stop on the way to Dordogne: Arnac-Pompadour is one of the French Horse Breeding Institutes.

Dordogne finally! It pays to plan ahead... The Michelin Green Guide had warned us about buying the tickets to the Lascaux II caves in Montignac (a village, 3 miles away from the famous prehistoric cave, also 500 feet below it!). It was one of Claude's dreams to visit it... and the magic worked. Prehistoric men were using natural elements and the shape of the rocks they were painting on to show bulls, cows, horses, deers, bison, and others. The result is amazing, especially by candlelight, then the animals start moving around you... it is fascinating! Lascaux II is a copy of the original cave: visitor's breath was damaging it, so the local government decided to make a copy so that the original would be preserved, and visitors would still enjoy it. The ticket is coupled with another museum that explains how the new cave was built to be identical to the original one. This is a must see, it really complements the

visit well. My advice is: eat some energy food before! It is only 6km away, the first 5 down the river... the last up 100 meters! (That one hurt!) Claude was so tired that night that she did not even hear the fireworks being shot from the back of the hotel! Dordogne is rich with geological and historic sites: from the prehistory through Richard the Lion Heart. Sarlat-la-Caneda had just been listed in the "UN World Monument Inventory"... the city was salvaged from "urban renewal" in the 50's and restored to its medieval charm. The result is a beautiful old town, with courtyards, towers, and gas street lights. Once more we had prime lodging, with an incomparable view to center stage! (For real, they were performing an opera every night, and our room had a great view of it!). French people can cook, but music is not their forte: the singing was so bad we gave up after 15 minutes.

The Dordogne river used to be the border between England and France, so Richard the Lion Heart had lived in several castles there. We had a great tour in Beynac: it was so foggy that day, we could not see the river, and it looked like the beginning of the movie "Excalibur". Along the river, beautiful villages like La Roque Gageac and Domme are worth a stop. This is also where we met another tandem, a French team, from a nearby region.

Our next stop was Rocamadour, a village built on a cliff. This is where our trip could have ended. On that rainy day, we crossed a 200m long metal planked bridge. The only problem was, the planks ran in the same direction as the bridge and they were 10 inches wide and 2 inches gaps between each! It was the quietest 200m of our tandeming lives! Once we realized what situation we were in, we had no other way to go, so we crossed it! On the other side of the bridge one car driver was applauding us as we passed him by... The climb to Rocamadour was a never-ending one, especially when you play leap frog with a garbage-truck! Rocamadour is worth the sight, and the food was delicious: for \$17 a person, we had: a chicken gizzard salad (no, they were not fried!), duck magret, cheese, and desert. That justifies 100km a day! The next morning we headed to Padirac, and its famous underground river boat ride (be there early, or be ready to lose a day!). We made another detour to see Collonges-la-Rouge one of the prettiest villages of France. It is unique because all buildings are made out of red rocks. This is where we met our tandem friends again. They



Rocamadour (Dordogne Valley Region)

were sick of the rain, and unlike us, they were camping, so it was tough on them.

Now was the crucial question: how do we get out of the Dordogne valley without climbing 6000 feet? We chose the Larzac plateau, hoping the sun would not kill us those days. On the way we stopped in Conques, one of the stops for the Santiago de Compostella pilgrimages. The Abbey's church has a very vivid representation of the Last Judgment, and the village has kept a lot of authentic charm. Then we headed for the Larzac, home of Roquefort cheese. In Ste Eulalie, we were run off the road by a herd of thirsty sheep who invaded the water fountain and ate all the roses on their way... In Le Caylar, we found the quaintest, cheapest, oldest hotel of the trip, and probably the nicest people. The hotel was also a restaurant. When we arrived (around 230pm) they were still serving lunch so they did not have time to show us our room. While waiting outside, we heard the comments of all the customers: "Boy, was that good, or was that good!", was the general tone. That made us feel better. The Grand Hotel du Larzac was

not grand anymore, and the owners knew it needed renovation, but the food was wonderful, and their kindness greatly appreciated! We finished the crossing of the plateau with the Cirque de Navacelles. The downhill to Ganges was too short and too steep to enjoy. We met a group of cyclists along the river and they yelled at us: "Rush it's going to rain soon!". We took off with them, following them down the river, to their great surprise. We reached our destination much sooner than expected, right when the rain storm hit. We left the bags at the hotel, and went to visit the Grotte des Demoiselles, what a relief! That hill would have been really tough had we been loaded! The cave is worth the trip because of its dimension and finesse, especially the cathedral room.

The next day we crossed Nimes vineyards to reach Saint Remy de Provence (the square place hosts one of the best homemade ice cream shops we know of). It was a very beautiful clear day, after the hard rain, the views extended from Nimes to the Camargue, over olive groves and vineyards. Provence can justify a trip in itself. We're privileged enough to have visited the region several times, so we continued on. Unfortunately our trip ended 1 day early, when we got hit by a car that ran a stop sign (a retired cop!). Luckily for us he was slow enough that Smith could react in the last seconds and prevented the car from hitting the bike: we veered to the right so that we would hit the car on the side. That saved our legs and hip bones! We realized our front wheel

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was too pretzelled to ride on, so we took the train back home.

The following week-end, we took a revenge on fate. With our back- up front wheel, we spent a beautiful Sunday with the Glen Erickson tour. What a great way to end a stay! The next day the tandem was shipped to the US.

Helpful hints:

Our day started the night before, looking at the maps and deciding on the route, identifying what to see, where food, and a hotel could be found. We wrote the instructions on an index card, for the stoker to use. This made our riding better since we did not have to stop at each crossroads to see which way to go.

A France Telecom telecarte is very convenient: it is a pre-paid calling card. You can buy them in every book store, tobacco store or La Poste. Most phone booths will not take coins, except in tiny villages. If you need to call people in the States, it is cheaper for them to call you back.

Office du tourisme: they have lists of hotels, campings and restaurants by departments or regions. That is the first thing we did each time we



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Smith Doss & Claude Monnier rest near a Dolmen (Celtic grave, same period as Julius Caesar)

changed region: get the list. We made hotel reservations around noon for the same day, except for touristic places (Chambord, Sarlat, Rocamadour etc...).

We saved money on:

skipping hotel breakfasts: boulangeries provide fresh bread, croissants, and pain au chocolat asking for a shower rather than a bath tub (could save up to \$20 a night!)

lunch: baguettes make great sandwiches (with either cheese, sausage ("saucisson") or pate)

cold drinks: in summer you can find them in grocery stores or boulangeries for a third of what you would pay in a cafe

Facts and Figures:

21 days (no rest day), 1200 miles, 23.6 km/h average, 90km a day, total expenses of 13600 French Francs (including everything: transportation, lodging, food etc...even expenses related to the accident), 1 Mechanical Problem (Broken Seat post Bolt), 0 Flat tires

Epilogue:

Would we do it again? Yes! Tomorrow would be great! Was it worth the money? Yes! Any suggestions where we should ride next? We survived Hurricane Fran, anyone needs firewood?

Smith Doss and Claude Monnier
Raleigh, NC



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIKE RIDE

It started as a short posting on rec. bicycles rides "Anyone interested in the Australian Big Bike Ride in April.....?" After two business trips to Australia, I was wanting to get Eileen there. The tariff for the 11 days associated with the ride was quite reasonable, so we started planning. It became a month long trip. The narrative is Eileen's with only minimal input from the front of the bike. George

THE STORY CONTINUES.....

We left Peoria, driving our van to friends in Chicago, April 8. After visiting for awhile, they drove us to O'Hare. We got there quite early as we had the big bike box and all the rest of the baggage to get checked in, and anyway, we just wanted to feel as though we were on our way.

We didn't have problems getting the bike box and heap of camping gear, clothing etc. checked in, and only had to pay \$45 in overweight charges all the way to Sydney. We got lots of stares from other travelers, wondering what on earth could be in such a big box! The American Airlines agent at the counter was most interested that we were taking a bike and going all the way to Australia for a ride!

Our flight left at 6 p.m., arrived in L.A. at 8:30 p.m. and left there for Sydney at 10 p.m. After flying all night, we arrived at 6 a.m. on April 10; we had lost a whole day somewhere in transit! It was cool and rainy, but it was wonderful to be out of the plane and on the ground and in Australia.

April 18 -- After spending the day touring the Sydney Opera House and exploring the harbor and the ferries which cross the harbor, we returned to our hotel and met the rest of our group, picking up our information packs and getting our bikes. We were with a company which handles visitors coming to Australia for any kind of sporting event. Our group included Americans, a man and his little boy from New Zealand, a mother and daughter from Wales and some other Europeans. After the meeting we had dinner on the top floor of the hotel overlooking the city and the harbor. We enjoyed the view and looked forward to the beginning of the

riding part of the journey, which would start early the next morning.

April 19 -- We got up very early to have breakfast and get all our stuff on the bus taking everyone to Albury, the ride start. There was a lot of confusion loading the bus, not all of the bikes would fit in the trailer and some had to be put into the baggage compartment under the bus. I was glad that the tandem had been one of the first to be loaded into the trailer and was not jammed in under the bus!

We finally got underway about 9 a.m.. The ride was fun, the driver, like all the Aussie bus drivers we came into contact with, was full of talk and was a real tour guide, telling us all kinds of interesting folklore as we rode along. We stopped for lunch in a pretty little town full of craft shops and tea rooms called Burringa. A whole group of us went into one place and the waitress got into quite a flap to see so





This scene in Albany defines "mass start"

many people descend on them at once! We finally all got served and set off again.

We arrived late in the afternoon in the capital city of Canberra. We were to spend the night there and so the bus did a driving tour before going to our cabins. There is a big lake in the center of town, with an enormous fountain shooting hundreds of feet into the air. Very impressive while driving down the mountain into town. We drove all around the Parliament building and the war memorial. After unloading our stuff, we went for a bike ride through the city. Canberra has been laid out for cyclists, you can go anywhere on a bike in the paved bike paths. We got lost as none of us had a map, and ended up right down town at rush hour. Not the best place to be on a bike in a strange city! George almost got us killed by looking the wrong way before starting to cross a busy intersection! It turns out easier to ride on the left than to look the right way!

April 20 - Up at 4:30 a.m. and it was very cold, frost all over everything! I was a bit worried that it was going to be this cold every day on the ride, because we did not bring really warm clothes with us. We got on the bus and had sack breakfasts then off we went.

The drive to Albury took about 3 hours through the same type of countryside as we saw yesterday - dry, rolling farmland, looking a lot like California. We had to get our stuff off the bus and into the trucks that would take it all to the first town where we would be camping in that night. We rode the bike over to the start, in the middle of the town and were amazed at the huge throng of riders and other people there!

It was a total carnival, with music, food stands and thousands of people jammed together to see the start of the Big Ride. This is a really big event in Australia and there was a great feeling of excitement in the air! I dashed off to pick up our registration stuff and George got us a place in the mob for the start of the ride. When the ride actually started it was very slow, as there were 1,500 cyclists trying to make their way through the streets of town, all pretty tightly packed together! There were police at the intersections to get us all through the traffic safely and once we were out of town everyone started to spread out. It became easier to ride and to take it all in, knowing we were actually on our way - almost 400 miles of riding through the towns and countryside of Australia.

The ride today went from Albury to Calcairn, 65 km. There was a long, tough hill shortly after leaving the town of Albury, but the rest of the route was fine. No worries mate! There was morning tea stop (the Aussies always have to have their morning tea, no matter where they are) at Jindera and our lunch stop was at the town of Walla Walla. The ride was very well supported with lots of water stops along the way plus the foodstops. The roads were good with very little traffic, great for biking. It was wonderful riding along on our tandem with groups of other riders from Australia who were all very interested in knowing where we had come from and how we had heard about the ride. The tandem was also a great source of interest, as there aren't very many of them in Australia. Out of the 1,500 riders, there were only six tandems, and three of those come from the States.

We rode into Calcairn at about 4 p.m. After the really cold morning, the day had warmed up beautifully and by 10 am or so we could start removing layers of clothes so we were finally riding in just shorts and a bike jersey, which is the way it turned out to be every day - cold mornings and nights, and nice and warm to ride.



After getting our stuff from the baggage truck we set up our tent and got everything organized and then explored around the area to see where everything was, and how it was all set up. Small disaster - our zip-together sleeping bags don't. One is new and the other old. They changed zippers. By the



A place typical of many in small town Australia. This hotel is in Granfel.

time the riders get to where we are all going to spend the night, the volunteers have got all the camp set up, the food preparation tents for dinner and breakfast, the shower and toilet trucks are in place, the Bistro tent is set up, the information tent, the telephone system, it is all in place waiting for the riders to come in. The meals are very good, lots of food, a bit different from what we are used to in the States, but good all the same. There are many different kinds of wonderful yogurt here (in Australia) and lots of great fruit. A distinguishing feature as compared to a similar multi-day in the States. The Aussies are much greener. We were instructed to bring durable tableware, as throw away stuff won't be available. So after every meal we wash up our Lexan from Campmor, so it's ready for the next chow call. The wash stands for that are part of the daily set up and tear down for the volunteer army. We're overnighing in towns generally under 5000 population. The effect of 1500 riders and 200 volunteers just dropping in could be pretty amazing. So there's advance work done to be sure of an adequate water supply and enough room in the town park or show grounds for the camp set up. The rest of what's needed travels. As you might expect, the advance work assures that the pubs will be well stocked.

April 21

Day 2 of the Big Ride. Today's ride was from Calcairn to Wagga Wagga, 81 km. Today's route was not too bad, some long hills and a really long downhill as we came into Wagga and then a big, tough uphill before getting to the campground, which was a park in the middle of town. We have to remember we're starting this ride on winter legs. Most of the Aussies have been riding all year. We have been asked by the local radio station to an interview tomorrow morning, everyone here seems fascinated that we came all the way from the States to do this ride. I think the fact that we brought the tandem with us is interesting too. We had a glass of wine in the Brasserie this evening before dinner and then had a good conversation with some Aussies there. They are fun people, always seem to be enjoying themselves.

And what about kangaroos, you may ask. Weren't you seeing them all the time? Actually not. Their habits are much like deer. They're largely nocturnal. We saw roos in a park before we started the ride and we saw roo road kill. To see roos along the ride route, people went out after dark as part of a "spotlight the roos" expedition.

After dinner tonight some people from the town came to camp to perform a Corrobberie, which is an Aboriginal festival. It was pretty amateurish and the woman telling the story of the folklore behind the dance went on and on, not a good storyteller technique. There were a couple of young men who played digeridoo who were good. We went to bed in our tent before it was all over.

April 22

Day 3, the longest ride day 104 km. from Wagga Wagga to Cootamundra. All these little towns are so small and quiet, like small towns from the 50's in the States. No malls, no big stores, no fancy shop windows, all very simple and quiet, but all the people in the towns very happy to have all the riders in the town and go out of their way to be friendly and helpful. We make the cash registers ring-at least the pubs'. The pubs all along the way as well as those in designated stops did well. Some of the riders anticipated difficulties finding their way home in the tent cities. They set up a pole with a Vistalight on it as a homing beacon. Libby was astute enough to



suggest we bring ear plugs, which was probably a good idea.

The route today was tough, with long hills. We walked up 2 of the hills, but so did lots of other people, as the hills were just too long to keep pushing up on the bike. It was hot today too, bright sunshine, but very low humidity, so it is good riding weather. We love the fact that there is so little wind here, compared to what we face in the Prairie State. The slightest little breeze, and the Aussies are complaining about "that rotten headwind." We had some super long down hill runs today too, which are great after struggling to go up them. We had a rear flat today, so we arrived into camp a bit late. I was very tired after today's ride, it was a challenge for our undertrained legs. In spite of this being the flattest continent overall, it does have the great dividing range running north and south near the east coast. We're riding its foothill area, north of the home of the Man From Snowy River. A distance to our west, the true outback begins.

Before leaving this morning we were interviewed by the radio station and also filmed by the video crew. I don't know if we will be in the final edition of the video or not, but it will be fun if we

are. Yesterday we stopped along the way at a little general store in a tiny town called Wantabadgery. I love the Aussie names, they are certainly picturesque.

April 23

Up early, before 6 to the laughing of the Cookaburras in the trees. It was dark and cold, as usual. Line up for breakfast of oatmeal and museli cereal and fruit, the oatmeal is totally cold in about 5 minutes, as I sit and shiver trying to force it down. Back to the tent to pack everything up and truck it over to the semis. We've learned how to use the tandem as our pack mule. On the road by about 9 a.m. Very tough route today with a steep hill right at the start, before the muscles are warmed up, dread. We got 2 flats today, both on the back. For one of them we were luckily in the vicinity of the repair van, which cruises up and down the route for just this reason, to fix any problems you may have along the way. No Trek Wrench Force, but one of the sag vehicles was Shimano's Events Support Unit-License XTR-000.

The flats were caused by cat's heads, which are awful thorns in the grass, and if you ride your bike, or even push it through the grass where these thorns are, they puncture the tires. At one of the water stops today, there were masses of them, and so many people had flats. While we were fixing the 2nd flat, our pump decided to not work, luckily a very nice guy by the name of John Lowe stopped and helped us.

We decided at the lunch stop that we had enough of the hills for the day, as the route the rest of the way was reported to be quite hard. We thought we'd wimp out and take the sweep bus to camp. The sweep bus is a full size bus that drives along the route, behind the slowest rider of the day to pick up any riders who want to quit for any reason. The slowest rider today was an older lady, who got off her bike and walked up every hill, then re-mounted and rode slowly on to the next hill. But to her credit, she did the whole ride on her bike, and we didn't. Needless to say, it was a very slow bus ride. They showed a whole movie on the bus-Sylvester Stallone in "Cliffhanger 2".

When we got to Young we had to find out how to get our stuff to the motel, as today was going to be our layover day, and we would have two whole

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nights in a real bed. We found our bike, which had come on one of the other trucks from the lunch stop, and our touring company had already sent all our stuff over to the Motel for us.

We got on the bike, to ride it over to the motel in town, and had a flat tire on the rear wheel again. What a pain, George took it to the mechanics' tent and left it. We took the shuttle bus into town. The motel was very nice, and just a couple of doors away from the laundry - the most popular spot in town! We took our laundry over there, and found out that every other cyclist on the ride had done the same thing, the whole place was wall to wall laundry bags. The people who owned the laundry were wonderful. They stayed open all night doing all the laundry, and even hung dry all the Lycra bike clothing that can't go in dryer.

At the motel we had a real shower for the first



Not everybody used the shower trucks.

time in four days. The showers in camp are fine, but so crowded and humid that it is almost impossible to get dry in them. After dinner we walked around and explored the town a bit. There were signs in all the shop windows welcoming the Big Ride to Young, and people stopped us on the sidewalk wanting to know how we are doing, and how far we've come.

One lady offered to drive us back to the campground if we needed a lift. Australian people are really great.

April 24

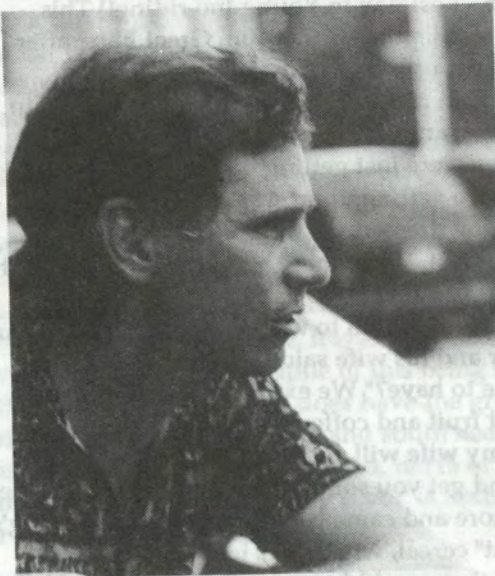
Day 5 - Rest day in Young (no riding!) This morning we slept in till 7:00 am. Great bliss, after having to get up at 4:30 a.m. all week. I called daughter Erin & Kev this morning, it was great to talk to them, and it made me miss her so much. I wept. They were just getting dinner ready in Raleigh and we were getting up in Australia a day later. After getting dressed we went into town to find some breakfast. We wanted a light breakfast, not the big cooked one that Aussies eat. At the second restaurant we went in to we were about to leave, and the owner and his wife said, "What is it that you would like to have?" We explained we'd like some cereal and fruit and coffee so he said, "Just have a seat and my wife will get you some coffee, and I'll pop off and get you some cereal." So he went to the grocery store and came back with a box of Kellogg's "Just Right" cereal, which was just right for us! I wonder if that would happen anywhere in the States? They were so nice that we went back there later in the day, and had lunch. We spent the rest of the day taking it easy, writing post cards, getting the journal caught up and re-packing all our clean stuff into the duffel bags. It was so good to get all that laundry done. We did not go up to the campground at all today, so we missed the talent show. We heard later it was really funny, so we were sorry.

ed We leave George & Eileen here. We'll finish their adventures in the next issue.

George and Eileen Dudley
Peoria, IL



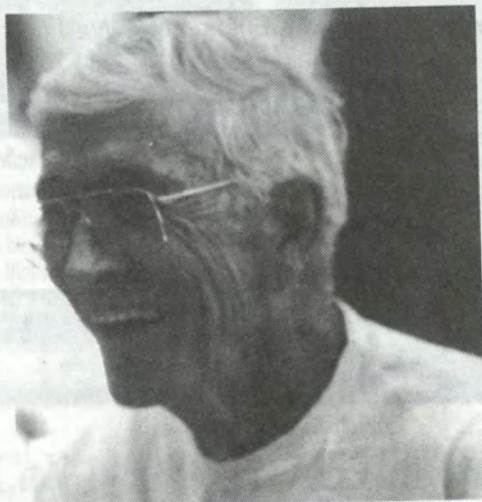
FACES OF SOUTHERN



Both Josua Feingold (pictured) & Sue Fiedler (not pictured) were always available to answer questions, help out, and generally be perfect hosts.



Warm sun, cool breezes. Rocking chairs on the Kenilworth Lodge front porch were favorite meet and greet seats.



Still riding at 70+ years young, Bob Husky (shown) with his stoker Ruth, made this their 18th consecutive Southern Tandem Rally.



TANDEM RALLY 1996

Sue (right) has organized many events for singles, this was her first at assisting with a tandem affair. (left) The ham radio operators were a big help. When we spotted their antennas along the road, we knew that a snack stop was at hand.



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STR '96

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- Orange groves, lakes and cattle amid hill and a bit more wind than expected.
- Ask those with alert eyes about the Cat House
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photos - Wally Retan
Text - Susan Goertz



BENT DOUBLE IN FLORIDA

or How we adopted a recumbent tandem named Sparkle



Lee & Sandy Smith posing with Sparkle

Is this where I get to tell my story? Kind of a nice soapbox isn't it. Nice firm footer below, two page header above. All in all a nice story telling environment. What.....oh, get on with it. O.K....well folks...er...that is, well...O.K., I'm starting, don't push me! Folks, I'd like all of you to consider getting BENT DOUBLED....wait, that's wrong, put down the rocks and sticks. What I mean is that you should consider a Recumbent Tandem in your future—a "Bent Double", those of us who ride recumbents refer to ourselves as "BENTS". This is the tale of how we acquired, modified and now ride a rare KOWAL KD-4 recumbent tandem named "Sparkle".

Some of you folk might remember us, Lee and Sandy Smith of Jacksonville Florida. We brought our light blue Santana "JULIO" to our first Southern Tandem Rally in Savannah, Georgia many, many years ago. The idea of riding tandems with a like-minded bunch of bicycling misfits (according to regular "biking" people) appealed to our somewhat eclectic natures, the sight of a 20+ tandem pace line streaming toward Tybee Island like a large, out-of-step mechanical caterpillar was a sight we will never forget. We kept going to Southern Tandem Rallies

until an arthritic-like condition drove me off upright bikes about three years ago. The pain after riding 10 minutes on a "wedgie" bike (recumbent riders generally refer to upright bikes as wedgies after the permanent one caused by the seats) was so great that I didn't want to see a bike, let alone ride on one for weeks after the rides. We had to stop communing with our favorite bike, Julio. This, of course, made both of us bitchy (Sandy agreed that this is the proper term).

Now fast forward some three years. After years of searching for an alternative, an interesting article on recumbent bicycles appears in BICYCLING magazine June 1995. One of the major points of the article (beside the eclectic uniqueness of these

lawnchairs -on-wheels) was the lack of strain that they put on the neck, shoulders and lower back of their riders. Just the places that drove me off "wedgies". I got excited about bicycles and bicycling again.

To make a long story short, after much research, I bought a VISION R-40 short wheel based recumbent (less than 40") from Jim Wronski at People Movers in Orange, California. Two weeks after mastering the unique riding position, I rode 30 miles (remember, I hadn't ridden any bike in three years) and the only thing that hurt were my leg muscles (pasta leg syndrome). With underseat steering and the front wheel under my butt, riding the Vision is a lot like flying a pedal-powered broomstick 2 feet off the ground (I'll get you yet my pretty..and your little dog too!). OOPS, flashback! Sorry. Now I started to remember the good times on Julio. I had to find a recumbent tandem!!! No easy task at the time.

Any recumbent tandem had to fulfill four requirements:

1. Of course, it had to be fun to ride (duh);



2. Since my lifting capacity is severely limited, any tandem would have to fit on a standard bumper rack on my JEEP (not easy for a standard tandem, let alone a recumbent tandem);

3. Related to 2 above, we could not afford the bike and the ultimate tandem accessory—a new mini-van; and

4. Since we have no garage, any recumbent tandem has to live in our small living room with us.

As you can see, these are some very restrictive requirements. For example, the first recumbent tandem we found was the Ryan Duplex - a truly fine recumbent but with a wheel base of 102"+ (my god that's a Yugo) not only would it not ride on the back of the JEEP, but it wouldn't go through our front door! Others that we looked at or read about had similar problems for us. We thought we were on to something when DOUBLETALK published an article by Zack Kaplan on the WYMS (With Your Main Squeeze, cute isn't it?) front/rear drive recumbent tandem. But alas, the maker was not in a position to build units for sale but he gave us a name, KOWAL so we kept looking.

A big help was the past experience I had when looking for my VISION R-40 recumbent. The best source of information was the Recumbent Cyclist News (P.O. Box 58755, Renton Washington 98058-1755). This magazine for and about recumbents publishes an excellent "buyers guide" once a year. Unlike main stream bicycle magazines, the RCN Buyers Guide contains detailed information on just about every recumbent known to "American" man (and alien man for that matter) along with contact information. In the 1994-95 buyers guide, I found a photograph of the Kowal KD-4 Short Wheelbased Recumbent Tandem (sounds a little like an oxymoron, doesn't it). With a wheel base of 60" and an overall length of less than 80", the bike filled the requirements that we had set down. Unfortunately, a phone call to the maker, Ken Kowal, revealed that he was not making recumbents anymore and that only five of the KD-4 tandems were ever built. He suggested that I contact Jim Wronski at People Movers as the last 2 KD-4s were delivered there.

People Movers was where I bought my VISION a year earlier! Having had good service (sight unseen) from Jim, I called him. Yes, he still had one the KD-4s in stock. Jim put up with about a weeks

worth of questions about measurements, equipment, and blah blah blah. After all, he was in California and we were in Florida and telling him to ship the bike to us had a ring of finality to it (ring, hell, it was screaming). But Jim was good natured about the whole episode and patiently answered our questions or found the answers. Finally we had the KD-4 shipped, knowing that we would have to modify it to fit my diminutive stoker (Sandy is only 4'11" and a half, don't forget the half). Also, we were planning to switch the above seat steering tiller to a below seat configuration that you see in the photographs, and the front chain ring size was going to be increased to 60+ teeth to make up for small top gear ratio (in inches) caused by the 20" rear wheel size.

Finally the big day arrived. Fumble fingered with excitement, I opened the two boxes, that were shipped to Champion Schwinn here in Jacksonville. The owner, Stan Sanford, has been a friend for many years. Also, his store manager, Phil Foreman, has been a biking buddy for over 10 years. Both were as curious as I was about recumbent tandems and had agreed to help me assemble and modify the beast. The first thing we notice was the seats, those damn narrow seats. The nylon mesh sling seats were only



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12" wide and when assembled the seat frame rails lined up exactly with your upper leg bones. Comfortable? Not on your life. And lest you think that this is merely a comfort issue think again. On a Short Wheel Based (SWB) recumbent like both the Kowal and my Vision (both have 20" front wheels) the ability to reach the ground while stopped is critical, even more critical on a SWB recumbent tandem while holding up both the stoker and bike. While you think that you cope with this now on a "Wedgie" tandem reaching the ground on a SWB recumbent can be difficult for anyone under about 5'10". With a 20" front wheel even at 6'1" (31" inseam), I couldn't reach the ground properly without throwing my leg to the side in these narrow seats. When I did that my leg hit the above seat steering tiller right where the bar end shifters were mounted----instant gear change at the most inopportune time. Something needed changing immediately!

Funny how the mind works under pressure, the only thing we could think of at the time was the humorous notion that the seat builder didn't have any butt! Normal people seem to have butts wider than the seats would indicate. At quick call to a contact in Sacramento California (recumbents are definitely not a southeastern thing at this time), B.J. Strass' ALIEN CYCLES (formerly Introspect Cycles), solved the seat problem, he could enlarge the front seat to match the 16" width that I am used to on my VISION, but it would take time and shipping and \$\$\$\$. Away the seat went, taking another trip, from Florida to California this time. But before the seat was shipped, the Kowal was assembled to the point of "rideability". I am used to an under seat steering (USS vs ASS [above seat steering]- another recumbent concept to learn). The above seat tiller steering (ASS in this case is a double entendre) had a maniacal look about it, kind of like a pillory in a New England town square if you know what I mean. I wasn't sure what evil it planned until I tottered off on my first test ride around the parking lot. With the tiller close up to my chest (as uncomfortable as someone invading your personal space while smoking a smelly cigar), I wobbled and slewed around the parking lot twice. With every stop inadvertently shifting gears as I extend my leg for landing (you don't come to a stop on a SWB recumbent as much as you "land" it at a stop sign). Boy was I glad that we were converting the bike to

an under seat steering configuration. Riding with the tiller steering was rather like dancing with an extremely large person while simultaneously balancing on an under inflated beachball and changing partners every time I tried to stop. I hated it, but knew how I would fix the problem.

With the seat doing a cross country, I ordered a fork and handlebar set from the people that made my VISION (Advanced Transportation Products of Seattle Washington, who have a great looking recumbent tandem of their own called the Double Vision-check it out sometime). We did a little song and dance exchanging forks, I needed one with the steering tube uncut, their current supply were precut to fit their VISION recumbents. They were great about the whole problem and finally delivered an uncut fork (newly arrived stock) at about the same time the enlarged seat made its return trip from California. Also arriving, a 60 tooth main chain ring from Gaylord Hill at Cyclo-Pedia in Michigan (a recumbent parts specialty shop) along with various and sundry parts we would need to complete the bike.

"Sparkle"... yes by this time my wife and number one stoker had inflicted the name Sparkle on the bike (supposedly after the bubbly way we were talking about tandeming once again). Sparkle was not going to cooperate and fall together like the bike of our dreams. Little problems seemed to constantly plague progress and usually had to be solved not once but twice. After all none of us had ever worked on a recumbent tandem before. Try assembling a jigsaw puzzle without referring to the box top. Little problems that experienced Bents probably don't even think about, we had to reason out and solve as if for the first time. For instance, with the front chainring assembly enlarged to 60-46-34, the chain clattered over the closed rear end of the front derailleurs. After much experimenting the solution was to increase the smallest gear to 36 teeth and add a Bullet Brothers chain tensioner to the rear derailleurs. Not only did that solve the chain dragging problem (chain now clears the rear of the front derailleurs by over an inch) but it vastly improved the snap in rear derailleurs shifting (don't try the tensioner with rapidfire shifters you could sprain your thumb!). We went through 5 stems before we found one with the right length and pitch to allow the handlebars to be within easy grasp while not snagging the chain while in motion. Phil personally use every curse word he



could think of in 6 (count'em six) languages trying to get the Dia Compe 986 front brake adjusted. Even when "perfect" the front brake didn't have the stopping power I was looking for on a tandem. "Julio", our former tandem, had been equipped with powerful Pederson SE brakes, I was used to stopping the long bike with two fingers. Lord how I remember the cramped forearm muscles after a day of wrestling Julio's original brakes. In a bit of serendipity, one of the shop mechanics had just receive his Schwinn Homegrown MTB, equipped with the new Shimano V Brake, I test rode the bike and knew that was the brake I needed for Sparkle.

Short wheel based (SWB) recumbents like Sparkle have always had a problem coming up with useable cantilever brakes for the front wheel. The boom (on which the front pedals and bottom bracket are mounted) preclude the use of any cantilever brake requiring a straddle cable. The boom cannot be drilled to allow passage of the brake cable (well technically you can drill a hole in anything, it just wouldn't be safe or sane to weaken the frame at that point). The front brake for a SWB recumbent has to have a side exit to avoid the boom. SWB bent riders have long been restricted to Dia Compe 986 (with a funky inverted straddle pivot) or Odessa Pit Bull brakes both meant originally for BMX bikes. These brakes just don't have the stopping power that a loaded and fast recumbent tandem requires, bents generate more forward speed than any BMX bike could hope for, double that when the inertia of two riders is involved. But that we tandemists already know. If you have an endless supply of money you can opt for hydraulics or one of the new disc brake systems. But those of us who are mortal bents (i.e. broke, cheap, stingy or generally fundless) have always looked for a cheaper solution. While the Shimano V Brake generally runs \$50-\$70, depending on who you purchase it from, it is a powerful brake alternative to hydraulics and compatible with the SWB recumbent configuration. Adding the V-brake to Sparkle gave me comfortable braking power that I can trust to stop us quickly. When further funds become available, I'll add one to the rear as well.

The day of full assembly finally arrived. Having made a list and checking it twice, there was nothing left to do but ride the beast. Phil and I traded turns alone around the parking lot on the front seat until we got used to the handling of the bike. I didn't have any trouble with the bike but by then I've spent two

years riding a SWB recumbent (often in a wedge pace line). I'm used to the quick handling and the different way of balancing required on a bent. Phil, on the other hand tottered around the parking lot like a drunken sailor on permanent liberty. I could see that he was not too sure about my (or anybody's) ability to control this beast with him on the back seat.

On a bent, one doesn't use upper body (waist to shoulders) movements in balancing or controlling the bike. Any upper body movement is instantly translated to the road and contributes to the "squirrely" handling that bothers all newbies to the bent world. After all no upper body movement is counter intuitive to wedge bike balance so bent riders must first unlearn their old natural bike balancing act before they are really comfortable on a bent.

Phil finally got a little confidence and with some misgiving sat in the back seat. After one or two false starts we got the bike going. Frankly, I was surprised at how slow the bike handled. It was easy to predict the movements compared to my first rides on my single VISION. The KOWAL did have just over 20" more wheel base, and each rider sits over a wheel. Handling the weight at a stop sign was no problem, once I remembered to down shift to a smaller gear before I stopped. I did discover that I had to make a "two foot landing" on the KOWAL to ensure stability while waiting to restart. And the need to be in a small gear is necessary because any strong push off is translated through the frame and causes directional instability at a critical time in the restart. Small gears and minimal effort are the key to restarting any bent and on a double bent this is even more important.

Riding around the neighborhood behind the shop, I glanced in my helmet mirror. Phil had what I now know of as the bent grin. A bent grin is a wide, toothy, dopey kind of look that appears on every new bent rider's face when they finally realize how easy and comfortable riding these lawnchairs-on-wheels really are. I've seen it hundred times, whenever I allow someone a test ride on my VISION or on any bent rider as they roll down the road in perfect comfort. I know I've had (and have) that look when I first conquered bent riding. After an hour, Phil was demanding popcorn to enhance his enjoyment at seeing the scenery instead of staring (for hours) at someone's butt. His most telling comment



was..."Yeah, I could really get used to this." This was the bike that would allow Sandy and I to recapture to fun and adventure we loved so much on Julio.

We have been using Sparkle now for several months. As I write this we have recently returned from the Southern Tandem Rally in Sebring, Florida. Except for the 20 mph wind that plagued us the entire weekend, the ride was a fabulous event. Joshua Feingold and the entire staff are to be congratulated. But what surprised me most was that out of the 170+ tandems present at STR 96, 10 (count'em 10) of the tandems were recumbent tandems. From the ultra long Ryan Duplexes, to the newer Double Visions and Rans Screammers, to our very short Kowal KD-4 named Sparkle, recumbent tandems seem to have already found a niche in the cycling world. While recumbents are still struggling for the recognition and market share they deserve, in less than 2 years the recumbent tandem has found a niche of its very own, boomers that are approaching 50. Yes, those of us who helped create the popularity of tandems over the past 10-15 years now seem to need a twofer that is more comfortable over the long haul and the recumbent tandem is that bike. Ask my wife Sandy, if you can wipe the smile off her face. A bag of popcorn, a truly scenic view and a comfortable chair - now that is the way to bike ride if you ask me. So I repeat, it may be time for you to get double bent and ride the countryside in comfort. Come to any tandem rally, I'm sure that you will find a recumbent tandem that your can test ride and good advise on where to find them. Just remember that you won't find them any most local bike shops (like

we found our tandems 10-15 years ago, YEAH right), be patient and look, you will find them.

We are now "TWO LOW ON THE ROAD"

KOWAL KD-4 GOODIE LIST (SPECIFICATIONS)

Frame: MIG welded square section tubing and cro-moly tubing
Wheelbase: 60"
Overall length: 80"
Weight: 50 lb.
Seats: Nylon sling mesh over steel tubing
Seat height: front 28", rear 30"
Brakes: ft - Shimano "V", rr - 986 Dia Comp
Front cranks: Suntour XC Ltd (175mm)
Rear cranks: Shimano Deore (165mm)
(thanks to Jack Goertz and TANDEM LTD)
Hubs: Sansin sealed bearings 36 hole
Rims: 20" Sun CR20 36 hole
Derailleurs: front & rear Shimano Deore DX
Gear cluster: Sachs 13-28
Chain rings: 60-46-36
Gear range: 26-100"
Chain: over 12 feet of Sedis Sport
Brake handles: TEKURO
Shifters: Shimano bar-end 7 spd index
Handlebars: modified cruiser bars
Fork: 20" provided by ATP the VISION people
The front BB is fitted with an eccentric for chain tensioning.

Lee & Sandy Smith
Jacksonville, FL





NETHERLANDS TOURING

Becky and I have recently returned from a bicycle tour in Netherlands. I had heard a few years ago (on a bike club ride in Florida) about a hotel company in the Netherlands that will truck your luggage from one of its hotels to another when you take a bike tour that stops at these hotels. Through the Netherlands Board of Tourism World Wide Web home page (<http://www.nbt.nl/holland/home.htm>)

I was able to send an e mail message to the Netherlands and get the name of the hotel chain. It is

Postiljon Hotels
P.O. Box 720
7400 AS Deventer
Netherlands
e mail postiljon@grand.nl
WWW page
<http://www.grand.nl/postiljon/>
Telephone (0) 570-694131
FAX (0)570-694181

I wrote to them and got the details. Then I took care of all the rest of arrangements via e mail. They have long cycling weekends, one week cycling tours, and combined auto/cycling tours. These go

between their hotels that are located in (Haren-Groningen, Heerenveen, Zwolle, Nulde-Putten, Deventer, Utrecht-Bunnik, Arnheim, Dordrecht, and Rosmalen). These are not the big cities in the Netherlands, but one can easily bike to the big cities separate from the bike tour or visit them by another mode of transportation. Trains are excellent.

In general we went through rural areas including a lot of forests. We took their central tour. It is in the most wooded part of the Netherlands.

Our trip included 7 nights in room with shower (The hotels are fine.), 7 breakfast buffets, 7 dinners, a lunch bag that we could pack each day at the breakfast buffet, and maps and route descriptions in English. The daily distances are 25-45 miles. This tour provides everything you get in USA bike tour except a support vehicle and a ride leader. Whereas six days of riding and 7 nights would cost well over \$1000 in USA, these tours cost less than \$500--including bike rental. One rides on bike routes primarily. The instructions in English are sometimes

a bit hard to follow (They are a word for word translation of the Dutch which sometimes is not idiomatically correct in English.), but the routes are often marked with signs. In the Netherlands, if one gets lost, one can ask directions in English and get a quick answer.

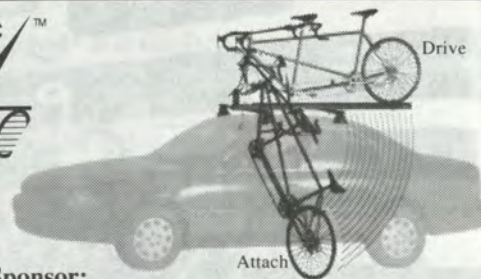
We rented a tandem. It was a one speed Dutch tandem. Modern tandems seem to be unknown in Netherlands. I talked with a bike shop employee who told me that his boss had an American tandem and people stopped and looked at it wherever he went. The single bikes that one can rent from the Postiljon Hotel are 3 speed bikes. The riding is easy so that one can get by with a one speed heavy tandem. I sure did appreciate our own tandem when we got back to the USA.

It is quite an experience to ride in a country where the bicycle is so ubiquitous. The bike paths in the cities have their own stoplights. I was told that a new Dutch law makes the car driver responsible whenever there is a bike/car accident. I don't know

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It is quite an experience to ride in a country where the bicycle is so ubiquitous. The bike paths in the cities have their own stoplights. I was told that a new Dutch law makes the car driver responsible whenever there is a bike/car accident. I don't know if that is fair, but it is far better than the idea that if there is an accident it is the cyclist's fault because only a fool rides on streets with cars and trucks.

The Postlijon cycle tours are a great deal. If this type of a tour does not appeal to you, there are also in the Netherlands Bike and Boat Cycletours where one spends the evenings on a boat.

Information about these is available from:

Cycletours Holland
Keizersgracht 181
1016 DR Amsterdam
Telephone (0)20-6270498
Fax (0)20-6390199

Another bicycle tour operator in the Netherlands whose address was given to me by the The Netherlands Board of Tourism is

Future Line Travel
Prof. Tulpplein 4
1018 GX Amsterdam
The Netherlands
Telephone (0)20-6222859
Fax (0)20-6390199

Bob and Becky Nordvall
Gettysburg, PA

A VAN RACK

"A rack for a WHAT to fit WHERE?" It's difficult enough to find a good tandem carrier for a car, (there are a few, and they're advertised in this magazine), but trying to find one for the rear end of a motor home was like trying to do the Fargo Street Hill climb into a 30 mph headwind. Did I despair? Well, yes, I did. But then came determination,



inspiration, and a very helpful welder at a nearby trailer hitch supplier. (I can provide name, address, etc, if you request.)

The motor home, a 33-foot behemoth, presented several unique problems that rendered existing products unsuitable. It's too tall for any kind of roof rack to be a reasonable option. With a substantial 8-foot overhang behind the rear axle, and the consequent school bus bounce, none of the bumper or hitch mounts on the market are sturdy enough to carry a tandem safely. The motor home does, however, offer a special opportunity: It's wide enough - eight feet - to carry the tandem crosswise without it projecting dangerously beyond the sides of the vehicle. Taking advantage of this factor, I built a sturdy, hitch-mounted carrier that keeps the bike safely tucked in at the back of the motor home. Here's how:

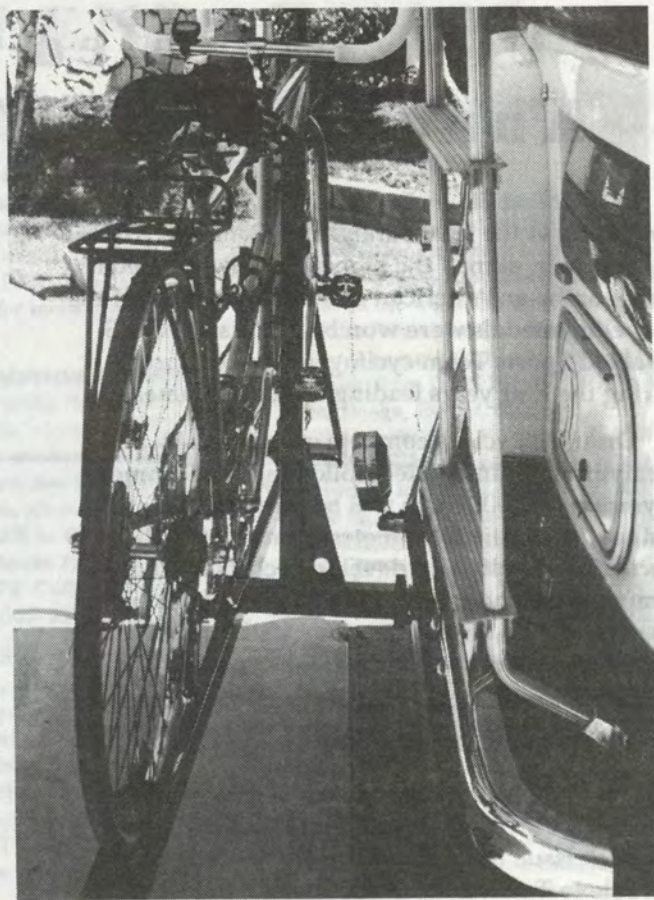
First, cannibalize one Yakima Lockjaw(TM). This provides a strong, lockable clamp for the down tube, wheel trays with straps front and rear, and a top tube support bracket, (see photo). Each of these components is attached - either welded or bolted - to a welded steel structure that forms the foundation of the rack. This steel structure consists of only four parts that can be obtained from most any hitch fabricator. The entire assembly then slides, and




locks, into the trailer hitch receiver of the motor home.

Putting all the parts together was a joint project - I don't do windows or welding - and required a little on-the-spot measuring to custom fit for frame size and geometry. It went together quite easily, and works far better than I had hoped. I did encounter one unanticipated problem: The vacuum created at the rear of the motor home when traveling down the road draws dirt like crazy! I needed a full cover for the bike to keep the dirt from destroying it. Well, nobody makes one of those either! Did I despair? Well, yes, I did, but then came determination, inspiration, and a very helpful custom cover manufacturer. But that's another story.

Jeffrey Abell
Northridge, CA



TANDEM RACES



July, 1997. 1997 Burley Cycling Classic. Eugene, OR. Rider categories will be changing from previous years, and there will be a few course changes. Contact Patricia LeCaux, Race Director, Russ Morton, Technical Director, 4080 Stewart Rd, Eugene, OR 97402 (541)-687-1644

Send your race listings to the DoubleTalk Editors Now!

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

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

MORE PSEUDOPHYSICS

We rode our tandem up a hill,
but then my mind did wander.
I thought about the algebra,
of pedals going rounder.

If my stoker only would,
pedal a wee bit harder,
We could climb this silly hill,
at a rate that was beyond her!

Jay, Linda, Tyler & Justin Hardcastle
Bellingham, WA



U.S. Disabled Cycling Team Announces 1997 Racing Camp

The United States Disabled Cycling Team, competing at the 1996 Paralympic Games in Atlanta last summer, earned the highest number of medals ever won by an American cycling team. Most of the 13 cycling medals were won by graduates of U.S. Disabled Sports Team cycling camps conducted during the four years leading up to the Games.

Disabled cyclists compete quadrennially at the Paralympics, immediately following the Summer Olympics. In 2000 there will be competition in Sydney, Australia for athletes from all over the world. To identify and develop cyclists for these competitions and to provide athletic opportunities for people with disabilities, the U.S. Disabled Sports Team announces its fifth annual bicycle racing camp.

Tentatively, the camp is scheduled for May 24-30, 1997, at the Olympic Training Center in Lake Placid, N.Y. Modeled after U.S. Cycling Federation cycling camps, the training program is staffed by

USCF-accredited head coaches from each of three participating Disabled Sports Organizations (U.S. Association of Blind Athletes, Disabled Sports USA, and U.S. Cerebral Palsy Athletic Association), along with an exercise physiologist, a nutritionist, and a mechanic. This approach allows each DSO to offer comprehensive training in bicycle handling

skills, race preparation, training concepts, and race tactics to encourage each athlete to develop to their own potential.

Eligible athletes must belong to or join their respective DSO. Food and housing are provided at no cost to the athlete by the US Disabled Cycling Team. There is a cost of \$55 per athlete to cover the expense of materials used at the camp.

Applications are available from Peter Paulding, USABA Cycling Coach, 49 River St., Plymouth, MA 02360, or by calling (508) 747-2923 or email paulding@pcix.com. Application deadline is April 10, 1997. Space at the camp is limited and interested athletes are encouraged to apply as early as possible.

Check out the websites of each disabled sports group at the following addresses:

Disabled Sports USA:
<http://www.dsusa.org/~dsusa/>

United State Association of Blind Athletes:
<http://www.usa.net/~usaba/>

United States Cerebral Palsy Athletic Association: <http://www.uscpaa.org/>

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, 1995
January-February, 1995

Also various issues from previous years

April 28-May 1, 1997, SOUTHWEST TANDEM RALLY POST TOUR. If you are interested, please contact Bob & Jo Carol Williams. This tour is still in the planning stages, but will probably be 4 days/3 nights. Ph: (918)-446- 3255 (Tulsa, OK)
[late calendar listing]



TANDEM CALENDAR 1997

January 1, 1997 **RATS (Richmond, VA Area Tandem Society) Second Annual FYBO ride.** 10 am Mary & Tom Breeden (804) 261-1231

January 10, 1997 **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Planning Meeting & Potluck Supper.** Avon, CT. 6:30 pm, please phone to co-ordinate food. Bob & Alice Sawyer (860) 673-1181

January 5, 1997 **Colorado Tandem Club 1st Sunday Something.** Activities will be determined by the weather. Andy or Kami White (303) 494-3092 or tandembiker@AOL.com

January 19, 1997 **BART (Bay Area Roaming Tandems) Ride.** Livermore, CA. 50+ miles. Up and back so shorter if you wish. Meet at nob Hill shopping Center in Livermore. Bring lunch and water. Mell & Joanne (510) 449-6869 for more info.

January 25, 1997 **RATS (Richmond, VA Area Tandem Society) Annual Meeting.** Our annual planning meeting will be held at Team Hawkeye's (Chris & Steve Brodsky). Pot luck supper follows.

January 26, 1997 **Dallas DoubleDates Superbowl Sunday Ride.** We don't have a lot of details, but wouldn't you rather be riding than watching. Dates Hotline (214) 352-7446 out of town 800-875-5662 (Warren & Audre Casteel)

February 8, 1997 **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Planning meeting and pot-luck.** We'll develop rides and weekend events for the 1997 riding season. If you would like to lead or help co-lead a ride for T-Bones, or just want to meet some of the group, come along. Bring a snack or dish. Jack Donohue & Susan Grieb, 26 Fox Run Road Bedford, MA 017830 (617) 275-3991 (before 9pm). donohue@wold.std.com

February 22-23, 1997 **Tallahassee Off-Road Tandem Rally #3.** Bring your off-road tandem and enjoy riding some great trails. Rides for all skill levels. For more info, SASE to Marv & Miryam Rubenstein, 2815 Sweetbriar

Dr, Tallahassee, FL 32312. e-mail marvrub@freenet.th.fl.us

February 23, 1997 **BART (Bay Area Roaming Tandems) Duathalon.** Santa Cruz, CA. Start getting in shape now for this event! 8:45 mens, 9:30 womens with BART ride to follow. Phone Mik & Post for more info (415) 759-9413 (7-9pm)

April 18-20, 1997 **Alabama Tandem Weekend.** Return to the "loveliest village on the plains," Auburn, AL, for a fantastic tandem weekend. Beautiful country scenery with low traffic roads. Several ride options, all marked and maps provided. SASE to George and Judy Bacon, 305 Snake Hill Circle, Trussville, AL 35173. Call before 9pm central time (205) 655-2808

April 25-27, 1997 **Southwest Tandem Rally 1997.** Tulsa, OK. SASE to Bob & Jo Carol Williams, 7721 South 28th West Avenue, Tulsa, OK 74132. Ph: (918)-446-3255. Make your reservations directly with the Southern Hills Marriott, 1902 E. 71st Street, Tulsa, OK 74136, ph: (918)-493-7000. Mention the SWTR to get the \$66+tax rate.

May 16-18, 1997 **Strawberry Jam.** Ashland, VA. Fees include activities on Friday and Saturday and a cycling t-shirt. Friday will begin with a walking tour of historic Ashland. Saturday activities include several scenic routs from 25-100 miles and a luncheon cookout. Registration is limited. SASE to: Mary & Tom Breeden, 326 Lakeside Boulevard, Richmond, VA 23227 (804) 261-1231

May 16-18, 1997. **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Cape Cod Weekender.** Harwichport, MA. SASE to Jean-Marie & George Lambert, P.O. Box 81, Milford, NH 03055. Ph: (603)-673-5975

May 17, 1997. **11th Annual Miami (Ohio) Valley Tandem Rally.** Fort St Clair, Eaton, Ohio. Hosted by the GOATS (Greater Ohio Area Tandem Society). Ride to eat, eat to ride. Catered meal. Flat to rolling terrain. 10 to 62 miles. Motel space limited. Business size SASE to Norm

Bernhardt, 2639 Morning Sun Drive, Fairborn, OH 45324 (513) 426-2796 or goats@erinet.com

May 24-31, 1997 **International Tandem Rally - Virton, Belgium.** This week long event is a must attend for the overseas tandemist. The areas is just to the west of Luxembourg and near the French border. Bungalows and tent camping options. Information available from Geoff Sleath, 197 Park Lane, Heage, Belper, Derbys, ENGLAND DE56 2AE phone 01773 852800 Please be considerate of time differences and the cost of overseas phone calls and postage. International reply paid envelopes are available from your local post office.

May 30-June 1, 1997 **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Mt. Washington Valley Venture.** Conway, NH. SASE to Nate & Mary Ellen Carmen, RR#1, Box 639, Bethlehem, NH 03754. Ph: (603)-444-6887

June 6-9, 1997 **MATES (Mid-Atlantic Tandem Enthusiasts) Rally 1997.** Williamsburg, VA at the College of William & Mary. This time we are going to be joined by GEAR sponsored by the League of American Bicyclists. Tandem picnic ride to Chippokes State Park. Bob & Willa Friedman (703) 978-7937 for MATES info. e-mail: friedman@cais.com

June 19, 1997 **BART (Bay Area Roaming Tandems) joins the Tour De Marin** 100k or 50k. Questions? Call Mik & Post for planning info (415) 759-9413 (7-9pm)

June 13, 1997 **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Silver Maples Meander.** Fairlee, VT. SASE to Don & Carolyn Lane, 45 School Street, Salem, NH 03079 ph: (603)-893-4766

June 27-29, 1997 **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Strawberries Plus.** Fitzwilliam, NH. SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St. Salem, NH 03079 ph: (603)-898-5285



July 5-6, 1997 **Northwest Tandem Rally, Eugene, OR.** The biggest tandem event in the northwest, if not the US! camping & hotel options. Rides begin & end at the University of Oregon For additional information contact: 97NWTR, P.O. Box 10443, Eugene, OR 97440 or nwtr97@emerald.com

July 18-20, 1997 **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) International Century.** Lancaster, NH. SASE to Christina & Dave Brown, 7 Rayes Drive, Hudson, NH 03051. ph: (603)-889-5088

July 25-27, 1997 **NEAT (North East Area Tandem) Rally.** Hartford, CT. Tour the scenic hills and valleys of the Farmington River Valley of Central Connecticut. The elegant Avon Old Farms Hotel will be the site for the 1997 NEAT Rally. This will be the NEATest weekend in 1997. SASE to NEAT Rally, P.O. Box 514, Unionville, CT, 06085. Ph: (860) 673-1181 Alice & Bob Sawyer.

August 1-3, 1997 **Eastern Tandem Rally.** Home for this year's premier event will be the AT&T Learning Center in Basking Ridge, NJ. Registration limited. SASE for application to: 1997 ETR, c/o Team Rutch, 231 Brookside Ave, Laurence Harborn, NJ 08879

August 16-17, 1997 **5th Annual Southern Tier Tandem Rally.** Choose from five routes each day. Families and speedsters will both enjoy the routes. Brochures will be mailed in

early April. SASE to STTR 97, 93 Goff Road, Corning, NY 14830

August 29 - September 1, 1997 **Midwest Tandem Rally** Dublin (Columbus), OH. SASE to MTR 97 c/o Donna Boutilier, 10566 Stablehand Dr, Cincinnati, OH 45242. Applications available 2/97. Host Hotel: Wyndham/Dublin (614) 764-2200 collect or 800-468-3571 for reservations. Mention MTR for discount). Hotel reservations do NOT register you for MTR. Information call Dick Denning (419) 586-1125 or Donna Boutilier (513) 984-6548 e-mail dboutili@tso.cin.ix.net. Web: <http://www.cinti.net/~gdbout/MTR97.htm>

August 29 - September 1, 1997 **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Smugglers Notch Weekend.** Jeffersonville, VT. SASE to Bob & Linda Harvey, 16 Clinton St., Salem, NH 03079. ph: (603)-898-5285

September 5-7, 1997 **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Acadia Park Adventure.** Bar Harbor, ME. That's "Bah Hahbah" to the rest of us. SASE to Don & Carolyn Lane, 45 School Street, Salem, NH 03079 ph: (603)-893-4766

September 20-21, 1997 **T-Bones (Tandem Bicyclists of New England) Tri-State Seacoast Century.** Salem, NH. SASE to Dave Topham, Two Townsend Avenue, Salem, NH 03079. Ph: (603)-898-5479

October 3-5, 1997 **Southern Tandem Rally.** Lafayette, LA. Special rides planned to showcase our wonderful area. Saturday Banquet and more. Preregistration is required. SASE to Chris & Kathy Daigle, 208 Bismark Drive, Broussard, LA 70518. Call: (318) 837-8034 7pm - 9pm.

October 3-5, 1997 **BART (Bay Area Roaming Tandems) Rally.** Northern California. Join BART for the 8th annual rally.

September 4-7, 1998 **Midwest Tandem Rally 1998.** Omaha, Nebraska. Omaha Peddlers Bicycle Club invites all tandem enthusiasts to Omaha, Nebraska for the 1998 Tandem Rally. Our planning committee is already working hard and they are well on their way in putting together a fun filled family weekend. Please be patient, more information will follow at a later date.

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

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

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

CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: 1991 Burley Duet, 22x20. Suntour XC, Arai drum brake, rack, computer, low mileage, new tires. \$1100. Lance Kidd, (217)-544-1398 (IL) 01/97

FOR SALE: 1994 Santana Cilantro, lumina red, 21x19. Like New! Shimano XTR 24-speed hyperglide drive train, WheelSmith wheels, XTR front and rear derailleurs, XTR 8-speed cassette, shifters, and brakes. Computer, adjustable stoker stem, Tamer stoker shok- post, Blackburn

rear rack, bottle cages, SPD and/or cage pedals. 3 sets of Avocet cross tires (1.9, 1.5, 1.25). \$2500. Martha or Randy, (813)-596-4660 or e-mail to TandemsRs@aol.com (FL) 01/97

FOR SALE: 1992 Santana Visa road tandem, 59x53 (large), 21-speed drive train. LOOK clipless pedals. Bottle cages, bar-end shifters, metallic plum color, 2 computers. This bike has been maintained with lost of TLC. \$1300. Joe or Monica Johnson (334)-277-7189 (AL) 01/97

FOR SALE: 1972 Gitane, 23x22. Fits captain 5'10" to 6'2" and stoker 5'6" to 5'11". Twin lateral design with twin top tubes. Suntour GT derailleurs. 52x36 chainwheels, 14-28 freewheel. Mafac cantilevers and drumbrake. Steel cotteder cranks. Rigida Superchromix wheels, 27x1.25", 36-spoke rims. Fenders & Racks. Pumpkin orange. Low mileage & excellent condition. \$350. (860)-677-4828 (CT) 01/97



FOR SALE: 1993 Santana Vision, 20x18. Team white finish with red cable housing and racks/bottle cages. 500 miles on the bike. All original including the shipping carton. \$2000/OBO. Call/write for details. Carl & Kathryn Hurlley, 104 - 234th Street SW, Bothell, WA 98021-8621. (206)-486-2107 or e-mail to 73613.3205@compuserve.com (WA) 01/97

FOR SALE: Santana with direct lateral frame, 23.5x21.5. Samoa burgundy, Phil Wood hubs & BB's. ARAI drum brakes, TA cranks (165 & 170 stoker options), XT brakes & rear derailleur. Front & rear Blackburn racks painted to match the frame. Excellent condition. \$1600. Call (516)-842-9088 6pm-11:30pm EST (NY) 01/97

FOR SALE: 1989 Santana Rio mixte frame mountain tandem. Complete with bar ends, bottle cages and rear rack. \$1600. Also, original non-

frame marring design Yakima tandem rack, used twice. \$300. Greg (713)-627-5984 (TX) 01/97

FOR SALE: 1989 Red Cannondale, too many new parts to list. 1996 Burley Rock'N Roll hot rod red paint, less than 100 miles. 4' x 8' CarMate trailer, set up to haul 2 tandems. Larry Kosten (616)-669-8621 (MI) 01/97

FOR SALE: 1995 Santana Ti-700 custom tandem, 61x46, Shimano XTR group, stoker shok-post, gel saddles, computer, rear rack, bottle cages. Spares: Wheelsmith wheelset, cables, chaines, bottom brackets. New condition, ridden 79 miles. Health forces sale. Call Tim @ (804)-320-4504 (VA) 01/97

FOR SALE: Columbia coaster-brake tandem, Serial #T-38158 (1958 model?). Excellent condition with original components. Chrome fenders & rims are still bright! Make an offer.

Scott Carter, 3832 Lincoln Way, Lynnwood, WA 98037 03/97

FOR SALE: 1989 Santana Rio, 20x18. Some upgrades, including dropped handlebars & SIS shifters. New road tires, new bottom brackets. Cateye computer. Good condition, but paint has a few paint chips. \$900. Bill Flora, (941)-665-8686 (FL) 03/97

FOR SALE: 1991 Burley Duet, 22x20. Look pedals, Avocet computer w/cadence, bottle cages, pump, Avocet seats, adjustable stoker stem, extra tires, like-new condition. \$1200. Paul Diegel, (520)-773-0655 or email to jdiegel@infomagic.com (AZ) 03/97

FOR SALE: Ho! Ho! Ho! What a Deal! Santana Noventa Tandem (large frame). Used only 3 times. Showroom condition. Custom paint, Dura-Ace/Look compatible pedals, Cinelli bars, all original Campy components! Valued at \$4500, selling for \$3795,

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

Stan & Marilyn Smith
4100 Del Monte Place SE
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Polo shirts are dark forest green with light green and gold stitching. These are GREAT looking shirts!

Total Qty: Polo shirts ____ x \$29.50 = ____

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

Indicate quantities and include \$29.50 for each shirt, \$4.00 for each patch ordered. Canadian and other foreign orders should include extra for appropriate postage.

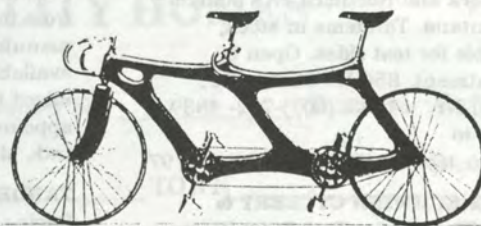
Ship to: Name: _____

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TANDEM CLUB OF
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(logo shown approximately full size)

T-shirts are still available!! \$10.00 U.S. includes US postage.



+shipping. Call (510)-229-0679 Pacific standard time. (CA) 03/97

FOR SALE: 1993 Santana Vision (medium) and 1993 Santana Rio (medium) in excellent condition, low mileage. \$1250 each. Call (919)-756-4885 after 6:00 pm. (NC) 03/97

WANTED: Santana Enduro -- Vision, Fusion, or Encore. Touring accessories would be a plus. Medium frame size only, please. Paul & Susie Whybrew, 2236W 900N, Fortville, IN 46040 Call (317)-485-7641 or Fax (317)-485-3154 (IN) 01/97

WANTED: Someone interested in trading a traditional tandem (Santana Sovereign in mint condition) for a recumbent. We think we want the more user friendly recumbent seats for our casual riding style. Call Tom Brisker @ (614)-497-2564 (OH) 01/97

WANTED: A used small-frame tandem. My wife and I have ridden a '91 Arriva that fits us almost perfectly. We've also ridden a medium frame Noventa that didn't fit, but we really like the ride and especially the way it

climbed! Would also consider aluminum framed tandems, even ti-frames! prefer a low-mileage bike with 700c wheels. If you have our bike, call Richard Homan, (847)-587-6234. Our e-mail address is rroman@ifelem.lfc.edu or snail-mail to 38475 No. Helen Court, Ingleside, IL 60041 03/97

FOR SALE: Yakima Tandem Carrier good condition, does not include crossbars or wheel racks. This rack is the Tandem II model with the tray mount, suitable for Cannondales or new Santanas or other large-tube tandems. Asking \$175. Tom Thalman (414)-757-6561 e-mail to sealord3@athenet.net (WI) 03/97

WANTED: Visually-impaired biker looking for sighted captain for local rides, tours, and rallies. Will serve as a substitute stoker, if your regular partner cannot make it. Call Barb, evenings @ (860)-442-7319 or send e-mail to balew@concol.edu (CT) 01/97

WANT TO RENT or BUY: Tandem-size case, either hardsides (preferred) or softsides for our upcoming trip from PA to TX and back. Call Dave Gittler @ (814)-849-2796 (PA) 03/97

HELP OFFERED: Touring England in 1997? Let us make a good trip into a great holiday! We offer help and advice on routes, accommodations, bikes by rail, and a great welcome! We're the touring directors for the Tandem Club (of the UK). Chris & Jenny Davison, Penny-Farthing, 124 Kings Road West, Swanage, Dorset, BH19 1HS England

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

WANTED: Objective roadtests, with photos, of tandems 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

TCA DEALER MEMBERS

Tandem Dealers

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)

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 ttandems@netins.net. TOTALLY

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tandems@mindspring.com 09/97 (431)

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TANDEM EAST. Burley, Cannondale, Bilenky, Co-Motion, Montague, recumbent tandems, wheel building, child conversions. Free 97 Catalog. Demonstrations rides by appointment. 86 Gwynwood Drive, Pittsgrove, NJ 08318. 609-451-5104 email: TandemWiz@aol.com Website: tandemseast.com. 11/97



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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. (09/97)

TANDEM T-SHIRTS! "10 Reasons Why Captain/Stoker/Tandems are better...!" \$18/shirt; 2/\$34; 3/\$50. L or XL. SASE: EYE-DESIGNZ, P.O. Box 241, Purdys, NY 10578. More info? Eyedesignz@aol.com (9/97)

T-SHIRT QUILTS Keepsake quilts from your souvenir T-shirts. Custom designed to your style preferences. From \$85. Call Margaret Thatcher, Brainerd, MN for brochure. 1-800-337-8771 live and voicemail/24 hours (11/97) (8397)

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. Ads are pulled after the date shown in the ad. New ads with \$45/membership must be received by the editors by the first of the next month (i.e., ads with an 11/96 date will not run in January if your renewal is not received by December 1, 1996) to keep your advertisement current. Send your ad/check (payable to TCA) to Jack and Susan Goertz, Editors, DoubleTalk, 2220 Vanessa Drive, Birmingham, AL

TCA TANDEM HOSPITALITY HOMES

Are you willing to become a TCA Hospitality Home? If so please fill out the form to the right. If you would like to discuss what's involved, give Tom a call and talk about it.

A Hospitality Home provides touring cyclists a place to stay for a night. It need not be fancy,, a spare bedroom or even a tent site will do. The cyclist will need shower facilities and an opportunity to launder their clothes and a meal. The touring cyclist will call you well in advance and make arrangements; no surprises.

mail to: Tom Thalmann
N1466 Fairwinds Dr
Greenville, WI 54942
telephone (414) 757-6561
e-mail sealord3@athenet.net

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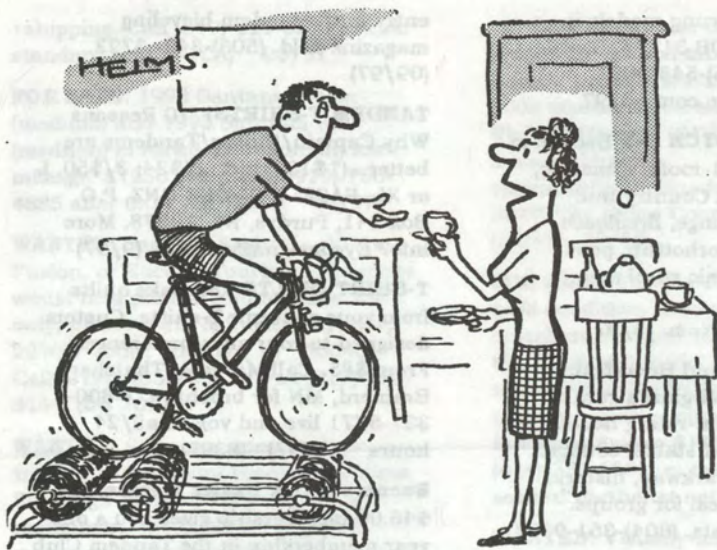
Last Name(s) _____

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

TCA MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION / RENEWAL

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

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

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Tandem Make: _____ Year: _____

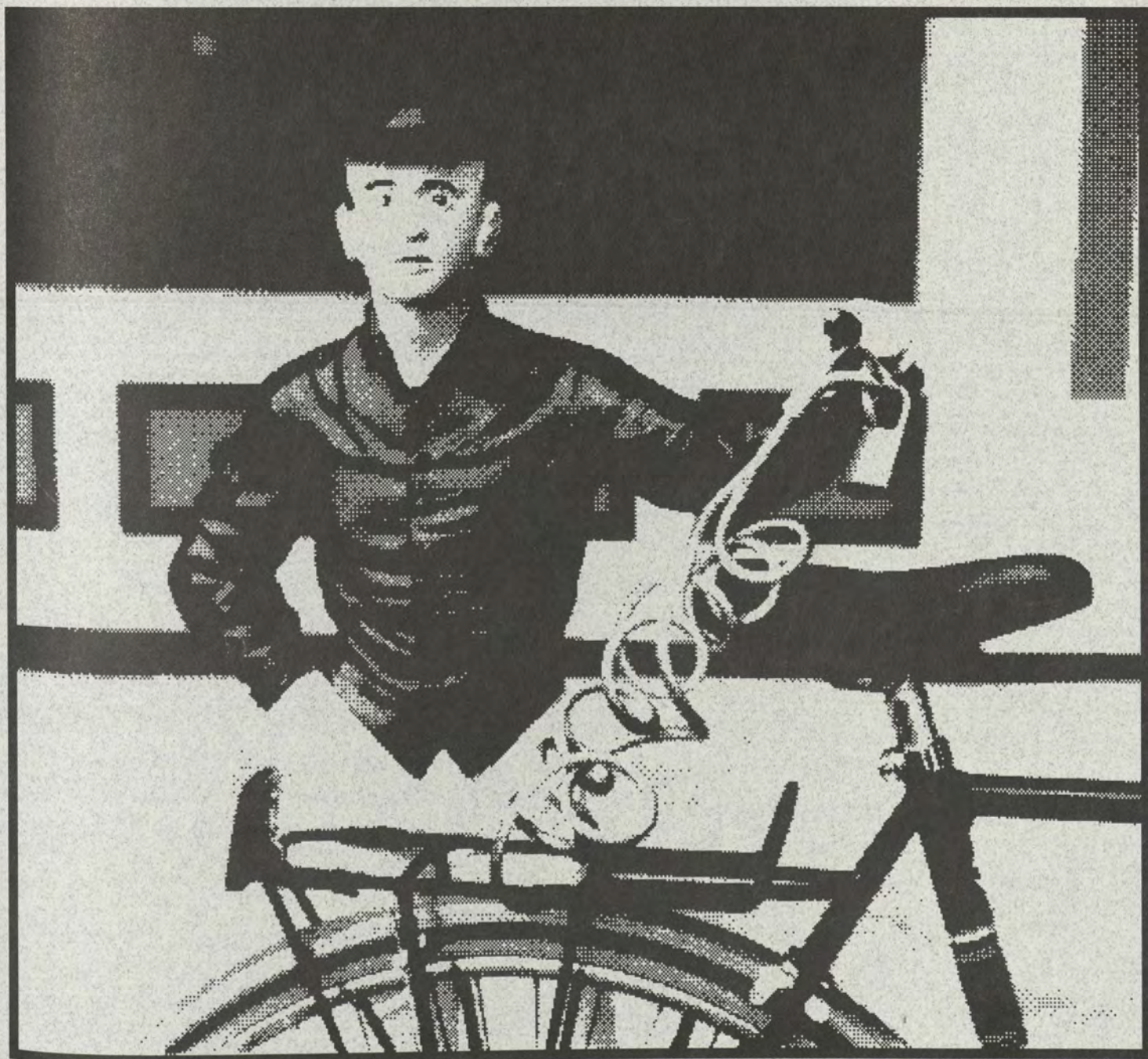
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THE LAST PAGE



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